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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

FEBRUARY 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 1 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

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Women's City Club Calendar
FEBRUARY...1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR — FEBRUARY 8th, 9th and 10th

1—	**Color Class**—Wana Derge	**Chinese Room**	1:00 and 7:00 p.m.
2—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
3—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	Speaker: Mr. Ralph W. Wiley, Chief of San Francisco Department of Electricity. Subject: "The Functions of the San Francisco Department of Electricity."		
7—	**Kate Morphy**—Lip Reading (to meet every Monday and Thursday—24 lessons. Fee $15).	**Room 214**	10:30 p.m.
	Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
8—	**"Book Mart and Rag Fair"**	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
9—	**"Book Mart and Rag Fair"**	**Auditorium**	11 a.m. - 9 p.m.
	Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
	Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1 a plate. To Be Reviewed: "Forever Ulysses" by C. P. Rodocanachi, and "The Prodigal Parents" by Sinclair Lewis.	**Nat. Def. Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
10—	**"Book Mart and Rag Fair"**	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Lounge**	8:00 p.m.
	Mr. J. Whitcomb Nash Presents: Mr. Raymond Flanders, Tenor, in Song Recital.		
14—	**Book Review**—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Lecture. (Fee 50 cents members, 60c non-members.) To Be Reviewed: "Forever Ulysses" by C. P. Rodocanachi, and "The Prodigal Parents" by Sinclair Lewis.	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.
	Round Table Discussion following	**Cafeteria**	12:15 p.m.
	Young Members' Round Table	**Cafeteria**	12:15 p.m.
15—	**Garden Round Table**—Luncheon 75 cents a plate—by reservation. Speaker: Miss Clara M. Schaeffer, Chairman. Subject: "Preparing for the Exposition Gardens."	**Nat. Def. Room**	12:15 p.m.
16—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
17—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	Address by Mr. John L. McNab. Subject: "Constitutional Battlefield."		
21—	**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
23—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
	Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
24—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	New Chevrolet Motion Picture Program.		

MARCH — 1938

ANNUAL MEETING, MARCH 10th. LUNCHEON — CAFETERIA SERVICE

2—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
3—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	Illustrated Lecture by Mr. Frank Kittredge of the National Park Service—"Our National Parks."		

PROMPT RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP MEANS SERVICE TO YOUR CLUB

■

"The first bills" for 1938-39 will be mailed February 15. They will enclose a resume of reasons why your remittance will bring you many privileges for the nine dollars. With twenty years of service rendered and with a particular purpose ahead during Exposition Year in San Francisco, the National League for Woman's Service is worthy of your continuing support. The Board of Directors takes this opportunity of expressing gratitude for your dues, which are an important factor in the financing of the Club. Second bills are costly. Your cooperation at this time will be sincerely appreciated.

■

THE FOURTH BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR

The Date . . . February 8, 9, 10, 1938
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

The Hour . . . Eleven to Nine Each Day

The Place . . . The Auditorium of the Women's City Club

The Guests of Honor
Mr. Bentley
Mr. Harris
Miss Holden
Mr. Kerk
Dr. Robertson
Mrs. Watson
Miss Winterburn

The High-lights . . The opening of the door February 8

The Tea Hour 3:30 to 5 p.m., when for the modest sum of twenty-five cents tea in French style, appropriate to the setting, will be served

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII February, 1938 Number 1

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Paul F. Cadman

SECOND LECTURE

of the

SPRING COURSE

OF FIFTEEN LECTURES

WEDNESDAY
12:15
FEBRUARY SECOND

■

COURSE TICKETS STILL AVAILABLE
With Credit Allowed for
First Lecture

SINGLE ADMISSIONS
Members $ .50 plus tax
Non-Members .60 plus tax

■

The method is non-academic. Every attempt is made to avoid classroom technique and to deal with current issues in factual and non-partisan treatment.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ NEW BOARD MEMBERS—The following members have been elected to serve on the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service for the term 1938-1941:

Mrs. Julian H. Alco
Miss Catherine Allen
Miss Elizabeth M. Austin
Mrs. Carroll T. Harris
Mrs. Louis Hermann
Mrs. Leo V. Korbel
Mrs. M. S. Koshland
Mrs. Clift Lundborg
Miss Emma Noonan
Mrs. C. R. Walter

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE — Held regularly each third Tuesday, will have as its speaker Miss Clara M. Schaeffer, chairman of the Garden Round Table. Her subject will be "Preparing for the Exposition Gardens." Believing that members of the Round Table group will be interested in some intimate glimpses of what is planned for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, Miss Schaeffer has visited the Exposition Nursery and also gathered additional material for presentation at the February 15th meeting. Actual planting will probably start on Treasure Island within thirty days, so the nursery and horticultural department of the Exposition are hives of industry and interest. Luncheon 85 cents a plate, with reservations in advance, please.

■ BOOK MART—This annual event, looked forward to with such pleasure each year, will be held on February 8th, 9th and 10th in the Auditorium. Our familiar setting, "The Book Stalls on the Seine," will be embellished this year with many additional touches. The Rag Fair promises delights and surprises to lovers of bric-a-brac, odd bits of textiles and the innumerable things which this sale brings forth each year. Miss Marian Burr is chairman of this branch. Miss Catherine Allen is chairman of the Book Mart, having as her committee Miss Elisa M. Willard, Mrs. Josephine Bartlett Martin, Miss Georgia Wiseman, Misses Edith and Lucy Allyne, Mrs. Peter Ashley and Miss Emma Noonan.

Our motor service will call for books and articles (anything you may wish to send with the exception of furniture and clothing) upon request.

■ DRAMA CLASSES — Are being held each Wednesday at 11 a. m., 4 and 7 p. m. Miss Dorothea Johnston is planning to produce a play in the early spring and would like to form her complete group as soon as possible. Fee $4 a month.

■ LIBRARY: Orders placed at the Library desk for books listed each month in the Magazine under the heading "National League Library Service," or any others you may have in mind, will add to the department's exchequer, which in turn is expended for more books for circulation. We hope it will be of service to you in your book-buying.

■ DR. CADMAN was most pleased with the enthusiasm of the class which welcomed him back after the holidays. There is still opportunity for others to join on Wednesday mornings for each lecture is a distinct unit and each has a value for us in the understanding of the Current Economic Events of the world.

■ BOOK REVIEWS by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Morning lecture at 11 o'clock on Monday, February 14th, and Book Review Dinner on Wednesday, February 9th. Fee for morning lecture, 50 cents members, 60 cents non-members. Fee for Book Review Dinner, $1. "Two Challenging Books" will be reviewed: "Forever Ulysses" by C. P. Rodocanachi, and "The Prodigal Parents" by Sinclair Lewis. One written by a Greek, the other by an American, and both novels presenting the case explicitly for modern contemporary men and women. Because both novels are not only important in the world of books but also in the world of public affairs, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will discuss them under the title "Understanding Through the Novel of Ideas."

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS—Under the direction of Mrs. A. P. Black, for February are as follows: On the 3rd Mr. Ralph W. Wiley, chief of the department, will speak on "The Functions of the San Francisco Department of Electricity." On the 10th, Mr. J. Whitcomb Nash presents Mr. Raymond Flanders, tenor, in a song recital. On the 17th an address by Mr. John L. McNab, "Constitutional Battlefield." On February 24th a new Chevrolet motion picture program, and on March 3rd "Our National Parks," an illustrated lecture by Mr. Frank Kittredge of the National Park Service.

■ LIP READING—A class in Lip Reading under the able direction of Miss Kate Morphy will start on Monday, February 7th. The fee for the course of 24 lessons is $15. Miss Morphy, who conducted classes at the Clubhouse several years back, is most anxious to have as large a group as possible start with the beginners class so that the advanced work she has planned for larger groups may be carried out.

■ COLOR CLASS—It is not yet too late to come into this class in Color and Composition, as Miss Derge has announced that she will review the work of the first meeting, which was held on January 25th, at the second meeting Tuesday, February 1st. One does not need to have an "artistic temperament" in order to be successful in this work, as it is based upon a scientifically sound basis. Color and balance worked out with mathematical precision, no guesswork nor indecision, just learn the principles and follow the clearly defined rules, and in a few short weeks you will be delighted with your progress.

■ FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASSES—Mme. Olivier will conduct classes in French Conversation each Friday at 11 a. m. The fee for 13 lessons will be $5 for members and $6.50 for non-members. Single lessons are 50 cents for members and 65 cents for non-members. Join this group now so that you may be ready to do your share in the Volunteer work which we are planning for exposition days. Several other language groups have already formed and are delighted with their progress. Mme. Olivier will be very happy to make evening appointments also, if desired.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES—French, German, Spanish groups studying these languages are working away assiduously each week. No fuss nor flurry —quiet classrooms with blackboards and tables set up on the second floor, interesting groups in Round Table discussions at luncheon and dinner, all building quietly but surely against the day when we shall call for Volunteer Service in foreign languages. Don't lag behind—join one or more of these groups now.

■ ANNUAL MEETING, which alternates between evening and daytime, will this year be held at noon on March 10th. Luncheon - cafeteria service. Reports will be read promptly at 12:30.

■ LEAGUE SHOP—Miss Marian Burr has just returned to San Francisco and has brought back many beautiful and interesting articles from the Dutch East Indies, Siam, New Zealand and Australia, which are now on display in the Shop.

Looking through the Library to the American Room at the Women's City Club.

The President's Message

Feasts and holidays have been given due place in our activities, and our thoughts at each event have dwelt on a deeper and more personal note — and now, as a new fiscal year spreads before us, the full meaning of the spirit of thankfulness as well as that of good-will is the more apparent, for the road ahead is cleared of obstacles and zest has returned to our ability to earn our building. ■ In the idiom of the day we are "streamlined" — and as such our course should be smoothed by prompt response to dues, accelerated by activities and animated by constant use of the building, proving in this our twentieth year the strength and value of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Editorial

■ The theme of this month's Magazine should properly be, and is, books, for the Book Mart in February has grown to be an "institution" with the Women's City Club and has brought to light the fact that the National League for Woman's Service membership loves books. It loves everything about them —what they say, how they look and why they have endured. Not just old but rare, not just new but worthwhile—to pass muster these shelves of the Book Mart must include all this, as well as the latest mystery. To bring us to the Mart with more seeing eyes, the contributors to this issue of the Magazine have graciously shared with us their expert information. A word of these friends. Dr. Robertson owns one of the finest of local, and some say national, private collections of rare volumes, and last year gave to the city of Richmond, Virginia, a collection of Edgar Allen Poe which becomes the nucleus of the only library of this poet in the United States. Miss Louise Winterburn has today what is probably the world's largest collection of royal book-plates, together with many other rarities of this art which she has modestly labeled her "hobby." Mr. Harris commands a press which is recognized as one of the highest standard in San Francisco, a city which boasts many compositors and printers of renown. Mr. Bentley brings to his own press a background of fine tradition and education in a profession which demands scholastic attainment. Miss Holden, well known in San Francisco for her bookbinding, has many pupils who spread the gospel of fine workmanship and pleasure derived from personal application to this art. Mrs. Watson brings to the pursuit of Californiana love of this Far Western state, and is mindful also of the value of the history which research has unearthed and preserved. Mr. Kerk, who adds "Color Photography" to the theme of the month, speaks with authority, for the use of color photography weaves its way through illustration into many a volume. Miss Allen reviews for us the history of the Women's City Club Book Marts, from the days of the first Mart in our Auditorium, when, under the clever wand of Mrs. Harry Allen, book-stalls transported us in memory to the Seine itself, and hot roasted chestnuts and French bread and cheese enticed all book-lovers to stay for tea. The congeniality fostered by the love of books which will be present when we meet together again on February 8th, 9th and 10th, makes us appreciative of the outstanding stories by these generous friends who have delightfully developed our theme of the month.

■ With the steady influx of new members and with the return of old and familiar friends, one realizes that the Club navigates a steady course, and with the fiscal year beginning next month, all are conscious of new spurts of enthusiasm under the leadership of a Board of Directors, one-third of whom are annually elected, and who are representative of the parliamentary form of government which Dr. Cadman has told us is fast disappearing from the face of the earth.

With the arrival of our first bill on February 15th, we weigh the matter once again, "Shall I send my dues?" Perhaps at no time has the answer been so undisputably "yes," for the Club has today a meaning which is old in new raiment.

Like the books we cherish, because of their familiarity to us, the membership has enjoyed in the National League for Woman's Service is yet another year older. It has worn well. "Yes, I will send my dues when the first bill comes to me on the 15th."

■ A meeting of five in the Board Room of the Club made history in San Francisco one morning not many days ago, although at the time not one of the five perhaps was impressed with anything unusual. The advertising manager of the Magazine, two advertisers of past Shows and two Club members met together to outline the 1938 Advertisers' Show—and the unusual part is that the advertisers were themselves eager to direct proceedings. No sales talk necessary. They were sold to the good-will value of advertising with the Women's City Club Magazine. They knew that the exhibitors who came together to "put on" the show and the members who came to admire and learn of the advertisers each were mindful of a cooperative relationship which merchant and consumer need, no matter what school of economics prevails.

To tell all that happened at this meeting would be to tell secrets, but this unique Executive Committee announced one thing as they emerged from an hour's session—the dates of the Show. Before anyone else claims us for these days, let us now mark our calendars for Tuesday and Wednesday in the week following Easter, April 29th and April 30th.

The fourth Advertisers' Show at the Women's City Club!

The Book Mart

By Catherine Allen

An Historic Scene at the Book Mart.

■ "The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man.
Nothing else that he builds lasts.
Monuments fall, nations perish,
Civilizations grow old and die out,
And after an era of darkness
New races build others—
But in the world of books are volumes
That have seen this happen again and again and yet live on—
Still young — still as fresh as the day they were written,
Still telling men's hearts
Of the hearts of men centuries dead."
—Clarence Day.

This month we look forward to our fifth Book Mart —and once again we hope that you will come, search and meet some of your old friends in print on the shelves of the bookstalls in our Auditorium and enjoy some of the same pleasure that you remember on your first visit to those on the banks of the Seine in Paris or in Charing Cross Road in London — where old book shops line the street and where one can purchase a book for the love and enjoyment of it — or buy them by the yard, just to fill in some bookcase. Many Londoners spend their lunch hours in these old shops — day after day reading some favorite tale — too poor to buy it — perhaps — but, nevertheless he is a welcome visitor.

What a joy it is to see the delight of those who find "the book I have wanted for years," or "This volume just completes my set" — another picks up an old income tax book — thought worthless by many, but very helpful to the finder in her work. These, in various forms and degrees have been the experience of many at the Book Mart.

To quote Mrs. Harry Allen:

"The essence of an author is held between the covers of his book. There lie his thoughts and self unmasked — there is found that essential quality in a volume with which the reader meets and lives. The writer opens the doors to that unreal, or perhaps more than real, world, and we enter in to meet with his living thoughts. No other art can give us this experience in like manner. To the graphic arts, sculpture and painting, the beholder brings far more of his own interpretation. There he is not as completely surrounded and enveloped, nor transported as by an author's will."

Private Presses

By Wilder Bentley

Aus dem Chaucer — From the Chaucer

The Apotheosis of the Private Press: A page from the Kelmscott Chaucer. The most noble and monumental folio produced since the Middle Ages. The result of an inspired collaboration of artists and craftsmen under the direction of William Morris. The wood cut border designed and cut by Morris himself. The type, designed especially for this work and known as "Chaucer," designed by Morris and cut by E. P. Prince. Illustration by Burne-Jones. Hand-made paper by Joseph Batchelor (after Morris' specifications).

■ Private printing is only one of the many arts and crafts through which the individual tries to express something of his own appreciation of life, so as to share his "glint of insight" with others. This sharing of the work of his hands is what D. H. Lawrence terms "the first charity." The more commonplace and negative way of putting it is to say, "Man doth not live by bread only."

Bibliophiles and typographical critics are fond of referring to a so-called "private press movement" in America and on the continent as stemming from the work of great English craftsmen like William Morris, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Emery Walker and Edward Johnston. They attribute the "revival of fine printing" in our times to the work of these patriarchs of the movement. But we should beware lest we become nostalgic about the 90's. Professing a kind of innocuous parlor socialism while "printing prayer books for the rich" will not do for us today. And even William Morris himself was honest enough to admit in his later years that his credo of "an art made by the people and for the people as a joy to the maker and the user" had not been realized. It became instead his great hope for the future.

William Morris was a prophet: his hope is closer to realization today than it was in his. There is a recrudescence of his spirit in many of our schools, colleges and government projects which are the natural and inevitable result of this great man's preaching on the "Democracy of Art." There are also many private ventures—not only those of private pressmen but those of potters, silversmiths, weavers, bookbinders and other handicraftsmen, ranging from those of the teacher and professional to those of the amateur and novice.

The handicrafts movement is not an "escape to medievalism." It is not "escapist" at all. It is a restatement of life's eternal and unchanging values. Therefore it can never be crushed out by the forces of greed and ignorance. The understanding of nature from which we derive the raw materials of life and art gives us strength. Working with these materials we learn patience—the patience to surmount difficulties and to endure suffering without crying out. The calm craftsman—not the blustering and bluffing enterpriser—is the real fighter! He fights with his tools and materials—not to kill—but to create something of beauty and therefore of utility! For since man has never been able to live without beauty, it is not illogical to affirm and reaffirm its utility.

The handicraftsman—as opposed to the technician—is always seeking the most natural way of expressing himself. The most natural way is that of simplicity. Both his materials and tools are, relatively speaking, of the simplest—those of yesterday, today and forever. To the potter (Continued on page 23

Book Plates

By Louise E. Winterburn

■ Book plates—those little "labels indicating ownership" inserted in a book, usually inside the front cover—have been used in one form or another since soon after the invention of the printed book.

The earliest known engraved plate is that of Hildebrand Brandenburg, a monk of the Carthusian Monastery at Buxheim, 1470.

The art of the book plate dates back to Albrecht Durer, born in 1471—so, as the late Count Westerburg, the great authority on German Ex Libris, suggests either Biberach or Ulm in Germany, was the birthplace of the first book plate.

The earliest English Ex Libris of which we know was used by Cardinal Wolsey. It remains to this day in a book known to have belonged to the Cardinal and afterwards to Henry VIII. This plate was used by Cardinal Wolsey some time between 1514 and his death, in 1530.

The earliest known dated Ex Libris in England is that of Sir Nicholas Bacon, 1574.

The book plate is next found in Holland—that of Anna Vanda Aa, in 1597.

In Italy, in 1622—and in America, in 1642, came a plain label of Steven Day, who was the first Colonial printer. Only one copy of this label is known, and is to be found in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society, of Worcester, Massachusetts.

The second book plate in America was that of John Cotton, 1674—followed by that of John Williams, 1679. Among the early Presidents of the United States of America who possessed book plates were: George Washington, John Adams, John Quincy Adams and John Tyler. Among more recent Presidents are: Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge and Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

All our important engravers, both old and modern, have made book plates.

It is interesting to know that Paul Revere, of historic fame, engraved some particularly fine examples.

The story is the same in England, France, Italy and other countries. In England, such artists as Bartolozzi Berwick, Hogarth, Fairthorne and others who rank with them, have left a magnificent number of designs, for such personages as Byron, Carlyle, Cowper, Dickens, Lamb, Southey, Walpole and a literally interminable list of royalty, institutions and individuals.

The first book plates of authentic record were wood cuts. Most of the early book plates were wood cuts.

Nathaniel Hurd, 1730-1777, made the first attempt at book-plate engraving in Boston, and for thirty years was known as the best producer of dies and seals in America. He engraved plates for Columbia College, Harvard and Dartmouth.

In the list of artists who have produced book plates are such famous names as Durer, Cranach, Hogarth, Holbein, Boucher, Aubrey Beardsley. Among the later American artists are Timothy Cole, internationally famous; Sidney Lawton Smith, Edwin Davis French, J. Winfred Spenceley, Wm. Fowler Hopson, Arthur N. Macdonald. (Continued on page 21

Conquering the World with Lead Soldiers

by Carroll T. Harris
illustration by Clifford Spooner

■ It is said that Napoleon once remarked, "Avec vingt-cinq soldats de plomb il a conquis le monde." Since there are twenty-six letters in our alphabet, we must correct that part of his statement. To be truthful there are more than twenty-six soldiers in this army but maybe the others are just appendages. The ampersand (&) can be a mascot. The points (. , : ; ! ? ' ' - —) may be used as ammunition, while the numerals (1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0) can indicate the cost of the conflict. But they will be helpless without something to denote shillings (/), pounds (£) or dollars ($).

And these are not all. We have parentheses ( ), brackets [ ], diphthongs (Æ Œ) and ligatures (fi ff fl ffi ffl), besides a host of various mathematical signs and other special characters.

Further, these "lead" soldiers are not entirely of lead. They are made not only of lead from Missouri but of tin from the Straits Settlements and antimony from Mexico. Lead is used because of its cheapness and low fusing (melting) point. Tin makes the soldiers tough, smooth and shiny. Antimony hardens them so that they can bump their heads on many a piece of paper before their day is done.

Gutenberg, the inventor of movable types, introduced mass production into the dissemination of knowledge. His first work, completed about 1455, the first book to be printed from movable types, was a copy of the Bible.

Printing was not invented by Gutenberg. It is supposed that the Chinese invented printing—when, no one knows—but probably centuries before the birth of Gutenberg. Their method was to make impressions from wooden blocks upon which had been engraved the symbols to indicate words. This was a slow and laborious process.

In Western civilization books were being made by scribes at the time movable types were invented. Learning was for the few. Only the wealthy and priests had access to books produced under such a slow and expensive way. So, when this cheaper and faster device for recording and reproducing thoughts was introduced the march of knowledge started.

Let's take stock for a moment! Suppose there were no types, no printing, today. There would be no recipe to make muffins for breakfast and no newspaper to kill time while we waited for the muffins that could not be made for want of a recipe. Wherever we move there is some printed thing in evidence. Idle thoughts and serious ones, profane and profound ideas, are all recorded by printing. Directions on a medicine bottle; history, fiction and biography are available to everyone who can see because of these lead soldiers.

There is hardly a hamlet in the world that does not have a printer. He seems as necessary as the doctor, the minister and the undertaker. Feverishly the little lead soldiers obey the commands of the

printer and serve everyone in the community.

Types and printing are so much a part of our life we seldom stop to inspect them. To many of us an A is an A, and that's that. For a quick description of an A we would say it resembles the outline of the end of a peaked roof with a horizontal bar about half way from top to bottom. That is true. The basic design of the letter is fixed, yet look at all these A's:

A A A A A A A A A A A A

Each one is different from the others. For over four hundred years type designers have been trying to originate new A's without changing the basic form of the letter. This is true of all the lead soldiers. Designers change the uniforms but the letters remain the same recognizable fellows in the end.

Letters must retain their basic form because, although they serve us, we are dependent upon them. They are our guardians of recorded thought. We must be able to recognize them as our friends.

Our alphabet was taken from Roman inscriptions. That is, the capitals were. These forms almost duplicate letters engraved in the Roman Forum:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

The small letters or lower case grew from the endeavor of the scribes to write faster. The resemblance to the ancestors is seen in these letters: Bb (top loop omitted), Cc, Ff, Hh (curve instead of crossbar, upper part of right stem omitted), Ii, Jj, Kk, Mm, Oo, Pp, Ss, Tt, Uu, Vv, Ww, Xx, Yy, Zz. With the balance of the alphabet the transformation can be imagined if we remember how tired scribes used to become. Probably they improvised.

For emphasis the soldiers lean forward and we call them "italic." Here are some italic letters:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOpqrstuvwxyz

If their general outline is light, we call them light face. Here is a light face Roman:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRstuvwxyz

When they grow heavy in design we designate them as bold face. This is bold type:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUvwxyz

There may be a wonder as to why all these different designs—why all these changing uniforms for our little lead soldiers. Well, this conquering job has been one not only of spreading knowledge. The esthetic side of printing has long been recognized.

If the piece of printing is a book it might just as well be beautiful as to be instructive or entertaining. If the thing to be read is an advertisement, the soldiers will sneak up on us by being beautiful and appealing to our good taste. Then we will more readily accept the message of the advertiser.

Besides the subtleties of design of the types themselves, their arrangement on the page is a matter of "composition." This arrangement of the type units on the page is not hit or miss. The margins, the harmony between type design and illustrations, are matters of great concern to the good printer.

To the layman these things are accepted without thought as to the how or why, but, nevertheless, the non-printer does usually react favorably or unfavorably to a printed page. This reaction has nothing to do with the subject matter in the page. It is purely his impression of the appearance of the printing.

In the nearly five hundred years since the invention of movable types, the processes of printing have changed constantly and have been augmented. Strangely though, the lead soldiers, the types themselves, are practically the same in physical appearance as they were in the beginning. The invention of the Linotype machine in 1886 and the Monotype about ten years later speeded up the process of setting type by providing machines to do the drudgery of this work. Yet, with all the machinery, much type is still set by hand. The final touches of artistry in the page are performed by the hands of a skilled compositor (a man who sets type). His work combines mechanical perfection with good taste and includes accuracy in spelling and punctuation.

Of course, some sorts of printing are not functionally suited to artistry. In these the compositor is obliged to stick to neatness and precision in his work.

When the subject matter does permit design and good taste, the printer must exercise restraint lest the vehicle of the message become more important than the message itself. That is disastrous, for it makes the whole ridiculous. For instance: if one notices an advertisement and remarks, "What a beautiful advertisement," or, "What a cleverly set advertisement," without learning anything about the goods advertised, then the tail is wagging the dog.

Better still, the selection of type and its arrangement should be like the bouquet of old wine. It is there, it pleases, but it is neither the body nor the "kick." The words themselves are most important. Type and typography (the designation of the arrangement of type) act as a vehicle for the written word. The conveyance must afford a pleasant, safe and sure journey from the author to the reader.

Come 1950 to 1955 will see five hundred years of warfare against ignorance by the twenty-six lead soldiers. They have sallied forth millions of times. They are still fresh and courageous. Trillions of the little fellows have grown old in service, have been melted to create new soldiers just like their elders. Ignorance is yet to be conquered. In spite of this, Napoleon was correct. The soldiers have conquered us! Without type, without printing, we would be helpless. We are slaves to the leaden army.

The Up-building of a Library

By John W. Robertson, M. D.

■ Every well-built home has its library. Often its size and its arrangement are the result of the architect's plan. If the space devoted to books be large, the accumulation may be beyond the mental acquirements of the owner, or his ability properly to fill the space is overtaxed and he becomes the victim of the peripatetic salesman or the decorative artist. Sets of a writer's books have a strong appeal because of their charm and the varying color of their binding; and they fill space which is frequently a desideratum. Sets are to be avoided. Many owners think of their books in quantity and not quality. When asked they give the number of hundreds, letting the space they cover prove the completeness of their collection, rather than the value of the books it contains. Nor is it always the salesman who is at fault. I remember examining a volume of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" which was bound in the well-known green cloth that characterized the cover of the first edition. It was remarkably firm and in excellent condition. Poor Whitman was his own printer and binder, and his work indicated it. The covers especially should be examined, and it was on their firmness the salesman was basing his "sales-talk" when a prospective purchaser appeared. Evidently she knew it was a rarity. But the dull green cover was an offense to her eye and she would only buy it provided the cover was removed and her own favorite shade substituted. In vain the salesman protested that its chief value was being destroyed, but the lady was self-willed and insistent.

Only exceptionally should books be bought in sets. No writer — Thackeray alone excepted — deserves it. A very few volumes represent all that is valuable in other writers. Dickens with his morbid sentimentality and his manufactured pathos, could be well represented by half a dozen volumes. But this is merely a personal opinion. Even able collectors have no set rule, but follow their own ideas and choose the books that satisfy their habit of mind. My friend, Morrison, admitted only definitive editions because he justly believed that if a book is republished its errors will be corrected in a later publication and that should he select the first edition it might mean a poor binding or a wrong pagination—misspelling or a wrong date. He sees no sense, because the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" carries a wrong date, that he should pay several hundred dollars more for it than for the one correctly dated, nor that battered and broken type should prove a first edition when every tyro typesetter and printer knows how easy it is to misspell a word, or to displace a type, and, as a matter of fact, how frequently it is done.

My friend, Parma, builds his library on a different plan. He is in charge of the great Congressional Library's two-million-dollar library of rare books, and with pride shows the $250,000 Gutenberg Bible and other books better worth showing, pointing with enthusiasm to the broken bindings, misplaced dates and other faults of printing which are entirely beyond the depth of our Senators and Congressmen for whose delectation they were bought.

There is a third class of collectors whose selection follows a different line. They may pay a million dollars for some well-known library, selecting the rare books they contain and selling the rest at auction. Then they buy another library, also containing rare books, and distribute the duplicates; thus through the use of money assembling a fine library. It was in this manner that the great Huntington Library was formed, and even the men in charge do not yet know what treasures they may find, for all of the books are not yet unpacked—but they will certainly carry out their plan of auctioning their duplicates. Some try to differentiate the bibliographer from the Bibliomaniac, but the borderline is not easily drawn. One of the greatest English collectors was most successful in finding unknown first editions of certain Victorian poets. His honor was untarnished and the truth of his discoveries was accepted until a couple of years ago two young scholars demonstrated them to be forgeries. This Bibliomaniac attempted no refutation; he disappeared from the book world and died a short time ago mentally enfeebled.

Printing is properly regarded as a modern art. About the year 1450 a German named Faust, who was in partnership with another German, Gutenberg, appeared in Paris with what purported to be a manuscript Bible. After it was sold he produced another and another — all seeming duplicates — until the rumor spread that he was in league with the devil, and he fled to avoid prosecution. These first prints bore no date, for which reason the exact time remains indefinite. My oldest dated book is 1465 — the earliest known was about 1460. These books were well printed and the (Continued on page 21

San Francisco Started Californiana

By Mai M. Watson

■ More than one hundred and fifty years ago, Padre Francisco Palou, while pastor of the Mision de San Francisco de Asis which we affectionately call Mission Dolores, laid the foundation of what is known today as Californiana. There, in the quiet of the hill-circled valley, he devoted his leisure to the writing of the first book about California. His life-long friend and brother Franciscan, Padre Junipero Serra, had recently passed away at the Carmel Mission and as a monument to the virtues, zeal and accomplisments of his superior, Palou set himself the task of writing the biography of the Founder of the California Missions. It was a labor of love, this putting together of California's first book into which went Serra's trials, tribulations and successes.

When Palou returned to Mexico in 1785 he carried his manuscript with him and there two years later the book was printed. Since then, it is estimated, that over ten thousand volumes have appeared whose theme is California. No other geographical section of the world has provoked such an extensive literature within such a short space of time. During the one hundred and fifty years since Palou wrote his Life of Junipero Serra, California has passed through all the stages of civilization from savagery to the highly organized social and economic life we lead today. Books of California romance, travel and adventure by the thousands have seen the light of day largely because of this.

Fifty years ago we were surrounded by those who had lived through the exciting days of the Gold Rush. Then we could sit and listen to first-hand tales, but today we must turn to the printed word if we would learn of California's past. Only great libraries such as the Bancroft, the Huntington, and the State Library at Sacramento possess the thousands of volumes that are known by the designation of Californiana. Some few fortunate individuals do own from three to five hundred of these treasured books, and yet it is possible for the average Californian with a taste for knowledge of our glorious past to assemble not more than twenty-five volumes which will contain the very essence of it all.

A few years ago, Phil Townsend Hanna, editor of "Westways," the magazine of the Automobile Club of Southern California, wrote and published a little book called "Libros Californianos," which named twenty-five books that cover the entire period of California's history. These books are not dry and stupid reading. On the contrary Phil Hanna's selections are sprightly and entertaining, and yet the reader who has perused the twenty-five may lay claim to an intimate knowledge and feel competent to discuss Californiana with those collectors whose shelves groan under the weight of hundreds of volumes on the same theme.

Every Californian should take pride in knowing something about our roman- (Continued on page 29

Bookbinding

By Octavia Holden

■ Bookbinding as it is known today carries us back to the Middle Ages when the monks, with great difficulty owing to their lack of tools, made crude books. These were bound often in smooth wooden sides or covered in vellum. Then the art of printing gave life to our craft and during the fifteenth century bookbinding made great progress on account of the comparative ease and cheapness with which books were produced. The printer then was his own binder, but as books increased in numbers and the demand grew larger, bookbinding became a separate art of itself.

The work grew so much that in the sixteenth century some of the finest samples were executed. At the period morocco leather was introduced and delicately fine tools were cut and the book beautiful was encouraged in the making by both scholars and collectors.

Monsieur Grolier, who loved the art, had his books bound under his own supervision. His designs were simple and geometrical, executed with accuracy, and are so well known today that his style bears his name.

The Grolier Club in New York, now of long standing, is an example of this — the bookshelves and the walls of the galleries hold a rare collection of all the arts pertaining to books.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the work progressed. The name of Le Gascon followed by Darone and Rodger Payne in England are well known. Hand-colored calfskin was used at this period, but since the moroccos and pigskin have come into their own, being proven of more lasting value than vellum. In later time Cobden-Sanderson brought the art of bookbinding to a very high standing through his own beautiful work, and his pupil, Douglass Cockerell, is well known for his bindings and his very valuable textbook that has passed through many editions.

Mr. Cockerell has made a prolonged study of the modern tanning of leather with great success, so the very best skins can be obtained in an enormous number of colors and shades, enough to suit the taste of the most fantastic binder.

There are today a host of fine binders in England, and of course France has a strong story of her own, especially in the strictly "moderne" line of design. Germany also with her wonderful assortment of modern papers that are so colorful.

In New York we have a Book-Workers Guild that is international in scope and includes not only binders but caligraphers and gilders, designers of book plates and designers of type, also makers of hand name papers and illuminators. Many of the binders of our west coast are members of this guild.

■

Go, little Book! from this my solitude
I cast thee on the Waters—go thy ways
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good
The World will find thee after many days,
Be it with thee according to thy worth.
Go, little Book! in faith I send thee forth.

Southey, from "Lay of the Laureate."

Color Photography

By Stanley Kerk

■ About eight or ten years ago, there suddenly burst upon an unsuspecting public a deluge of color photography, seen mostly in the advertising pages of national magazines. They were rather crude and raw in color compared with the high state of development of today's color photography, yet they were a definite step toward the perfecting of something long sought to brighten up our somewhat monotonous photographic world.

However, the color photography of ten years ago was nothing new. As long ago as seventy-five years, photographs in fairly accurate natural color were effected. They employed a mechanical method calling for the use of screens ruled with very fine lines, which lines were so treated with opaque substances as to permit the passage of reflected light of the three primary colors through and become registered on a film or plate, sensitized chemically to receive them in the proper values.

The first commercially practical step to be perfected was the Lumiere process—known today as the Autochrome—which employed minute particles of starch dyed red, blue or green and deposited on the photographic plate in proper proportion to form a screen which effected the same result as the original ruled screen. When developed, the result was a transparency in which the color was quite accurate. For many years, the National Geographic magazine used this method of color photography for its color reproductions.

A still later development was one used almost exclusively by professional photographers for commercial use. This called for making photo-mechanical color separation negatives—that is, three negatives of the same subject were made, each through a different color filter, by which means all of the yellow values in a subject were recorded on one negative, all the red on a second and all the blue on a third. From each of these negatives a print was made on gelatin; the gelatin sheets were each dyed yellow, red or blue, the dye taking effect only where the printing light had come through the negative. The three dyed gelatins were superimposed upon each other in register and the result was a transparency, free of screen or pattern present in the former reproductions.

Today, however, color photography is well within the reach of everyone. Provided the amateur has type and size of camera to receive the plate or film, color photographs can be made by any of several processes, notably Agfa, Dufay, Finlay, and more recently, Kodachrome. And for those so inclined, color photography offers a fascinating diversion and at the same time is lots of fun.

■

"Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay colour and sad colour, for colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive; the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most."

—Ruskin, from "Stones of Venice."

I Have Been Reading

A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA by John Bidwell (1842). Printed by John Henry Nash, 1938, San Francisco. $3.50. Reviewed by Nell O'Day.

■ A Journey to California; by John Bidwell. . . . When young John Bidwell in 1841 joined a party of sixty-nine persons who would attempt to cross the almost impassable barriers that led to California and the far West, he could not know that his fullillment of a promise would result in the production of a book that is today one of the scarcest items of Californiana. There were left behind many eager young adventurers, and to some of these he promised that he would keep a day-by-day record of happenings—good and ill—that would overtake the travelers. He kept his word to the letter, and the chronicle of the journey is a straightforward account that enables us today to marvel at the courage and fortitude that carried along the first emigrant train to reach California.

The journey began on May 18th and ended on November 6th, 1841. Dividing at Fort Hall, the larger contingent went on under the leadership of Father de Smet to Oregon. The remaining thirty-two California-bound adventurers arrived at Dr. Marsh's cabin, near Mt. Diablo—the end of their trail, but the beginning for thousands of others for whom it was to spell power and wealth, death and misfortune.

Following the journey record, Bidwell gives a detailed account of California climate and resources, as well as many of the practices of the inhabitants as they had come under his observation during the brief period he had been able to study them. Although he minimized none of the hardships that had attended the hazardous undertaking, John Bidwell was not the sort to exaggerate or dwell unduly on their sufferings and privations. There is evident throughout his recital, a sincerity impelled by the desire to tell the exact truth to those who would be relying on his account for the impetus that would start them on the long trek.

Bidwell sent his manuscript to Missouri where it was printed in 1842. Used as a guide book to the new regions, only one copy has survived of the original edition, and that was in the possession of Major George McKinstry on his trip overland in 1846. It bears his name and annotations made along the route traveled

The new Nash edition has been enriched with a fine introduction by Dr. Herbert Ingram Priestley, librarian of the Bancroft Library, where the original copy reposes. Printed on beautiful handmade paper, with headbands by Lawrence Haste, it is a handsome reprint of a very important item, but one which, owing to its extreme rarity, very few persons have been privileged to know.

Sutro Library, San Francisco

—By Miss Helen Breuner, Librarian

■ Mr. Adolph Sutro, mayor of San Francisco from 1895 to 1896, envisioned the city of his adoption as the cultural center of the West. As a successful mining engineer he had driven the Sutro Tunnel into the Comstock Lode in spite of all difficulties, both political and financial. Always he was the friend of the people, lighting and planning for their welfare then and in the future.

One of his major projects for San Francisco was a library which would equal any library in Europe. Early in the eighties he began to buy books. Agents in the book centers of Europe bid at all the auctions for him. He, himself, on his travels in Mexico and abroad bought thousands of volumes. Soon boxes of books began pouring into San Francisco. They were placed in storage and the work of sorting and listing was begun. When Mr. Sutro died in 1898 it was thought that his was the largest private library in the world at that time.

In the years following his death the work of sorting and listing ceased. The books remained in two storage houses while the estate was being settled. In the fire of 1906 one of these buildings burned. The fire approached the other from all directions many times but fortunately it escaped and so almost half the library was saved. In 1913 the Sutro heirs gave the library to the State of California, providing in the gift that it always remain in San Francisco, the city for which their father had collected it. Now it is maintained as a branch of the California State Library and is housed in the San Francisco Public Library building.

Many interesting and valuable items are here. When traveling in Palestine, Mr. Sutro bought an entire collection of Hebrew books and manuscripts. According to the Jewish encyclopedia, this is the second largest collection of Hebrew manuscripts in this country, only that in New York City being larger. Jewish scholars are intensely interested in these manuscripts and feel sure there are some very important ones among them which need to be studied further.

Many of the papers and letters of Sir Joseph Banks form another of the manuscript collections. Sir Joseph Banks was president of the Royal Society for many years. He sailed with Captain Cook on his first voyage around the world. Almost every voyage of exploration setting out from England in the last half of the eighteenth century was outfitted by him or he had a scientist aboard.

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He was responsible for the voyage of the Bounty. He was interested in many phases of English life—coinage, wool and sheep, insects, drainage, antiquities, everything.

Two copies of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works are in the library and one copy of each of the second, third and fourth folio editions. Old English documents—indentures, tax-lists and wills—dating from Shakespeare's time and earlier, form an interesting background here. Other early English dramatists are represented, too, like Shirley and Dekker and Ben Jonson, with single plays of early edition or in early collections of plays.

From Mexico Mr. Sutro brought many thousands of pamphlets, religious and political. They date through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and well into the nineteenth. Pamphlets are, as a rule, ephemeral things but they picture so well the life and ideas of the common, ordinary citizen of the time that this collection is one of the most valuable parts of the library. English pamphlets are here, too, in large numbers, many of them of the time of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. Lord Macaulay's collection is supposed to be among them.

Since Mr. Sutro bought largely abroad we find little on California in the library except for San Francisco and Sacramento newspapers and some material on the early theater in San Francisco. In the estimated 90,000 volumes in the library, however, we are sure to find something of great interest and rarity on every subject we investigate.

National League Library Service

Adult

WORLD HISTORY OF ART; Sheldon Cheney. $5. Reproductions of world masterpieces in a great review of painting, sculpture and architecture.

THE GARDEN IN COLOR; Louise Beebe Wilder. $7.50. This book is a gardener's year, with brief paragraphs for each flower, shrub and tree in due order. There are over three hundred superb illustrations in color.

FIRST PERSON PLURAL; Angna Enters. $4. This intimate autobiography takes us backstage to the life of adventure that has made Angna Enters a great artist, musician, painter, mime and stage designer.

MY NEW WORLD; Ernest Dimnet. $2.50. The fact that Abbe Dimnet's new world is America makes this book of more than usual interest to us.

CHARLESTON: AZALEAS AND OLD BRICKS; Bayard Woother and Samuel G. Stoney. $10. Photographs of Charleston's old houses and gardens with text that faithfully conveys the charm of that mellow southern city.

OLD CALIFORNIA; Stewart Edward White. $5. Re-creating in picture and story a glamorous era.

Juvenile

THE WONDER WORLD OF ANTS; Wilfrid S. Bronson. $1.50. The pictures will immediately attract any child of eight to ten and encourage him to start on the pleasant and entertaining text.

THE LAND OF LOST DOLLS; Hector Tezandie. $2. Because so few new stories about dolls appear, this excellent one is especially worthy of notice.

THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR; Walter De La Mare and Harold Jones. $2.50. A book, plainly a work of love, beautifully blending pictures and poetry for all the year.

The Upbuilding of a Library

(Continued from page 16)

art seems to have immediately reached perfection. There were many type-faces that have never been excelled. My own book shows excellent paper, white and unfoxed, and clear type.

Within fifty years typography spread to all adjacent countries and thousands of copies are scattered through old libraries. Arbitrarily the year 1500 has been selected as the date which separates the old from the new books. We call the old books Incunabula (cradle—birthplace), though the date alone distinguishes them. They are not high in price. Old age does not add to the value of book or man. Owing to the wood-pulp paper now in use, the life of the modern book will be short. Mr. Putnam, in charge of the Library of Congress, says that no book, as at present printed, will survive a hundred years. The modern "fine printer" has simply returned to old methods. The paper should be made from rags, it should be hand sewn, and we should avoid the cylinder or other power presses, using the old-fashioned hand press and good black ink.

The size of the library is a matter of personal choice. Even the five-foot Eliot library may be excessive in size. Age has reduced mine until a three-foot might suffice—one merely large enough to hold the books I love. Neither Shakespeare nor the Bible would find a place —such a library as I could stretch my hand and pick out any book it contains, without reference to title, and spend a delightful—if somnolent—evening in my easy chair.

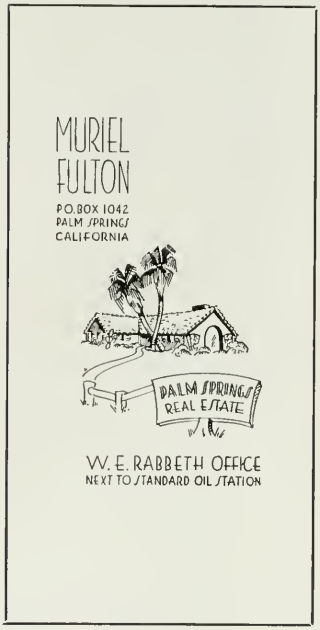
Book Plates

(Continued from page 13)

Among the English artists are Charles W. Sherborn, George W. Eve, Sir D. Y. Cameron, Allred James Downey, H. J. F. Badeley, Stephen Gooden and William Phillips Barrett, whose book plate of King George V, when Prince of Wales, is here presented.

Book-plate collecting has become quite an avocation. The joy of collecting is inexplicable to one who has never indulged in this fascinating "hobby" of bringing nations and peoples into closer proximity through these little treasures of art. When one's collection is assembled, there lies before one an array of Presidents of the United States of America, clergy, artists, authors, musicians, doctors, colleges, stage and screen actors. Californiana, kings, queens, princes and other potentates, representing England, France, Germany, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Italy, India, Russia, Greece, Portugal, Poland, Bulgaria, Mexico under Emperor Maximilian (1864-67) and Hawaii, the former Sandwich Islands, under the late King Kalakaua—until one beholds in book-plate form a world of interesting personages, whose letters, with autographs and foreign stamps, form a collection within a collection.

If one would escape idle days and know the joy of living through silent contact with others, start the "hobby" today of collecting book plates.



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English Cheeses By Nora Slattery

Reprinted from the "Countrywoman."

■ The English climate has been the determining factor in the types of cheese produced in England. Many people maintain that the English climate prevents the production of cheeses of the specially refined type, like the French Camembert. This, however, is not so. Large quantities of Camembert, Coulomnier, and Pont l'Eveque are made in England, with many similar cheeses. The climate, though not severe, is sufficiently cold to check the growth for many months of the pastures, the best and cheapest of milk-producing food.

Cheese-making began many centuries before substitutes were found for fresh grass in the cow's diet, and the aim has been to produce from milk during the spring and summer, when grass was abundant, a food that would keep through the seasons when grass was scarce. The best known English cheeses are therefore of this long-keeping type.

The best cheeses are made from grass-fed herds, particularly on the soils rich in the limesalts essential to cheese-making. Cheddar, Cheshire, Leicester, Caerphilly, Stilton, these places have given their names to the cheeses originally made only there. Now they are made everywhere, but the true cheese enthusiast will never agree to their being as good as when they come from their native soil.

Cheddar cheese is made all over the world today. It is considered the most useful cheese substitute for meat, and is extremely digestible when properly ripened. During the making the curd is scalded and a considerable quantity of acidity is developed to make a fairly dry and long-keeping article, so that in the early stages it is tough and indigestible

Public demand for uniformity has driven out the old small-scale trader, and unfortunately many wholesalers mark these cheeses far too soon, to the danger of the public digestion and the Cheddar market. The mild, comfortable substance that has made a national dish out of bread and cheese can only be produced by at least three months' keeping in the refining cellars. Only too often the Cheddars and Cheshires seen in the shops resemble so many pieces of soap.

It is interesting that in the mining districts large quantities of cheese are eaten, in almost equal parts with bread. This is because the miners believe it to be less heating, for its food value, than most forms of food. The cheese they eat is usually of the early maturing kind, particularly the soft mild Caerphilly and Wensleydale.

The Wensleydale is one of the "blue-veined" cheeses, akin to the Dorset Blue Vinney and the Stilton. About this last cheese the English can be patriotic with justice, for no other country has mastered the art of Stilton making. Great skill and experience are necessary to produce this mellow, piquant article. The curd made is rich and moist, yet must keep in condition as long as dry "hard cheeses," and be at its best at Christmas, for the Stilton market is largely seasonable. Poor hard cheeses may be marketable, but there is no sale for a poor Stilton. Only the best will do.

The "solt cheeses" have increased in popularity since lighter meals and dieting became fashionable. They have a moist, unsalted curd, mildly acid in flavour, and many varieties, such as the "Lancashire Slice," use both cream and cream cheese in their manufacture. This cheese, with its attractive sandwich appearance, deserves to be better known.

From the worker's point of view these solt cheeses are the simplest, and since they need little apparatus or storage, are also the cheapest to make; but as they must be marketed and eaten whilst fresh (a period varying from three days to three weeks), a ready market is essential, or they become a dead loss. Fortunately they are easiest to make during the summer, at the very time when they are most popular.

The hard cheeses are the salest, but need considerable apparatus and space, and have the enormous competition of the big dairying countries to contend with. The blue-veined cheeses remain the best priced variety, but the most difficult to make.

Each and every type has its own uses, and market. May we never know the time when any one of them is forgotten.

The Private Press

(Continued from page 12)

his wheel, water, clay and kiln; to the weaver, his loom, thread, dyes and shuttle; and to the printer, his hand-press, type, ink and paper.

The hand-press, i. e., the printing-press in its simplest form, closely resembles its ancestor, the wine-press. In both tools the pressure is applied by a lever and screw (later supplanted by a toggle joint), the plunger of the wine-press becomes the "platen" of the printing-press, between which and the "bed" of the press (on which the inked type rests) the paper, first dampened to make it absorbent and lissome, is pressed or "printed" in black and other colors from the type.

The essentials of printing are no more difficult to learn than those of any other craft. It is superiority of taste, depth of appreciation and understanding, and dexterity in execution—not a bag of tricks or of "trade secrets"—that distinguish the work of one craftsman from that of another. Technique is not methodology; it is the natural consequence of human endowments (never equal or alike) thrown into play and refined through experience.

The learning to print and the mastering of all the related "book arts" are two different things, however. Here the analogy between printer and potter or weaver breaks down. For no one man has been able to master editorial skill, typesetting, illustrating, presswork, and binding—all in equal degree. Thus in book-making, as in play craftsmanship or architecture, there must be a delegation of responsibility among craftsmen of more or less equal skill, held together by a common interest and by a directing head whom all respect.

It is true that a few exceptional men have mastered most of the book arts in order to hold all the satisfaction and the glory to themselves. Inevitably, however, their works become honored more as tours de force than for their artistry. In book-making, as in play-acting, one may "steal the show" but he can't have it too!

Division of responsibility introduces, of course, a new factor—a new raw material—upon which and with which to work, one's fellow-men and women. Some come as professionals and some as students or apprentices, but all work in close coordination because they have a common purpose which draws them together and because, not being actuated by greed, they work in harmony.

The private press in its simplest and most logical form, then, consists of a small group of craftsmen with something to say, a hand-press or two, and some type—that is all. Whether they sell, barter, or give away their publications—whether they "limit" their editions or not—are matters of secondary importance. It is only through experience that we learn to distinguish between the genuine artifact and the spurious. There are many so-called private presses that are "neither private nor presses," but commerce cashing in on whimsy.

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The Letters of An English Woman

By Winifride Wrench

Reprinted by permission from the "Landmark," the monthly magazine of the English-Speaking Union.

A GOLDEN FALL

■ The dying year has more than made up for all delinquencies manifested in its earliest youth, for never has there been a lovelier autumn. August merged into September and September slipped into October, linked by a chain of still and sunny days, of that peculiar quality of stillness that comes with the fall of the leaf, with the falling to sleep of Nature, in this part of the world.

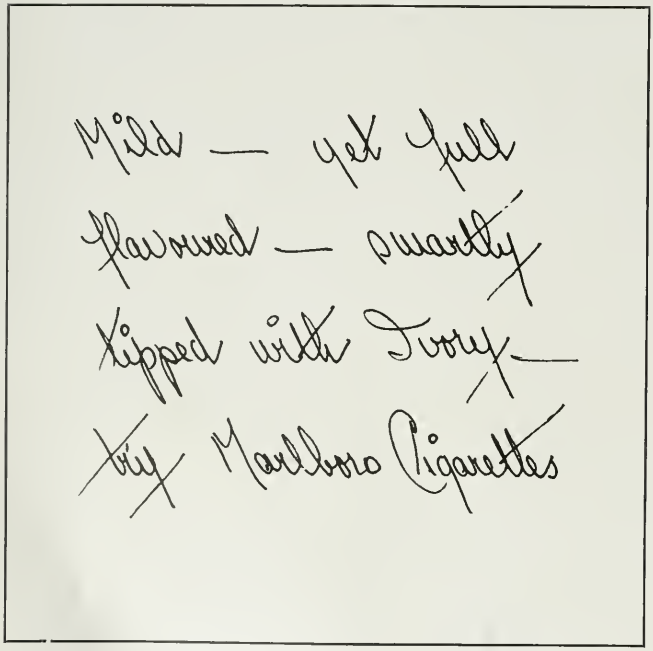
As it happened, I found myself in Cambridge, and I could have been in no more enchanting spot. For one of the chief charms of Cambridge is the abundance and variety of its trees. Many of the newer streets are lined with trees, and as in Canada and the United States, the houses in the residential quarters stand a little back from the tree-lined roadway without being spoilt for the passer-by by intervening wall or hedge, typifying indeed the friendliness of those who live in this ancient English town.

As I looked out of my window morning by morning, I watched a splendid mulberry tree fading from green to pallid gold; while a little way beyond a silver birch, leaf by leaf turned deep gold, and beyond again great chestnut and beech trees glowed orange and russet in the sun. Along the Backs, a walk that is incomparable for its beauty and its traditions, overlooking the colleges and their gardens, the trees dripped gold into the slow-moving Cam or shed their wealth in heaps upon the green lawns, that down the ages have been so carefully tended until they have reached a perfection of velvet smoothness and a richness of colour that cannot be matched outside England.

Here Erasmus once walked and gazed —in who can now say what mood—as he pondered over the English and their barbaric ways? In all he spent seven years in Cambridge teaching Greek and theology, and he stands out, this great Renaissance scholar, as one of the greatest of all the famous men whose spirits still haunt the University. Their shadows slip by one at almost every street corner. Cambridge is indeed a place in which to dream as well as in which to work.

The University dominates the town, yet the town insists on making its voice heard, and a relationship of watchful rivalry exists between the two, that has grown up through the centuries.

The inhabitants fall naturally into speaking of themselves as either belonging to the one or the other group, much as in Ireland, where we do not know just where we stand unless we know whether we are speaking to a Roman Catholic or to a Protestant, though the cleavage naturally is much deeper in the one case than in the other.



A DEBATE AT THE UNION

In the universities it is said, and with reason, that one may hear the authentic voice of youth. And I was therefore more interested than usual when an Indian friend took me recently to hear a debate on "That this House applauds to the full the struggle of the Indian National Congress under its leader Pandit Nehru." It was the first time that I had been at a Union Debate either in Oxford or Cambridge, and I was impressed with the dignity and bearing of all concerned. On this occasion there was a full house, for the topic was a live one. The debate was opened by a young Indian, who had joined the Congress Party at the age of 15, and as he had broken the law in some way, had naturally enough to pay the penalty. It struck me as curious—it always has—that those who break the law should feel they have been unfairly treated when they have to face the consequences. That, however, seems to be part of our strange human psychology. In any case, this young man, who made his maiden speech with much dignity and composure, was obviously embittered by his experiences and overstated his case to such an extent that it was

weakened. But as he and the other speakers left the House, I saw the President lay his hand on the young man's shoulder, evidently congratulating him on an excellent performance.

And as I looked down on that eager audience, debating the pros and cons of such a subject as the Congress in India I wondered in how many countries in the world to-day would such a thing be possible? And I rejoiced once more that I belonged to a country where the words liberty and freedom still have some meaning.

ARMISTICE DAY IN CAMBRIDGE

As for what Cambridge undergraduates are thinking, like every other group in the country, the individuals are to a large extent thinking different things. Those who are wholeheartedly determined to follow truth for its own sake are as rare among the undergraduates as elsewhere: muddled thinking is as rife.

A Peace Week was held during the week in which we celebrated Armistice Day, and those who believe Pacificism is the best way in which to end war wore white poppies. Apart from these, everyone wore red poppies; indeed none of us had the remotest chance of slipping past the watchful undergraduates, who turned out in their thousands to collect money for the British Legion. Cambridge holds a proud record in this respect, for I was told a larger sum is sent from Cambridge, per head of the population, than from any town in Great Britain.

In the evening of Armistice Day I went to Evensong at King's Chapel. In a real sense it is a unique experience. The choir and the organ are said to be the best in the country. Certainly I have never heard anything lovelier than the music there. The boys' voices mount like larks' into the dim, domed tracery above our heads, for that vast chapel is still only lit by candlelight, and it was some time before my eyes could discern the Cross upon the Altar. The choir sang a verse from Rupert Brooke's poem that contains his immortal lines on an English soldier:

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England."

Each Armistice Day his lines on Death are sung, for Rupert Brooke is peculiarly associated with Cambridge, having lived only two miles away, at Grantchester, across the meadows.

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Just Fruit Cake

—Roberta Holland

■ There are a number of different fruit cakes used in our country today. These range from the very black or heavy cakes down through different grades of dark, medium dark, and golden, to the white cakes. Their use in different localities is somewhat dependent upon the people who have lived there. Custom and tradition have much to do with it.

A fruit cake, viewed simply as a pleasant combination of nuts, fruits, and other ingredients, may be palatable, but to endure the test of time, it must have background. Background means its foundation, and this usually reverts to the long ago, when cooking was an art of the home, and recipes came down from generation to generation. Such recipes can stand the stress of changing times and modes of living, and measure up to standards which prevail in this progressive age. Just as arts have always been expressed—some finer than others, although all may be equally old—so it is with recipes, and especially those for fruit cake. Some are better than others. If the forebears were painstaking folk—their work, doubtless, would be well done, and the results worth while. Otherwise it would be mediocre and have no interest to sustain it.

Throughout the land, I am sure, are many choice recipes of great merit—some in use and shared within a limited circle—some forgotten. One of my cherished possessions is a little brown book. Its covers are well worn and mended. We have always called it "Grandmother's Cook Book"—and, although written in her beautiful line handwriting, it tells of those before her time, and their work in culinary arts. Among its pages I find much of value; in fact, most of its recipes have always been used in the family. Among these dear familiar ones are some unknown and unnecessary to us, such as receipts for doing up shirt bosoms, for pickling salmon, for curing beef, for making grape communion wine. These tell us much of early customs and busy lives.

Our fruit cake recipes are in the little book—one dark, one white. Both are good and liked, but the white one is generally preferred. One reason for this is that being somewhat like a fruited pound cake, it can be used in all seasons. Both cakes are used for formal occasions such as weddings and parties, or at any time. It is a matter of preference as to whether it should be dark or white cake. Either will keep indefinitely if properly packed in a tin container with a tight cover. An apple in the box with the cake will keep it moist,

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and some people put the cake in the bread box where there is rye bread. This will soften it. Fruit cakes are always nicer after they have had time to mellow. Baking them is an art, in which patience and care feature strongly.

Under the recipe for white fruit cake in my little book is this notation, "The fruits and nuts for this cake should be cut by hand, not chopped." One muses on the terseness of that statement: no careless modern methods to be used in the making of those cakes. One wonders and reflects, and, as the reflection grows, it brings to mind the spirit of those sturdy pioneers who worked with such firm purpose to achieve the highest possible results in all they undertook. No halfway methods for them, no easy road to avoid hard work. Results counted and they spared nothing to attain them. It may have been merely fruit cake, but it symbolized the spirit that made our country what it is today; the spirit that, never daunted, pressed on from east to west, conquering all obstacles, until it reached its goal.

Once more, in retrospect of fruit cake: the fruits and nuts for the cakes from the little brown book were purchased in Philadelphia in those early days, and driven back in covered wagons to the home in the mountains of Pennsylvania, many miles away. Once or twice a year these trips to the city were made, and all merchandise was transported in that way. Even the grandfather's clock took that journey. Today, in an eastern city, it still watches over the present generations.

Just fruit cake! Well may we all be proud of those little brown books of memories of our forefathers!

Local Dairy to Sponsor Popular "Uncle Harry" Program for Children

■ Dwight Newton, better known as "Uncle Harry" to thousands of San Francisco children, starts immediately to "handle the mike" for all Bell-Brook Dairies' radio programs.

Of especial interest to mothers will be the added feature of "Uncle Harry's School." This program, strictly for children, will be heard Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5:15 p. m. The present series of "Sonny and Buddy" will continue on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at the same time. This gives the children an entertaining and character-building radio program of local character five days a week, Mondays through Fridays, at 5:15 p. m. on KYA.

Mothers are cordially invited to tune in on these broadcasts, as the Bell-Brook Dairies are desirous of hearing their reactions.

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Practice Conservation Every Day

■ California Conservation Week, March 7-14. State emblems—bird, butterfly, animal, flower and tree.

The California poppy is our state flower. It is one of the most beautiful of the many wild flowers that grow in California. Its lovely color makes it a fitting emblem for "the Golden State."

If you love to pick wild flowers, grow some in your garden. The California poppy is one of the easiest wild flowers to grow. It will bloom several times a year if the brown leaves are cut off and then watered.

Nearly all of our wild flowers need our protection if we are to keep our hills and woodlands and deserts beautiful. Our State law (1933, Section 384a) says you must secure a permit to pick them on public or private lands. Some of them are so rare we may not pick them at all. Some counties also protect certain plants.

Wild flowers that are picked in the fields usually wilt before you can get them home. They are more beautiful where they grow. If they are left there, many people will enjoy them. They need to make seeds for new plants. Without seeds there will be no new plants for next year. We must not pull up flowers with the bulbs and roots.

California was the first to select a state insect, or rather state butterfly. It was chosen in 1929 by vote of the scientists called entomologists. It is the California Dog-Face or Dog-Head (Zerene eurydice), which is strictly a native of California. It is found from the San Francisco Bay region to San Diego, chiefly in the low mountain areas.

It is a pretty butterfly about two inches across. The male is orange with black border markings, a design that is easy to remember. Sometimes it has a rosy overtone like a winter sunset. The female is orange-yellow without pattern, except for a small black spot on the upper wings.

Butterflies are the most beautiful and showy of all insects. Some insects damage things that man uses; others are working for him all the time. We should learn more about them.

The California valley quail is our state bird. It is considered a game bird. It is partly protected by laws enforced by the State Fish and Game Commission. The season when quail may be killed varies from six to nine weeks in different districts.

California has more than four hundred kinds of birds. Let us all get acquainted with some of them. It is fun to be on friendly terms with the birds. They make us happy with their beauty and their songs.

Many eat insects which harm or destroy our trees and other plants. We could not control these pests without the help of the birds. Owls and hawks eat mice, rats and gophers.

Birds need our care and protection. If you live in town, plant bushes that have berries for food and shelter. Give them clean water in a shallow dish for drinking and bathing. Put one feeding tray on ground, another three feet or more from the ground to make some of the birds feel safe from cats. If your home is in the country, see that their natural nesting, feeding and watering places are protected and not destroyed. This will help in wildlife restoration.

The California grizzly bear was our state animal. You may see him on our Bear Flag, but you will not see him anywhere else except in pictures.

All the California grizzlys have been killed, because we did not think in time to protect any of them. So also the antelope, beaver and valuable fur-bearing sea otter have been destroyed.

Many other interesting and valuable animals, fish, birds, trees and flowers will disappear in a very short time unless we learn about them and protect them by state laws and public opinion.

The redwood is the state tree.

The coast redwood is one of the finest trees in California. Its name is Sequoia sempervirens. Sequoia was a famous Cherokee Indian; sempervirens means always green. The cones of this large tree are small. The redwoods grow near the coast from Monterey County to Oregon, where there is considerable rain.

One of them is the tallest tree known in the world. It is 364 feet high. This and many others grow in state parks. The state and Save-the-Redwoods League have given millions of dollars to buy and save some redwood groves from the lumber companies. That means they belong to all of us and must be protected.

Our redwood parks are very beautiful with lovely ferns, flowers and shrubs growing under the grand old trees.

The Giant Sequoias (Sequoia gigantea) are the largest and oldest living things in the world. They grow only in the high Sierra Nevada (snowy) mountains. They can easily be seen in Yosemite, Sequoia and Grant National Parks. The largest tree in the world, called "General Sherman," is in Sequoia National Park. "General Grant" is in the park of that name. It is the nation's Christmas tree. By vote of the school children of the country the Giant Sequoia was chosen the United States tree.

California has many beautiful native trees. It has more native plants than any equal area in the United States.

We must be especially careful to protect our trees and brush from fire. Without our trees, shrubs and grasses all of the soil would soon wash away from our hills and mountains and the land would be ugly and barren. What can we do to protect our trees?

California Conservation, Bird and Arbor Day is March 7, Luther Burbank's birthday. California Conservation Week was first observed in 1935. March 7 to 14 are the dates in 1938 and 1939.

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San Francisco Started Californiana

(Continued from page 17)

tic yesterdays. Such knowledge makes the present more easily understandable and casts a glamor over every-day events.

The next time the forbidding word Californiana pops into conversation, think of Padre Palou writing that first contribution to it at our Mission Dolores and be proud of the fact that San Francisco started an enterprise of such widespread significance to which each year is adding its quota of fascinating literature.

No one would ever claim that Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s "Two Years Before the Mast" was hard reading, nor would Mark Twain's "Roughing It" be labeled as a book to be plodded through. Both of these volumes take their places in the Hanna list. Each has its proper period to depict.

Dana's book takes us back to the days of Boston ships, when hides were California's banknotes, while Mark Twain paints the picture of what happened in Nevada and California during and after the discovery of the famous Comstock Lode which brought to life the great silver camp of Virginia City. Then there are two books of Hubert Howe Bancroft: his "California Pastoral" and his "Inter Pocula." Here we have the intimate tales of both the Mexican and American periods, the latter dealing with the life of the Gold Rush. Palou's "Life of Junipero Serra" may be read in its English translation, and to follow it one may turn to the "Annals of San Francisco," which sets forth for us this city's very early days. All in all, the twenty-five titles Phil Townsend Hanna has selected are like pieces of a beautiful mosaic which when fitted together give the reader that composite picture which is California's romantic history.

Those who have been frightened by the word "Californiana," who have felt that it meant something which only professors and university students could approach, need no longer stand in awe. The twenty-five books listed in "Libros Californianos" provide an open sesame to Californiana. They will take the reader along paths of romance and adventure and make California, both past and present, a more delightful place in which to live.

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A Letter

Florence, Italy,
December 11, 1937.

■ Dear Editor:

Traveling may seem and sound the most delightful occupation imaginable, and while it is all of that, it is also hard work—the packing and unpacking of bags, the planning and carrying out of an itinerary, catching trains, etc., etc., are a few of the "items" on the other side which are more or less wearying. But we easily forget those in the memories of the pleasures—the new scenes, sights and sounds and the different peoples with their customs, thoughts, etc.—all interesting and illuminating—yet, after all, one comes to the conclusion that human beings are human beings the world over.

There is no club like ours in Europe—naturally there would not be, since the membership of those clubs with whom we are affiliated is more or less limited. I think I have visited nearly all as I try to make it a point to do so when I am in a city which has an affiliated club, for I always love to present my card and to tell something of OUR Club. I occasionally find I am the first visitor, as was the case when I visited the "Lady Artists Club" in Glasgow. There I met the President, who gave me much of her afternoon and was eager and interested to know more of our Club—its purpose, activities, "workings," etc. That club, too, as its name would signify, has a purpose in its encouragement of women artists—and its bright exhibition hall has always an exhibition on display. It has its social aspect as well. I feel it has been a great privilege to have my "open sesame" cards, which have enabled me to make these visits.

In Stockholm this summer I renewed my former pleasant acquaintance with Mrs. Anderson, the charming treasurer of the American Women's Club of that city. The club is not open during the summer.

As to my summer travels, I'll only give you an outline—physical descriptions already fill too many travel books, more graphically written than I can ever hope to, thanking you just the same for your very flattering comment! As I said, your letter found me in Stockholm, where we were after a short visit to Copenhagen and a tour of its country, where we found in Funen and Tutland some fascinating "old world" bits tucked away and non-tourist bitten. Then a very comprehensive tour of Sweden, through "smiling Varmland" and home of Selma Lagerloe; Dalarna, the home of Gustar Vasa for history and Andersdorn for art; Stockholm, the "Venice of the North"; Visby, the "city of ruins and roses," and back to Stockholm for a few days before continuing on to Finland, Russia, Poland, Germany, to our winter retreat in ever-charming Florence.

Perhaps two more or less unusual events stand out in which you may be interested—a side trip (unexpected) which we made to Estonia and the Theatre Festival in Moscow, three performances of which we attended.

As for the first, that country was never anything more to me than a name on a map—a country which, with its two neighbors, Latvia and Lithuania, had emerged after the Great War from the domination of Russia. Our attention had been called to the capital, Tallinn. We had the time, and the opportunity presented itself for us to fly over—which we did with the delightful result to us of making a "discovery"—you know the first time is always a discovery on the part of the discoverer!

Thus we discovered Tallinn—a fascinating medieval city with much history back of it and future of progress before it. The old city remains intact within its well-preserved encompassing walls, with its many picturesque watch-towers still standing. The government appreciates its value commercially and is not going to disturb its quaint old houses, buildings, streets or churches by tearing them down to be replaced by the modern. The modern new city is being built without the walls. Many of the cities of Europe are losing their charm because of this mania—which seems to be universal—for tearing down that which is distinctive to replace by the standardized modern.

Tallinn maintains, however, its semi-Oriental aspect. Its dominating feature is its Russian Orthodox Church, which commands a prominent site on Castle Hill, overlooking the entire city. Its golden scintillating domes are the first to catch one's eye upon approach and the last to be seen upon leaving. We were fortunate in seeing a special service as the day after our arrival they were celebrating the closing of their Senate and the ratification of their constitution after its period of probation. The city was gay with flags and decorations—with special services in all the churches. There is perfect religious freedom in Estonia.

When we happened into the cathedral as part of our sightseeing, we were not aware of the occasion—we only knew we were seeing some unusual service judging from the magnificent robes of the priests, and the very beautiful music. As you know, there is no accompanying instrument in the Russian church—and the music is more of a chanting, like all the Slav music, in a minor key which Ruskin says is the music of a dying

race. However that may be—while it is sad it is very beautiful. This day it was particularly so, as (we learned later) the choir had been augmented for the occasion. They needed no accompaniment, for the basso of one of the officiating priests was an organ in itself in its great and magnificent tones.

Tallinn is on the direct air route from Helsinki to Berlin. The flight from the former place is but half an hour and far pleasanter than a three and a half hours' trip by a small boat. It is also now one of the ports-of-call of the "Baltic Cruise" steamers, with the consequence that their alert Tourist Association's propaganda is bringing to the tourist-seeking the "something new"—unexplored and delightful corners of this old world of ours.

Release from the centuries of foreign domination has brought the Estonians a more conscious sense of their own nationality and in their independence they are once again finding themselves progressing toward their own destiny under a fine President and a very modern system of government, designed for themselves and their own needs.

In Russia we had ten days—illuminating ones, also, for no matter how much one may read on a subject, to have the experience for one's self makes the written far more vital. The political situation we have with us always but as the Theater Festival comes but once a year—that may be of more interest—though that too has had its share of the written comment by many more authoritative critics than I, who am only a "layman."

Our introduction to the Russian stage was "Anna Karenina" with Alla Tarassowa, their most accomplished actress, in the title role. At first she seemed to us a bit mature, but that sense was soon lost in her superb acting which she sustained throughout almost five hours of twenty-eight scenes, each one a perfect part of the finished whole. The theatre is the pride of the Soviet Republic and they spare neither pains nor money to make it as fine as can possibly be. As all theatres are state-owned, their performers highly paid, nothing seems to be too good for the best that can be had and given. That best is a finished and beautiful presentation — judging from those we saw, which were, I think representative, with all performers as brilliant as talent and training can produce

The second evening we saw the ballet "The Sleeping Bauty," as beautifully given as is traditionally the Russian ballet. While I cannot say the synchronization was as perfect as was given by the ballets of the Czarist regime—still a ballet is a ballet. The modern Russian idea is to get away from the stereotyped perfection of the old, giving to the new in its perfection its interpretation of such essential qualities as a "feeling of youth, lightness and sprightliness." And the youth will dance—wherever you may find him!

The opera of "Ruslan and Ludmila" by the Russian composer Glinka—was a fitting ending in his triad of the artistic expression of the Russian character which we were privileged to see. I do not know whether or not this opera has ever been presented in San Francisco—or in the United States, for that matter. It is bright and gay, with tuneful, haunting music. The men's voices were particularly fine—a beautiful ballet with a ballet in the air and magnificent costumes made it a production as fine as could be found on any stage — anywhere. The superb jewels worn in both Anna Karenina and the opera were real and from that one can draw one's own conclusions. Had they once graced Russia's noble women?

As the opera is of pre-revolution times we seemed to sense throughout the entire cast—principals and chorus—a suspicion of subtle mimicry of the people and the court of those times. Their contempt of the hated "bourgeoise" they make no attempt to conceal, which in real life is rather amusing.

In Russia we visited Leningrad and Kiev also. From Kiev we went into Poland visiting there Warsaw, Posen and Krakow, very lovely and interesting cities, Warsaw being, I think, one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. We crossed into Germany to Preslau, then to Dresden for a few days to renew our acquaintances with the gallery and the incomparable "Sistine Madonna," and to Munich from whence we came directly to Florence—our retreat for the winter.

We took nothing in the way of books, magazines, paper or letters with us into Russia—only our necessary guide-books —and when we saw at the border how very suspicious they were of everything in the way of reading matter, we were very glad we had been wise in leaving all that we had behind Consequently, when I reached here, when I was rested, my first task was my correspondence.

Perhaps some day I'll write something **real** — I desist, however, because most people think the person who talks of his travels is a perfect bore—and the writers are all so much better than I (with hardly a subject which has not been touched upon) that I feel my own personal experiences are of no special value—or appeal.

My best wishes always for a new bright year for the Club.

Cordially,

Beth Laughton.

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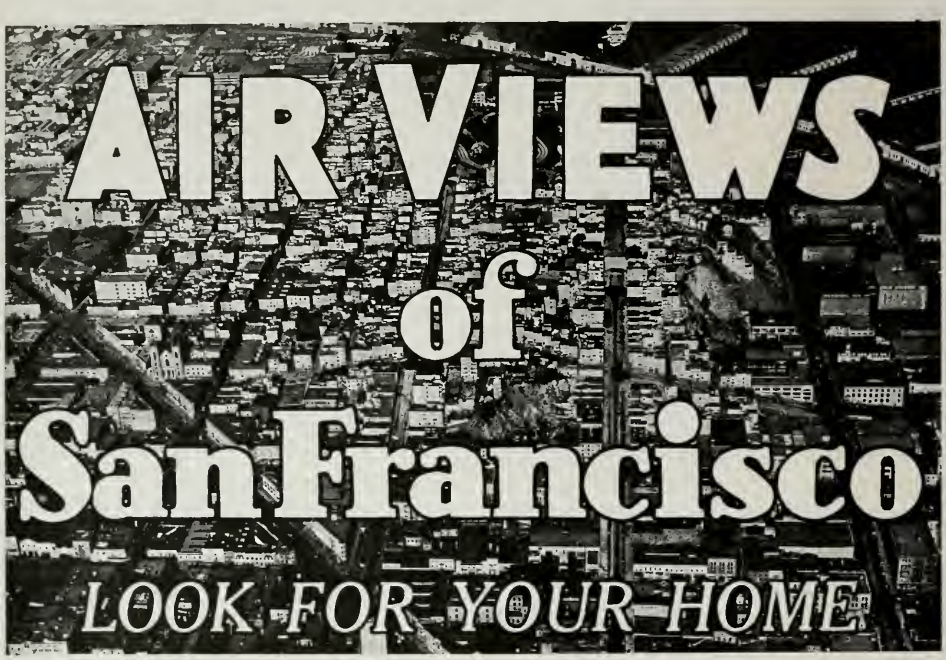

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

MARCH 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 2 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
MARCH . . . 1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

MARCH — 1938 — **ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING — MARCH 10**

2—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
3—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "Our National Parks." Illustrated Lecture. Speaker: Mr. Frank A. Kittredge, National Park Service.		
4—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
7—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	Board Room	3:30 p.m.
9—**Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events**	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1 a plate	Nat. Def. Room	6:15 p.m.
To Be Reviewed: "Harvest Comedy" by Frank Swinnerton, novelist. "Starting Point" by Cecil Day Lewis, poet. "The Blue Dragoons" by Curt Berg, prize winner of Sweden, in the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition.		
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
10—**ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING**—Reports 12:30 P. M.	Cafeteria	11:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Lounge	8:00 p.m.
Piano and Song Recital by Mrs. John Lawler and Miss Kathleen Hall.		
11—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
14—**Book Review**—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard—Lecture	Board Room	11:00 a.m.
To Be Reviewed: "Harvest Comedy" by Frank Swinnerton, novelist. "Starting Point" by Cecil Day Lewis, poet. "The Blue Dragoons" by Curt Berg, prize winner of Sweden, in the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition. Members, 50c; Non-Members 60c.		
Young Members' Round Table	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
15—**Garden Round Table**—A Tour of Belvedere Gardens. (Arrangements and fee announced later.)		
Tea Honoring Miss Marian Burr	League Shop	3:30 p.m.
Miss Burr will give description of her "Shopping Tour" abroad. Tea 25 cents.		
16—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
17—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "An Observing Traveler in Europe." Speaker: Miss Clotilde Grunsky.		
18—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
21—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	Board Room	3:30 p.m.
23—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
24—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
"Southward to the Sun"—A West Indies Cruise. Sound Motion Pictures followed by a New Fashion Parade, arranged by Mrs. Kay Theill.		
Blossom Ramble	Lv. Clubhouse	9:30 a.m.
25—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
30—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
31—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Mr. Malcolm Macauley: "Sketches and Poetry of Scotland."		

APRIL — 1938 — **ADVERTISERS' SHOW — APRIL 19 AND 20**

1—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
6—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
7—**French Round Table**	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "California Agriculture and Labor Agitations." Illustrated Lecture. Speaker: Mr. Roy M. Pike.		
8—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII March, 1938 Number 2

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TUESDAY, MARCH 15

AT 3:30

Tea 25 Cents

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DISPLAY AND STORY

OF

TRAVEL AND TREASURE

Tea 25 Cents

■

The following are a few of the many interesting articles brought to The League Shop by Miss Marion Burr: antique brocades and Batik sarongs, Siamese brasses, Sumatra lacquer bowls and baskets, Balinese paintings on muslin, and wood carvings. Do come in and let us show them to you.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ ANNUAL MEETING—to be held this year at the luncheon hour, Cafeteria service. Reports will be read promptly at 12:30 o'clock.

■ ADVERTISERS — Read the advertisements carefully each month, note the ones which interest you and when you patronize one of our own advertisers do not fail to mention that they were brought to your attention through the Magazine.

■ YOUNG MEMBERS' ROUND TABLE, Cafeteria Service, second Monday, March 14th. Young members are urged to come into this group as plans for their activities during the year are now under way.

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN—Current Economic Events lectures each Wednesday at 12:15 p. m. Course tickets may still be purchased for the balance of the course. Nine lectures, with credit allowed on the first six. Single admission: members 50 cents and non-members 60 cents.

■ DUES—Bills for dues were mailed on February 15th, and it will save the Club much time and expense if members will mail their checks in promptly. Keep the card which was enclosed with your bill ready for handy reference, so that when friends ask about our organization they can be shown the advantages of membership at the nominal dues of $9 a year, or better still, mail your card to some interested friend.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE—We need volunteers for Cafeteria Service on Mondays and Saturdays. Will those who are free on these days please send in their names so that Mrs. Alves may contact them?

■ BOOK MART and RAG FAIR, held on February 8th, 9th and 10th, proved its usual success, despite most inclement weather. May we express our sincere appreciation to the membership for their continued interest and generosity in contributing to this annual event.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER on Wednesday, March 9th, fee $1.00. Morning lecture at 11 o'clock on Monday, March 14th, fee 50 cents members and 60 cents non-members.

— "Question and Answer" . . .

■ What must novelists possess besides an unerring roving eye and a candid camera; poets possess besides love of beauty and skill in words; journalists possess besides knowledge of people and places and a breezy style, in order to make their novels works of art and not textbooks dressed up in narrative forms? Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will answer this question in her review of the following books:

1. Harvest Comedy by Frank Swinnerton, novelist.
2. Starting Point by Cecil Day Lewis, poet.
3. The Blue Dragoons by Curt Berg—prize winner of Sweden, in the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition.

■ BEAUTY SALON — Announces the addition to its personnel of Mr. La Moyne, hair stylist and permanent waver. Mr. La Moyne comes to us with New York's latest styles and methods in arranging the modern coiffeur. Prices remain the same.

■ SWIMMING POOL—Beginners' classes are now being formed—classes not larger than five pupils —$1.50 for six lessons, plus admission fee. Please register for these classes at the Pool Office so that congenial groups may be arranged.

■ LIP READING — A class in Lip Reading under the direction of Miss Kate Morphy will be held each Monday and Thursday in Room No. 214. Fee for the course of 24 lessons is $15. Will those interested please register at the Executive Office.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES — Held each week, Tuesdays, 1 p. m., Thursdays at 1 p. m. and again at 7 p. m., and on Friday mornings at 9 o'clock. Three lessons $1.50, materials extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES — Lessons may be arranged in French, German and Spanish by application at the Executive Office.

French Conversational Class is held each Friday morning at 11 o'clock.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES at luncheon and dinner time and at the tea hour are being held regularly each month.

French Round Table at the luncheon hour every Thursday. French Round Table at the dinner hour every Thursday. Spanish Round Table at the luncheon hour, second and fourth Wednesdays, and German Round Table—Kaffee Klatsch—at the tea hour, first and third Mondays.

■ LIBRARY—The right time to prepare for the 1939 Book Mart is the week after we have regretfully closed the doors on our 1938 Mart. Therefore, do not hesitate, when you are weeding out your books and magazines during the year, to send them in or else leave word at the Library Desk that you have such a donation for us and we will gladly call for them and store them away for the future, which so soon becomes the present.

■ AD SHOW—April 19th and 20th—will this year be directed by the advertisers themselves. The Show, an annual event of great significance, grows in beauty and interest with each passing year. Don't fail to see the Fourth Show. Come and bring as many friends as you choose.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS under the direction of Mrs. A. P. Black are as follows:

March 3rd, Our National Parks, an illustrated lecture by Mr. Frank A. Kittredge of the National Park Service. March 10th, concert by Edna Shore Lawler, pianist, and Alice Guthrie Poyner, violinist, and Kathleen Hall, soprano. On March 17th, "An Observing Traveler in Europe," a program arranged by Miss Clotilde Grunsky. March 24th, "Southward to the Sun," a West Indies cruise, sound picture, followed by a new fashion parade, under the direction of Mrs. Kaj Theill. March 31st, Mr. Malcolm Macauley, "Sketches and Poetry of Scotland." April 7th, an illustrated lecture by Mr. Roy M. Pike, "California Agriculture and Labor Agitations."

■ RAMBLES—BLOSSOM RAMBLE—Spring is once again upon us and it is time for another of our popular Blossom Land Rambles. This year it will take place on Thursday, March 24th, leaving the Club at 9:30 in the morning, and driving through the Blossom Country, including Los Gatos.

We will arrive at the Saratoga Inn about noon, where luncheon will be served. After luncheon, perhaps a stroll about this little picturesque village would be interesting.

We will leave the inn at 2:30 the same afternoon and drive among more lovely flowering trees, returning to the Club about 5:30 that evening.

For information and cost, please inquire at the Travel Bureau in the Lobby of the Club.

■ REDWOOD HIGHWAY RAMBLE—The Rambles to the northern part of our state have always been great successes, so we have planned another for Thursday and Friday, April 28th and 29th. The redwoods and surrounding country should be at their best this year particularly, due to the great amount of rainfall.

Thursday night will be spent at the beautiful Benbow Inn and luncheon on Friday at Laurel Dell Lodge, by the magnificent Blue Lake, which resembles a large sapphire nestled in the mountains.

The all-inclusive trip will be very popular, so obtain information and make reservations early.

Spring in Our Own Patio.

The President's Message

Launched as we are on a propitious year, a very Special Event should lend added distinction to our Twenty-first Anniversary. It has been a members' happy inspiration to suggest re-opening our membership list to those who have dropped from the Roster during the past years. This we shall do to the number of One Thousand. The only obligation will be a reinstatement fee of Five Dollars plus the dues of the current year. This hospitable gesture must necessarily be of short duration and will culminate on the count of One Thousand. ■ It behooves our active members to spread this good word and amplify a message which we are confident will be welcomed by many.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Annual Meeting

Thursday, March 10

Cafeteria Service . . . Reports at 12:30 o'clock

▼

Advertisers' Show - The April Event - April 19-20

▼

An Auspicious Year

1917-1938

Our twenty-first Birthday, in celebration of which, we re-call to our ranks 1,000 members.
Return fee $5.00. Dues $9.00

Editorial

■ Wintry March, blistery, cold — so some people know it, but not we of California. The "nineteen days of rain" are gone with the rainbow, and presto, spring is here. When the gray clouds carrying their storm scuttled overhead, we forgot perhaps that old Mount Tamalpais and Angel Island and farther Richmond heights and Berkeley foothills were but changing scene behind the drop-curtain. Suddenly they emerge, in the twinkling of an eye, green-sloped and bursting into wildflower bloom. Spring is not on its way. It is already here.

Is there another spot in the world where to live is so easy? Where is the "winter of discontent" that others must endure for long weary months? "Nineteen days of rain" is a matter for newspaper headlines; even London telephones to know more about it. Patience has been tried not too sorely, when suddenly spring is upon our world and the urge to sally forth is in our souls. What fun to plant, what fun to sketch in the great out-of-doors studio, what sport to study the birds who are visiting us en route or building their nests in our budding trees, what an easy education is ours in the wide spaces of our great West, as variety after variety of wild and cultivated flower and shrub greet our footsteps along Pacific shore or up gigantic mountainside. No wonder we motor and fly and turn our homes topsy-turvy in a spirit of re-birth.

Winter was, but spring is; we were old yesterday, we are young today; we stayed indoors in winter and enjoyed our introspection, we dance now in spring sunshine (in northern as well as southern California) and plan our opening future. It is the seeds of Service we are to plant today that will count tomorrow. They must be watered by understanding kindnesses which will nourish the tender blossoms so soon to bear fruit.

What Infinite Wisdom has given Man this ever-new opportunity. Just as we begin to settle into the past, by a Divine Foresight we are allowed yet another chance. We are made young again, with experience to give our eyes new vision and with new-born strength to forge ahead, unhampered by the tendrils which held us to old paths and which refreshing rains have washed away.

Our theme song for our March issue—Spring!

■ Have you a husband or a sweetheart or a friend who ough to be one of our Magazine advertisers? One who ought thereby to be a participant in our Ad Show? One whom you have missed in our columns and in the former Shows? You have said to yourself, "I know he or she would benefit by the personal contact with these thousands of visitors who throng our Clubhouse at this time." If so, your Volunteer Service will be chalked to your credit and will be sincerely appreciated if you will sign up such a prospect "on the dotted line" which Mr. Hickox, our Advertising Manager, will be glad to provide.

■ The painting reproduced on page 13 is already familiar to us as one of the loans which hang on the walls of our National Defenders' Clubroom on the Third Floor.

■ "I always attend the Annual Meeting of every organization to which I care enough to belong" —an actual quotation, not one manufactured to point a moral. There is food for thought in this policy. To render an accounting is the duty of every administration. To render it to whom is another question. "To a representative group of members" has been the answer of the National League for Woman's Service during the past twenty years. Let us see to it that this be so in 1938 and that as many of us as possible are there in the Cafeteria at noon on March 10th to hear what our organization accomplished in 1937 and to hear what our President's plans are for the future.

■ March and then April—not so many weeks before our Ad Show. Is your calendar marked so that you will be present on April 19th and 20th and thereby show your interest in what your Club Magazine advertisers want you especially to see? It is always a gay two days and we can promise that not one single member can really afford to miss this Fourth Show, which prophecy whispers will have many delightful surprises.

Gardens at Your Window

By Edyth Hale Hunter
for the San Francisco Garden Club

■ What are you doing to prepare for the Exposition? Treasure Island is rising glamorously from the Bay and the world will soon be on its way to our door. Our lovely city must be swept and garnished, ready to greet the throngs that will flock here in 1939.

San Francisco, reflecting her colorful, romantic past, has that certain something that finds for her a place in the heart of everyone. We, who live here, have a feeling of pride and deep affection for our city and are ready to make any individual effort to add to her beauty.

To clean up and beautify the city, Mayor Rossi has appointed a Citizens' Committee with Dr. Adolph Schmidt as its chairman. The San Francisco Garden Club has accepted as their part of this work a city-wide movement for more window boxes and pot gardens. Any house, any shop, any industrial plant, apartment house or public building can have a share in this type of gardening.

I know of no place where things grow as easily and graciously as right here in this Bay Region, a fact that has not been sufficiently featured. How lovely to see Grant Avenue a street of flowers, from the banks to the Bay. We already have the beautiful flower shops and the famous flower stands. With formal potted shrubs in the dignified doorways and gay window boxes for the small shops it will be a

pleasant sight. The little byways like Maiden Lane and Tillman Place have already taken "garden steps," and on up the street the Japanese will do something charmingly characteristic, while the Chinese will bring out their tubs of dwarf bamboo and lilies and azaleas in season. The Italians plan a "Little Italy" for their quarter during the Exposition which should mean flowers spilling over everywhere. Union Square will be another beauty spot and plants and window boxes will do much for the whole downtown district wherever they appear.

This type of gardening is neither difficult nor expensive and can be varied according to individual tastes and pocketbooks. In the business section, a system of care and maintenance will be worked out at a minimum of expense and even there the initial cost need not be great. Pots are available from 25 cents up, according to size; brackets may be had as low as 25 cents, butter tubs at 50 cents and redwood tubs from $2.50 up. A barrel cut in two makes a pair of very presentable tubs at small expense.

Window boxes are also to be had at all prices beginning with the plain hardy redwood at $1.50 up, wrought iron from $6 up and terra cotta or concrete according to size and design. A wooden shelf with holes in which to sink the pots (and this is a very good arrangement) can be had from $2 up.

The thing to do, of course, is to consider your problem, consult your pocketbook and act according to your limitations—**but act.** Don't be discouraged if you face wind and fog. One of the loveliest boxes I have ever seen faces North—practically sits out over the Bay, but the creeping juniper is thriving and unabashed. Through all the recent storm a box of genista faced the east in cheerful bloom.

There are two methods of using window boxes. You may plant directly in the box or grow what you desire in pots, setting them into the box on a bed of gravel, always being sure that only the plants show over the top. This is an excellent system if you have other garden space in which to keep the pots for rest and renewal. It is a simple method and makes for seasonal variety.

In planting direct, the preparation of the box is very important. Plenty of holes are necessary for drainage. These should be covered with broken pottery and then a layer of gravel if there is sufficient depth to the box, and a few pieces of charcoal help keep the soil sweet. The box should then be filled with a mixture of sand, peat and rich loam. When it settles it should be an inch or so from the top to facilitate watering.

Plan your planting to avoid crowding, and any vines or trailers should of course be in the front of the box. There are so many things you can use and some of them are wonderfully hardy, but they do need regular watering and frequent fertilizing.

The north exposure is of course the most difficult, but you can safely plant creeping juniper, genista, mint, boxwood, ivy, mesembryanthemum, and, if you are sheltered from the wind, some of the native ferns will do beautifully for you, as will begonias, cinerarias, fuchsias, campanula isophylla, azaleas, forget-me-nots and calceolaria.

The south exposure offers more possibilities: ivy geranium, plumbago capensis, diosma, marguerites, veronicas, geraniums (these will bloom all winter if you pinch them back), hypericum, convolvus mauritanicus, and many annuals such as lobelia, candytuft, Virginia stock (this is only six weeks from seed to flower), pansies, viscaria, petunias and nasturtiums.

The West exposure will grow practically the same things as the South, and the East is perhaps the most successful of all for window-box plants, including all of those mentioned and sedums and succulents. If you yearn for a rock garden, try one on a small scale in your box, but be careful to have your soil suit your plants.

Shrubs for tubs may be had in infinite variety and in various sizes. I have lovely Japanese cherries that bloom for me each year and can be set out of sight during their shabby period. On your list put hakea, cotoneaster, cistus, eugenia, box, euonymus, chaenomeles japonica, heather and cammellias (these two last like acid soil, which can be achieved by adding pine needles or oak leaves), marguerites, genista (this can be pruned into ball or pyramid shapes), juniper, iberis, myrtus communis var. microphylla, pittosporum tobira, ivy pyramids (lovely in the variegated variety), fernleaf pine, mugo pine, aralia, acanthus, ficus macrophylla — the good old rubber plant, and Bay or California laurel. Rhododendrons do beautifully in tubs but they again need acid soil. I have heard that many of those planted in Golden Gate Park are sunk in redwood containers.

If you get discouraged just think of Golden Gate Park, which John McLaren made for us on a windswept sand dune. Have a window box, or a pot or two in brackets or shrubs at your door, persuade your neighbors to do likewise. If you have suggestions to offer we will welcome them—if you need help with your planting problems, write to the San Francisco Garden Club, Fairmont Hotel. We may be able to help you, and we need your help to have our city in bloom for the Exposition.

Birds of California

By Mrs. Albert B. Stephens

■ California is credited with more than five hundred species and sub-species of birds. They occupy their particular habitats which are known as life-zones. These are determined by altitude which as it changes presents different conditions of temperature, moisture and plant life—the latter furnishing food and protection for birds. Starting upward from the deserts and dry valleys, these life-zones are the Lower Sonoran, Upper Sonoran, Transition, and ascending the higher mountains, the Canadian, Hudsonian and finally where the snows never melt, the Arctic.

In San Francisco there are birds resident throughout the year; summer visitants which winter in milder regions to the south; winter visitants which nest in the north or in the high mountains, and those which pass through in migration and whose stay here is a brief one.

Migrations of land birds in California are not so spectacular and exciting as they are in the eastern states where great waves of literally thousands of warblers pass in a period of a few days. Those migrations attract a great deal of attention, which probably accounts for the people there being more bird-minded than we are in the West.

However, in the vicinity of San Francisco in the spring and fall we have great migrations of shorebirds, Sandpipers, Willets, Dowitchers, Godwits, Curlews, Plovers, etc., which, however, do not attract a great deal of attention, as they do not pass through the cities. Only the bird-student knows about them and motors across the Dumbarton and San Mateo Bridges at the right time to view the thrilling sight of tens of thousands of birds feeding for a while and taking wing again.

Water birds include those species obtaining their living on and around bodies of fresh water, on brackish marshes, mud flats, sandy beaches and bays, and pelagic birds, which live on the surface of the ocean far offshore and are rarely seen except from the deck of a steamer, or when driven shoreward by a heavy storm at sea.

In October and November, 1934, rough weather at sea drove in thousands of Red Phalaropes. They took possession of all the lakes in Golden Gate Park and were reported in great numbers along the coast from Vancouver Island, B. C., to San Diego, California. The Phalarope might be mistaken for a small gull by the uninitiated; they sit high on the water, and swim or spin around almost incessantly. Unlike other species, the female phalarope wears the more brilliant plumage and is the larger; the male incubates the eggs and raises the young. In fact, the female mates with several males successively and presents them with clutches of eggs to hatch.

There are eight different species of gulls seen in San Francisco, the commonest ones being the Western, California and Glaucous-winged. The latter two are the ones which follow the ferry boats. The Western gull nests on the Farallones and along the coast north of here, whereas, the California gull nests on inland lakes as far as the Great Salt Lake. Gulls are rather difficult for the beginner to identify on account of their general similarity of appearance. The great numbers of drab or mottled-looking gulls are merely those with immature plumage. Gulls do not get their mature plumage until the third or fourth year.

I think hummingbirds appeal to everyone. We have one permanent resident in San Francisco, the Anna Hummingbird; one common summer visitant, the Allen Hummingbird, which arrives in February and nests here, and one or two others which are seen sometimes in migration. In the state there are in all six different hummingbirds. In this respect California is more fortunate than the eastern states which have but one species, the Ruby-throated.

Who has not heard that series of staccato notes from the slopes of Tamalpais or in fact from any chaparral-covered hillside? They have been compared to the bouncing of a marble on the pavement, and come from the throat of the Wren-tit, our most distinctive bird, it being exclusively Californian.

The Chickadee, so named from its call note, is an interesting little bird which feeds entirely in the trees taking the small insects from the underside of leaves. It is very common in San Francisco and many other localities, but for some unknown reason does not care for the East Bay district. Have you ever seen him, a little brown fellow with white patches on his cheeks. He habitually hangs to the leaves and twigs upside down when feeding. Also we have a bird which apparently does not care for San Francisco but prefers the East Bay, Marin County and San Mateo County. It is the Plain Titmouse, which lives in the oaks and has a note not very different from that of the Chickadee. (Continued on page 31

An Artist's Tale

By Theodore Wores

■ Of all the countries I have visited in search of material for my brush, California ranks first as a land of sunshine and flowers, both wild and cultivated.

I have found endless possibilities in colorful orchards in spring blossom time in various portions of the state and especially in Saratoga—in the Santa Clara Valley.

Saratoga proved especially attractive to me on account of its rolling foothills with beautiful verdant mountains serving as a background.

Another field that furnished me with the material for many of my pictures, I found in the sand dunes of San Francisco with their profusion of many varieties of wildflowers. Among them are the bush lupine, both blue and yellow, the golden poppy and scarlet Indian paint brush, as well as many other varieties.

The rocky cliffs of the ocean shore, with a surprising variety of local flowers, also provided me with motives for some of my most successful pictures.

Wildflowers of many varieties are found in almost every portion of our state and the vast fields of golden poppies and the blue lupines have become world famous.

My wife and I made many interesting sketching tours in various parts of California. We carried our sketching outfit and a few suitcases in our car and wandered from place to place in search of paintable material.

We arrived one beautiful day in the little town of Saratoga, where thousands of acres of fruit trees were in bloom. We were quite overpowered by the beauty of this magnificent spectacle. As soon as I could articulate, I exclaimed to my wife, "We have reached the end of our journey! Here we will pitch our tent and tarry a while."

Little did we realize, at the time, what proportions this "tent" would ultimately assume before we were through with it.

Having arrived at this decision, we promptly proceeded to put it into execution. We wandered about the village seeking a site for our "tent," and it ended with the discovery of an old abandoned Methodist Church which we found was for sale at a bargain.

The possibilities of this find appeared so great that we, then and there, without further ado, put up a deposit and the church was ours.

As we rolled along the highway homeward bound, my wife, in a somewhat dazed condition, turned to me and exclaimed, "You proposed a tent and now we have a church on our hands."

However, as subsequent results showed, we builded better than we knew. With the advice and assistance of an understanding carpenter, we converted the church into a picture gallery, "A Temple of Religion into a Shrine of Art." Back of the church was what was formerly the hitching shed of the congregation in the "horse and buggy age." This we made over into an artistic (Continued on page 27

My Wilderness

By Florence Parkhurst Lamb

■ For twenty years I have never failed to be in my Wilderness in the spring, to enjoy the glory of the earth and, among other things, to watch the new families of quail which find sanctuary there.

There are advantages in refusing to cultivate a garden. I am not distressed when the deer eat the young fronds on the ferns. I know Nature will replace them for me. She is the indefatigable gardener if given only a slight assistance in weeding out the more aggressive intruders.

I toil not, neither do I dig, and yet on my return after a winter of civilization, so-called, I find Solomon's Seal, hound's tongue, wood-anemone, foxgloves and forget-me-nots, to welcome me.

My Wilderness is a happy hunting ground for gophers, moles, roly-poly cotton-tails and quail; besides numbers of small birds, among them the junco, the gay towhee and the more sober thrush, whose rapturous song salutes the dawn and incidentally begins my day for me.

The particular day I am recording began as usual. I woke to the thrush's song, and the faint tinkle of cowbells floating musically across the mile-wide almost land-locked bay.

The sun was just looking over the opposite hills, touching with silver the still water. There was a stirring in the trees and I knew that birds were impatiently awaiting their customary breakfast.

Having satisfied their needs, I proceeded to my own, and when next I glanced out to see what was happening on the bird stump, there was a quail in a most dejected attitude with drooping feathers, and crested head hanging a little to one side.

At first I thought that he was ill. There was ample food before him, but he appeared disinterested.

I am accustomed to quail behavior, but this was something new to me. I reached for the bird glasses and studied him carefully. His was not the customary resting attitude.

I began to consider. For two weeks I had been expecting the appearance of the little broods, but there had been no sign; just a ceasing of their calls and a general quiet which I knew meant they were on the nest. The late rains evidently had delayed their coming, as well as that of the flowers.

Could it be they had arrived, and he had been standing by the guns all night, with shells popping, and was just "all in," like any other father? It looked that way.

I began to grow excited, and hurried to the south end of my Wilderness to explore. There is a long hedge there of hazel bushes, protected by a barbed-wire entanglement of wild blackberry vines, beneath which they have their nests—no sign.

I returned to the house, unobtrusively as possible, to find the sentinel still at his post. An hour had passed without a movement from him. I was really anxious now. Could this dejection be the grief of a bereaved parent? Had a marauding cat destroyed the little family? Perish the thought! Why won't people bell their cats?

I could bear the suspense no longer and determined to investigate. Perhaps I could still rescue some of them. As I hurried out on my first-aid mission, I saw, to my joy, a confused brown feathered whirl approaching. Yes, there she was, calm and self-possessed, in spite of babies to right of her, babies to left of her, babies in front and behind her, and beneath her feet. They were about the size of walnuts. After counting fifteen, I gave up in despair. Had he seen them?

I hurried back to watch the meeting. Would he fly forward to greet them enthusiastically? I was doomed to disillusion. His head came up with a jerk. He shook his feathers and eyed his advancing family with an aloof expression, which seemed to say, "Couldn't you leave me alone a little while in peace?"—again like any other father.

But whatever he may have thought, he at once shouldered his responsibilities and began to turn his watchful eyes from left to right, looking for possible danger beneath a moving fern.

On she came, regardless of hidden peril, stopping to scratch the ground occasionally, and calling her children with a gentle cluck to enjoy some unearthed seeds. As they approached, he moved silently and with detachment to a new location, to spy out the land for them. Silently and unquestioningly they followed, gradually disappearing beneath the ferns.

We have heard much of "the Eternal Feminine," but here we have also, I think, the Everlasting Masculine.

The Desert in Spring

By Ethel M. Wickes

■ What a year this will be for desert wildflowers! When the rest of California gets too much water, then the desert gets enough. Enough, that is, for the brief season that constitutes a desert springime. The difficulty is to time a visit for the perfect week (it is little more), when all the flowers are at their showy best. If you will write to the Chamber of Commerce in Bakersfield the Secretary will inform you. Be sure to state what you wish most to see. The fields of owl's clover near Bakersfield are a glorious sight but they may not be in bloom at precisely the same time as the desert flowers. Last year the desert was late in blooming; it was at its best about the second week in April. This year it may be earlier, other flowers are earlier.

Last year when a friend invited me to go with her on this desert trip, she promised to show me the desert peach, the desert lily, and the desert mariposa. The first two she knew just where to find, but the mariposa eluded us. We lost a day in climbing around an uninteresting rocky canyon where we had been told that it grew, and we drove miles and miles in all directions whenever some one gave us a "tip." At last in San Bernardino we saw it at a flower show, which suggests that it was not yet in bloom on the Mojave Desert. This experience makes me think that a brief record of our trip may be helpful to others who plan to go to the desert this spring.

My notes on the flowers seen on this delightful journey begin in Kern River Canyon with "poppies in every patch of green." The road is a splendid one, the whole long length of it, with more than one widened space for parking. Narrow little gulches with tumbling water are around every bend. One marked "drinking water" gives an excuse to stretch and walk about a bit. It is wonderful water, the like of which we will not find again for several days. The canyon is filled with flowers and the air is fragrant. Wherever there is even a pocket of soil it is filled with blossoms: yellow daisies, lupine, amsinckia, phacelia, both white and lavender; buckbrush, gooseberry, wallflower, a beautiful penstemon apparently growing from solid rock, brodiaea, sunflower, cucumber and bee plant. On the other side of the river is an occasional yucca, and where the canyon widens out masses of gold fields and other small flowers.

At Isabella we had luncheon and after that we found the desert peach. There is not much of it, only a few bushes. One must drive slowly and look carefully to find it. There were thickets of redbud among the boulders and a pretty blue sage. Here and there a Joshua tree stretches its ungainly branches. It is hard to believe that it is really a lily. The Joshua tree and the redbud seem an odd combination to find growing in the same valley.

On the road from Indian Wells Valley to Red Rock Canyon we saw the first "carpets" of wildflowers. How such arid soil can produce such a luxuriance of bloom is one of the world's wonders. Brown-eyed evening primrose, bird's-eye gilia, and pink sand verbena furnish the patches of white, lavender and pink and the golden primrose yellows the land for miles. Scattered but very plentiful were the lovely apricot mallows; less abundant, the large Mojave aster, and near Mojave, a long sweep of country dotted with desert candles. That is certainly a most appropriate name. They are so waxy and thick-stemmed and they taper at the top just like a candle. Squaw cabbage is another and less poetic name for this plant. The Panimint Indians used it for food.

From Little Lake to Darwin twenty miles of the way is through utter desolation. Nearing Darwin one sees a few Joshua trees and desert holly. After Darwin we entered a rocky canyon and beside a steep cliff we saw such an unusual plant that we left the car to examine it. It proved to be stanleya, one of the mustard family. It has a long raceme of bright yellow flowers and is between two and three feet tall. This was our last chance to botanize. The road through Townes Pass is abominable, even dangerous. It is narrow, steep and bumpy and the curves are almost right angles. I was too scared to take notes. I do recall that we saw a prickly poppy, the only one. The flower was as large as a Matilija poppy, on a very short stem.

In Death Valley one may drive for hours without seeing a plant of any kind, and yet tucked away in rocky canyons are at least three plants that are found nowhere else in the world. In an effort to conserve and increase the rarer plants, the National Park Service maintains the nursery in Cow Creek Canyon, not far from Furnace Creek Inn. Mr. M. French Gilman is the naturalist in charge and he is most kind about showing and describing his treasures. Lath houses temper the heat and a tiny (Continued on page 24

"When Birds Do Sing"

By Jeannette H. Foote

■ To the uninitiated visitor in the Sierra foothills, April with her sunshine, well marshaled hosts of flowers in mead and wood, and plentiful bird notes, would indicate the sequel to a gentle winter. But the resilience of battered hedges and yew trees whose neighbors of a taller nature have had their branches snatched by pirate storms, is almost inconceivable to us who have seen the onslaughts. The only unconquerable enemy is the late frost. Year by year the heavy fist of snow has fallen on the camellia blossoms which flourish early in March in one of the gardens near Grass Valley. It neither retards nor destroys their growth. But if by chance the fingers of frost touch them the blooms are blackened. Late in the spring we look with amazed eyes upon our crisp hedges and upright trees. In bracing up the cripples or those slow in recovering, we count but little lost.

Dark vistas are lightened by the accommodating oak with its tender green leaves which stand out in relief against the consistent foliage of pine and cedar. Here and there the rich red of an infrequent madroño gives a note of excitement to a somber scene. The clumps of pussywillow and carpets of blue lupin, heavy thickets of golden broom, planted by the Cornish miners years ago, stretches of blue and white ceanothus lining the roadsides, thickly crowded growths of manzanita presenting tiny, fairy-like bells —are all proud assurances that Nature keeps faith with us.

Now the green body of the Anna hummingbird is poised over the Japanese quince and shaggy azaleas. His ruby throat flashes flame as it swoops and retreats. Meadows become patriotic with Indian paint brush, ice[illegible] white clover and my favorite of all wildflowers, baby blue-eyes. Sometimes killdeer with plaintive cries sweep by in a frenzy of flight, and to complete the picture, the Western meadowlark proclaims its territory in a burst of song that swells and falters. In the morning, our resident of many months, the spotted towhee, makes an early report with its harsh, cat-like call. Robins are other early visitors with their cheerful notes. The song of the green-backed goldfinch and the California linnet combine in the medley of spring. A pallid wren-tit makes itself known from a brush-covered ravine with a long descending scale as the evening falls, but the diurnal song of that oak nester, the Cassin vireo, is usually reduced to but four notes. A voice of veiled and soothing melancholy in minor key can be traced to a humble origin—the mourning dove.

In the woods, the pinky purple of the falling star, the tiny yellow violet, a rarely seen scarlet lily which is carefully treasured, the furry cat's-ears, and, of course, the buttercup, make scattered patches in dense pine needle cradles. The acid soil helps the lily-of-the-valley to great perfection and profusion in our gardens where, for the same reason, the rhododendron (blossoming later) assumes majestic proportions. Primrose borders flourish as the violets die, and the velvet wallflowers never disappoint. Hardy roses fulfill their May promise in June. Perhaps the dilatory daphne looks doubtful, but dogwood displays lovely white cups, and lilacs, oleander and drowsy snowballs make a brave showing in spite of blackened twigs and split branches intermingling with renewed shoots and leaves. A cruel late shower perhaps has beaten down all the daffodils in their full development. We think wistfully of the safely blowing tulips and jonquils down by the bay, but just wait until the yellow poplar is in bloom and the camellia buds, so many and so perfect, have succumbed to the sun's enchantment!

The long continued rains are over by March. Whatever of snow befalls is of very short duration. The traditional March wind is not typical of this section. Clear, sunny May is the month of breezes, although not the "sea winds that sweep the solitudes." Thunder heads, creators of storms in the higher mountains, often hover, but do not fulfill their threats.

As spring marches on to meet the summer, the hardy day lily, the amaryllis and regal lily are put successfully through their paces. Little unexpected rashes of marigold break out, and there are delphinium symptoms and daisy developments. As April and May advance there is increasing heat by day and fireless hearths by evening. While the first pilgrimages to swimming pools are being enjoyed, skiers continue to wend their way toward the summit, a little more than an hour away, for the last of the winter sports.

(Continued on page 25

Jottings of Remodeling

By Marion Burr

■ The first sunny days of spring bring the desire to improve or create. Is it to be your clothes, your garden, or your house? The present housing shortage makes the last the most attractive.

The kitchen is a most satisfactory place to start. Color schemes are determined by the floor covering. Choose that first and carefully, if it is to be battleship linoleum, for I know of one that has been in constant use for thirty-six years and has only now shown its first wear. These linoleums need no longer be confined to the outdated muddy brown color, for they are made in nearly every color of the spectrum, rich browns, soft blues, or greyed greens. Window curtain problems are solved by using the light water proof shower curtain materials, which are translucent, but may be wiped off with a damp cloth.

The platter racks made on the principle of victrola record files eliminate that predinner rattle from getting the big heavy one from the bottom of the pile. The half-width shelf put in above the plate shelves makes a perfect place for tea cups. Last, but not least, do you sit on a stool in your kitchen or on a comfortable chair? I suggest the kind one sees in beauty salons with their washable fabrikoid leather seats and metal frames. Your maid will appreciate this, and if you are your own maid, you'll enjoy one, too.

This idea may help those who feel that they must move, but cannot find an attractive house within their rental budget.

There are around San Francisco Bay owners of old houses who cannot afford to modernize them themselves but who are willing to give tenants unusually long leases at extremely low rentals, if they will do the remodelling. If you can get a five- or ten-year lease, you can calculate the difference between this low rent and what you would have to pay anywhere else and know what you can afford to put into alterations.

Suppose you have found the house, and that the view, or the sunshine is on the side that has only a blank wall. A window can be cut for only about twenty-five dollars. Two high windows can be lowered and a half window placed above so that the view can be seen even when sitting down. With patent chimneys, open fireplaces can be put in for moderate amounts. The unnecessary ornamentations can be stripped off the walls and woodwork and the whole room streamlined. Some of the most moderate priced electric fixtures are those made for bathrooms and kitchens. If carefully selected, they are quite suitable for modern rooms.

Dining rooms are the least used rooms in the house, and many tenants find that a large living room with dining room facilities in one end is most satisfactory. Very often this can be obtained by eliminating the old folding doors and partitions between living rooms and dining rooms.

It is such a relief not to have all your ornaments out at once. Every modern home should contain the equivalent of the Japanese "go-down," the place where the extras can be stored. Streamlined cupboards about twenty-seven inches high make these store places. Have you ever kept your possessions stored according to color? In a moment you can make charming arrangements of your treasures with the minimum of effort.

The high price of building makes the remodelling of an old house built when rates were lower, a sound financial investment. There are still well-built old houses available. Not only single houses but small apartment houses with three and four room units are worth investigating. The eight room apartment is almost invariably more than twice the rental of the four room one. Two fours make a good eight, with two baths already there. The closet space is always doubled and the extra kitchen is a play room for children with plenty of space for toys in the cupboards.

The single house has more possibilities than this brief article can outline, but the keynote of remodelling is simplification. The two rooms that can be made into one, the bay windows made into full length ones, the ugly roof cornices replaced by simple roof lines; the old hall bedroom added to its neighbor making a really well-proportioned one, are some of the best changes.

All in all there are plenty of possibilities for turning your spring urge into creative rebuilding.

Spring Time in California's Redwoods

TIBBITS PHOTO

By Grace L. Johns

■ Springtime from time immemorial has meant joyful release from winter's harsh reign, renewed hope and ambition, and that mysterious "fever" for seeing open spaces and of renewing acquaintance with Mother Nature as she reenacts her age-old miracle of bursting buds, trees rushing into new green life and moist earth giving off intoxicating scents of lush grasses and delicate blossoms. The ancient pagan festivals heralding spring's coming have given way today to pilgrimages to places where one may see the miracle taking place with city-tired eyes, and breathe in deeply of the winey air, and feel a new spiritual laying-on of hands.

Wealthy as California is in "places to go," there is no trip richer in rewards than that to the giant redwoods of the north coast counties. Take a week-end if you must, but more time if you can—for to see these calm, majestic forest monarchs and to know their spiritual benediction, you must not hurry through them.

All of the coastal counties north of San Francisco Bay have stands of Coast Redwoods—the fine groves represented in Muir Woods National Monument in Marin County—Armstrong Woods and Russian River Redwoods in Sonoma County and Hendy Woods and others in Mendocino County; but the finest of all are to be found along the Redwood Highway in Humboldt and Del Norte Counties, where the Humboldt State Redwood Park, the Prairie Creek State Redwood Park, Del Norte Coast Park and Hiouchi State Park include superb examples of this magnificent species.

First redwood grove to be reached in Humboldt County, on the trip northward, is Richardson Grove —a fine stand—in summer a popular recreation spot with its bathing beach on the South Fork of the Eel River, camping facilities and the ever-popular campfire circle at night. But in spring the grove has not yet been opened to the crowds. Continuing through Benbow and Garberville, one reaches Redway,

where a road to the west leads to the river and the bridge crossing it to the Whittemore Grove. Returning to the Redwood Highway and half a mile northward, one enters the main body of groves of Humboldt Redwood Park—many of them "memorial" in character—established by individuals or groups to honor the departed. Among these are the Holbrook, Alexander and Pioneers Groves; the Blair, Lansdale and "Honor" Groves; the Felton Grove (across the river); the Van Sicklen, Boardman, Kent and Mather Groves, and the Clark and Dimond Groves. Across the river also are two exceptionally lovely areas, also a part of the park—the "Children's Forest"—a common memorial to departed children—and the Garden Club of America Grove, established by the organization for which it is named.

Just before reaching Dyerville the highway threads the Dyerville Flats. In North Dyerville Flat stands the world's tallest known tree, a looming spire 364 feet high, but only a little taller than many of its forest companions. This tree has been named the "Founders' Tree" to honor the three founders of the Save-the-Redwoods League, the organization responsible for saving nearly all of these wonderful forests. Westward, at the far end of the Dyerville Bridge, goes the County Road for a mile and a half to reach world-renowned Bull Creek Flat. This superb forest draws people from all parts of the world, for it is here, say the botanists, that the Redwood attains its supreme expression. Massive fluted columns contrast strikingly with sword ferns at their feet, and with the daintily-flowered oxalis underfoot and the delicate deer ferns that cluster about huge, fallen trunks. A walk through Bull Creek Flat is an experience ever-memorable.

Regaining the Highway, and faring northward once again, the motorist travels several miles of "The Avenue of the Giants" between Dyerville and Scotia. This woodland stretch is threatened shortly with extinction — for it is privately owned — unless funds can be raised to save it from the loggers.

North of Eureka is the Lagoon district, where, near Trinidad, a fine display of azaleas is a feature of the later spring months. Beyond that, a few miles north of Orick, is the Prairie Creek Redwood Park, a splendid forest of the wilderness type. Here fine Redwoods are mixed with other species -- Fir, Spruce and Hemlock, as in the Russ Grove — while Western Maple, Alder and Willow border the streams.

By following the old Highway in the Del Norte Coast Park, rather than the new section now following the ridge, superb vistas of the Pacific through the towering Redwoods can be had. Late May usually finds the rhododendrons at their glorious best in this part of Del Norte. Between the Humboldt-Del Norte line and Crescent City are the J. D. Grant and Madison Grant Groves, the Jones, Huntington and Graves Groves.

Northeast of Crescent City, on the Highway to Grants Pass, is the Hiouchi State Park, comprising a small part of the extensive Mill Creek-Smith River Redwood forest. The Frank D. Stout Memorial Grove, where Mill Creek joins the Smith River, is a magnificent spot, and here stands the huge Redwood known locally as "The Big Tree of Mill Creek." Efforts are now being made to preserve many thousands of this primeval forest in a public preserve.

Every spring season finds thousands of motorists bent upon seeing the Redwoods during the wildflower season. From winter's end almost to summer comes the lovely procession — yellow violets, trilliums, wild lilacs, Redwood lilies, azaleas, rhododendrons, and a host of others. There's magic for the winter-weary in the Redwoods!

Early spring brings many lovely wildflowers to the Redwood forests — among them the butterfly-like Trillium — which lurks among the ferns.

So You Want To Fly

by Mr. Pascal Cowan

A Description of a Flight by United Air Lines to Reno and Return.

■ Flying transforms an ordinary vacation into an unforgettable holiday. We read that statement recently but we did not realize its full significance until we watched the passengers of a United Air Lines plane alight at the San Francisco Airport one spring morning.

Only the afternoon before these people had left New York—some on business; others vacation-bound. They had speeded west through the night—and here they were in San Francisco, shortly after nine o'clock in the morning, ready and eager to start their full two weeks' vacation!

We were anxious to question some of the passengers, but our plane was waiting on the field, its twin motors throbbing with the power of eleven hundred aerial horses. In a moment we were inside the luxurious cabin, and in another moment we were roaring down the runway—off for our first air adventure over a regular passenger route.

We were about to take an air-lesson in California geography—winging across the fertile acres of the Sacramento Valley, crossing the snow-capped High Sierras and Lake Tahoe, landing at Reno, then reversing the process—in a total elapsed flying time of **three hours!**

Have you ever driven to the top of Twin Peaks in San Francisco and enjoyed the panorama of city and bay below you? Well, you may multiply that sight by ten times when soaring high above the waters of San Francisco Bay, spread out like a silver sheet. To the left is the city itself, gleaming on its hills.

The gigantic eight-and-one-quarter-mile-long San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge belies its tremendous proportions. From a height of about 6000 feet the silvery towers appear dwarfed; the red steelwork like a narrow ribbon as it stretches from shore to shore. Tiny white ferry boats and steamers leave a rippled wake.

In less time than it takes to tell we are passing over Oakland; then the upper end of the Bay, where the Sacramento and the San Joaquin Rivers join. Our route now lies up through the Sacramento Valley. Pacific-ward we see green, undulating hills. Closer, and below us, are branches of the river, like tenacles of an octopus, meandering over the landscape. Sloughs and irrigation canals criss-cross in a veritable maze of waterways—all coursing their way past verdant banks and productive acreages. Vast orchards appear like dark-green, perfectly proportioned parks or forests. Tiny farmhouses nestle among truck gardens in the flat delta region. The rich soil in places shows black.

We are flying above one of the world's most fertile regions, a vast checkerboard of 12,000,000 acres of land where grows almost any kind of crop.

Soaring above the Sacramento Valley instantly reveals **why** it is a fertile area. It is the view of the mountains on either side of the protected valley and the winding river that make an indelible impression upon us. We can see what Nature did for the region, and how man readily adapted himself.

Beyond Sacramento, we follow the American River. The terrain suddenly changes and instead of a broad, level plain, we cross foothills that rise to form the backbone of the state—the Sierra Nevadas. The countryside becomes more rugged. Tiny lakes, cradled in the low mountains, shine like jewels. Great stands of virgin forest clothe the hills. In the distance, to the east, we can see snow-covered peaks. In a few minutes we are passing over the Sierra Nevadas, the bright sun shining on its snow-banks with a dazzling brilliance. Great patches of snow fill canyons and pile in drifts against jagged walls of granite.

Then Lake Tahoe bursts into view! It is like a liquid mountain mirror, surrounded by lofty peaks; its shores mantled with pines, firs and cedars.

We fly across the northern end of this bluest of blue lakes, close to Agate and Crystal Bays. Actually, royal purple more nearly describes the coloring of the mile-high body of water.

Before we know it, we are in Nevada. The mountains are less high, and after crossing a plateau we land at the United Air Lines Field in Reno.

The return trip is just as thrilling, but this time we cross to the north of the big lake. Beyond Truckee, still in the snow country, is another lake—Donner, where a party of pioneers were snowbound in 1847, a number of them perishing. The lake lies close to the railroad tracks and the main highway, and as we fly west we are within sight of the road and tracks, often crossing and re-crossing them. Tiny objects below us are automobiles, seeming scarcely to move, so great is our own speed. As glacier-scarred peaks and pine forests drop from view, we begin wondering just what an Easterner thinks when he sees California for the first time from the air.

We of California often take too much for granted the heritage of beauty that is ours.

I Have Been Reading

My New World; by Ernest Dimnet. Simon & Schuster, New York, 1937. Reviewed by Esther Phillips.

San Francisco in the Seventies; by Guillermo Prieto. Translated and edited, with an introduction by Dr. Edwin S. Morby, Department of Spanish, University of California. Published by John Henry Nash, 1938. $5. Reviewed by Nell O'Day.

■ My New World; by Ernest Dimnet.

This is the second volume of the autobiography of Abbe Dimnet. ("My Old World" is the first volume.) The autobiography of a priest has less of interest in human relationships, in the intimacies of a family circle, than is to be found in the life story of a member of the laiety. Therefore, since it has less to say in some things, it must have more to say in others to succeed in holding the reader's interest. "My New World" meets this test. Abbe Dimnet is a life-long teacher and lover of English literature. He is a Frenchman whose book on the Bronte sisters is regarded as an authority. He was an eloquent defender of France before the outbreak of the World War. He is a writer of books which are "best-sellers" in the United States. He knows and loves the United States. He can paint our weaknesses and foibles and show us the traits which endear us to him and which distinguish us from the European world.

"My New World" is in three sections. The first sixty pages give us Paris during the years 1902-1914, when a homesick young teacher, leaving his beloved Lille University, became a teacher of English literature at Stanislas College, Paris, and soon found himself at the heart of literary and artistic Paris. There follows a brief picture of Paris and France during the World War. The close of the war found Lille University in desperate condition because of the German occupation of Lille and the ruin of her industries. At the supplication of his old university, Abbe Dimnet undertook a mission to the United States. He had had no previous experience "as a mendicant." His ten months' journey throughout the United States was wearisome, at times most humiliating and discouraging, for all the world had come to the United States to beg. But he succeeded in collecting one hundred thousand dollars, and this was enough to keep the university open until times were better in France, and Lille need not beg strangers for aid.

Eighteen lecture tours in the United States before audiences in clubs, schools, colleges and universities gave the lecturer something to think about and to write about. Abbe Dimnet is a keen analyst. He is observant. He is witty. The differences which he notes in our ways of doing and thinking tell us of French ways of doing that seem strange to us. For example: says he, "I was impressed by the devotion of the alumni of American universities. How different from the cold esteem which we Frenchmen retain for our universities." Again: "The campus reporter was astounded to hear that French undergraduates hardly knew one another, had no notion of dormitories, played no games, organized no balls, and did not even suspect that there was such a thing as intercollegiate activities." (It would be idle to deny that there are advantages in the French idea of the purpose of a university.)

Altogether, this is a book worth reading, both as a picture of a man and as a picture of two peoples, the French and the American.

■ San Francisco in the Seventies; by Guillermo Prieto. . . . On Friday, January 25, 1877, the Pacific Mail Steamship Granada docked at San Francisco from Panama and intermediate Mexican ports. The arrival was memorable, as it brought to a safe haven a band of Mexican political exiles seeking refuge from that all too common trouble "a change in administration." The Mexican Republic found itself with three presidents at

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one time. One being all that was welcome or required, the surplus considered it expedient to leave the country with some of their political adherents. One of the presidents—José M. Inglesias—came to California, and with him the well-known Mexican writer and erstwhile Minister of State, Guillermo Prieto.

The exiles' stay in this country was comparatively short and scarcely more than two months of the time was spent in San Francisco. But Prieto was an observant visitor, with a facile pen and nimble wit, and out of his travels came his three-volume work, "Trip to the United States." Showered with invitations to participate in civic and private social affairs, Prieto had ample opportunity to enjoy the exciting incidents that filled his days and nights. His curiosity and interest were boundless and we are told that everywhere he went his pencil worked feverishly to record novel sights and experiences.

Minstrel shows, a trip to the Mint, Chinatown, Woodward's Gardens, a visit to the Lincoln School and some of the famous and curious characters of the period, all found their way to his history. These are subjects that will delight San Franciscans of the nineteen thirties who have been reared in the memories and traditions of these typical old scenes. And those whose background does not include them will find them interesting and naive reminders of a period when, as Dr. Morby says, "San Francisco was only just laying aside what it must be admitted were rather loud-colored swaddling clothes, and self-consciously trying on garments only less bright. He saw San Francisco at a peculiar stage of its development . . . the city was his first experience with an unfamiliar civilization, an experience for that reason fortunately set down with a detail including much that no one else would have seen fit to record, fugitive street scenes, scenes in a rowdy theater. . . ."

One of Prieto's chapters describes the library and establishment of Hubert Howe Bancroft, at that time but lately removed to Market Street between Third and Fourth Streets. This region was then so unpopulated that jokesters declared "Bancroft is taking his stock to the country." Prieto was introduced to the California historian by no less a personage than General Vallejo.

It is important to remember that the Bancroft Library, now at the University of California, owns the complete set of Prieto's work, which was issued in serial installments. Due to the fate which usually overtakes serial publications, the set in the Bancroft Library is excessively rare. It is from this work that Dr. Morby has translated and edited the San Francisco chapters to form the delightful book just published.

Dr. Morby has produced a masterly translation. Retaining the naivete of Prieto's idiom, he has combined it with a clear-cut narrative style that makes very pleasant and easy reading.

A frontispiece portrait of Prieto and two other full-page illustrations from "The Illustrated Wasp," 1878, are splendidly reproduced in photogravure. William F. Rauschnabel, the gifted San Francisco artist, has caught the spirit of the book in four lovely headbands in woodblock technique. As is to be expected in a Nash publication, the printing, presswork and format are impeccable. A recutting of Bruce Rogers' beautiful Centaur type has been used effectively on a fine white paper with antique finish. The edition is limited to 650 copies.

Implications of a Planned Society

BIBLIOGRAPHY SUGGESTED AS COLLATERAL READING FOR DR. CADMAN'S LECTURES

Wooton, Mrs. Barbara Frances; PLAN OR NO PLAN. Farrar (1935).

"Mrs. Wooton contrives, with admirable judgment and objectivity to describe the working, first, of the free price system under which most of the world's economic affairs are carried on; and secondly, of such attempts at conscious regulation of the economic forces as experience has shown to be possible. She then analyzes the merits and demerits of the two systems, and so clears the ground for some sort of rational answer to the question which of the two is more likely to solve the world's economic problem." (Times, London, Literary Supplement.)

Lippmann, Walter; THE GOOD SOCIETY. Little, Brown and Company 1937).

The main thesis of the book is that modern history represents a struggle between two principles, liberalism and collectivism. Chapter VI. Planning in Peace for an Economy of Abundance raises the difficulties of a "planned society."

Hoover, Calvin B.; DICTATORS AND DEMOCRACIES. Macmillan Company (1937).

Five Essays in which the author develops his understanding "of the general principles of the totalitarian state," chiefly as exemplified in Russia and Germany.

Mitchell, Wesley Clair; The Backward Art of Spending Money and Other Essays. McGraw Company (1937).

In this series of lectures and essays by Mitchell, a well-known American student of economic planning, are several dealing with the problem: Social science and national planning, Intelligence in the guidance of economic evolution, etc.

Ascoli and Lehmann; POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY. W. W. Norton Co. (1937).

Another series of articles written by the so-called "University in Exile"—New School for Social Research, composed of refugees from Germany. Chapter I. Is Economic Planning Compatible with Democracy? by Gerhard Colm, raises one of the most vital issues of the day.

Cole, George D. H.; ECONOMIC PLANNING. Knopf (1936).

A well-known English economist attempts to explain the principles of economic planning and to show how it could be achieved. With a discussion of the New Deal.

Robbins, Leonel C.; Economic Planning and International Order. Macmillan & Co. (1937).

His doctrine is that private enterprise seeking profit offers not only the best but the only practical method of securing the economical application of the world's productive resources to the gratification of the wants of its inhabitants.

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THE LEAGUE SHOP

*Importations this year are more interesting than ever before.

(Continued from page 15)

stream trickles through the garden. One of the rareties, from Funeral Mountain, Salvia funerea, was growing thriftily. It was an odd plant with pointed, angled leaves and purple flowers. The yellow Panimint daisy, found only in Death Valley, is sometimes six and one-half inches across though the plant is only a foot or two high. We did not see it in bloom.

From the nursery to Death Valley Junction is a dreary waste. Once outside the valley one finds scattered patches of mallow and of golden evening primrose, with now and then a cactus, opuntia, with magenta-colored flowers. I gathered a cactus to paint and filled my hands with prickles before the warning shout of my friend could reach me. It was two days before I was relieved of the last of them. The prickles are so small they are almost invisible. Up to this time we had been "botanizing at thirty miles an hour," as Mr. Saunders puts it, but here we took a little time to study the tiny mimuli and eschscholtzias and daisies that are among the most interesting of the desert flowers.

Twelve miles from Baker, on the way to Barstow, we had the greatest thrill of the trip. It was late in the afternoon, almost sundown, when we came upon our first desert lily. We all tumbled out of the car for a closer view and looked about for more of them. The pink sand verbena made a charming carpet all about and there were many interesting shrubs but only one lily. We returned to the car and drove slowly along peering in the dim light, everybody watching. Presently we began to see groups of them and before it became too dark we saw thousands, erect and shining, white and ghostly in the twilight. We went on to Barstow for the night but in the morning we came all the way back to the lilies.

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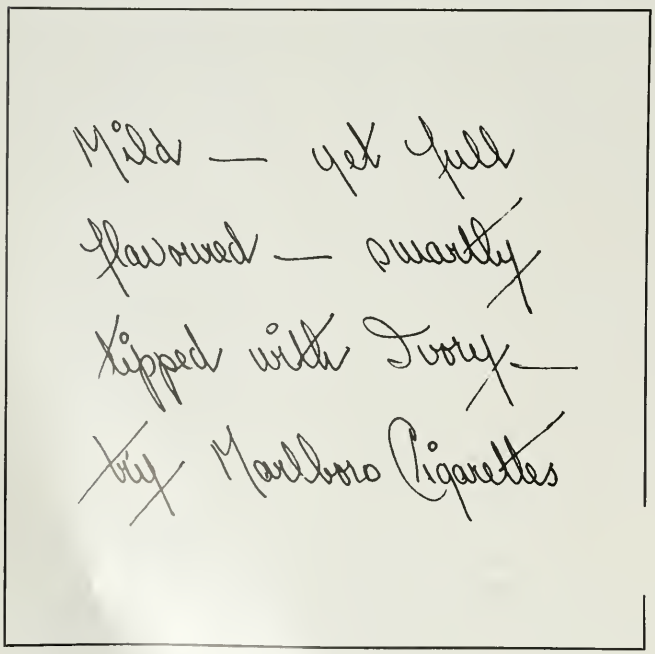

■ AT THE SAN FRANCISCO CENTER luncheon given on February 15 in honor of members of the Center who at present serve on boards and commissions in the city and county of San Francisco, Miss Josephine D. Randall, superintendent of the Recreation Department, spoke on "Aspirations and Achievements," the theme of the Recreation Commission's project for the Golden Gate International Exposition. The following is an excerpt from the speech given on that occasion:

"One of the most important problems before the country today is the use to be made of leisure time—a problem that will take thought and money to solve, but one which is just as important and one which must in the future go hand in hand with industrial and commercial adjustment if the social structure of our country is maintained.

"Recreation is not merely a ball and a bat and a field upon which to play—it should be spelled **re-creation,** for it has to do with all the various constructive purposes for consuming leisure hours, from the building of an airship or boat to the making of bricks. (A well-known writer has said that his recreation was making bricks in his leisure time. He loved to make the finest bricks possible and had all the necessary equipment in his own yard.) Recreation has to do with creative pursuits of all types.

"Nor can we, from a recreation point of view, be neglectful of the great shadow that lies over us called 'unemployment,' which has suddenly created many idle hours without time for preparation for their proper use. These same leisure hours will play havoc with us if we set them casually aside.

"Building a sturdy citizenry for our nation of tomorrow is basically of interest to every group in the land. Municipalities, civic bodies, and the vast field of trade, industry and commerce — all have a very definite investment in America's youth.

"We believe that by providing proper guidance, facilities and opportunities we are encouraging our people to occupy their leisure hours along creative and constructive lines and are maintaining the principles of our nation. But much education is necessary."

"I need wide spaces in my heart
Where Faith and I can go apart,
And grow serene,
Life gets so choked by busy living,
Kindness so lost in lussy giving,
That love slips by unseen."

(Continued from page 16)

We are the dividing line between the violent weather of the Sierras and the mild coast. We experience the benefits as well as the difficulties of both climates and feel fortunate in the variety thus offered. For who can enjoy the warmth and beauty of spring so well as those who have lived through the snow and frost of winter months?

Over the pasture lands, kildeer (so shrill, dear) Are calling.
Deep in the wood's alcove (list, love) The light drops are falling.

Bathed in the sun's fierce glow,
Buried in silent snow,
Under our feet, the spring—
(sing, sweet, sing!)
Blossoms are growing.

Far in the lofty sky,
Welcome, oh sun on high!
Oh, how we long for June,
(soon, dear, soon)
Thither we're going.

Youngsters Profit from "Uncle Harry's Schooldays" Radio Program

■ Many San Francisco boys and girls have been given their first chance to stage and radio stardom through the cooperation of "Uncle Harry," master of ceremonies for the Bell-Brook Dairies' programs over KYA.

"For instance," Uncle Harry said, "one little boy, Marvin Krest, 9 years old, recently sang on the Bell-Brook program. He is now professionally employed on one of the big radio network serials. Also June Marie Roberts, 13 years old, was just donated a two years' scholarship in vocal training from Mrs. Kamokila Campbell, well-known patron of the arts. Mrs. Campbell heard Miss Roberts over the Bell-Brook program and recognized her exceptional talent immediately. One little girl who has appeared on our 'School Days' program is talented Vera Preobrajensky, just 11 years old and already an accomplished pianist. Beyond a doubt, she will some day be nationally famous. Miss Preobrajensky played one of her own compositions, 'Russian Rhapsody in F Minor,' on our program. Since then she has given a recital at the Veterans' Auditorium.

Uncle Harry, or Dwight Newton, as he is known in real life, closed his remarks with, "I think this KYA 'School Days' program is a fine gesture by the Bell-Brook Dairies, and I'm sure mothers all over San Francisco appreciate it greatly. If any individual knows of a child with exceptional talent, he or she would be doing that child a real favor by arranging for his or her appearance over the Bell-Brook 'School Days' program.

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Health Clippings

—Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

■ The Book Mart is over and past history. How much it means to our Club life! I regret that I did not "catch on" to the admirable chance of disposing of some white elephants to the Rag Market. I look around my living-room and know what a formal decorator would do to modernize it. Firstly, I would get a "clearing out," pictures, books and vases—but each thing means something to me—and their accumulation dates from a sudden exodus made April 19, 1906—when lares and penates disappeared and in 1910 when my moving into a newly built home on unpaved streets was accomplished by two small loads of furniture and a few books and china. When linen for three bedrooms was all in place — as I exhibited my home, the linen closet flung open with largely empty shelves, called out this salesman's remark: "The rest is at the White House!"

In clearing out in 1937 a medical library accumulated since 1906 and a public health library since 1912, which is largely magazines and small pamphlets, I notified a lot of my young medical friends and let them come and pick and choose. Medical books are expensive and each doctor accumulates around his or her own deepest interests in medicine, and mine are not carried on by the younger medicos who call me Aunt. When the various friends were satisfied, or did not come to look the shelves over, I sent for Miss Ophuls, librarian at Stanford Medical School, and she sent for the balance of the books, valuing specially the public health pamphlet library which had been collected around the Pediatric Public Health Course of eleven lectures that had been given by me at Stanford Medical School for sixteen years, one term a year—1920-1935.

This will create a growing center for public health literature, "The Community and the Child" being my subject. We worked through the Shephard Towner Bill and its seven years of service in conserving the lives of women and children; Birth Control, and its service in saving mothers and spacing children—and Social Health Insurance—and the control of venereal diseases during the war, 1914-1918, controlled supply of certified milk, and baby centers as aids in reducing infant mortality.

A few of these subjects are still controversial; others have come to be presented in the lay magazines—have the backing of the U. S. A. Surgeon General and his cohort of public health workers. The real place and importance of syphilis and gonorrhoea as popula-

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tion menaces to the individual and the family are more generally and thoroughly understood. You all read the editorial by our friend Chester Rowell—his life in a hospital for a "checking up" (Chronicle of January 28th)—has much of value as a health suggestion measure.

Some years ago Dr. W. P. Shephard of the Metropolitan Insurance Company said to me, "Your health examinations at the Women's City Club are a real contribution to public health." You note the plans for health insurance for the city employees — not compulsory and offering choice of physician and hospital are included in plan.

We are to have a visit from Sir Arthur Newsholme, who has been visiting the United States, and as a health officer of England for many years has much to give us. The daily press will be full of health insurance plans now through the next legislature and we should be familiar with every detail presented. Watch the programs of the San Francisco Center; the course of lectures at the University Extension given by sociologists, doctors and insurance experts on medical sociology is going on.

OPEN FORUM MEETINGS ON MEDICAL SOCIOLOGY

Dr. Salvatore P. Lucia, Chairman.

Meetings held on Wednesday evenings at 8:15 — University of California Extension Division center, 540 Powell Street. Lectures open to: faculty, resident staff, medical students, members of the profession and others who are interested. There is no charge.

March 9, W. P. Shepard, M. D.—The Physician's Place in the Community.

March 16, H. A. Meyer, M. D.—Health Insurance in Germany.

March 23, J. B. Saunders, F. R. C. S.—Health Insurance in Great Britain.

March 30, T. H. Kelley, M. D.—Organized Medicine and Health Insurance.

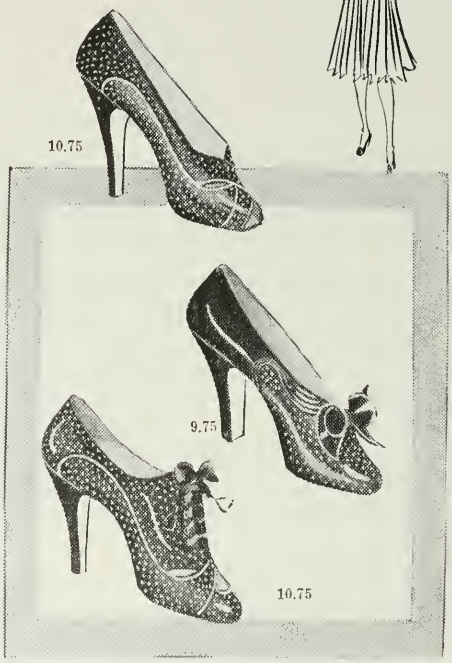
April 6, E. S. Kilgore, M. D.—The Relationship of Government to Medicine.

(Continued from page 13)

studio, and after adding a few comfortable living rooms, presto behold! we had a most attractive little studio home.

We designed and laid out an old-fashioned garden which took care of the remainder of our lot. This garden a few years later formed the subject of more than one of my garden pictures. Subsequent events have demonstrated that our hasty decision was no mistake, for, during the following years, I painted many of my most important pictures under the inspiration of these unsurpassed surroundings and favorable conditions of a happy home.

PINHOLE PATENTS



Patent leather is as much a part of Spring as flower prints and crisp suits, and perfect with either one. This year skilled makers have discarded the usual treatment by weaving odd-shaped pieces and finishing with tiny white pipings, scrolled bows, open toes, and so on. A collection Spring inspired!

9.75 **10.75**

SHOE SALON
FIRST FLOOR

City of Paris

Window Boxes

—Clara M. Schaeffer

■ "San Francisco gray—Naples chromatic." So spoke Brother Leo in comparing the two cities. While we cannot lend splashes of color by draping brightly "colored petticoats" out of our windows and on our balconies, we can do much to heighten and brighten the color tone of our city by the use of window boxes. Let us make it impossible for Golden Gate International Exposition visitors to leave us next year saying San Francisco is a "gray city."

Wouldn't it, for instance, be a splendid idea if the owners of public buildings and apartment houses made a concerted effort to supply their tenants with uniform window boxes for planting? The boxes themselves could lend much color. A vivid blue box planted to golden California poppies or calendula, or a white box planted to red geraniums, if one wishes to be partisan to either California or Stanford, would illustrate.

Granted there are some districts where wind and a north or west exposure make it hard to grow many plants. With a little experimenting I am sure we would find something, if it be only the very common and much-abused genista with its fragrant yellow flowers, the white and green of the variegated ivy or the periwinkle (vinca minor variegata), with the same foliage coloring and the addition of its periwinkle blue flowers, or even the blue-green of dwarf junipers. A good way to try out experiments in window boxes is to leave your plants in pots, which can be plunged into the soil in the boxes and removed at will to make room for later plantings or removal to a different location if found unsuitable. One of the floral features of the Exposition is to be the "Persian prayer rug" of mesembryanthemums. If you have a sunny south exposure, why not link up with it. Mesembryanthemums speciosum is probably one of the best, and M. brownii and M. auranticum are also very good and will be much used at the Exposition. It must also be borne in mind that in taller buildings where an effect is to be obtained from the street it will be necessary to have larger flowers and more vivid coloring than if the boxes are in first- or second-story windows.

Since soil is restricted in window boxes and usually a maximum number of plants used, it is most important to use quite a rich compost, the richness, of course, depending on the type of plant material used. In a later issue of the Magazine we may be able to publish more detailed information as to composts, plant combinations for different exposures and different seasons of the year..

As members of the Women's City Club let us do our share to the end that Exposition visitors may leave our city with memories of San Francisco as a colorful City by the Golden Gate.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our own little patio garden on the Fourth Floor is proof that the color Miss Schaeffer advocates can really be accomplished.

Treasure Island

Ages long, beneath the waters
Of our San Francisco Bay,
Slumbered thou, till man awoke thee,
Treasure Island, to thy day
In our golden California,
By its gateway to the seas,
Here to be the fairy setting
For the dreams of centuries.

Lusty artisans, proud genius,
With the joy of work aglow,
Rearing temples for the treasures
From the fields where humans sow;
Science bringing thee her conquests
Dwarfing all the spoils of might,
While her magic touch will open
Wide the portals of the night.

And these domes whereon will glisten
Sunsets that had passed thee by
Shall become our eagles' aeries
Where their squadrons homing fly.

Thou, the youngest of earth's daughters,
Wisely chose thy homing place
In a land that holds a welcome
For each creed and ev'ry race;—
Land, from which a troubled world,
That from slavery seeks surcease,
Will yet learn to find the freedom
Of democracy and peace;—
Where we know that, building upward,
We must broaden out the plan
So that in its ample compass
It embraces ev'ry man.
Here, by tawny hills encircled,
Thou, enshrined in turquoise sea,
Limns the highroad of the Present
To the World That Is to Be.

—J. B. Zimdars.

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DURING LENT
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Sorry I Mentioned It

by R. W. Daniels

Reprinted from the American Women's Club Magazine, London, England.

■ "What did you think of America?" The question seems inevitable.

How can the returned native have an adequate answer ready, when her mind still reels from its impact with that terrific country, visited briefly after many years? On my own mind the effect seems to be not impressions so much as a sort of concussion. The trifling observations set down here may be taken as momentary sparks struck merely from the surface of things by that impact—or perhaps not even real sparks, but only such stars as we **think** we see, on bumping our brains against something very large and forceful. I can but hope they will have cleared and made way for more relevant impressions by the time the first outraged reader sends in her protest.

That famous first impression of all, the New York skyline, came in unfamiliar form. The "Washington" docked in the evening, so the tall city materialized gradually from darkness as a high-piled, twinkling pyramid of pin-point lights, and grew into a breath-taking, incredible Christmas-tree of a city.

I think the New York skyscrapers never quite shed that first illusion of fantasy. Real, everyday buildings would not so shine and glow under the play of changing light, or sail the sky so fast on windy days, or be so tinged behind their light veil of air. The startling uprush, straight from the ground, of the Empire State Building, and the R. C. A. Building in Radio City, never failed to exhilarate me. In some of the older tall buildings, fantasy has been laid on intentionally; starting out in an aggressive Big Business mood at street level, pompous and heavy, they climb thirty or forty perfunctory stories of office and apartment, and break out at the top in a kind of death-bed repentance of Gothic stained glass or floodlit fretwork. The clean lines of the newer giants seemed to me to cast far more authentic glamour.

The same exhilaration is felt indoors. How we enjoyed sleeping twenty floors up—that is, after the first hasty backstep from our windows, where we had forgotten and looked straight down, before getting used to our new exalted state! True, the exhilaration was almost matched by the oppression felt later in a room on a lower floor, hemmed in by the more aspiring towers. Many a citizen of New York must pass his whole day thus, not in a city of dizzy light, but in a dark yellow echo of daylight, and this the whole year round. Doubtless, though, he continues to pity us poor inhabitants of England, whom he pictures as wrapped for at least half the year in perpetual black fog. (And indeed, this year, is he so mistaken at that?)

However, artificial light, inside rooms and air-conditioning are fast making Americans independent of mere **raw** light and air (strange that the taxis have adopted a delightful form of transparent roof that will also open, while the private car owner has no desire whatever for the "sunshine" roofs we enjoy in England). My Anglicized lungs winced at the too perfectly cooked air in most rooms and vehicles; but I do not claim the English toughen-or-freeze policy as preferable. It is a pity that so far the choice seems to lie between "pneumonia and asphyxiation."

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beds, how understandingly they are sprung; and how blessedly frequent are American bathtubs! Yet here is a mystery: were they designed for the average United States citizen one meets everywhere, or for a much shorter race? I myself am often advised to "try in the Small Women's, Mod'm," yet time and again, as I prepared for the grateful rest that follows a crowded American day, my pioneer feet exploring the springy depths would find themselves brought up sharp against the frontier; and as for some bathtubs I have crouched in, in some of the newer hotels, they must have been intended for pygmies. However, this is more a puzzle than a grumble, for otherwise the comfort was beyond all praise.

As our visit was short, and spread over many States, we spent considerable time in trains, and I was duly impressed by the stupendous, lofty engines, the terrific speed, and the equally terrific lurches and bumps when starting, stopping, coupling and uncoupling (I realized then the force of the line about "Things that go bump in the night"). I enjoyed the ingenious, compact comforts of a "drawing-room," the never-palling adventure of climbing a rope ladder to go to bed, the excellent and varied food, and—crowning ingenuity—that slot in the washing compartment labelled "for used razor-blades"; not that this was a long-felt want of my own, but it was such a neat epilogue to long-accumulated years of used razor-blade jokes. (Actually, though no one in America would believe it, English sleeping cars also are marvels of compact gadgets and comforts in their own way. Let us not mention English train meals.)

The names of the stations were a source of delight, with their lovely, unexpected jumble of history, geography, and associations, and fine Indian tongue-twisters. I was specially attracted by the branch line from Bethlehem that joins the main line for Belfast and Nazareth! Buses, too, were full of interest, from the smooth, luxurious coaches, and the Fifth Avenue bus with the curious raised part at the back, in which conductor and passengers alike have to crouch low, to a bone-shattering, spirit-searing local bus in New Jersey, where our ride—staccato, rubato, fortissimo, molto agitato—was scored entirely for percussion.

Then there is the New York Subway, so incredibly cheap for long distances; less cheap for green Londoners who, every time they lose their way, lose their nickels as well; the wily directors see that maps are placed only **inside** the trains, to be read after way and nickel have been thoroughly lost. It is odd, by the way, that in a land so advertisement-minded, not only maps but even "ads." are absent from the bare walls of subway stations. The trains themselves have a curiously old-fashioned air, even to the woven cane seat coverings such as London tube trains used to have. Let us hope they will not aspire to the "modern" pattern in slate-and-kidney coloured plush with which the solicitous London Transport has provided us over here (I believe the actual design is "Upholsterer's Dyspepsia").

It seemed to me that traffic, especially the prodigious New York traffic, had improved greatly in smoothness during the past few years. No longer do cars and taxis jerk forward, rush to the very limit of the traffic light, and there stop dead, bucking wildly. In places where traffic "cops" supplement the lights, I never learnt to read the message of the police whistle. It did not seem to coincide with a change of lights, neither stream of vehicles appeared to change its course, and in fact the only result I could observe was that at the shrill blast I would jump two feet into the air!

A sensible-looking way of teaching "road sense," which might well be copied elsewhere, was seen in a Michigan town, where a Safety Patrol of specially trained schoolchildren, working under police supervision, used long poles with "Safety" flags to guard the passage of pedestrians at crossings.

Along with traffic, one thinks naturally of roads. Here in England one reads with misgiving of proposed new roads, for too often they disfigure, and finally, with the crawling plague of mean building, they destroy the countryside they pass through. But there—at any rate near New York, where we saw the examples that impressed us—one may admire without misgiving the new roads, the "parkway" systems, and the great new bridges that have been planned with a magnificence of scope, a startling boldness of conception that must be the envy of visitors from England. Happy land, where there is room to build for this generation and the future, without inevitably displacing something precious! There are disadvantages in being too richly surrounded with a too dear past. Yet it is not altogether a question of space—nor of the existence of good architects, or a deep-rooted love of the countryside; for certainly England lacks neither of these. How long must its citizens (despite gallant efforts by public-spirited societies and individuals) helplessly hand over the long future of so precious a thing to men of short view—to the tinkerers, the botchers, the immediate profit takers? It is strange that in America, where there is far more—at

any rate, louder—disharmony between the nation and its Government than there is here, great public-spirited plans do nevertheless get themselves carried out, both by Government and private enterprise. Surely in England, too, the trick is not really lost of building worthily to challenge the past.

Not that America lacks a past, of which she is becoming increasingly conscious. Apart from the definitely historic or architecturally admired show places, time is giving to many quite unpretentious districts (at least where houses are holding out against blocks of apartments) an air of gracious, spacious living. Not many years ago they doubtless appeared "homely" in the American sense; now they grow "homely" in the English sense, in their roomy settings of grass plots and abundant trees — trees freely grown, not lopped and lamed and pollarded. Frame houses especially seem to settle kindly into the landscape, so that one can hardly tell the new from the old. (It is almost as if wood **cannot** achieve the vulgarity of badly used brick and concrete. It can look, at the worst, slovenly and down at heel, but not positively evil.) If a sensitive foreigner were whisked blindfold, first to the outskirts of some town in New York—or Connecticut—or Michigan—or Florida (these were the States we visited) and then to the new outskirts (for all the outskirts are new) of almost any English town—which, I wonder, would he take for the older civilization, which for the raw, the new, the commercially minded?

Perhaps, though, the rising tide of motor-cars in the American example would give the show away. The solidly parked area spreads and spreads, till soon it looks as if the very last house in the outermost suburb will have its frontage blocked solid with other people's cars.

No "impressions" of America can help including the great subject of FOOD. Though that is the land from which all the latest and funniest diets come, the amount of happy eating done over there is splendid. I think food tastes so good there because it is so enthusiastically prepared. There is, of course, excellent English cooking (though that is another thing that will not be believed in America), but at the average, low-priced, routine places, one feels that the cooks, and certainly the waitresses, are really thinking about their rights, their hours, and their time off. A certain amount of this bloomy preoccupation is bound to seep into the vegetables, along with the water. In America, even the hurried drugstore clerks seem really interested in how you are enjoying your meal.

Food to cook may be bought, in some districts, at a Groceteria, which I take it is short for a grocer's. (Oh for an American A. P. Herbert to arise and stamp on that word, and on Lubritorium, too. Meanwhile, I eagerly await the shortening of Dairy into Creamatorium.) Buying food is a neat, bright sort of job, with all the little cellophane packages—even bacon for breakfast, ready wrapped, a mealful at a time—the cartons and cans in every size down to the one-person household, the ready-mixed spices and cake and biscuit mixtures, the clean vegetables. A young cousin of mine, deft and experienced in the kitchen, did not know that cabbages had ever had outer leaves before they reached the store. The next generation will think that vegetables grow wrapped in cellophane — as indeed by that time they probably will!

In theory, this lack of contact with nature and the earth should be bad. In practice, there is more taste, more freshness, and, I suspect, more Vitamins and All Those in these products of the can and carton, than in some of the tired "fresh" vegetables sold over here, which certainly have not lost their contact with mother earth, as fair-sized lumps of the stuff are often included to prove it.

To conclude, I returned from America exhilarated, full of life and energy and a warm, inner glow produced by the kindness and friendliness everywhere; proud of the sturdy, God-fearing, alert-minded Michigan people who are "my folks"; glad that I am American.

How long will this exhilaration and energy last? From the experience of many an American friend, I know the answer; till I catch my first English cold!

(Continued from page 12)

Bird study is a fascinating hobby; it fills the countryside with interest and excitement and frequently presents the spectacular—as when a Duck Hawk, a savage killer and swift flyer, is pursuing a terrified Phalarope or some other intended victim. Then also it supplies many pleasant experiences—the song of the Monterey Hermit Thrush rising from the deep dark canyons of Marin County, has a beautiful quality which is never to be forgotten. A Robin atop a pine tree at evening enjoying the last rays of the setting sun and pouring out its joyous notes is something that words can hardly describe. Where is the bird-student who can't tell you where he saw his first Lazuli Bunting, his first Townsend Solitaire of the high country, or what turbulent mountain stream gave him his first Water Ouzel? These are enduring memories.

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'ROOSEVELT'S OWN STORY'

History of New Deal to Be Published by S. F. News

The San Francisco News announces completion of arrangements for exclusive publication of President Roosevelt's own story of the New Deal, a series of articles selected from notes and comments written by the President for his forthcoming books, "The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

This will mark the first advance publication in newspapers of any writings of Mr. Roosevelt since he became President.

The News has obtained rights to the President's series from United Feature Syndicate, a Scripps-Howard concern, which is distributing it to newspapers throughout the world.

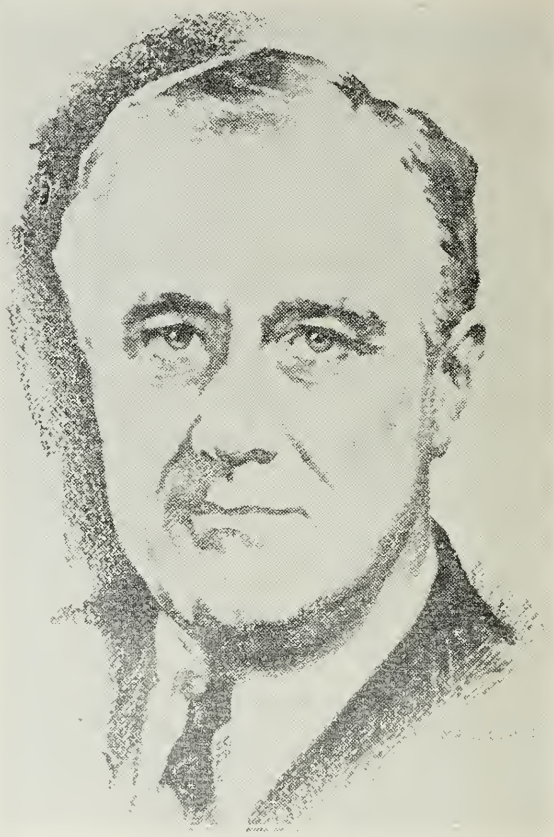
The series will comprise 30 articles. In San Francisco they will be published only in The News daily beginning Thursday, March 24, and concluding April 28.

The articles, correlated to the official papers, constitute a history of the New Deal by the man who made it. They cover the period from his first election as President up to 1937.

In them the President discusses every vital point of Government—business, big and little; farming, foreign policy, unemployment, monopoly, securities regulation, power, money, neutrality, holding companies, the budget, conservation.

He furthermore tells of his famous preinaugural meetings with President Hoover, of the "Hundred Days," of the bank holiday, of the shelving of the gold standard. He remarks upon crime and the Lindbergh law, upon a Supreme Court reversal, upon the NRA, TVA, AAA and kindred agencies. He adds many brief notes revealing the human side of the President and the presidency.

What President Roosevelt has written will give a clear, readable record of his Administration and provide an essential background to understanding what it is doing.



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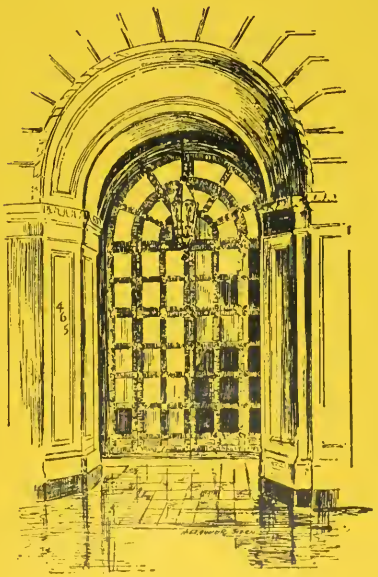
SAN FRANCISCO



APRIL 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 3 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
APRIL 1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

APRIL — 1938

BRIDGE LUNCHEON — APRIL 28

1—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
4—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	Board Room	3:30 p.m.
6—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
7—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "California Agriculture and Labor Agitation." Illustrated Lecture. Speaker: Mr. Roy M. Pike.		
8—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
11—**Young Members' Round Table**	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
13—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1 a plate	Nat. Def. Room	6:15 p.m.
To Be Reviewed: "Joseph in Egypt," by Thomas Mann.		
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
14—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "A Comparison of the Industrial Economies of Europe and America." Speaker: Mr. F. T. Litchfield (of Wells Fargo Bank).		
15—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
18—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	Board Room	3:30 p.m.
19—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	Entire Clubhouse	11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.
Garden Round Table—"A Tour of Belvedere Gardens." (Fee, $1.75 per person)	Lv. Clubhouse after lunch. Return	1:00 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
20—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	Entire Clubhouse	11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.
Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
21—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Tea in Honor of Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Ratcliffe—Given in collaboration with English-Speaking Union. Tea 35 cents	Auditorium	3:30 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Program by pupils of the Betty May Studio of Dancing and Dramatics.		
22—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
27—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
28—**BRIDGE LUNCHEON**—Women's City Club Members. $1.25 a plate Luncheon and Bridge	Main Dining Room American Room Following	12:30 p.m.
Ramble—Redwood Highway. (Fee—all inclusive $19.)	Lv. Clubhouse Return April 29	8:00 a.m. 6.30 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "The Story of Oregon." Speaker: Judge Bert Haney (Federal Court Judge).		
29—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.

MAY — 1938

4—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:15 p.m.
5—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Concert by Fireside Singers—Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Director.		
6—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII April, 1938 Number 3

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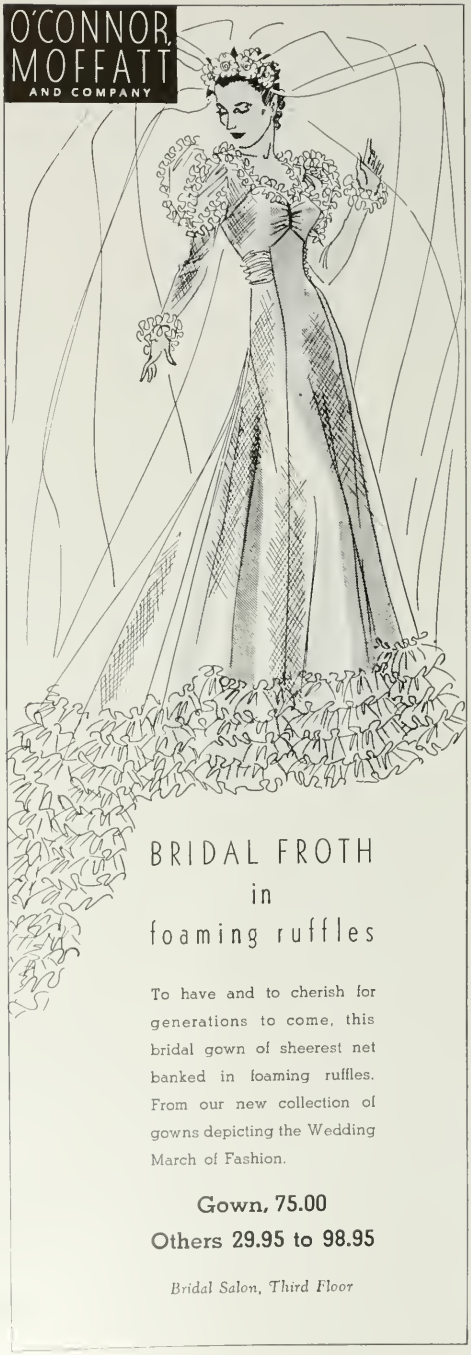
Mrs. John M. Eshleman
Mrs. Perry Eyre
Miss Frances M. Hall
Mrs. Wm. B. Hamilton
Mrs. Carroll T. Harris
Mrs. Louis Hermann
Mrs. Leo V. Korbel
Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland
Miss Marion W. Leale
Mrs. Clift Lundborg
Miss Emma Noonan
Mrs. Hart H. North
Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
Mrs. Wm. J. Sawtelle
Mrs. Paul Shoup
Dr. Ellen S. Stadtmuller
Mrs. C. R. Walter


O'CONNOR, MOFFATT
AND COMPANY
BRIDAL FROTH
in
foaming ruffles
To have and to cherish for generations to come, this bridal gown of sheerest net banked in foaming ruffles. From our new collection of gowns depicting the Wedding March of Fashion.
Gown, 75.00
Others 29.95 to 98.95
Bridal Salon, Third Floor

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ REINSTATEMENT—Do you know some member who resigned during the depression era? It's a kindness to her to let her know that she can come back with this anniversary gesture for the nominal return fee of $5 and her current dues.

■ HEALTH EXAMINATIONS are to be held the first two weeks in May. Dr. Ellen Stadtmuller is chairman of this service.

Application form appears on page 24 of this issue of the Magazine and members are asked to send in their appointment blanks as soon as possible, as the examinations cannot be carried on unless at least twenty-five applications are filed. The fee is $10.

■ SECOND NOTICES have already been mailed out. Members who have not yet paid their dues are urged to do so as soon as possible, because with the reinstatement of 1000 old members and a waiting list again the rule, it will mean that those delinquent beyond a certain date may suffer the loss of their membership.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE — April 19th — this month will be the Belvedere Garden Ramble, which was postponed because of the continuous rain in March. Bus will leave the Clubhouse at 1 o'clock and return about 5 o'clock. Fee $1.75.

■ REDWOOD HIGHWAY RAMBLE—April 28th and 29th. The Redwood Highway Ramble is again proving to be very popular, and this year the Rhododendrons will be in full bloom. On the scenic route going north, luncheon will be served at Hartsook's Inn. The trip will also include Benbow Inn and Laurel Dell Lodge. Space is limited, so make reservations early at the Travel Bureau in our Club.

■ AD SHOW—April 19th and 20th. The First, Third and Fourth Floors of the Clubhouse will be given over to this Show, which promises, as the Magazine goes to print, to be the most outstanding Advertisers' Show we have yet had. Special luncheons and dinners, fashion shows, moving pictures, music broadcast from our own Auditorium through the Clubhouse — and many new and unusual features will furnish entertainment every day and evening. Members are asked to bring as many friends as they may wish, or if they cannot attend themselves, to ask for passes which their friends may use on these two days. Mark your calendar now—April 19th and 20th.

■ If you know a firm that ought to be among our advertisers, please become the advance agent for the Club and pave the way for Mr. Hickox to sell our Magazine.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS — Lectures by Dr. Paul Cadman will continue regularly each Wednesday morning from March 30th. The course will be extended to include the three lectures which were not held because of Dr. Cadman's Eastern trip.

■ BRIDGE LUNCHEON—to be given on April 28th. Luncheon in the Main Dining Room, with bridge afterwards on the Fourth Floor. Tickets are $1.25 single or $5 a table and reservations should be made as soon as possible at the Information Desk—Fourth Floor.

■ SEWING COMMITTEE—We are in need of another sewing machine. Will any member who has one which is not in use please communicate with Mrs. Alves, Chairman of Volunteers?

■ LIP READING CLASSES are held every Monday and Thursday morning at 11 o'clock. The fee for twenty-four lessons is $15. Miss Morphy will be happy to welcome all who are interested at either of the meetings each week.

■ THE LIBRARY bought 206 books in the year 1937: 104 fiction, 102 non-fiction. This was done with fines, interest from the "Hilda Nuttall" fund and profit on orders taken for new books.

■ THE LEAGUE SHOP announces antique Danish copper and brass, dating from 1800 and stamped with the maker's craft-mark. Pieces are to be had in the shapes of candlesticks, tea kettles, tea and coffee pots.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES—Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor—meet Tuesday and Thursday at 1 p. m., Thursday at 7 p. m. and Friday morning at 9 o'clock. Fee for three lessons, $1.50.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES—French classes are being given each week by Mlle. Marie Lemaire as well as French Round Table each Thursday at noon. Mme. Rose Olivier holds French Conversational Classes each Friday morning and Fraulen Martha Hack announces new German Classes in "Reading and Conversation" to be held once a week beginning April 5th, at 3:30 p. m. The fee for eight lessons will be $4. Those interested may register at the Information Desk on the Fourth Floor.

■ BOOK REVIEW — Thomas Mann's "Joseph in Egypt" will be reviewed by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard at the Book Review Dinner on Wednesday evening, April 13. Few works in contemporary literature are as certain of survival as Thomas Mann's Joseph story. Indeed many critics have said that the Joseph series—consisting of "Joseph and His Brothers," "Young Joseph" and "Joseph in Egypt," with another volume planned for the future—is the greatest creative work of the Twentieth Century. So large is the scope of this work, so rich is it in meaning and so significant for our times, that it is likely to provoke discussion for years to come. The Monday morning reviews will be discontinued.

■ HONORING MR. AND MRS. S. K. RATCLIFFE. the Women's City Club in collaboration with the English-Speaking Union, will entertain at tea on Thursday, April 21. Members are most cordially urged to meet these English guests. Mr. Ratcliffe has come to the Club more than once, and we are happy to welcome him once again as he passes through en route to Australia. Mr. Ratcliffe is at present special correspondent for "The Spectator," London

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM — April 7th. On Thursday evening, April 7th, Mr. Roy M. Pike will speak in the Auditorium. His subject will be "California Agriculture and Labor Agitation."

It is especially essential that we who live in cities have a sympathetic understanding of the present plight of the California farmer. The situation is a complex, difficult and baffling one to the city resident.

Mr. Pike speaks with great authority about these problems. He is one of the leading agriculturists of this state. He developed El Solyo—that great ranch of about 4500 acres of irrigated, intensive farming. About 300 people live on the ranch all the time, and during the harvest season this runs up to 750 employees.

From this wealth of experience Mr. Pike brings to his subject the viewpoint of the practical agriculturist who intelligently faces the serious problems besetting one of the greatest industries of our state.

On April 14th, Mr. F. T. Litchfield of Wells Fargo Bank will speak on "A Comparison of the Industrial Economics of Europe and America." On April 21st there will be a program given by the pupils of the Betty May Studio of Dancing and Dramatics. April 28th, Judge Bert Haney (Federal Court Judge), "The Story of Oregon." And on May 5th, a concert by the Fireside Singers—Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, director.

■ THE BEAUTY SALON invites you to come in for professional advice about your cosmetic problems. With the coming of spring, you are reminded that a new permanent wave is in order. We thoroughly diagnose your special needs and a test curl is made before we commence operation. Our permanent waving has proved highly successful. We are also ready and able to create for you the newest in coiffures. Come in and talk your problem over with Mr. La Moyne, an expert in hair styling.

■ SWIMMING POOL admission fees to take effect April 1st are as follows:

Members—Single Admissions	$0.40
Ten-Swim Ticket	3.50
Non-Members—Single Admissions	.50
Ten-Swim Ticket	4.50
Children up to 18 Years—	
Single Admission	.35
Ten-Swim Ticket	3.25

Starting Wednesday, April 6th, we are forming two Elementary Classes for Adults; one at 11:15 a. m. and an Evening Class at 5 p. m. Please register at once if you are interested.

The Pool is available for private parties after the regular closing hour on certain evenings for the modest cost of $25. Admission fee not included.

An outstanding exhibit that found an appropriate setting in the President's Room on the Fourth Floor.

The President's Message

One of the outstanding characteristics of the National League for Woman's Service is the cooperation of its members whatever the project in hand may be. We see this cooperation as the dominant note of the approaching Advertisers' Show and again the underlying thought in the reinstatement of former members, including Canteen Workers of our early days of service. ■ This spirit opens many ways and means of assisting the community, and therefore we emphasize as important in our present program these three examples of service:

Cooperate with the Advertisers' Show, bring your friends and show interest in our advertisers.

Carry the message of reinstatement that one thousand former members of good standing may rejoin at Five Dollars plus the current dues.

Register your willingness as a volunteer for the approaching Exposition.

Familiar as is the story of our Volunteer Service to every active member of the Women's City Club, its very repetition proves its value and the joy that emanates from unselfish service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Backstage in Radio

by Frank N. Cope

■ When the writer was requested to amplify the title of this article to about nine hundred words, he scratched his bald pate in an attempt to bring to the surface a ray of light, with the questionable result outlined in the ensuing paragraphs.

The logical method seemed to be a concrete example from actual practice. In keeping with this thought, said writer draws upon first-hand experience with one of the outstanding radio shows of the country, one that has consistenly held an enviable spot in national popularity — "The Jello program, starring Jack Benny." The backstage picture this program paints is typical of procedure that maintains in most major productions of similar type, and it is our hope that some information is imparted to the reader through its recounting.

We have chosen to chronicle the actual handling of the Benny show, upon its recent San Francisco origination, from start to finish. Naturally, the first problem to be met in the formulating of any radio program is a suitable script. In the case of the Benny show, the first script draft is prepared by writers Morrow and Beloin, two talented chaps, in collaboration with star Benny himself, whose off-stage character is not far removed from the loudspeaker Benny so familiar to American homes of a Sunday night. Given a first draft of the script, after many a cup of black coffee and much argument as to what constitutes good radio humor, as well as "Fred Allen used that last fall," we are ready for a cast reading. The locale of this reading is generally the spacious Benny hotel suite, and complete informality abounds. Let us call the roll on this first script meeting. Jack Benny; the co-star missus, Mary Livingstone; MC Don Wilson; vocalist Kenny Baker; "Hullo Stranger" Sam Hearn (Schlepperman to you); Harry Baldwin, who in addition to being Jack's secretary and constant shadow is that laconic voice that delivers telegrams, acts as the interrupting bell boy, etc., in so many of the Benny programs; Phil Harris of the baton; bulky Andy Devine, and extras as required. In the realm of non-performers are the sound-effects man, agency producer, NBC producers, the script writers, various radio columnists, and last but far from least, the client's representative . . . the man who really dominates every radio scene (and how!). No matter how great the star, he still recognizes the client as final authority on all matters, be they earthly or celestial. Without this man and the purse strings he commands, radio would still be in the hands of those "CQ" fellows who talk about this or that new RF tube and what not, to the very slight (if any) entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public.

Well, here it is Thursday prior to the Sunday broadcast and we're ready for the first script reading. Benny and his writers carefully check reactions of other members of the party after the reading of every "gag" and each keeps a unique score of each intended humorous bit—sort of an applause-meter. However, there is only one judge (you guessed it)—the client's representative. If he approves the first reading, the cast either faints in an ensemble or Jack buys dinner for the mob. (P. S. This never happens.) Normal procedure now is to take score and then tackle re-write number one.

While all this is transpiring there is the matter of building the musical portion of the program with subsequent clearing of the music with the New York office of the broadcasting company against duplication on other programs near the Benny show and the ever-present performance rights and copyrights. Let us assume that this clears without difficulty (it actually did once by sheer accident). Skipping over at least one or two script re-writes and line revisions, we arrive at the scene of the Saturday afternoon rehearsal, where for the first time music and sound effects are included. A select audience is chosen for group reaction and with producers checking balance of voices and music as well as a rough timing, things progress rapidly. At the conclusion of this general rehearsal the writers convene elsewhere for the final script re-write while the musicians take over to work out the musical problems of the program.

The important factor at this point is "early to bed for a jam-up performance on the morrow." Comes now Sunday at noon and a final dress rehearsal for timing and finishing touches preparatory to the first broadcast, which takes the air at 4 p. m., Coast time, for the eastern half of the country. This performance is recorded and immediately following the broadcast the cast rushes to the recording studios for a "playback." In this way a (Continued on page 23

Editorial

■ Appropriately our theme of the month is Advertising. Our stories are by those who know whereof they speak. They tell of things that intrigue women who buy. From food to apparel to entertainment, they run the gamut of interest.

Not pertinent to this theme but distinctly pertinent to the era in which we find ourselves, comes Dr. Woolley's scholarly talk which in her recent visit to San Francisco she delivered at the Commonwealth Club. We were bold enough to pursue her to her room at the Women's City Club just before she left San Francisco, to ask if we might quote her in part. Generously she offered us her notes, although they are not polished for publication as she would have liked. Thus, with her gracious permission, we are able to share this timely speech of Dr. Woolley with members who were not able to listen in when it was delivered in person.

■ With the first of the month comes the reminder to those who may not have heeded the first bill that dues are now payable. Every member is needed. Every member will be rewarded by increasing usefulness of her Clubhouse, for this year will see material improvements. Every member counts.

■ Happy Easter in this dear land of ours where we are free to worship God. Easter with its message of immortality of soul and spirit dawns upon a world torn and bleeding from self-indulgence of mortal man. The peace that men destroy has poignant meaning this Anno Domini 1938. Down through the ages we hear the words, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you." Let us cherish this inheritance as with sincere purpose and steadfast heart we march on together in the National League for Woman's Service, whose democratic processes have proven beyond question of debate the power of mutual understanding and helpful brotherhood.

■ The Ad Show at the Women's City Club has become an institution. This year, April 19 and 20, it is to become a tradition also, for it will establish a new "high" for all future Shows. We of the Magazine Staff are weeping because we cannot tell you all about it. Unfortunately we go to print before the surprise plans are perfected. We must rely upon your enthusiasm to "come—see," even without the inspiration of an announced program. We can promise that the children will enjoy the candy-et-al "samples," that the debutantes will find delightful suggestions for their trousseaux and will want to jot down ideas for their wedding decorations, and that "Madame herself" will think she never saw more interesting exhibits assembled in any one place. These advertisers are our own particular advertisers. They have gone to an immense amount of trouble and expense, for they are bringing to us under our own roof samples which you would otherwise have to drive all over town to see. All they ask is an appreciative audience. We urge your presence with interested friends whom you may bring. Besides, who knows but that you may be the lucky winner of the door prize!

PASS

FOURTH ADVERTISERS' SHOW
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

April 19 and 20

Name .....

Address .....

Guest of .....

PASS

FOURTH ADVERTISERS' SHOW
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

April 19 and 20

Name .....

Address .....

Guest of .....

The Biggest Show of All Time

THE FOURTH ADVERTISERS' SHOW

●

Fashion Reviews
Concerts
Copper Smithing
Clay Modelling
Moving Pictures
Teas · Dinners
Door Prizes
Music

●

APRIL 19th and 20th
TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY

Two Days

of unusual entertainment at the Clubhouse carefully and skillfully planned by the Advertisers in the Women's City Club Magazine

COME TO THE CLUB—BRING YOUR FRIENDS

The Sponsors

As The Magazine goes to print one month before the Show, this list can be given only in part at this time.

Abbott, Mrs. S. L.
Allen, Miss Catherine
Allin, Mrs. Benjamin C.
Allyne, Miss Lucy H.
Alves, Mrs. H. L.
Applegarth, Mrs. George A.
Ash, Dr. Rachel L.
Ashe, Miss Elizabeth
Ashley, Mrs. Jessie Douglas
Athearn, Mrs. F. G.
Austin, Miss Elizabeth M.

Bacigalupi, Mrs. Tadini
Bailhache, Mrs. Arthur Lee
Baird, Mrs. Dudley
Barkan, Mrs. Hans
Barkan, Mrs. Otto
Bassick, Mrs. W. R.
Batte, Mrs. George McP.
Beaver, Mrs. F. H.
Bell, Mrs. Alexander C.
Bepler, Dr. Alice C.
Beronio, Miss Eda
Birmingham, Mrs. J. E.
Bjornstrom, Mrs. Harold H.
Black, Mrs. A. P.
Bliss, Miss Hope
Boardman, Mrs. Samuel H.
Booth, Mrs. F. E.
Booth, Mrs. W. F., Jr.
Bosley, Mrs. William B.
Bourn, Miss Ida H.
Bowers, Mrs. Wilder J.
Boyd, Mrs. George
Boyd, Miss Jean MacGregor
Boynton, Mrs. Albert E.
Braden, Mrs. Eugene
Bradford, Mrs. Wallace
Breeze, Mrs. W. F.
Bridgman, Dr. Olga
Bristol, Miss Helen G.
Bristol, Miss Maud Knox
Brittan, Miss Mary Burt
Brown, Dr. Adelaide
Brown, Mrs. Hillyer Blake
Brown, Mrs. Philip King
Brownell, Mrs. E. E.
Buckbee, Mrs. Spencer C.
Burr, Miss Marion
Burt, Mrs. Chauncey I.
Bush, Mrs. Philip

Cambron, Mrs. Carroll G.
Cane, Mrs. Cyril H.
Carl, Mrs. Louis J.
Carolan, Miss Emily
Casserly, Miss Margaret
Caswell, Mrs. George W.
Chamberlain, Mrs. Selah
Clifton, Mrs. Horace B.
Coblentz, Mrs. Lambert
Colfin, Mrs. Sherwood
Coghlan, Mrs. John P.
Coldwell, Mrs. Colbert
Cole, Mrs. Chas. G.
Cook, Mrs. Frederick S.
Coombs, Miss Lotus
Cooper, Mrs. Charles Miner
Cooper, Mrs. Pearl
Cope, Mrs. Walter B.
Curry, Mrs. Charles E.
Cushing, Mrs. O. K.
Cushman, Mrs. Douglas

Dale, Miss Bertha J.
Darling, Mrs. Blake
Davidson, Mrs. Marie Hicks
Davis, Mrs. Alvin
Davis, Duncan H.
Delany, Miss Marion
Denman, Mrs. William
D'Ettel, Mrs. Arthur D.
Dinkelspiel, Mrs. Samuel L.
Donaldson, Mrs. Robert Hugh
Donohoe, Miss Katharine
Downing, Mrs. Paul M.
Drexler, Mrs. Elise A.
Dunham, Miss Mary C.
Dunham, Miss Mary

Easley, Mrs. Julia M.
Edwards, Mrs. Jas.
Eisner, Miss M.
Eliel, Mrs. Paul
Eloesser, Mrs. Herbert
Epstein, Mrs. Milton
Eshleman, Mrs. John M.
Eyre, Miss Mary
Eyre, Mrs. Perry

Felton, Mrs. Chas. N.
Fenwick, Miss Georgiana
Fleishhacker, Mrs. Mortimer
Flood, Mrs. James L.
Folger, Mrs. Roy S.
Forbes, Mrs. Cleaveland
Fortune, Miss E. Charlton

Gay, Mrs. George R.
George, Miss Julia
Ghirardelli, Mrs. Domingo
Girvin, Mrs. Richard D.
Glaser, Mrs. Edward F.
Glase, Mrs. Severin Stanley
Glover, Dr. Mary E.
Goldstein, Miss Lutie D.
Goodell, Mrs. C. J.
Gottlob, Mrs. J. J.
Grant, Mrs. J. D.
Griffin, Mrs. Andrew G.
Grisell, Mrs. Lynn
Graupner, Mrs. A. E.

Haas, Mrs. Walter
Hall, Mrs. Frank M.
Hall, Miss Frances M.
Hamilton, Mrs. William B.
Hardy-Ballance, Mrs. Maude
Harris, Mrs. Carroll T.
Harris, Mrs. Lawrence W.
Heller, Mrs. E. S.
Henry, Miss Alice M.
Hermann, Mrs. Louis
Hertz, Mrs. Alfred
Heyl, Miss Hazel
Hibberd, Mrs. I. N.
Hobart, Mrs. Lewis P.
Holbrook, Mrs. Charles H., Jr.
Hopkins, Mrs. Timothy
Howell, Mrs. Albert J.
Howell, Mrs. John
Howlett, Mrs. Frank
Hunt, Mrs. C. Leigh
Huntington, Miss Marion
Hurtgen, Mrs. Alfred
Hutchinson, Miss Emogene C.
Hyde, Mrs. Orra Crosby

Jannapolis, Mrs. Alma H.
Johnson, Mrs. Mabel T.
Johnston, Miss Dorothea
Jones, Mrs. Walter R.
Jordan, Mrs. David Starr

Keep, Miss Rosalind
Kelham, Mrs. George W.
Kendrick, Mrs. Charles
Kent, Mrs. William, Jr.
Kent, Mrs. William
Klumpke, Miss Anne E.
Klumpke, Miss Julia
Knox, Miss Anna Sprague
Korbel, Mrs. Leo V.
Koshland, Mrs. Daniel
Koshland, Mrs. Marcus S.

La Boyteaux, Mrs. J. C.
Landers, Mrs. W. J.
Lane, Miss Myra
Langhorne, Mrs. James P.
Langstroth, Mrs. Lovell
Lathrap, Mrs. Lloyd
Leale, Miss Edith E.
Leale, Miss Marion W.
Leis, Mrs. Stein
Lengfeld, Mrs. A. L.
Levison, Mrs. J. B.
Lilienthal, Miss Victoria
Lillick, Mrs. Ira S.
Lisberger, Mrs. S. J.
Livermore, Mrs. Horatio
Livermore, Mrs. Norman
Lockey, Miss Mary I.
Lockhead, Mrs. James K.
Lord, Miss Ida J.
Low, Miss Flora C.
Lundborg, Mrs. Clift

MacCallum, Miss Jean A.
MacFarland, Mrs. Frank M.
MacGavin, Mrs. Drummond
MacPherson, Mrs. Fitzhugh
McClelland, Mrs. Charlotte F.
McConnell, Miss Adelaide
McDonald, Mrs. Mark L.
McDuffee, Mrs. Duncan
McGregor, Mrs. Campbell
McIntosh, Miss Jean
McKinnon, Mrs. Harold
McLean, Miss Fannie W.
McLenegan, Mrs. Samuel B.
McNear, Mrs. George P.
Mabury, Miss Carlotta
Madison, Mrs. Marshal
Madison, Mrs. Randolph W.
Magee, Mrs. Thomas
Martin, Mrs. Winthrop
Mathews, Mrs. Arthur
Meads, Mrs. Romilda P.
Messer, Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer
Mills, Miss Marjorie
Moffatt, Miss Henrietta
Moody, Mrs. F. S.
Moore, Mrs. Elizabeth Hogue
Moore, Miss Isabelle
Moorehead, Mrs. W. R.
Moran, Mrs. Julia B.
Morrison, Mrs. A. F.
Morrow, Mrs. Howard
Mosgrove, Miss Alicia
Mysell, Miss Virginia

Neuenburg, Mrs. A. E.
Newhall, Mrs. Edwin W., Jr.
Noonan, Miss Emma L.
North, Mrs. Hart H.
Norton, Miss Elizabeth
Nutting, Mrs. Franklin P.

Oat, Miss Amy L.

Palmer, Mrs. Silas H.
Pauson, Miss Rose
Peck, Miss Janet
Phillips, Miss Esther B
Pierce, Miss Mabel L.
Pigott, Mrs. John T.
Polk, Mrs. Willis
Porter, Mrs. Bruce
Potter, Mrs. Ashton H.
Potter, Mrs. Thomas M.

Raymond, Mrs. Frances E.
Reed, Mrs. Allred C.
Rettenmayer, Mrs. J. P.
Reynolds, Mrs. Chas. M
Rodgers, Miss Marion

Sandona, Mrs. Mateo
Sawtelle, Mrs. William J.
Seckels, Miss Alice
Sharp, Mrs. James G.
Shaw, Mrs. H. K.
Shockley, Mrs. W. A.
Shoup, Mrs. Paul
Sibley, Mrs. John D.
Simmons, Mrs. Charles A.
Slack, Miss Edith
Sloss, Mrs. Joseph
Sloss, Mrs. Leon
Sloss, Mrs. M. C.
Sloss, Mrs. Richard
Son, Miss Helen
Son, Mrs. Jennie A.
Speyer, Mrs. John W.
Stadtmuller, Dr. Ellen S.
Stanwood, Mrs. Edward B.
Stebbins, Miss Lucy Ward
Stern, Mrs. Sigmund
Stoddard, Mrs. Thomas A.
Stoll, Mrs. Horatio F.
Stone, Miss Sibyl Kent
Strickland, Mrs. S. L.
Sussman, Mrs. S.
Sutro, Mrs. Alfred
Sutro, Mrs. Oscar
Sutton, Mrs. Effingham

Taylor, Miss Frances
Theobald, Mrs. J. J.
Thompson, Miss Barbara Beach
Thorsen, Mrs. William R.
Tibbe, Miss Madeline
Tobey, Miss Emmy
Tucker, Mrs. Nion
Turner, Mrs. Frank
Turner, Miss Ruth A.
Treat, Mrs. Payson J.

Volkmann, Mrs. Daniel
Von Hagen, Miss Leonide A.

Walker, Mrs. Willis J.
Walter, Mrs. C. R.
Walter, Mrs. Solly
Ware, Mrs. Howell
Watkins, Mrs. James T.
Watson, Mrs. Douglas S.
Whitney, Miss Isabelle Violet
Wilcox, Miss Mary F.
Williams, Mrs. W. Wilberforce
Wiseman, Miss Georgia A.
Wollner, Miss Carol
Wores, Mrs. Theodore

Yost, Miss Mary

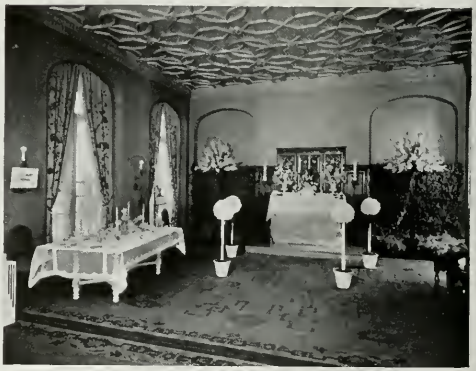
Zane, Miss Margaret

After the Show

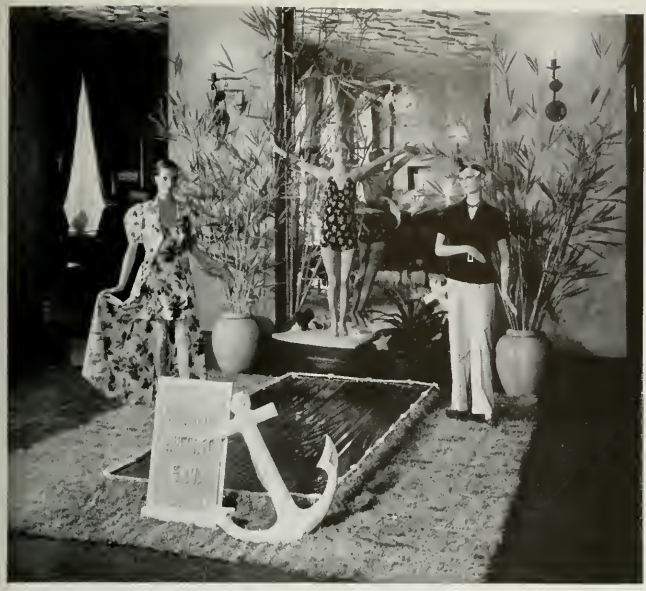
■ "Attention please! I've had the most compliments today and so it is my right to take charge of this meeting." It was midnight in the Clubhouse on Post Street. A quiet, tired, happy feeling pervaded Lounge and Library. The photographer had just left and the exhibits at last—and for the first time in two days—had "the floor" to themselves. But the self-appointed chairman, the arrogant exhibit, by his presumably simple remark had precipitated a riot. "Not much, you haven't had the most of **any**thing! **I've** had the most interest, the most visitors, the most response for the future, the most personal of contacts, the most expressions of good-will, the most, the most——" The cries went on and on, until in desperation the chairman called out, "The meeting is adjourned. Let's go home to dream about it, for it's time we were all in bed anyway!"

Plays and stories have been written of the dolls who at midnight become articulate in their maker's shop, trees and flowers have spoken to us in verse and prose, but nowhere has a group of exhibits come to life with such a story to tell as at midnight after one of the Advertisers' Shows at the Women's City Club.

When all is still, and five or six thousand visitors have gone their way, the exhibits remain behind as silent testimony of authenticity of expert showmanship. Fashions not alone of apparel but fashions of furniture, of decorative arts (floral and still life), of interior arrangement (home and office) in the very latest mode, fashions of cuisine and dining table.



The exhibits drop into place each year at the very last minute in their beautiful setting, just before the doors open. It is only "after the Show," as one wanders quietly about Third and Fourth Floors that one real-



izes fully how comprehensive and truly delightful these set-ups are, both collectively and individually.

Show Number 1 had the brave advertisers who took the Club at its word that its 6000 members would come to their Show and express a personal interest in the displays. Show Number 2 had these same advertisers, together with others who were generous enough to admit that their former skepticism was worn away. Show Number 3 added still more advertisers to the list—those who sought out our Advertising Manager for ways and means to exhibit with us. Show Number 4 will go one step further with the inclusion of firms whom "our own advertisers" have themselves sold to the idea that our Show is something they cannot afford to miss.

Why is this so?

1. Good-will is something money cannot buy. Our members volunteer this.

2. Our membership has a buying power beyond calculation and can afford what interests them.

3. Our list includes the women of leadership in other groups and is a preferential list over 5000 strong which no advertiser can reach except through the columns of our periodical.

4. Our Ad Show is an extra privilege which the Club gives to our family of Magazine advertisers, by hospitably turning the Clubhouse over to them for two days each year.

5. No other periodical can bring such an audience to such a building to be personally interested in a purely commercial show.

"Attention please! The next Show is April 19-20."

Reflections on the International Situation

by Mary E. Woolley

(See Editor's Note, Page 9)

■ There are times when the exigency of a situation makes it difficult to speak about it. I am sure that you will agree with me that the present falls within that category. Never, I think—not even excluding the period of the War—have so many persons been deeply concerned about world affairs, so fearful as to the outcome and so uncertain as to their own action. The smugness and cocksureness of an earlier day, recedes into the dim past. Who, among us, is either smug or cocksure?

There is a growing realization that we are living in one of "the major crises" of all history but it is difficult in our daily round of more or less commonplace happenings, fully to grasp this truth. "The Fall of the Roman Empire—how did human beings exist when an empire was falling in ruins about them?" "A Thirty Years War—how could humanity survive that tragic experience?" I remember those questions in my own school-girl mind. But today we are living in the twenty-third year of **The** War; soon it will be the twenty-fifth. "Still within the War? Impossible—that ended nineteen years ago." Did it? What about the rise of the Totalitarian State, the direct outcome of the War? What about the problem of Communism, not less an heir of those years? And the tragedy in the Far East, tragedy there today, uncertainty for the world tomorrow, the fruit of the "face-losing" of the white race in the World War? Again, turn to waves of financial depression, buffeting and submerging millions of human beings, and realize that "you cannot throw the world's wealth onto a scrap heap and not pay the cost."

The progress of the age in which we live has increased many times its possibilities of disaster. The right attitude of human beings to one another has always been in the Decalogue, but today no higher motive than "enlightened selfishness" is needed to show its supreme importance. Two developments within a generation, within the memory of many of us, both of them in the mechanical realm, are largely responsible. The first is the miracle of transportation, a miracle wrought before our very eyes. My grandfather, living in the town of Wilton, Connecticut, now practically a suburb of Greater New York for summer residents, said that when he was a boy, anyone so daring as to plan a trip to Buffalo had prayers offered for him in church, that he might have a safe journey and return.

Among the many stories of Mount Holyoke in the 1840's is that of a new stagecoach from Springfield to South Hadley, a distance of twelve or thirteen miles, evidently an express, for it was scheduled to leave Springfield early in the morning and reach South Hadley before nightfall.

We do not need to go back a century for our illustrations. When my Rhode Island brother, finishing his business in New York, 200 miles away, would leave the city in the late afternoon to motor home, that he might arrive that evening, I thought of the drive from Rhode Island to my grandfather's in South Norwalk, one hundred and fifty miles away, on which my father took us, when that same brother was a small boy. We left on a Wednesday — of course, rested over Sunday, for my father was a clergyman and clergymen did not travel on Sundays when I was a girl—and the following **Tuesday,** drove triumphantly up to my grandparents' door!

And today? A flight to the North Pole is of passing interest; a radio message from the South Pole we take for granted. Distance has been annihilated on this little planet of ours. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson once said: "The world has become a neighborhood: The problem is to convert it into a brotherhood." To convert it into a brotherhood! We seem a long way from the solving of that problem. And yet failure to solve it would be fatal, for mechanical invention—to turn to the second development in that field—has put into human hands means of destruction which threaten the very existence of civilization.

There are three questions which must often suggest themselves, as one's thought turns back to the years since the World War. First: **What might have been accomplished?** At the close of the War, among many wise comments made by General Smuts of South Africa was this one: "International difficulties are bound to arise; when they come, for the old

slogan, 'to the battlefield,' must be substituted the new slogan, 'to the conference table.' The new slogan was substituted; for the first time in history a society of nations was formed, and the conference table became a reality. We, the citizens of the United States, have reason to be proud of the fact that this achievement was the work of our own president more than of any other human being. The formation of the League of Nations was the outstanding opportunity of the years after the Armistice, but there were others, some of them arising from it. Section 8 of the Covenant of the League reads: "The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations. The Council, taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments."

There was opportunity for collective action in 1932, when the Stimson doctrine was unanimously accepted by the League—fifty-five nations refusing to recognize any situation, treaty or agreement arrived at in violation of the principles of the Covenant of the League or the Pact of Paris.

The Nine Power Pact of 1921, the Pact of Paris in 1928, are significant of the possibilities for a new and better world, following the tragedy of the World War.

Opportunity, but opportunity too often neglected. The League of Nations became a fact, but the most powerful nation in the world, the nation without which there could not be a society of **nations,** refused to join.

For six years the Allies paid no attention to their pledge to reduce armaments and it was over twelve years after the signing of Article 8 before the Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments convened, years which might have had the wisdom and conciliation of great representatives like Stresemann and Briand.

The wise and far-reaching report of the Lytton Commission, based on the Stimson Doctrine, was left to "innocuous desuetude."

The second question: **"What has been accomplished?"** I can imagine the answer on the part of many of my hearers, an answer as immediate and as emphatic as it is brief. "Nothing." But you are wrong, the picture is not all in the shadow. To have a society of nations a reality, no longer simply a dream, is in itself a long step forward. Granted all its shortcomings, it has not been impotent, this realization of a world conference table. I could cite many proofs; may I recall one? Three years ago, on October 9th or 10th, 1934, I was in Chicago on my way to an Illinois city, and on Michigan Avenue heard the newsboys crying, 'An assassination at Versailles —Alexander, King of Yugoslavia, and Barthou, Minister for Foreign Affairs of France." As I left my train at Rockford that evening, I was met by the question: "When will war break out in Europe?" Not a fantastic inquiry. Twenty years before the shot heard round the world in a single assassination led to the World War. This double assassination in 1934 was full of danger, and for weeks the balance trembled, Yugoslavia accusing Hungary of harboring the plotters of the assassination. But the League intervened: Anthony Eden, Great Britain's representative at Geneva, framed a "face saving" resolution, accepted by Yugoslavia and presented to Hungary. Then came over the telephone a message from the Hungarian government to its representatives at Geneva; one of the most significant telephone messages on record: "Sign the resolution."

Other instances might be quoted, as for example, the plebiscite in the Saar in January, 1935. The Saar, one of the chief danger spots in Europe, under control of the League since the War, was to vote that month whether it would return to Germany. What force should police the territory during the voting? Surely not France! The question was answered by an international army under the League, troops from Great Britain and Holland, Sweden and Italy. The plebiscite was carried through, and the Saar region without turmoil was returned to Germany by the vote of its people.

The president of Rotary International, Maurice Duperrey of Paris, said at a recent luncheon in New York: "The realization that armed strife might destroy the economic and social structure of our civilization is a big factor in favor of a settlement of international differences through negotiation and mutual agreement." Referring to the numerous provocations of conflict among the nations of Europe since the close of the World War, M. Duperrey commented that many instances of similar nature "in the past would have been considered good and sufficient reason for an appeal to force."

May I quote again, this time from a daily of a few weeks ago: "International conferences may be failure and often a sham, but they are the compliment which brute force pays to the aspiration for a better international life. Or else why should Italy defy conferences instead of simply ignoring them? Why should Germany and Japan go on hinting at conditions on which they will return to the League of Nations? Mussolini and Hitler and Araki challenge and sneer at these futile conferences of the nations; but there is a sound of moral unease in their brave war cries.

"The Brussels Conference would have been a sadder event if it had been the first or second unsuccessful international meeting (Continued on page 24

Easter in Yosemite

■ Long famous as the latest Easter service in the world, the Easter Sunrise Service at Yosemite is likewise one of the most impressive by reason of the sheer grandeur of its surroundings. Here Nature has carved out a natural amphitheater and in its center has placed a jewel-like lake so clear and placid that it makes possible the phenomenon of a "double" sunrise.

At 9:16 Easter morning, April 17th, the sun will peer over the shoulder of Half Dome, 4892 feet above the assembled worshippers, to light up the snow that still crowns its summit and to reflect its golden rays with camera-like accuracy in the glassy surface at its foot. Not only this Alpine sunrise itself, but the entire scene—even to minister and choir—will be reproduced in this magic mirror. An awe-inspiring sight, almost supernatural in its beauty.

Yosemite's Easter Service will be conducted by the Reverend James Asa White of Yosemite. Music will be furnished by a choir of 35 mixed voices and a four-piece instrumental accompaniment under the direction of Squire Coop of the University of California at Los Angeles. On a tiny island in the lake the black-robed choir will take its place while the minister conducts the service from a small promontory jutting out into the water.

The congregation of nearly 2000 persons is gathered round the rocky shore of the lake, hemmed in by pines, firs and cedars, and by the lofty walls of the Valley which give a cathedral-like quality to the acoustics. Here is spiritual natural beauty unlike any other Easter Service in the world. Those who attend cannot fail to be inspired by the perfection of the service and the incomparable beauty of the surroundings.

Easter finds the Valley awakening from its long winter sleep. Spring is in the air and the fragrance of the conifers, running with sap, is like a tonic. Robins and jays add joyous notes to the song of rushing waters.

Along Merced Canyon, leading into the Valley, wildflowers of a hundred varieties mingle in colorful profusion. The banks of the Merced River are lined with thousands of Judas or redbud trees, their brilliant magenta blossoms exquisite beyond description. And dogwoods are beginning to bud. For miles this pageant of color may be seen, a display of California wildflowers at their loveliest.

By Easter Yosemite's mighty waterfalls are approaching their full volume and their thundering reverberations are audible (Continued on page 27

I Have Been Reading

WE OR THEY; by Hamilton Fish Armstrong; New York, the Macmillan Company; 1936. Reviewed by Phileta Fitzgerald.

FASHION IS SPINACH; by Elizabeth Hawes; Random House, New York, 1938. Reviewed by Nell Lotz Burleson.

■ We or They; by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. . . . "The struggle between two worlds can permit no compromise. . . . Either we or they! Either their ideas or ours! Either our state or theirs!" said Mussolini in 1930, and thereby issued a challenge to the world, a challenge which was accepted and admirably answered by Hamilton Fish Armstrong in "We or They." The question Armstrong raises in this book is, in his own words, "Can tolerably satisfactory relations ever in fact be established between peoples free and peoples in chains?" Armstrong answers in the negative.

Free peoples, according to Armstrong, are peoples living in democratic countries, where, though they do not have absolute freedom, do have as great freedom as any political system yet devised has been able to assure its people. Peoples in chains are peoples living in totalitarian states where there is "not some freedom, but none." The gulf between the conception of life in free countries and that in totalitarian countries is too great to be bridged, Armstrong contends, for there is no common agreement as to the meaning of words used in discussion so that interchange of ideas is impossible.

That Mussolini's belief in the impossibility of compromise is not personal to him but is common to dictators Armstrong shows by quoting from Hitler and Lenin. It follows, then, that we of the democratic countries must be prepared to defend our institutions. For not only have the dictators avowed their intention of carrying their doctrines beyond their borders, but indeed they must do so. Never does the head which wears a crown lie so uneasily as when the crown rests upon the brow of a dictator. Dictators must provide bread and circuses. Dictatorships have come into being in countries where bread, figuratively speaking at any rate, is scarce. So there must be more circuses and the circuses, for reasons which Armstrong makes clear, must take the form of war. Recognizing that no one who cares about the future of democracy wants war, since democracy may not be able to survive another world war, Armstrong points out that "The answer to the threats of dictators is not a 'preventive war,' nor is it a crusade to help one of the dictatorial ideologies conquer another. . . . But we should be under no illusions that a live-and-let-live relationship between democracies and dictatorships can last indefinitely." However, since the complexity of our foreign relations and our most elementary material interests are affected by the interplay of purely political forces in distant parts of the world, the only way we can be certain that we shall not be involved in future world wars is to see that there be none.

And how can we do this? How Mr. Armstrong answers this searching question can best be told in his own words, and the reading of these chapters is well repaid.

"We or They" is concisely and vigorously written. Anyone interested in the forces behind present-day world events would profit by reading it. The author is a realist with ideals. He faces facts. One fact he faces is that there is inherent in abstract ideas and ideals the power to sway men and nations. Armstrong challenges us to evaluate the idea and ideals of democracy and to weigh them against those of the totalitarian governments and to take our stand on our conclusions. We or they!

Treat yourself

to

UNMATCHED FLAVOR!

CASWELL'S NATIONAL CREST COFFEE is "first" with coffee-lovers all over the West . . . because it has *unmatched flavor!* Blended from the world's finest coffee beans, Caswell's extra-richness also gives you *more cups to the pound.*

CASWELL'S NATIONAL CREST COFFEE is never sold in stores, but delivered *direct to your home,* ROASTER FRESH, by courteous Caswell Coffee Men.

Telephone today for a can of this delicious coffee . . . it will be delivered any time you suggest.

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

SAN FRANCISCO
642 Harrison Street
'phone: SUtter 6654

OAKLAND
1150 - 28th Street
'phone: HIgate 1017

GEO. W. CASWELL COMPANY

Spring
IS THE IDEAL TIME TO MEET
Japan
The Land of the Rising Sun
Spring—which perfectly expresses the colorful spirit of Japan—finds its most perfect setting in Japan! In her charming cities which give so much space to parks and gardens. In her many variations of scenic wonderland—her mountains with their snow-capped symmetry, her rivers that rush through deep-cut gorges, her lakes that shimmer in the friendly sun. All a paradise of flowers and a pageant of festive ceremony!
Spring expresses, likewise, the spirit of N·Y·K's fine Maru ships, their gaiety and charm! You'll find ideal comfort in their unique staterooms—distinguished Continental or American—the delight of being deftly served in the famous manner of Japan! Maru travel is unequalled for ease and fun—and for economy; as fares are low and your dollar benefits from the favorable yen exchange.
Planning is part of the fun!
See your Travel Agent soon, or
N·Y·K LINE (Japan Mail)
551 Market Street . . . San Francisco
518 W. Sixth Street . . . Los Angeles
N·Y·K

■ Fashion Is Spinach; by Elizabeth Hawes. . . . Fashion may be spinach but the book is boloney. If you are the type of woman who deliberately does something foolish, every now and then, just for the fun of it, by all means get yourself a copy of "Fashion Is Spinach," by Elizabeth Hawes.

After you finish "Fashion Is Spinach," you can look yourself straight in the eye and say you never spent two dollars and seventy-five cents, plus state sales tax, so foolishly in all your life.

Just what would be your reaction should one of your favorite shops telephone and tell you that they would like to send you 336½ pages of advertisements, upon receipt of your check? Very likely you'd be so curious about their colossal nerve that you'd send the money, and by the same token, Miss Hawes' book will probably reach its seventh printing.

It is quite necessary that we begin with the last chapter, for therein lies the key to the entire book. Miss Hawes has really warmed up to her subject by this time, and she quotes from miscellaneous and anonymous manufacturers, fashion writers, etc.: "The public gets what it wants. **The public has bad taste.**" (If there's any truth in these words, "Fashion Is Spinach" may be sold to the tune of eighty million copies; that is, one to almost every adult in these United States.) All of us have seen things done in poor taste at some time or other in our lives, but this book tops them all.

Please do not think us prudish, for we are sincerely trying to see Miss Hawes' book in the light of modern times. If you think the words "bastard" and "hell" are pretty, coming from a woman's mouth, you will heartily disagree with us. If you can find humor in a chapter captioned "Is God French?" you will further disagree. If men's suspenders intrigue you and you think something should be done about them, by all means, read "Fashion Is Spinach" and delve no deeper into this review.

On the other hand, if you are the normal, natural, lovable American woman who lives by higher standards than those of the women of any other nation, you won't be impressed by a woman who "swiped designs" (page 61), who "did business with mythical calculations" (page 154), and who says, "I am in business for my health" (page 336).

"Fashion Is Spinach" is written in two parts: Part I is The French Legend: "All beautiful clothes are made in the houses of the French couturieres and all women want them." The first chapter is entitled "The Deformed Thief, Fashion," and here Miss Hawes explains that "Fashion is a parasite on style." There's really nothing in this chapter that you haven't read before.

Chapter II, in spite of its blasphemous title, "Is God French?" takes a couple of good digs at the supremacy of the French designers, and is the most enjoyable part of the book. Slipping quickly through to the end of Part I, you will learn a little bit about Elizabeth Hawes childhood, copying styles, the photographic eye, the bastard art of styling and so on. The last chapter of Part I is called "It Creaks," but we couldn't seem to find out just what it is that "creaks."

One of the most astounding lines in the entire first part of the book is a little gem that we picked up on page 61, and which we shall quote: "They knew what they had to do and they done it."

Part II, "Buy American," opens with a very interesting quotation: "All American women can have beautiful clothes," but there are several lines that are worthy of repetition, and some serious thought. We have selected from several paragraphs, at random:

"There are many more WOULD-BE women of fashion in the United States than chic women or women of style. The fashionable woman in America has fallen hook, line, and sinker for the French Legend." . . . "She not only bows her head in prayer to fashion's legend . . . but she is the one who falls for the cellophane wrapper without examining its content. . . . She tries to be chic and misses. Nobody ever told her about style."

Then, speaking of stylish women, Miss Hawes goes on to say, "We have an assortment of stylish women and girls in America and are developing more. There are not many of them, a few in New York, a few in Chicago, a few in Dallas, a few in Boston."

This leaves San Franciscans out, and since San Francisco is our most beloved city, and we know that right here in San Francisco's very heart the smartest women in the world are seen, we're just a little bit irked. Do you think we should invite Miss Hawes to stroll with us one day (any day) on Grant Avenue? Do you think we could convince her that there are smarter women in San Francisco than Paris or New York ever saw? Of course we could, and then, we'd say, in chorus: "Fashion is not spinach. It is life and gaiety. San Francisco women have chic and style. They love Fashion, and understand it, as no other women in the world!"

"Just the Commercial"

—Josephine Bartlett Martin

■ For a number of years radio labored under the handicap of its commercial announcements, which, all too often the radio stations were forced to accept because the sponsor was insistent, and, after all, the sponsor's the man who keeps the financial wheels greased. But long-winded, exaggerated and often stupid diatribes were fed the audiences that, up to that minute had been enjoying and listening attentively to fine music, well-presented drama or amusing comedy. And what was the public's reaction? . . . "Oh . . . this is just the commercial" . . . and the dial all too often was turned down—or off.

Then the advertisers and the sponsors began to do some figuring and it didn't take long for them to decide that it was poor business spending big money for high-class entertainment aimed at the buying public and then trying to force that same people to listen to sales talks on a par with those of the sideshow barkers.

As the result of that figuring, today one finds many big programs whose commercial announcements lean backwards in the direction of restraint. They are not only interesting, but most of them endeavor to build good will in the general direction of specific product or service, rather than to make sales. And the public listens and the dial remains "as you were."

It may interest the buying public to know that these briefer commercial announcements are almost of a par, in dollars and cents, with the philharmonics, the Helen Hayses and the Charley McCarthys. For it has been estimated that these few words, politely injected into the entertainment, cost the sponsor something like $16.50 apiece!

Taking my figures from "Printers' Ink," here's the picture:

For the regulation evening show which includes three minutes of commercial announcement, the advertiser's show costs him $7,883.33 per minute.

And, in the loving care expended upon these words the writer must clutch his brow and furrow his brain for ways, means, devices and tricks of speech for impressing one word above all others: the PRODUCT! To repeat the name often enough, to impress it upon the listener who may be a scatterbrain, or may have been distracted, or who may be a bit slow in grasping an idea. And to avoid boring the intelligensia!

So, you may be sure that the writing of "Just the Commercial" isn't a job handed to the office boy. For talk, at $16.48 per word is not cheap!

Five?

or Fifty?

. . . You'll like Wawona

A verdant Sierra valley, far enough above sea level, but not too far . . . will be waiting this summer for *all* the family.

Golf all day if you like (and you will!) on California's outstanding mountain course. Betweentimes there's swimming, loafing under the pines, good tennis, fishing in near-by streams or High Sierra lakes, pack trips and all-expense saddle tours. While you're busy with your own vacation we'll see that the children have *theirs*.

Wawona is just 10 minutes from the Mariposa Big Trees and one hour from Yosemite Valley. Reasonable rates, beginning at $29.75 a week for lodging and meals. Let us send scenic folders now; *early* reservations are best. Ask at your nearest Yosemite office: SAN FRANCISCO, 39 Geary Street (EXbrook 3906); LOS ANGELES, 612 So. Olive Street (VAndike 2396).

Yosemite's COUNTRY CLUB VACATION

The prized possession of every woman who wears one

SOCIETY BRAND
Man-tailored
suits for women
$49.95

Roos Bros
MARKET AT STOCKTON

Notes on Current Fabrics

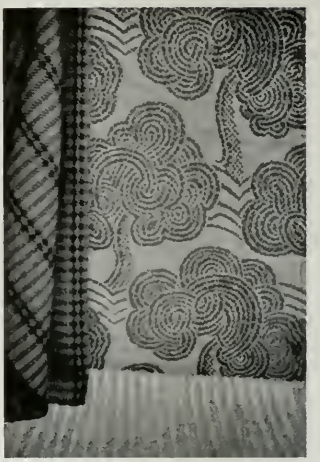
by Maurice Sands

■ Fabrics of today, whether created for apparel or decoration, are finer than ever before. There has never been a time in history when such rapid strides in textile techniques have been made. We are living in an age that has inspired more interesting weaves, better design, more fascinating color in the fabrics we use every day.

Women, as always, are largely responsible for the development of certain trends in textiles. To them, quite naturally, apparel is of major importance, but trends are created, accepted and discarded so rapidly that it would hardly do for one of the opposite sex to more than comment upon this subject in passing. However, decorative styles in fabrics may be more easily analyzed. women do not change their backgrounds as often as their fashions in clothing—at least not most women.

Expositions, like fairs of olden times, have always influenced design in manufacture. Textiles especially are a reflection of the changes taking place economically and socially among the peoples of the world. The designer, the creator of the new, is more often than not a student of human nature, a portrayer of current likes and dislikes. The Paris Exposition (and NOT the one of 1925 with its Noveau Art, poor in itself but nevertheless something which made us conscious of the change in design and the need for such a change), seems to have created an interest in European modern design more than anything else—particularly the French and Swedish.

It is safe to say that Sweden, more than any other European nation, has progressed steadily in textile making and design in general since before the World War. The Swedish peasant type of design is familiar to us, but it is only recently that we have come to adapt to our own use the more sophisticated, more elegant type of Swedish product: metallic threads interwoven with cotton and wool, stripes and fringes subtlely combined, animated patterns either printed or woven to replace the floral heaviness of yesterday. The more we see of Swedish importations, the more grateful we are for the Swedish Arts and Crafts Society. Its enormous work in beautifying every-day articles and in bringing about a closer understanding between artist, designer, manufacturer and lower-bracket consumer is a splendid example that could be followed by many other countries.



The French modern, as seen in the Exposition, has combined a bit too much of the ornate with the Baroque to appeal to the average conservative American. It is used, generally, in the more extravagant type of decoration that is expensively replaced within a short period of time. The year 1939, we all believe and hope, is going to do for American design what the year 1937 did for European. Our two American Expositions will be the mediums through which such accomplishment shall come about. As far as our Exposition here on the Coast is concerned, we may rest assured that decorative arts—especially textiles—will more than come "into their own" under the splendid guidance of Mrs. Dorothy Liebes. Mrs. Liebes' name is synonimous with the finest in domestic textiles, her influence is giving great impetus to American style.

Generally speaking, the greater number of fabrics—from lovely cottons to glorious hand-woven creations—show a stronger tendency towards texture; the influence of fringe is felt, short nubbly fringes, long silky ones, in rows, scattered over surfaces, self-tones or in contrasting colors. Much interest is evidenced in horizontal stripes and weaves, bringing to mind the fruitless searches for other than vertical stripes in decorative fabrics. Even floor coverings display increased textured feeling; rugs are shaggier, more fascinating in deeper piles and sculptured weaves.

Hand-blocked panels, on lovely backgrounds, individually designed for the windows at which they are to hang, are no more only for the very wealthy; their cost, while above that of the "ready-mades," is not prohibitive. Florals are not quite as large as they were last season, nor as difficult to use in the increasingly popular smaller rooms. They have become more botanical than imaginative, except in the finer type of abstract modern prints. These prints use ribbon motifs, scrolls and huge leaves in such a manner that the lack of flowers creates a clean-cut crisp type of design.

Glass curtains and casement cloths are far more interesting in technique and color, probably because they are again so popular. They filter the light through stitched weaves, between drawn threads; patterns are often so faint they can only be seen as the light rays pass through. Satins and taffetas are exhibiting a new surface quality quite unlike anything seen before. Their crinkles, puckers, and shirrings are new highlights in the "dressy" sort of decoration.

Manufacturers are now assembling plain fabrics and patterned ones in ensemble groups to assure the matching of unusual seasonal dyes. This idea is a boon to the decorator who has struggled through attempt after attempt to dye other fabrics to match or harmonize with a particularly striking one turned out by a mill without regard to its tie-up with other things.

For the more traditional-minded, there are always the charming imports from France and England—small, quaint provincial linens and toiles in mellowed old reds and blues. Chintzes are still in "high style" with new awning stripes, gay, bold modern things, and the conventional, perennial Eighteenth Century florals. Each season finds a goodly number of authentic Early American designs on hand and the influence of "documented textiles" has created a decided demand for wallpapers and floor coverings similarly authentic. Important restorations such as Williamsburg and Dearborn are greatly responsible for the increased sense of appreciation that seems to be growing daily.

We who believe that romance is still very much alive are fortunate to be living in this age when it is, as always, to be found in the story of textiles. Surely the embroidered and printed organdies, washable chintzes, quilted fabrics, dust- and moth-proof upholsteries are none the less fascinating because they combine color, design and beauty with functionalism.

City of Paris
DOuglas 4500 PAUL VERDIER, Pres.

Learn to play contract bridge with the new 5 suit deck

In case you haven't been following the excitement caused by this bridge bombshell, here are the facts: A fifth suit has been originated, "Royals," printed in green with a crown insignia. Adding this new suit brings the deck to 65 cards, thus revolutionizing contract bridge. Sixteen cards are dealt to each player, the sixty-fifth card going to the highest bidder as an exchange card . . . Be the first to own and play with one of these history-making decks.

Set of two decks, 3.00

AVAILABLE NOW IN OUR STATIONERY DEPT. —FIRST FLOOR

TEA WILL BE SERVED, 2 to 4 P. M., Daily in Normandy Lane

FEATURING

Old Danish copper and brass tea pots and candle sticks, dating from 1800, all hand made, bearing the crest of the maker . . . Balinese wood carvings . . . Decorative Chinese wine bottles . . . Imported textiles . . . Also flower picking baskets and revolving serving trays for the summer home.

When you visit the Show just look and see the unusual selection now on display at the League Shop.

From the Orient, Sumatra, Bali, Java, Siam, Australia and New Zealand Miss Marion Burr has carefully selected Textiles, Brasses, Wood Carvings, Lacquer Bowls and hundreds of interesting things.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

*Importations this year are more interesting than ever before.

Here's Health...

Members:	Single Admission.....	.40
	Ten Swim Tickets.....	3.50
Non-Members:	Single Admission.....	.50
	Ten Swim Tickets.....	4.50
Children: (10-18 years)	Single Admission.....	.35
	Ten Swim Tickets.....	3.25

Swim at the Club...

Dangerous Legislation

—Adelaide Brown, M. D., Health Editor

■ **Think before you vote.** It is not too early to begin education on the amendments which are to be voted on at the general election, November 8, 1938

You realize that changes in our state constitution can be put through in two ways: by a law put before the Legislature and passed to an appropriate committee and reported out, voted on in the Senate or Assembly and sent up reamended to pass in the second department of the Legislature. It may be buried in committee and never come up for voting in the legislative department. However, an educational campaign is not of the colossal proportions which faces the opponents of legislation to be presented on the ballot for vote at a general election.

The petition to gain a place on the state ballot means the signatures to the petition of eight per cent of the registered voters at the last election. Then the indifference of the electorate must be diluted by a campaign of education. The anti-vivisection group have secured a place on the ballot for the general election November 8, 1938, for a **state humane pound law** which is an anti-vivisection law—forbidding any use for scientific study of cats, dogs or other animals. This humane pound law would stop **all medical research.** Our state university has accepted the Hooper Foundation for medical research and in its laboratories the new diseases of the Orient, and the diseases which have come into our state to be considered in their relation to human and animal life, are the subject for searching research. Have we the right to accept a trust and then jeopardize its service to humanity by clogging legislation?

The service of animal research to our population cannot be over estimated. Economically, in our cattle industry tuberculosis and black leg, anthrax and foot and mouth disease can menace a great state industry. Then as ordinary citizens, we hardly realize the chicken industry in our state. Avian laboratories control large risks of chicken cholera and seven other diseases reducing profits of the industry.

To study continuously the incidence of cancer has used generations of mice, but only by such patient and exhaustive work can any just decisions be made.

Pasteur Institutes I have visited in Paris, Athens, Lahore, India, and have seen the care of animals at the Hooper Foundation at the University of California Medical School. In every case, animal experimentation and care of the

animals on hand for study is cleanly, careful and considerate. It is only just to hear the opinion of scientific workers, laboratory men and women before sentimentality can be permitted to cripple life-saving work and the industrial protection to animal industry in our state. Through the summer I shall give you more scientific data on the risk to human health of such a law.

You will vote your ballot in November, 1938, with the scientific facts in your hands.

Please read and ponder.

Backstage in Radio

(Continued from page 8)

check is obtained to further improve the performance of the final broadcast at 8:30 p. m. for the western half of America. In the particular "playback" herein referred to, Jack was surprised to learn that Don Wilson's robust chuckle dominated the entire applause and laughter, giving the air audience a "stooged" effect. This was remedied in the repeat performance simply by application of the piercing Benny eye . . . which each time sent the rotund Mr. Wilson a safe distance away from the "hot mike" after each commercial announcement.

At 9 p. m. the final curtain is drawn on the Jello program for the week . . . and nothing to do but be complimented or condemned by the majority of radio families of the United States and Canada . . . and to start a new script for next week.

To paraphrase a popular song title, "It's Nice Work If You Can FORGET It!"

Editor's Note—Mr. Cope is master of ceremonies, KJBS Alarm Klok Klub and former production manager of National Broadcasting Company, San Francisco.

Garden Activities

■ Ninth Annual California Spring Garden Show—New Exposition Building, Oakland, April 7th to 10th.

Sixteenth Annual Flower Show of the California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association, 532 Sutter Street, San Francisco, April 22nd to 24th.

Belvedere Garden Tour of Garden Round Table Group, Women's City Club, April 19th.

Annual Bulb Show, California Nursery Company, Niles, March 18th to April 17th.

Spring Blossom Show of the Garden Club of St. Francis Wood, St. Francis Community Church, San Francisco, April 8th.

Palo Alto Garden Club Flower Show, Palo Alto Community House, April 9th and 10th.

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There must be a reasonable number of applications for examinations or money will be refunded and the examinations not given.

(Continued from page 15)

since the Armistice. But inasmuch as the Brussels affair is perhaps the twentieth unsuccessful conference in the last twenty years, we are justified in feeling more cheerful about it. This is not epigram. We simply mean that the conference idea is hard to kill. It will not take no for an answer. It goes up against the big Red teams, and the big Brown teams, and the big Black teams and is thrown for heavy losses. It goes up against the inherited national fears and hates and selfishness from which no country is free, and gets itself bowled over and stepped upon and generally manhandled. But the conference idea picks itself up somehow and rubs the mud out of its eyes and gets back in formation. After a while people are bound to start thinking hard about that poor battered team. That bunch must have something.

"What is this thing that keeps the conference idea plugging away against such big odds? Obviously it must be mankind's yearning for a higher international life than one shaped by tooth and claw. It must be an inextinguishable belief, in the face of the modern cynics and the modern psychologies, that we can some day learn to regulate life by reason and not by brute force. The nations may some day learn to live together by the law of give and take, instead of the law of grab."

This last is an answer—at least in part—to my third question: "What must be accomplished?" "The regulation of life by reason and not by brute force." Again, I know the immediate reaction on the part of some of my audience: "Beautiful as an ideal, but not possible of attainment." Very well, then, what is the alternative? "Every time I hear persons speak of 'the next war,'" Sir Philip Gibbs said to me not long after the World War, "I wonder whether they realize that 'the next war' would mean the suicide of white civilization."

"But war always has been," persists the cynic. Yes, always has been, always atrocious, but—never so brutal as today. "Mechanical invention has outstripped moral and social control"; the terrible confirmation of that statement faces us in the headlines day after day. And the inevitable result if the situation is not changed will be humanity's self-destruction by the weapons of its own making.

"God says to us, 'No more of this; there is a better way,'" was Bishop Brent's message. A little booklet of daily reading prepared by the Forward Movement Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church says: "There is a battle going on in our world today in which we are all enlisted. It is a battle between those who 'look forward to to-

morrow and those who look back on yesterday'; between those who believe it is possible to organize a more just, more brotherly human world than anything we have achieved as yet — and those who think this is an idle dream."

A battle in which we are all enlisted, not some or many, but all. On which side? That is a question which comes home not only to governments, to humanity in the mass, but to **us,** as individuals, to **you** and to **me.** Do you believe that it is possible to organize a more just, more brotherly human world than anything that we have achieved as yet? If your answer is "yes," what are you going to do to help in bringing it about?

Enlistment calls for equipment; first, the equipment of the mind. There was never a time when public opinion had the force which it has in a democracy today. But public opinion that runs wild, that acquires its point of view as it acquires its clothes, ready made, is a hindrance, not a help. The world is confronted by the most intricate of problems, economic, political, racial, social. The century does not lack thinking power in the mechanical world; we see evidence of that a thousand times in our everyday life. It **does** lack the application of thinking power to human problems, that is the responsibility resting upon each one of us. But this Herculean task demands something more than mentality, important as that is.

All my life I have lived in the neighborhood of manufacturing centers, for years in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, for even more years on the outskirts of Holyoke, Massachusetts. Machinery is familiar to me; I have heard many descriptions and evaluations of it; I have seen many fine machines—but, I have never yet seen one that could go without power! The machinery for world organization could without doubt be improved, but limitation in the machine is not at the heart of the difficulty. "It is not the Covenant of the League but humanity that needs to be reformed," said Rumania's Minister for Foreign Affairs at Geneva two or three years ago. "The sin that doth so easily beset us," selfishness, self-interests, self-seeking—that is what has been throwing, still is throwing, a monkey-wrench into the machinery of world organization. Not by formulae but by a change in the human spirit, will come the new day.

Within the last weeks there have been several significant addresses, significant both because of the speakers and of their subject matter. One was by a professor of Chemical Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Warren Kendall Lewis, who urged "better training of engineering students

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in the art of human relationships." Speaking at a conference of educators held at the University of Delaware in connection with the dedication of a new chemistry school, Dr. Lewis said this step must be taken if industry is to meet labor and other social problems successfully. "The engineering profession," he declared, "has before it a period of outstanding opportunity for human service. It is no longer sufficient for the engineer to construct plants and develop processes which are efficient, cheap in operation, and produce high-quality goods. All this will result in failure if the operations are of such a character that labor will be dissatisfied, the distributing organization disgruntled or consumer psychology outraged. And in the years immediately ahead these social problems promise to be the most important and most difficult which industry will face."

Another speaker was Dr. Alexis Carrel at the 150th anniversary of the Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at Dartmouth College, words not from the pulpit but from the laboratory. "The civilized races seem to be losing the courage to live. In almost every country the reproduction of the more gifted individuals is decreasing. This phenomenon is of ominous significance. Is it not more important to improve man than the goods consumed by him? Are health and comfort of any value if we become mentally and spiritually worthless? As far as I am concerned," Dr. Carrel concluded, "I intend to devote the rest of my life to the problem of developing man in his organic and spiritual entirety. For the quality of life is more important than life itself. We must now use theoretical and applied science, not for the satisfaction of curiosity, but for the betterment of the self and for the construction of truly civilized men."

"Once again religion must come to rescue the world from barbarism and destruction," said the Governor of New York in a recent address. Most significant are the words at the official opening of America's annual "Parliament of Science" in Indianapolis the last week in December. "Scientists called to rally humanity against warfare" — are the newspaper headlines of the opening address by Professor Edwin Grant Conklin of Princeton, retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. "Neither in human nature nor in social relations has progress kept pace with science," said Dr. Conklin. "This is not the fault of science but rather of men and of society. The great advances in the applications of science have often been used for selfish purposes rather than for social welfare. Ra-

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Not only are there no two Hats alike in silhouette, but the treatments are vastly different. Flowers in wreaths, in bunches, scattered all over Hats, or constituting entire crowns. Veils of every description—all with a single purpose: to flatter. I feel that this season will go down in history, as even the most extreme type of Hat has a wearable quality, and even the most sensible Hat has distinction, and an aura of spring youthfulness.

Also your Hats skillfully remodeled.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
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tional and peaceful means of solving class conflicts and of preventing wars would be vastly less costly and more effective than strikes and armaments. The fact is that social progress has moved so much slower than science that one might say that scientific progress is matched against social stagnation. Many thoughtful persons are asking, 'Will science, which has so largely made our modern civilization, end in destroying it?' The greatest problems that confront the human race are how to provide social cooperation; how to increase loyalty to truth, how to promote justice, brotherhood; how to expand ethics until it shall embrace all mankind. The American Association for the Advancement of Science is proud of its 18,000 members; the new edition of American Men of Science will contain nearly 30,000 names. But the Christian churches of the United States number among their members about 55,000,000. These religious bodies are enormous organizations with great potentialities for good. Why should not science count religion an ally and not an enemy in this process of domesticating and civilizing the wild beast in man?"

"This process of domesticating and civilizing the wild beast in man"—that is the problem of the Twentieth Century, and this problem faces not only governments, but every thinking human being. Let no one labor under the delusion that the individual has no responsibility for its solving.

"Peace on earth, among men of goodwill." For the first Christmas in my life it seemed almost a travesty to repeat those words against a background of Ethiopia, Spain, China. How far has humanity wandered from the ideal of the Master. The one hope is that out of this tragedy there may come consecration, the consecration of human beings to the realization of the Kingdom of God among men.

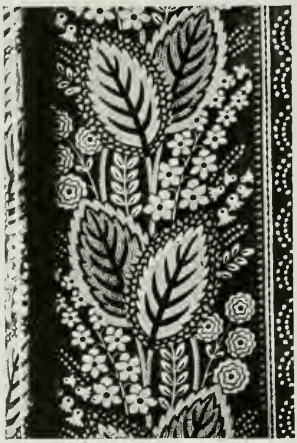
(Continued from page 16)

throughout the Valley. This winter's record snowfall assures long continuance of these falls, the most magnificent water spectacle on earth.

On the floor of the Valley Easter will find many visitors enjoying tennis, badminton, golf, hiking, motoring and other spring and summer activities. But even with summer just around the corner, thousands of ski enthusiasts will continue to enjoy the thrill of spring skiing—the finest of all—on the heavily packed slopes high above, just 45 minutes' drive from the hotel units in the Valley.

To be in Yosemite at this time and to take part in this mile-high Easter Service is an experience that will be treasured forever after.

MAURICE SANDS



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GIFTS FOR THE HOME include an excellent selection of hand-carved ivory . . . and be sure to see the latest importations of cloisonne in new shades and finer finish. . . . And then too we almost forgot the brand-new purses and evening jackets and oh so many exquisite things carefully selected for the ideal Easter gift.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

The Times and the Grocery Trade

by Jeanne Burton

■ The grocery trade is an ancient commercial institution dating back thousands of years before Christ. It was the Chaldean grocer who developed a system of weights and measures. Corn, geese, vegetables, goat milk and fruit were the main foodstuffs and they were obtained through a system of exchange without money transaction. The discriminating Romans tired of these simple edibles. Their desire to add to the pleasures of the table was so great that they went beyond their own lands and even fought battles to discover and bring back new foods, spices and condiments for extra flavor.

The grocery trade boomed! Grocers became magnates of high social standing. Their wealth was judged by the amount of pepper they had in stock. Owning pepper in those days was like owning platinum today. It was very costly because it had to be brought overland from the Malabar Coast of India.

During the time of Edward III of England, a grocer was defined as "a merchant who engrossed all vendable merchandise" — a wholesaler who bought and sold in gross. In later times he became a retail merchant and the term "grocer" designated him as the handler of certain kinds of goods rather than a seller of quantities. He sold foodstuffs such as wheat, oil, dried fish and spices which he bought from a wholesaler.

After romantic beginnings, the trade slipped into an uneventful rut which ran through several centuries down to the twentieth. Then science and the machine wrought revolutionary changes; the early grocery store became outmoded in the rapid stride of civilization. Like early fashions in clothes, the early grocery store is a quaint subject for reminiscing. The grocer was not only seller and exchanger of foodstuffs, but advisor to the housewife, authority on politics, chief chronicler of the news, provider of entertainment and a refuge in cold weather. In addition to groceries he usually sold general merchandise and farm implements and housed the post office. In the center of the store stood the elaborately designed wood stove and beside it the barrel full of crackers free for the taking. In the rear of the store was the kerosene highboy. Along the walls were bins of flour, firkins of butter and lard, ten-gallon cans of molasses and three-gallon cans of milk, barrels of coffee berries; all one grade in the berry but varying prices in the grinding. There were whole sides of bacon sold unsliced, and large cheeses under mosquito netting to protect them from the flies which were not caught by the quantities of sticky flypaper hung to entrap them.

Very often no money was involved in a transaction. The farmer might exchange his eggs and moulds of butter for coffee. If his crops were not in, the grocer took a lien on the future crop and received payment at the end of the year. If money was involved in the transaction, the grocer pushed a spring under his counter and out popped a wooden cash drawer. Depressions were carved in the wood to hold the varying units of money—the early ancestor of the muffin tins used today. As time went on the cash drawer was replaced by the brass cash register with elaborate basrelief. In celebration of paid-up bills, the gentleman customer was given a large cigar; the children received striped bags of jelly beans or peppermint suckers with whistles concealed underneath the sugar. Very often there was a trinket in the bottom of the candy bag. As the Grocers' Advocate of 1906 advises: "The idea of giving a nice little bag of good candy to the child who was sent by 'Mama' to pay the bill is a good one, though some grocers would regard such practice as foolish."

Children were prominent little personalities in the food business. Looking back over the ads of 1907 we see many little naive faces and short statures: A little boy with wistful face and baker's cap and apron is holding a sack of flour as big as he is. A little girl with a high hair-do and ribbons is wearing an apron on which is lettered "Swift's Pride." She stands behind a cake of that essential soap as high as her knees. Another little girl with long hair and ribbons beneath a tremendous picture hat is carrying a giant bottle of rye. Still another is eating junket from an over-sized spoon. The psychology behind such advertising is difficult for us to understand in the light of the present day when we demand factual advertising and not exaggeration.

Developments in science and machinery caused a shifting of population from the country to the city. Through the invention of labor-saving devices even the farmers reduced their nutritive needs, and therefore altered their food-buying A century ago, when it was necessary to perform hard physical labor, meat and cereals comprised 44 per cent of the food budget; today—only 16 per cent. A hundred years ago hams were not sold in the grocery store; bacon, sausage, veal and lamb were home-cured. Oatmeal and other breakfast foods were

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not on the market; tapioca, macaroni and cornstarch had not yet been discovered. The fruits so familiar to us today were unknown then. Imagine breakfast without bananas, oranges, pears, grapefruit, pineapple, dates or prunes. Today we spend 19 per cent of our food money for cereals and 19 per cent for vegetables. We drink more milk and eat more sugar. Due to our decreased physical labors, the calorie value of the foods we consume is decreased 10 per cent per capita.

We are receiving education in food values. The physician guides our diets for the sake of good health and the stylist guides our diets for the sake of fashion.

Many of us live in apartment houses. Some of us work outside, eight hours a day, and when the working day is done we go home to small kitchens to prepare the evening meal. It must be food easily prepared. If it comes in a can we want to see a color reproduction of it on the label. We want to know how it is packed, the number of servings it will make, the number of pieces and the type of liquor which contains them, as well as the price. We want suggestions from our grocer for tasty ways to serve it. In other words, we want to prepare our meals with the least possible expenditure of mental and physical labor. Our lives are too filled with other occupations to give much of the day to meal preparation.

We can serve meals for epicures with the opening of a package, or a simple twist of the can opener. We can eat any fresh food product we wish, anywhere, at any time. Refrigerator trucks, trains ships and planes bring us frosted foods which have gone directly from the garden to be wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane waxed paper and then waxed cartons. Their original flavor and freshness is frozen in, to come out in the cooking.

The whole world sends us ready-to-serve foods. From Hawaii we get papaya nectar, banana nectar and macadamia nuts; from New Zealand come toheroas; the Isle of Reunion sends us hearts of palm; cape golden berries come from South Africa; litchi nuts from China; oysters from Japan; puppodums from India; snails from Switzerland; stuffed tomatoes from Denmark; marrons from France; strawberry jam from England; mangos from Mexico and Cuba; sardines from Norway; sausages from Finland; pumpernickel from Germany, and peperoncini from Italy.

Like the early Romans we have gone beyond our own lands to discover and bring back rare foods to add to the pleasures of the table.

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APRIL 19 - 20

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"The Spirit of Club Work"

—Jessie Douglas Ashley

■ Once upon a time the Spirit of Club Work knocked at the door of a woman's life.

"Come in," said the woman, and the Club Spirit walked in. "Won't you sit down?" the woman said invitingly. "No," answered the Club Spirit, "I haven't time; I just ran in to ask you to join the Women's City Club. You will enjoy it I know, because there are so many advantages to be gained in club work."

"But," argued the woman, "I have my husband, my housework and my garden I haven't the time."

"It really doesn't take much time," answered the Club Spirit.

The woman added thoughtfully, "There are already so many women who belong to the Women's City Club that they don't need me and there would be nothing for me, a new member, to do."

"Well, then you would have plenty of time, and you said just now that you were almost too busy to join. Besides," urged the Club Spirit, "it's the new members that bring in new life, new ideas and fresh enthusiasm, and it isn't long before the new member is the old member."

So that night the woman said to her husband, "John, I think I shall join the Women's City Club."

"All right; what insurance does it pay?" he asked absent-mindedly. "Is it endowment plan or do you have to die to beat it?"

"Oh, you collect as you go along," answered the woman.

"What do you collect, fights and jealousy and the spirit of aggressiveness?"

"No!" defended the woman. "You collect new ideas, broader views, a knowledge of human values and you rest from your household worries."

You see, the Spirit of Club Work had already won the woman.

So she put in her application to join the Club. She was found to be sound in morals, conservative in speech and with the great Club quality of being a good worker, and was accepted for membership. So she put on her new dress and new hat and went to the Clubhouse, feeling quite important to be a member of the Women's City Club.

Standing by the elevator, where the steps go down to the Swimming Pool, she was approached by another woman in a new hat and new dress.

"Pardon me," said the other woman "do we go up or down?"

"I don't know; I'm a new member myself. They seem to be having a good time in both places, but I believe the first motto in club life is to GO UP!"

And so the woman who was now the New Member and the other woman whom we will call the Shy Member went up through the Library and into the Lounge together, where they found a number of women, some chatting or reading and others having tea. The smiling tea hostesses in their gay crisp uniforms roused their curiosity so much that they asked a member sitting near,

"Who are those ladies and why do they wear those uniforms?" The member explained, and thus introduced the New Member and the Shy Member to the Volunteer Service, which is so great a part of the Club.

There seemed to be committee meetings in corners here and there and activities of some sort everywhere.

A group by the door was chattering and saying, "Well see who has come back to us; it seems so good to see you again. Are you going to stay?" Everybody seemed busy, interested and happy, but no one spoke to the two new members, although several women smiled at them. After standing around for a while wriggling their toes in their new shoes and holding their membership cards in their hands, one of them discovered the Club member who had persuaded her to join.

"Wait a minute," hailed the New Member. "Tell us something about this Club. Have you a skeleton hidden around here in some closet? We just heard one woman say to another, 'Hush! You're not to speak of that; you know it happened in Board meeting.'"

"Yes," admitted the Old Member, "we have, but our skeleton is just an heirloom—the mortgage, something to give us prestige. So never mind that little old closet; we are going to nail it up some of these days, but it doesn't bother us much now.

"Let me tell you instead about some of our interesting rooms. There are the rooms where we study French and German, play bridge and practice dramatics; there is the beautiful patio for tea or a chat, and the American Room in which to entertain your friends; the Library in which to read, rest and think; not to mention the Auditorium — well, that's where the new members get their first awe of the older members. There has been many a stage fright on that platform out in front. I have heard women say that the first time they stepped out on that platform to say even three words to their friends the audience, why every member looked like seven enemies! But the things we have heard from that platform! It hasn't always been our paid speakers who told

us the great things of life. It has often come from our own members. I think it is the atmosphere of beautiful memories that invades the whole building that means more to us than anything else, an abiding spirit which means to us a legacy left by those who have gone from us. Intellectual women, noble women, and greatest of all, peace-loving women. Sometimes you can come in here and sit quietly; then you will hear soft voices of inspiration, low laughter and harmonious whisperings. It is the spirit of the women who helped build —women who worked with hands of love and builded that you and I might enjoy this fine club; and they too enjoyed as they worked."

Suddenly there is a commotion near the door. "The guests of honor are arriving. Is everything ready—where is that corsage—where is Jan—are there enough Volunteers to serve the tea?" The Shy Member looked at the New Member and said, "Why, it's just like home, isn't it?" And they, with the others, moved forward to meet the guests.

But to finish our story: One day the New Member hurried into her tailored suit, put out the cat, glanced into the refrigerator to see if there was anything she must order for dinner before she rushed down town. She wanted to work a couple of hours at the Library desk, meet a friend for the Book Review Luncheon, then in the afternoon take her shift in the fruit and jelly booth at the annual Pantry Sale, and if possible gather the few remaining minutes of the day together to get enough to look at a new chair and dash home to have John's dinner in time. She had found out why the Club Spirit didn't have time to sit down.

One day as she went into the Club she met a member who was hesitating in the hall, a woman in a new dress and a new hat.

"Will you tell me," said the hesitating one, "where to find the Current Events lecture. You see I am the New Member.

"Why," began the other woman, "I am the N——," she paused; it had been five years since she joined the Club. "This is the way," she said. "How long have you been a member?"

"One day," said the New Member. "Can you tell me the best qualification for good club work?"

"Yes," promptly answered the old New Member. "The greatest and best qualification is Love. If you have the love of humanity in your heart the way is made easy. There are only four letters in the word Love, but it is the biggest word in the world."

Mrs. Julian H. Alco— An Appreciation

■ Elsie Sherman Alco, daughter of the late Leander Sehrman, founder of the music firm of Sherman and Clay, and wife of Julian Alco, met death in an automobile crash on Saturday, March 12, near Gilroy, as she and her husband were driving to Pebble Beach to spend the week-end with friends. Besides her husband she leaves a young daughter, Dorel, of fourteen years to mourn her passing. Mrs. Alco was associated with the National League for Woman's Service for many years and was recently elected a member of the Board of Directors. Her life, except for periods of travel, was spent in San Francisco. But at home and abroad, hosts of persons attracted by her charming personality, her untiring loving service and her devotion to high spiritual ideals, claimed the privilege of her friendship. The record of her life is a rich remembrance. One thinks of her as having found the Choir Invisible to be an inspiration to those who seek to live as she lived and to serve as she served in sincerity and loving kindness.

Fannie Lyne Black.

The Marin Garden Club Contest

■ The Seventh Contest of the Marin Garden Club, to be held May 9th to May 13th, 1938, calls us into our gardens once more with renewed energy and interest. Having experienced a generous winter, we shall find working in the soil easier than usual, and the results therefrom doubly successful and pleasing.

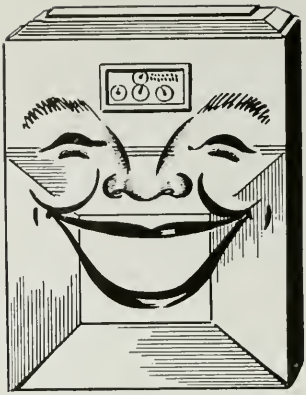
With this in mind and knowing that a spring of promise is in the offing, let us go forward with definite and intriguing plans for a more beautiful Marin.

The contest is open to all families who live in Marin County and who plant and take exclusive care of their own gardens. The rules of the contest are the same as usual, with the following exceptions:

Class I. Open to any garden not having previously won a first prize in this contest.

Class II. Open only to gardens which have formerly competed and which show the greatest improvement.

There are three first-class prizes—$15, $5 and $5, and one second-class prize of $5. No gardens with the houses for sale are eligible to compete. All gardeners desiring entry blanks or further information about the contest may write to Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell, Upper Road and Glenwood, Ross. Please do not phone.



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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

MAY 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER [illegible] PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB [illegible] STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
MAY 1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

SUMMER AVOCATION ROUND TABLES — MAY 26TH

MAY — 1938

2—**Kaffee Klatsch**—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
4—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
5—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding.	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Lounge**	8:00 p.m.
Concert by The Fireside Singers, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Director.		
6—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding.	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.
9—**Young Members' Round Table**	**Cafeteria**	12:15 p.m.
11—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard, Dinner $1 a plate	**Nat. Del. Room**	6:15 p.m.
To Be Reviewed: "Winged Pharaoh," by Joan Grant "I See a Wondrous Land," by Gudmundur Kamban "Sleep in Peace," by Phyllis Bentley		
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
12—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Concert by Everett Nygaard, Baritone, accompanied by Miss Trissie Miller; and Tamalpais Union High School String Quartet (Francis Boissevain, 1st violin, Mary Smith, 2nd violin, Dick Rice, viola, Jean Mattos, cello).		
13—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.
14—**Ramble**—Tour of Napa County Gardens, Garden Show and luncheon at Lokoya (Fee, $4.50.)	**Lv. Clubhouse**	8:30 a.m.
16—**Kaffee Klatsch**—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
18—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
19—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "Personality Portraits" Speaker. Mr. Robert R. Gros (of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co.)		
20—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.
25—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
26—**Summer Avocation Round Table**	**Cafeteria Service**	12 noon
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding.	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Program by The Hancock Music Ensemble with motion pictures of The Hancock Expeditions to the Tropic Seas aboard Velero III.		
27—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.

JUNE — 1938

2—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
A Cruise of the Mediterranean and visit to the Holy Land, illustrated with motion pictures in natural color. Directed by Mr Mervyn D. Silbersten		
3—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII May, 1938 Number 4

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Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark; c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodroffsvej 2-A.
Dunedin, New Zealand; Otago Women's Club; Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland; The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.
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The Hague, Holland; Amer. Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.
Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club, c/o American Consulate.
London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.
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London, England; The Halcyon Club; 13-14 Cork Street.
Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.
Mexico City, D. F.; Internacional De Myjeres; Calle Humboldt No. 47.
Montreal, Canada; The Themis Club; 1336 Sherbrook St., W.
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Paris, France; American Women's Club; Lancaster Hotel. (Temp. Headquarters.)
Rome, Italy; Anglo-American Club, 20 Piagga di Fpagni.
Shanghai, China; The American Women's Club; 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Stockholm, Sweden; The American Women's Club; Grand Hotel.
Sydney, Australia; Women's Club; 77 King St.
Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.
Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club; Lambton Quay, Wellington.
Zurich, Switzerland; The American Women's Club; 65 Laverterstrasse. (Hotel Baur-au-Lac.)

CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES

Akron, Ohio; Women's City Club; 30 South High St.
Boston, Massachusetts; Women's City Club; 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club, 72 E. 11th St.
Chicago, Illinois; Women's City Club; 410 S. Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; Bulkey Bldg., Euclid Av.
Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Michigan; Women's City Club; 254 E. Fulton St.
Indianapolis, Indiana; Indianapolis Propylaeum; 1410 North Delaware St.
Kansas City, Mo.; Women's City Club; 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb.; Women's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas; Little Rock Women's City Club.
Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; 710 N. Plankington.
New York City, N. Y.; Women's City Club, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center, 20 W. 51st St.
New York City, N. Y.; American Women's Club; 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.
Philadelphia, Pa.; Women's City Club; 1622 Locust Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Women's City Club; William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I.; Providence Plantations Club; 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo.; The Town Club; 1120-22 Locust Street.
St. Paul, Minn.; Women's City Club; 345 Minnesota Street.
Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 786 Jackson Street.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN—LECTURES ON CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: Held each Wednesday at the noon hour. Admission 50 cents for members; 60 cents for non-members. Join the class for the last four lectures of the series.

■ DUES: Second notices have been sent. Members who have not yet paid their dues are requested to do so at the earliest possible moment, for with the birthday anniversary reinstatements a waiting list may soon be established. With Exposition days fast approaching, membership in the Women's City Club is particularly valuable.

■ REINSTATEMENT: Members who have resigned during the past years from the Women's City Club may be reinstated now by paying a nominal fee of $5—with dues for the coming year. Those who served during Canteen Days are also eligible.

■ LEAGUE SHOP SALE: In order to simplify the moving of stock before repainting the League Shop, there will be substantial reductions in price on many articles, commencing May 1st. Be sure to see the Bargain Balcony.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Appointments for private lessons or class instruction may be made at any time the Pool is open. You may form your own class group of five or more of your friends. Two Elementary Classes are now in progress. Classes will meet nine times. Class members may attend any six lessons. Fee: Members, $1.50; Non-members, $3.00. Admission extra.

■ HEALTH EXAMINATIONS: Health Examinations will be postponed until the Fall. See your magazine for further notice.

■ NEW MEMBERSHIPS: Each day brings new members' applications, proselytes to the National League for Woman's Service, all eager to do their part in our service program. Have you a friend who should be one of us? Why not suggest that she join the Club? Many a person has found that this organization offers her just the outlet she has been seeking.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: The age-long attempt of Literature is to expand the human imagination. No one has ever calculated how much emotion is generated by imaginative ideas taken from books. But ideas with emotion behind them and imagination driving them forward wing into the mind and stay there. The three books selected by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard for review on Wednesday Evening, May 11, at 6:15 o'clock are high in imaginative emotional ideas and are thereby greatly stimulating:

"Winged Pharaoh" by Joan Grant.
"I see a Wondrous Land" by Gudmundur Kamban
"Sleep In Peace" by Phyllis Bentley.

■ SUMMER AVOCATION ROUND TABLES: To be arranged in the Cafeteria, Thursday, May 26th, at 12 o'clock. Several of our member-craftsmen will display the products of their skill. Tables to be appropriately decorated. Groups to hear the why's and how's of the various crafts that have come to be avocations.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: We shall need substitutes during the summer months. Members who can fill in are requested to call Mrs. H. L. Alves, Volunteer Chairman.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Held each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon and evening, and each Friday morning at 9 o'clock. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor. Fee $1.50 for three lessons.

■ YOUNG MEMBERS' ROUND TABLE: Held each second Monday. Cafeteria luncheon. Younger members are urged to attend, as we would like to incorporate their ideas in our yearly programs.

■ LIP-READING CLASSES: Under the direction of Miss Kate Morphy. Even though your hearing is now perfect, it may later be impaired and an understanding of lip reading will be of inestimable value in the years to come.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: French, German and Spanish. Register at the Executive Office. Hours may be arranged to suit your convenience. Fee $6 for twelve lessons; $7.50 for non-members.

■ BEDROOMS: With vacation time here again, many of you will be coming to San Francisco for a visit, others will be expecting out-of-town friends—in either case please remember that your own Clubhouse with its newly decorated bedrooms and other facilities solves the problem of where you and your friends may stay and be comfortable while in the city.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: On May 5th a concert will be given by the Fireside Singers under the direction of Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. The following week, May 12th, Everett Nygaard, youthful young baritone will be heard in a song recital. Although scarcely out of his 'teens, Mr. Nygaard has won for himself a definite place in the musical life of San Francisco. After winning several amateur radio contests, he came out with first honors in last year's Music Week for his fine interpretation of the "Eri Tu" from the Masked Ball. Recently auditioned by Maestro Merola, Mr. Nygaard has become a member of the San Francisco Opera Company. He will be heard very shortly in the role of "Pietro" in a production of Boccacio which will be presented under the direction of Arturo Casiglia. Accompanied by Miss Trissie Miller, Mr. Nygaard will present two groups of songs for the Women's City Club, one group in English and the other in Italian. On May 19th, Mr. Robert R. Gros of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company will speak on "Personality Portraits." The fourth offering of the month—May 26th—will be a program by the Hancock Music Ensemble with motion pictures of the Hancock Expeditions to the tropic seas aboard Velero III. For the June 2nd program an illustrated travelogue of more than usual interest and covering a cruise of the Mediterranean has been arranged. The lecture will be given by Mervyn D. Silbersten, well-known local travel expert and artist photographer, and the motion pictures to be shown will be in natural colors, being credited with being the finest travel pictures ever shown on the Coast by this new process. The pictures will include visits to Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, ruins of Pompeii, Alexandria, Pyramids of Egypt, the Holy Land, Sea of Galilee, River Jordan, Damascus, Baalbek, Athens with its famed Acropolis and Grecian ruins, Rome and the Vatican, besides other points of interest. (See Page 21.)

■ ADVERTISERS' SHOW—THE FOURTH: And we feel along with our advertisers—the most successful. The exhibits were stunning—the volume of attendance all that anyone could ask. Once again we have justified the worth of the originality of ideas that emanate from the leaders of our National League for Woman's Service. Our service program incorporates service to all—service to our Magazine advertisers by personal contact with thousands of our members who in loyalty to their organization carry on that loyalty to the advertisers who make their Magazine possible—advertisers who have the vision to see what this personal contact with the membership of the National League for Woman's Service means.

■ To quote the Women's Club of Hagerstown: "Patronize our advertisers. They patronize us."

This Packard "8"— the outstanding Exhibit in the Foyer of the Clubhouse sounded the keynote of smartness for our Fourth Advertisers' Show.

The President's Message

May culminates a verdant Spring and one regretfully puts aside that particularly alluring custom of wild flower tours and garden shows, and plunges into summer plans. The Round Table Day devoting itself to "Creative and Decorative Arts Display" merges the activities of the seasons and though directly applicable to summer and vacation, always develop interests that follow the year 'round. Let us encourage our hobbyists and guests, for Thursday, May 26th,will be provocative of new talent. ■ Graduates from schools and colleges are counting the days till commencement, while many a relation or friend discusses gifts to mark the momentous event—and again we suggest a membership in the Women's City Club often termed "just the thing" to flatter the new graduate and provide much pleasure and many profitable hours. And to those who travel we would remind of the reciprocal cards whether seeing America first or touring abroad—while those fortunate enough to spend the holidays away from the metropolis the Club, through guest cards, makes possible the hospitable gesture to friends or relatives who continuously turn up in San Francisco en route to somewhere else. ■ Disconnected thoughts and a pot-pourri of ideas — all however relating to the oft-repeated theme of use of the building which makes summer plans the happier if our Club has not been forgotten.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

The Women's City Club Magazine Wishes to Thank

Advertisers
Sponsors
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for the Success of the Fourth Advertisers' Show

■

HAVE YOU ANY OF THE WINNING TICKETS FOR THE CHANCES GIVEN AT THE SHOW?

	Winning Number	Alternate Number
Podesta and Baldocchi	49413	48852
Yellow Cab	44273	48003
Yellow Cab	48360	48463
Beauty Salon	49993	49746
League Shop Exhibit Prize	48883	48628
League Shop Door Prize	49527	48572
Simon Bros.	44098	44099
Swimming Pool	49244	49030

PRIZES ALREADY CLAIMED

See's Candy — Miss Peggy Stewart

Dirk Van Erp — Mrs. Frank Willis

Yellow Cab — Miss Edith E. Foster

Yellow Cab — Mrs. W. A. Whitney

Editorial

■ The May flowers will make us yearn for the out-of-doors. And yet schools are not yet out, and here is work still to be done by the city folk before vacations begin. This is the month that tests our will-power. The month when committees are still unreleased. The month when we are called upon to loyally support the programs our Board of Directors have outlined for our pleasure. To say "use the Clubhouse" is to be so trite that the record is liable to be turned off, but the moral must be pointed in some way or another in order that we may be reminded that those steadfast committees' efforts should be rewarded by our attendance at round table or what-not. Truly our gardens call to us, and we long to be "up and away", but not yet!

Spend one more month in the Clubhouse and see how delightful it is to entertain quietly those who have not the privilege we have of showing our membership card and proving to the world that the Club is ours. We are prone to forget to appreciate this privilege. Let May find us exercising it.

■ This month we break two rules. Two of our Magazine policies are set aside. We rehearse past events and also we postpone our vacation issue until June. We offer no apologies in either case, for as members of the Club we realize that it is our duty to print pictures of the Fourth Show and it is our pleasure to devote a second number to the Show in order that we may express our thanks to those who gave us such comprehensive displays. The Advertisers of the Women's City Club of San Francisco Magazine flattered the audience this year as perhaps never before, by bringing to the clubhouse products of their best art. It was not just "Oh, we've got to put on an exhibit of some kind and so this will do," but rather "We're making something especially for the Club exhibit, for we know how much it will be appreciated." Four years have proven that this Magazine stands alone. It has a particular value all its own. It is a very part of the service program of the National League. It says to its readers, "Come, appreciate those who make the pages of our periodical possible" and lo, four thousand conscientiously "turn out" in two days. They come to be interested.

Prizes (door and otherwise) added very much to the excitement of this year's Show, and the drawings on the second evening in the Lounge where Mr. Hickox held the improvised hat and Mrs. Hamilton drew the "rabbits" from the hidden depth, found hundreds of expectant holders awaiting the call of the lucky numbers.

Altogether it was a gay two days, an educational experience and a worthwhile commercial episode—What further tests of success are necessary for any Advertiser's Show?

Go forth, dear reader, and tell the exhibitors how much you enjoyed April 19 and 20.

■ An envelope enclosing papers valuable beyond measure to our Club and lost on a downtown street was returned safely. It bore the notation, "Picked up on street. Evidently accidentally lost." To this unknown friend our sincere thanks, to his kindness and his thought for the other fellow our deferent appreciation.

Advertisers' Show

"The Bride" standing before the mirror in the Library—a work of art by O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. The beauty and splendor of this exhibit with its simplicity and grace will long be remembered by the thousands who visited the Show.

■ It was — and HOW!

That is the briefest story possible of the Fourth Annual Advertisers' Show which drew throngs of members and guests to the Women's City Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19 and 20.

From that one could—and would—have to go into a panegyric to spring, to flowers and gems, to pottery and brass, to rich fabrics and luring furniture—in short, to all of the forty types of wares which made up the show. For there were forty exhibitors and each outdid his previous record—if he had one —or set a new high to keep pace with his confreres if he were entered in this Fourth Annual Advertisers' Show for the first time.

Whichever way you looked at it—from the point of view of the Club member and her guests—the nearly five thousand potential buyers who visited the Show—or from the viewpoint of the exhibitor, who had a hand-picked audience to which to show his merchandise and service, it was a huge success.

More than twenty-one hundred vistors came opening day, exclaiming and exchanging Ohs and Ahs

Maurice Sands Interiors lent a particular charm to the Telephone Nook on the Fourth Floor. The comfort and warmth of this display with its background of fine fabrics was a "congregating" place for home lovers.

Podesta & Baldocchi table setting and flower arrangement in the American Room — the cause of breath-taking Ohs! and Ahs!—Isn't it gorgeous? Isn't it beautiful? And it certainly was.

over the rarely beautiful displays and a larger number filled the third, fourth and ground floors of the Clubhouse on the second day.

Yes, you saw aright, if you just looked in—that **was** a new model Packard automobile where the Travel Bureau usually is. And moreover, it had been assembled right in that spot the day before, for while the City Club has many potential Packard buyers among its members (the auto people thought so, anyway), their front door wasn't quite large enough to admit the car until it was taken down and reassembled right in the Lobby!

Always a center of beauty and interest, the League shop is never more charming nor shows to better advantage than during Advertisers' Show week. For on that occasion Club members and visitors have a first-hand opportunity to compare its stock with the finest brought in by the city's most discriminating merchants, and the League Shop is always a close competitor for beauty honors.

A point of particular interest in the Dirk Van Erp Exhibit was a beautiful table fountain with refreshing tinkle of water. The hand-made flat copper and silver from this same Studio was especially made for exhibit at the Fourth Advertisers' Show.

Three Little Girls in White who generously gave samples of luscious See's Candies to the thousands who attended the Show. This exhibit on the Third Floor was a replica of one of this firm's many stores.

A dream of loveliness was the table decoration which elicited admiring exclamations throughout the two days from visitors to the American Room. All of the spring's blossoms combined with cloth of gold and a priceless service to make the table a thing of rare charm—a fit companion for the artistic displays of pottery and the copper work which reflected the glow of afternoon sunlight in a far corner of the room.

Not all the attractive features of the show were within doors — for the picturesque Roof Garden, onto which the American Room opens, furnished a setting incomparable for the smart garden furniture and tea accessories.

A bridal gown—displays of the latest and smartest in beach and sport wear, delectable bits of lace finery and chic gloves and shoes—in brief, a host of things, all a credit to the shops which displayed them and the crowds which examined them!

But the material things were not the only attractions. Things to delight the palate were taken for granted, and rare exhibits of California and imported wines, cheeses and sweets shared honors with the staples of de luxe grade in the Cafeteria. The food show was no place for a calorie-ridden visitor—temptation was too strong!

Who of the five thousand or so who went to the Show did not long for some of the colorful rugs and hangings; who was not entranced with those marvelously beautiful new printed sateen drapes, being made right before one's eyes—and where was the woman who did not actually break a commandment

Mc Lean's Exhibit on the Third Floor where dainty tidbits and California wines were served. The central unit shown in cut graphically told the story of Mc Lean's wide variety of food products.

Once again did Philip Morris score its supremacy as "America's Finest." The little packages of twos distributed by "Johnny" undoubtedly have influenced many new friends to "Call for Philip Morris."

or two about covering when she examined the "business woman's lazy Susan," designed by a business woman, by the way, and a smart one at that?

To reach out to the bedside stand, turn the radio on or off—have the instrument out of sight, with a place for everything that every woman who lives in an apartment or a hotel room wishes for countless times—and all topped by a 360-degree swing light—that is a dream come true, for certain!

All of those things which make for comfort and elegance of figure, many of the desirable creams and lotions, were not enough to make the show complete, it seemed. For in addition to the things to be seen and tasted there was a wealth of attractions to be heard and thought about. Orchestral music from the "last word" in radio-victrola, lectures on the decorative arts of the forthcoming Golden Gate Exposition, on great masters of the ages, on investments and economic and political events—all were featured some time during the two days, along with children's dancing and a parlum parade.

Special lunch, tea and dinner parties made the Dining Room and the attractively decorated Auditorium centers of gaiety, the festive spirit extending over Thursday—the day after, when those delightful next-day discussions of the event were enjoyed.

The merchants who exhibited must have realized anew the value of such a "clientele" as the City Club offers. We haven't been permitted to hear their comments yet—but we can guess them—we know they must feel as did the several thousand spectators—

It was — and HOW!

Verdier's Cellars, one of the City of Paris Exhibits, brought to the attention of thousands the care and selection of the finest imported wines. The map in the background and the seven little wax dolls in the foreground lent a touch of warmth and gaiety to this educational exhibit.

London, March 14

By June Lucas

■ A week ago today I heard the Prime Minister of England debate the Defense Bill in the House of Commons with Winston Churchill and George Lansbury. As I came away I thought of the Magazine and the article long due, but somehow I could not write about that debate. I was so baffled by it all. I seemed to be dreaming—it was 1914—it was 1917—and I was listening again to the old preparedness arguments. Armaments, armaments, more and more armaments, and greater protections from bombs—all the same old phrases—safety and security. **Then** it was Ramsay MacDonald **and** George Lansbury pleading for **another** way—but arms won then and they won again last week. It is a week later and in three days we have seen war made upon Austria and won, the map of Europe irrevocably changed. This afternoon Mr. Chamberlain told the story of these three days to a packed House of Commons. Lord Halifax, the new Secretary of Foreign Affairs, told the same story to the House of Lords, crowded to the doors, but so tense, so quiet, one could hear the clock ticking in the strangers' gallery. I had chosen to hear Lord Halifax, as I had not heard him, and thanks to Lord Bessborough my seat was in the front row—that gallery faces the Lord Chancellor as he sits on the "woolsack" in his wig and robe; but no one noticed him today. Every eye was on Lord Halifax, who talked quietly in a conversational tone as though making every effort to lessen the tension in that noble room—nothing was withheld. When Lord Halifax came in his story to the protests made by His Majesty's government to the German government and the German government's reply, he said, "I think I should read the terms of that communication in full"—and he did so. All the world knows tonight all that was reported in Parliament today. When this reaches you, you will know probably whether Hitler has sent "a rescue party" into little Czechoslovakia!

I came out of the House just as "Big Ben" struck seven. I stood for a moment looking at the shadowy outline of Westminster Abbey across the square, the lights on the bridge and as far up Whitehall as I could see. Crowds of people pushed close to the entrances and exits of the Houses of Parliament. Everyone talking of the situation—Austria, Germany, Czechoslovakia. Hitler, Mussolini were the words I heard at every step I walked on up Whitehall, filled with crowded buses, with hurrying people in the sidewalks going home after the day's work. It had been a perfect spring day and the early evening was clear and brilliant with stars, and London is a grand old lady because she has never given up her sky or trees and you always have a sense of space. I passed the cenotaphs with the battle flags blowing in the soft breeze and the dark wreaths marking where the busy street brushed by that boy's monument. A block beyond stands the statue of his commander-in-chief, Earl Haig, on his horse he is riding down Whitehall to meet that unknown soldier of his! Tonight as I passed him I had a feeling that his horse was moving. I crossed Whitehall at the Horseguards—it is easier to cross there—the Bobby stops all that thundering traffic with one wave of his white gloved hand and you do not scuttle; you are not expected to hurry, but walk in decent calm to the other side. Respect for law and order, observance of the rules we make for safe travel—there was no brute force behind that policeman—just the force of intelligent public opinion. Beyond the entrance to the wall, the great park that stretches to the twinkling lights of Buckingham Palace at the other end, I meet an ex-service man who plays the violin exquisitely. He is always there after dark but not in the daytime, so I think he must have a badly paid job perhaps, and adds to his money by playing evenings. Tonight he was playing Dvorak—"Songs my Mother taught me in the days long vanished."

As I waited for the traffic light where little Cockspur Street meets Trafalgar Square, the four great lions at the base of the Nelson Column seemed to be stretching themselves preparatory to an evening

stroll. It is strange what flickering lights do sometimes to inanimate objects, particularly when you are all stirred up in your mind and heart as I was tonight. A man of about forty stood next me, one eye missing and all one side of his face and head a network of scars that pulled his face into a tortured twist that must be so hard for him to know is always there. I noticed his service button and the soldierly way he walked as he went up Haymarket ahead of me.

No extras are called on the streets here as at home but headlines are pasted on placards and stand along the sidewalks near the newsstands. Tonight everyone of the thousands crowding the streets had newspapers. "More Arms for Britain"; "The Hard Fact—Only Force Could Have Stopped Hitler"; "No Time to Be Lost"; "Germany's Violence"; "Grave Situation." When I reached Piccadilly Circus a crowd of Czechoslovakian friends were holding a meeting of fear and protest. I crossed to my hotel on the opposite side and watched the peaceful way in which the police kept traffic moving and the people free to go on with their demonstration. Piccadilly Circus has a dozen or more entrances and exits to the "tubes" or subways—and at each one are the directions of how all of them are equipped and to be used in case of air raids and gas bombing in particular. All in this immediate district are to go down into the tubes in case of attack. The doors will be locked and you will be let out when danger is past. My hotel has corridors leading into the tubes. I came in to the dining room, dazed and tired. Everyone was talking in low tones of just **one** subject—the **next step** in this war. The young waiter who served me asked me what I had heard on the street—he was excited and his eyes were troubled. He was probably born during the great war, for he said, "My Mother says I shall not go, but I tell her I shall have to do what my Father did—but Eden was right, wasn't he?" He appealed to me—I could only say that it was not easy to know who was right when so much was all wrong. This hotel has many new faces tonight—everyone who could leave the Continent yesterday did so. The orchestra leader played Spanish music all through dinner and I thought of our own Dr. Leo Eloesser with his hospital unit in the Spanish government forces—all the terror and bloodshed of that warlare.

I have come up to my room and have been listening to a socialist demonstration out on Piccadilly Circus—"Chamberlain must go," they are shouting as they march away, up Piccadilly.

The day is over—a sweet-voiced street singer is just beginning the popular tune "Little Old Lady" under my windows—the great city will grow quiet—people will stop talking and go to sleep here as they will in Rome, in Vienna, in Paris, in Moscow, in Tokio and Shanghai—no one knows **what** is going to happen. We keep catching up with our mistakes and the price seems unbearable! And yet "a thousand years in Thy sight are but a day." We go on choosing Death when we might have Life and have it more abundantly. Lights will burn late in foreign offices all over the world tonight and yet men seem to be moving in the dark. Holy Week and Easter are just ahead of a so-called Christian world—once more the words will fall from His lips, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Yes, our Hitlers, our Mussolinis, our Japanese military staffs, our Francos, some of our vested interests, some of our leftest groups, some of our best citizens, as well as some of our worst, have to be forgiven—not condoned with for wrong doing, not for a moment—but forgiven.

The first figure I passed tonight as I left the House of Lords was that of Abraham Lincoln. He stands in the square between Westminster Abbey and Parliament. Between church and state in this great capital stands our great Emancipator. He who could give freedom to others because he himself was free—free of hatred and of bitterness. He condemned the wrong but he forgave the wrong-doer. Just by Trafalgar Square stands Edith Cavell and the immortal words of hers speak to you as you pass by—"Patriotism is not enough. I must have no bitterness, no hatred toward anyone." In these days and hours of severe condemnation we might begin to construct a better world if we could remember the lasting power of the Great Forgivers! We built a peace treaty on hatred and bitterness and there has been no peace. We prepared the stages upon which the present dictators strut. We condemn the use of force and then prepare to use it to the utmost. There **were** men in Parliament this afternoon who pleaded for collective action—who said that national armament alone could not give security—that we must again seek collective action for collective security—but the placards on the streets carried no such headlines. The appeals were all to our fears.

Big Ben has just struck midnight. Another day is coming. Not since that fateful day in August, 1914, when Sir Edward Grey made his historic speech on the eve of England's entry into the Great War has England been so grave.

I Have Been Reading

"DAWN IN LYONESSE" by Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan Company. 1938. Price, $1.75. Reviewed by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard.

■ "Dawn In Lyonesse," a novelette, by Mary Ellen Chase, adds another fragrant spray to this author's glistening wreath of laurels. The book is not only a perfect piece of that most difficult form of literature—the novelette—but it is a prose jewel, a prose poem as full of delicate perception and exquisite writing as any poem in English Literature. Of all the arts, Literature is least amenable to categories; it is not so separate and detached as music and the plastic arts, so it partakes of the mutability of its maker, but some boundaries of artistic excellence must be drawn or appreciation forfeits its zest. The realm of the novelette lies half-way between the short story and the novel. Like the golden mean, this realm is most difficult of attainment; so difficult, in fact, that in English and American Literature the novelette form of fiction has not had many practitioners. Few women writers have reached this goal, Edith Wharton in "Ethan Frome", and Willa Cather in "The Lost Lady", and now Mary Ellen Chase.

Many writers, critics and readers affirm that because the novelette is less discursive than the novel, and transcends the patness of the short story, it more satisfactorily fulfills the modern social need for taut narrative. However, to become taut narrative, the novelette must be a nice blend of the short story, whose essence is the explanation of a single situation, character, point or mood as it stands at that moment; and of the novel whose essence is that it should show growth of whatever situation character, point or mood it begins with This nice blend of singleness and growth is brought about by Mary Ellen Chase through her management of her plot. She allows her single character to imitate her own growth and gives the character capacity to grow and a motive to make her grow. As well as starting her single character on her career through the narrative, the author decides on her own chief interest in the book. Her interest is in legend and history. In the United States, Mary Ellen Chase wished to bring to life for today the splendid, heroic yesterdays of the old fishing industry on the Coast of New England. So she wrote her quiet, thoughtful, beautiful novel, "Mary Peters" and its successor, "Silas Crockett."

Lately, on vacation from her thronging duties as a member of the Faculty of Smith College, Miss Chase tramped through every county in England so as to be sure that her legendary and historical material should be correct for her book, "This England". One of Miss Chase's favorite places in England is the coast of Cornwall, the farthest point, Lands End, where live fisherfolk like her favorite folk of New England, fishermen who risk their lives in small boats on rough seas. Cornwall, with its strange enchanting legends of Tristram and Iseult and Iseult of the White Hands. Tintagel, where that great, sad love story happened in the King's Castle on the rock-bound shores of the Cornish Sea, the high castle beaten and lashed by the dark waves, with the sea-foam swirling and eddying in the black caves. Far beneath the Cornish Sea so legends tell, lies the lost city of Lyonesse. Some say that on quiet, calm days, if you look deep down into the clear water you can see the church steeples of the drowned city, and on stormy days those steeple bells may be heard tolling a requiem for the souls of those lost at sea—all beneath the tempestuous Cornish Sea that beats and lashes the rough jagged rocks. But the land of Lyonesse might long since have been forgotten had it not been the birthplace of the intrepid Knight who loved his uncle Mark's wife, Fair Iseult, and who because of that tragic woe-fraught love forgot his pledged-love, Iseult of the White Hands, and died for his forgetting—Sir Tristram of Lyonesse—whose mother, dying, named him her heart's name, Tristram, the sad one.

Cornwall of our day is still the realm of King Mark. Near the ruins of his castle at Tintagel, to which the Fair Iseult was brought, a reluctant bride, has been built King Arthur's Castle Hotel. Dozmary Pool, with its treacherous quicksands, quick also for modern tragedy, the pool whence King Arthur received his sword, Excalibur; the bridge whose name commemorates King Arthur's last great Battle of the West; the dark cave of Merlin, the Magician, where the lovers, Tristram and Iseult secretly loved; these places are the stuff of Ellen Pascoe's story, the heroine of Miss Chase's novelette. Ellen slept and dreamed and remembered in her little tower-room in King Arthur's Castle Hotel in Tintagel. Ellen, born of Cornish fisher-folk, reared amid the hardships and superstitions of this ancient land of Cornwall, is a servant girl—a waitress in the hotel. Miss Chase places Ellen so that she becomes filled with the story of Tristram and the two Iseults. Then there comes a moment in Ellen's life when this old romance appeals so strongly to Ellen's imagination that its tragic love-tale proves the motive force which causes Ellen to grow and to develop in heart and mind. That crushing moment when she is faced by her one great crisis in her life, with tragedy, with sorrow. Ellen's story happens within only forty-eight hours, yet her vital human experience, her nobility, her dignity, the pathos, the tragedy changes her naive simplicity and happiness into true greatness. Gray-eyed, black-haired slender Ellen is Iseult of the White Hands, who cherished and encouraged Tristram and awaited his return. Susan, her friend, the buxom and bonnie bar-maid is the Irish Iseult.

Ellen and Dereck, her fisherman sweetheart have been waiting and saving for fifteen years to get married. Dereck ever since he came back from the War is always sad and quiet. By good luck, Ellen, lately, obtained this position as waitress. She has saved nearly enough of her wages for money for the wedding, and selected the little house that is to be their home in a month. She has made several friends, especially the American young professor who wears dark rimmed glasses, and who is in Cornwall writing about the old ruins, and who ("Thank Kind God") suggested to Ellen that she read the large red book that always lies on the table in the Hotel Lounge. Each night Ellen takes the red book upstairs to her tower bedroom. She has read the blessed love-tale of noble Tristram and lovely Iseult ten times. Then, each night, wrapping the book in a clean white cloth, carefully keeps it in her top drawer until she puts it back, safely on the library table in the morning. On such a morning we first meet Ellen. All that she has learned from that wondrous story has filled her with hope that Dereck, after their marriage

may be able to be cheerful and enjoy living as much as she does, in his new home and new surroundings, cherished and encouraged by her love. Then in the afternoon a postcard comes from Susan. Dereck has drowned himself. Ellen goes home to Lands End for the funeral. Susan confesses that she deliberately tempted Dereck in Ellen's absence. Dereck, in spite of his protestations that it was "the Devil's doing," had yielded and spent the money he had saved for Ellen. Because he could not face Ellen, he drowned himself. But, declared Susan, Dereck had changed very much under his love affair with Susan. Dereck had "waked up", and loved being alive. Susan knew she had sinned greatly, but in spite of her sorrow in sin, she had been greatly happy. Ellen forgives Susan, and takes Susan back with her to work in the hotel. Remembering Tristram and Iseult while forgiving Dereck and Susan, Ellen says:

"It's 'ard to say what's wrong or what's right where folks set store by one another. . . . It's a good thing to be waked up even though it costs a grievous lot."

Some readers, conscious of pressing social questions and world problems will dismiss this novelette as too sentimental. But even these very scoffers will say that they would give all their possessions to be able to write as lucidly, as succinctly, with as sure a touch as does Miss Chase. Other readers will appreciate this book for its very great excellence as a novelette, will delight in its exquisite beauty and recognize in it a mirror of the oft-repeated story of the power of love to defeat loyalty, and that even in love's failure to be loyal, love finds joy as well as sorrow in its victory over loyalty; will also see mirrored here, all tragedy, all courage. Readers will admire also Miss Chase's courage as a novelist. Few writers of today would be willing to go against the current fashion. But there are several ways of saying, "Wake Up and Live." Not many writers would say so plainly that the essential verities are as much verities today as they were yesterday and that they will be just the same verities tomorrow. Of those writers who are willing to fly in the face of contemporary thought few could state this truth so well. The "loveliness of deathless things" is the keynote of this novelette, wherein the Past and Present meet and bring forth sympathy, courage and understanding in the heart of a simple woman. "Morning will dawn for Dereck in Lyonesse." Very simply, very quietly told, we only become aware of the story through Ellen's eyes, Ellen's words, and Ellen's heart, which is devoid of sentimentality and filled with compassion.

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by Dr. Paul Cadman

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Come to the Round Table Luncheon

Thursday, May 26, Cafeteria

What Will Your Summer Avocation Be?

By Adelyn Brickley Jones

Vacation is the time we set aside for recreation. Which of the many things we have promised ourselves to do "when we have time"shall we accomplish this summer? Which of the talents, great or small, we possess shall we develop during our leisure moments?

In the membership of the Women's City Club we find many whose skill in the creative and decorative arts has inspired others. For our enjoyment they will present to us and to our friends a display of their handicrafts on Thursday, May 26, during the first in the series of Round Table luncheons to be given later in the season featuring other avocations of members. In the first group will be shown window box gardens, fairy gardens, figurines, ceramics, metal craft, repousse work, block printing, and photography.

Demonstrations will be given showing metal workers manipulating copper, pewter, silver and brass into decorative and useful articles worthy of the silversmiths of the medieval guilds. A sculptor will fashion images of men and animals from plastic clay and pottery makers will blend primitive hand methods with the technique of the modern artist. Historical researchers will be seen planting miniature trees and hedges as they appeared in the gardens of Versailles, during lilac tree at Kew, and in the Palace Gardens at Williamsburg. Also included will be the building of garden shrines as fitting temples for the gods and goddesses of Chinese gardens or as bird shelters for the "little brothers of Saint Francis." The trend of art in photography will be shown by salon exhibits showing new views of old places.

In the true spirit of the National League for Women's Service these experienced craftswomen will share their enthusiasm with us and perhaps open to many of us a new world of adventure and happiness.

Metal Craft

Ceramics

Fairy Gardens

Photo Craft

Window Box Gardens

The Bible versus Shakespeare

—Lavinia Kent Waer

■ Did you know that the age of Shakespeare produced the King James, or Authorized Version of the Bible? Shakespeare perpetually reminds us of the Bible; not by direct quotation or conscious imitation but by the scope of his insight into human motives, and his simplicity of diction.

A passage arises in our thoughts, unaccompanied by a clear recollection of its origin. Our first impression is that it must belong either to the Bible or to Shakespeare. No other author has produced this impression in an equal degree. Can you say without much deliberation which of the following quotations are from the Bible and which are from Shakespeare?

1—No man can serve two masters.
2—Thy speech betrayeth thee.
3—Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
4—Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.
5—It is as hard to come, as for a camel to thread the postern of a needle's eye.
6—Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.
7—The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
8—And He that doth the ravens feed, yea providently caters for the sparrow, be comfort to my age.
9—We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.
10—Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
11—Cast not your pearls before swine.
12—How would you be if He which is the top of judgment, should but judge you, as you are?
13—Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
14—How poor are they that have not patience!
15—Be not anxious for the morrow; for the morrow will be anxious for itself.
16—Frailty, thy name is woman!
17—It is the bright day that brings forth the adder.
18—Give sorrow words.
19—A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.
20—Buy the truth and sell it not.
21—Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.
22—Everyone can master a grief but he that has it.
23—Charity itself fulfills the law; and who can sever love from charity?
24—Faithful friends are hard to find.

(Correct answers on page 30)

Nine Great Display Floors of fine **HOME FURNISHINGS**

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GEO. W. CASWELL COMPANY

The Summer Camp

Adelaide Brown, M.D., Health Editor

■ Camping out, a normal privilege for boys and girls.

How much does each one of us know about the many organizations which develop and make group camping possible?

I spent four days at the annual meeting of the Pacific Camping Association, March 11-14. When you want an inspiration for your interest in youth, attend one of these meetings of the Pacific Camping Association. The whole group represented camping from Seattle to San Diego; municipal camps, Boy Scout, C.C.C. and the group I was more familiar with—Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts, Girl Reserves, the latter of the Y.W.C.A. of San Francisco. There are large numbers of privately run camps and the local and State Boards of Health take some (varying) responsibility as to various health problems — water supply, disposal of wastes, health of food-handlers, etc. These and many other general health matters, health of counsellors as well as of girls,—vaccination, diphtheria cultures, history as to typhoid and health history of the year preceding and a careful health examination—lungs, heart, posture, weight and height, and susceptibility to poison oak precede camp membership. Such procedures were all outlined and developed in 1937 by the Pacific Camping Association as standards to be aimed for, and serving as a model for **all** camp directors to aim for.

Educative, **yes.**—But in detail with large camps, quite difficult to attain. However, as a stimulus to better development of group work in camps they are valuable.

Living together in unnatural groups where church, home, and school do not exist as restraining influences, offers problems. The gang and the mob later evolve from untrained leadership. The athletic leader is all right but a group who play together—or walk or fish, run or swim or play ball or tennis together are finer individuals and have the fair play and tolerance of each other that takes on school activities and club work normally, and later in life are cooperating citizens.

If you know a boy or girl in any organization that has a camp, be sure to have him or her go to camp. Let them either earn the fees, or see whether camp can help, or perhaps you can help a bit too. The experience is a **rich** one for the boy or girl.

The average stay in camp is two weeks. In some of the private camps it may be six to eight weeks. In private camps a very **full** program is scheduled.

Nature study in plants, trees, insects, butterflies—is all emphasized,—and photography, drama, campfire story-telling helps to self-expression. I wonder a bit whether there is time allowed "to think", to stow away the valuable mental and spiritual food that is set before them—and free time to carry on any new occupation of which only elements are taught in class. Sketching, designing, pressing flowers gathered on "hikes", more photos to test new art learned,—all these self-expressions need time—more than programmed in the 1938 Asilomar program of the Pacific Camping Association.

Mr. Augustus D. Zanzig was a National Recreation School Director of Music and **he could** conduct group singing. He was inspiring—a real leader and is constantly on the move in charge of music in the National Recreation Association.

Youth Hostels came up for a presentation. Their hostels are to be about thirteen to fifteen miles apart, to furnish inside cooking and sleeping for hikers only, and a chance to buy staple food to supplement what hikers carry, and a fire and utensils to cook with. The cleaning up is done by the hikers. Membership in the Youth Hostel Association is necessary. The camp is in charge (advisory only) of a man and wife. Cots are furnished. Mr. Frank Duveneck of Hidden Ranch, Santa Clara Co., is much interested in developing these hostels.

The camp directors, local and national, made me realize that a great group had been called out in this work and that its development along some lines would be a powerful Character and Happiness Developer.

An outstanding speaker, helpful, clear and normal-minded, was Dr. Earnest G. Osborne, Professor of Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University. He was an excellent antidote to the urge of the 1937 Conference to add a psychologist to every camp.

In two weeks of an unusually well-balanced, pleasant and happy occupation, could anyone make a permanent psychological diagnosis or suggestion valuable to the boy or girl? Camp leaders who know the boys and girls get the reaction on their characters of the new and sympathetic environment. Teachers

and homes realize their gains. Does cataloguing and analyzing help the child? At best it is difficult; more difficult the more normal in health and environment the child is? Does cold analysis help the school child? Does it not often permanently scar a young child to have a faculty of a school over-analytical towards the child and the parents. Is there not a full stop instead of a rising inflection of hope and promise for the child?

Train **parents but do not cubby-hole the child!** All this analysis makes me think of youthful gardening, where the young farmer plants and pulls up all the little radishes and so spoils the crop.

"For the wonder of each hour of the day
and of the night
Hill and vale, the trees and flowers, sun
and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise."
—Sunday morning service,
Asilomar, March 20, 1938.

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!
—Pippa Passes,
Robert Browning.

Hancock Expeditions

■ The Hancock Expeditions' contribution to science is of lasting and international importance. Science of the sea has been of intense interest to Captain Hancock for many years. The Cruiser Velero III was built that scientists from our leading institutions might reach remote and seldom-visited portions of the globe to study marine life found in those waters and on adjacent shores. Each year the ship heads south, going farther and farther afield in the search for facts regarding little-known species which benefit mankind. Waiting motion-picture cameras catch the strange forms of life which dredges bring from great depths. Laboratory shelves quickly fill with rare and beautiful examples of unknown species. Identification, classification and microscopic photography form the occupation of days and nights of travel. Bulletins and printed reports of the explorations are issued at intervals by the colleges and institutions represented on the scientific staff. The development of motion pictures and lectures has received the particular care of Captain Hancock and W. Chas. Swett, since the inception of the expeditions.

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By, For and About Women

Reprinted from the AWA Bulletin, New York

■ Mrs. Carmen Bethencourt of Caracas, Venezuela, is the only business woman executive in her country. On a recent buying trip to New York, she explained that she was compelled to take over the reins of her husband's wholesale importing firm nine years ago, when he became an invalid, even though she had no training except "common sense." Since assuming control, she has doubled the volume of business. Mrs. Bethencourt admitted that it was a radical move for a Venezuelan woman to fill a man's post, but declared that she had not encountered the slightest difficulty in dealing with either American or Venezuelan concerns. She is secretary of the Merchants Association of Venezuela.

The January issue of "American Magazine" tells of several women who have created unusual jobs for themselves. First there is Maud Lee of Bronxville, N. Y., who returns homesick dogs to their masters. In the last five years she has returned 20,000 and hasn't taken a penny for the service. She has devised a special brass tag bearing her phone number which she supplies to dog owners. Finders of tagged dogs call her and she foots all the bills involved in returning them to owners.

Anita Browne, of New York, has put poetry on a paying basis. Impoverished poets distressed her, so she started drumming up trade for them. She won the support of leading versiliers and three years ago formed the National Poetry Center. She has published 60 successful volumes in the last two years, making $4,000 for one of its authors. (Incidentally, the National Poetry Center was one of our exhibitors at last year's Consumers' Mart.)

Then there is Gertrude Fox of South Salem, N. Y., who is the top mink breeder in the country. She has 3,000 potential pelts behind her fences. In addition to breeding minks, she runs a personal service bureau, operates a sanitarium and heads the women's division of a large organization of investment counselors.

They report, too, of Mary Lyles Wilson of Nashville, Tenn., cake baker for celebrities, who supplies the annual Christmas cake for the White House. She has mixed batter for Paderewski and the former Prince of Wales. She says men prefer old-fashioned pound cake; women prefer angel food and plain white.

We discover in "Women in Music", edited by Frederique Petrides, conductor of the Orchestrette Classique, that one of the first instances of women belonging to a musicians' union is that of eight jugglers who, together with 29 men musicians, combined in Paris in 1321 in order to establish statutes for themselves, which were sanctioned on the 14th of September of that year. In New York, the Musicians' Union first admitted women to membership in 1903, although it had been in existence many years before that.

Of the 28,092 postmasters now serving Uncle Sam, 7,108, or approximately one-fourth, are women. The first woman to be appointed postmaster in this country was Miss Mary K. Goddard, placed in charge of the post office in Baltimore, Md., in 1775, by Postmaster General Benjamin Franklin. More and more women have entered the postal service since that time and the present proportion of women as postmasters is the highest in the history of the country. Highest salaried post-mistress is Mrs. Mary D. Briggs of Los Angeles who receives $10,000 a year based on a postal business of $10,426,078. Only New York City and Chicago postmasters receive a higher salary than Mrs. Briggs.

According to a survey made by the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company, among 2,600 "white collar" workers in 22 cities, business girls are rapidly losing interest in reducing diets.

Of the 1,286 feminine office and professional workers who furnished detailed reports of their health records and habits, only 58 had undergone a reducing regime during the preceding 12 months, another 75 planned to take such a diet, while 147 were overweight. The average height of the girls was 5 feet, 4 inches. Average weight 125.6 pounds.

Almost exactly 75 per cent of the girls admitted that they would prefer marriage and home life to a business career.

The "American Magazine" also tells us about Mary Bird, 23-year-old Smith College graduate. She has set up shop in New York as a professional dispenser of information, and calls her business "Answers." No research problem is too difficult; no question has gone unanswered. Miss Bird started with an A.B. degree as her only capital and today

she has a staff of four assistants. Among her clients are publishers, authors, brokers, corporations, trade unions. One question put to her by a woman was on the various methods of shaving. Miss Bird discovered 75 ways.

Dr. James L. McConaughy, president of Wesleyan University, believes that husbands who insist that their wives quit working the moment they get married are "non-thinking cavemen."

In a recent interview he said, "More marriages are wrecked by college-trained girls not working and having too much time on their hands than by their working. A husband who says, 'No wife of mine shall work,' is not being independent or heroic. He's merely reverting to caveman days."

Mrs. Nell F. Winget, president of the Winget-Kinderneck Company of Minneapolis, was the only woman manufacturer among 2,000 men at the Congress of American Industry. Her firm, employing about 125 persons, specializes in women's apparel. Photographers and reporters besieged Mrs. Winget for pictures and interviews as soon as her presence became known.

Sample Window Boxes in Patio Garden

■ So that the members may see what will grow on Post Street in the way of window boxes, Miss Donohoe our President, has had two boxes prepared and placed in the patio—one on the north side and one on the south. Plant material will be changed seasonally.

The boxes used are of redwood and cost $1.50 each. At this time there are three Calendula plants and two Nutmeg geranium in the southside box—planted in pots and sunken in sand. The north side box contains three plants of Cineraria and several of Vinca minor as a spill.

Mothers

Oh! Beautiful Mothers! Mothers of Nations,
What Joys may we lay at your feet
What give you in return for privation,
Borne by you so nobly, so sweet.
'Tis not enough that we praise you,
Yes, Praise you in story and song
To earth's highest pinnacles raise you
And guard you so well from all wrong.
Posterities pages all glowing
Inscribed with their messages bright
To history and men shall be showing
Thy works in their true life and light.
And when all the scroll pages turning
High Powers distribute a prize
Be sure your pale cheeks, will be burning with joy
At a great surprise.

— Louise W. Reed.

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Swim at the Club...

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During May prices in The League Shop will be substantially reduced. . . . Be sure to see the Bargain Balcony.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

The Creative Summer Session at Mills College

■ With true insight into the newer trends in educational thinking, Mills College several years ago initiated its first "Summer Session of Creative Arts." From this beginning the Summer Session has grown to include phases of education other than the arts where opportunities for self-initiated activity on a meaningful problem is just as great as in the strictly classified arts. Today, educators are agreed that most effective learning is a creative process, that the time-honored adage of "learning by doing" crystallizes into homely words the theories of generations of educators. Education today is a process of growth, inspired by the desires and needs of students, directed and encouraged by the example of the teacher. Changes and innovations have taken place since the days of the first summer session at Mills College; yet, despite all changes, the aims and ideals remain the same—to encourage and bring to light the desires and potentialities for expression within the students.

Toward this end, Mills College brings to the campus each a staff of highly skilled instructors from many places and institutions. With old favorites of the regular staff as a nucleus, the result is a small, closely knit summer session with a distinctly cosmopolitan atmosphere. A glimpse into the Summer Session Bulletin for 1938 gives one a picture of the wide geographical range and the varied cultures from which the staff is drawn. In the field of music, there are six artists from Paris and Brussels: Marcel Grandjany, head of the harp department at Fontainebleau School of Music, Paris; the Pro Arte Quartet members, from Brussels and Marcel Maas, professor of pianoforte at the Royal Conservatory of Brussels. The Art Department presents Leon Kroll, distinguished American artist, whose work has been recognized in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Dr. Edgar Breitenbach, art historian from Frankfort, Germany. The Maison Francaise creates a small French community within its residence hall and classrooms, the instructors and assistants working toward the mastery of the French language and the establishment of greater understanding of French customs and culture. Within the Department of Dance and Sports, Tina Flade, a native of Dresden, Germany, will cooperate with Lester Horton, prominent California dance creator and instructor, and Bonnie Bird, authorized teacher of the Martha Graham

technique, in guiding the activities of dance students. In the Department of Education, befitting the American forward-looking trend in educational techniques, a staff of prominent American educators, among them Mrs. Cora Paine McKay, will work with students on problems of the present-day curriculum. The Progressive Education Association Workshop, with its faculty of fifteen outstanding workers in the progressive education movement from all sections of the United States, and its hundred or more students from all over the West, indicates the vital interest of the American nation in analyzing, defining and improving our approach to education. Another international note is sounded by the Institute of International Relations, with such people on its staff as Dr. T. Z. Koo, Chinese delegate to the Geneva Opium Conference; Dr. J. Anton de Haas, chairman of the delegation appointed by Secretary Hull to attend the World Federation of Education Associations at Tokyo last summer; Dr. Chitoshi Yanaga, former research scholar at the Imperial University of Tokyo; and Miss Muriel Lester, who comes to Mills College after a six-month period in Shanghai.

With a staff of such diverse backgrounds, it is clear that the Mills College Summer Session will offer an unusual opportunity for students to acquire from close contact with these internationally prominent men and women the cosmopolitan viewpoint that makes for tolerance and understanding of conditions facing the entire world today. Those students who have heretofore sought an understanding of other cultures and traditions by foreign travel will find the contacts at Mills College an admirable substitute.

In keeping with the criterion "Creactive," active groups of students will have opportunity to examine and interpret their interests and needs for self-expression. In the Dance Workshop, a series of productions of original dance compositions will be presented by students, culminating at the end of the session in a final Dance Workshop production incorporating in the presentation the theories and techniques learned in the classes in dance composition, music for the dance, and techniques of percussion accompaniment. In various parts of the campus and the surrounding hills, groups of students will be seated before their easels, creating their own pictorial compositions under the guidance of Leon Kroll. In the Department of Education and in the Progressive Education Workshop will be found teachers, singly

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MAURICE SANDS INTERIORS

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or in groups from one school system, working on their own problems in the various fields of instruction and in the general curriculum, with the common goal of increasing the effectiveness of their teaching. Students in the Music Department will be completely absorbed in the expression and enrichment of their musical talents, either vocal or instrumental, under the tutorship of the masters on that staff. Other students will have opportunity to work on practical problems on composition and harmony, either to better understand the music of others or to compose their own; while others will organize small instrumental groups, for the expression and interpretation of music both old and new. In the art workshops groups will be working with their hands in the creation of pottery, leather craft, basketry, weaving, stenciling, block and screen printing metal and wood craft. In the Children's School boys and girls will be occupied with activities befitting their age levels, engaged in elementary handicraft, music, nature study, picnics and hikes, and informal discussions, while their elders in the Child Development Department will gain, from observation and study, an insight into the workings of the child mind and a better understanding of the principles of early childhood education. In the French House will be found men and women living in the French manner; acquiring, through study and first hand experience, a mastery of the language. In the round table discussions held by the Institute of International Relations and in their evening discussions men and women will glean from authorities actively engaged in world affairs an intelligent comprehension of the brotherhood of man and a desire to bring all nations to a common, more tolerant relationship.

Besides studying actively and creatively during their six weeks' residence, students will have unique opportunities for recreation. Bridle trails and well equipped stables will inspire equestrians to ride through the campus and into the hills above, to view the superb outlook of hills and bay. The outdoor swimming pool will beckon to water and sun enthusiasts. Tennis courts, a golf driving range, an archery range and athletic field stand ready for lovers of sports. Groves of eucalypti, wildflowers in the meadows, Lake Aliso, Pine Top, the view of the bay, will bring peace to lovers of nature in early morning or twilight walks. Group activities will include concerts, lectures, round table discussions, informal picnics and evening campfires, and conducted week-end tours to points of scenic or historical

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interest. The metropolitan centers of Oakland and San Francisco, with their manifold resources for study and recreation, are but a short distance from the campus. The campus itself represents a garden spot of beauty and tranquillity for those who wish complete rest from city life, ideally situated for study and rest. Class-free Saturdays and Sundays will leave sufficient leisure time for recreation, active or passive, according to the inclination of the student.

Who may attend the Summer Session? Men, women, and children—teachers, artists, students, housewives, grandparents and grandchildren—all may find particular interest in some phase of the summer session. The entire family may profitably attend. Groups of teachers from one school system are particularly welcome, for here they may find the answer to their search for a common educational philosophy, the solution to their individual and collective problems, the achievement of common goals and aims. The old and young will find at Mills College the philosophy that education must be lifelong to be effective, that in fact it never ceases. The purpose and ideal of the Summer Session at Mills is the truer purpose and ideal of education, not the mere amassing of credits nor the pyramiding of knowledge and skills, but rather the enrichment of the whole personality, the creation of a more completely balanced individual. From the six weeks' period of intensive study and recreation the student goes forth newly inspired, with new skills and understandings, with a recovered zest for life that only complete change from the daily routine can give, with the memory of a genuinely satisfying summer of creative effort.

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The Craftsman — an Artist

—Charles Anderson with Dirk Van Erp Studio

■ Since the machine has, for the most part supplanted the craftsman in nearly every field of endeavor, handwork has become a rarity. Mass production has put within the reach of everyone, what was formerly the privilege of the very few. Today, in the more mechanized and forward countries, people who once possessed only the bare necessities of life, now are surrounded by every luxury, even the humblest laborer is blest with seeming affluence. But although he has every convenience and comfort he can use, he is still poor, his possessions are all of a pattern and lack the beauty of line and workmanship that only the individually designed and created pieces possess, they have no soul—no feeling—behind each one, can be seen the machine that has made countless thousands before it and will make countless thousands more, for the machine can never duplicate the beauty of a hand-made article, it is an impossibility although the uninformed may think they are as good.

Long after its machine-made brother will be discarded, the hand-made piece will be treasured, for its worth will grow instead of diminishing. The true craftsman takes pride in his work and will often labor into the night to complete his job.

Although one would think they are decreasing, this is not so,—they will always have a place in the world to fill and generation follows generation to keep a name alive. Originating in the Old World they brought with them, to this country the tradition of fine workmanship that is known far and wide.

Serving a discriminating clientele, their work shows the love of beauty in each finished article—behind each one is the patience and skill of fine artisans.

Just completed is a dinner table set that must be seen to be appreciated—in highly polished bronze and sterling silver it is the ultimate in design and workmanship. It is modern without being hard and plain without being severe, complete in every detail, its wondrous beauty will leave one speechless—exquisite spoons, graceful forks and knives beyond compare, harmonize with the service plates, centerpiece for flowers and candelabra that beggars description.

A table that would make anyone feel like a king—such things can never be duplicated by any mere machine and will be a joy forever to an appreciative person who understands their real worth.

Biography of Johnny the Call Boy

■ One day, for the newspaper cameramen, Primo Carnera picked up 25-year-old John Roventini in the palm of his hand and held him there for ten minutes . . . marvelous, says you . . simple, say we . . . because John Roventini is none other than Johnny the Call boy, heard every Tuesday at 8 p.m., over NBC, Fridays at 8 p.m., over MBS and on Saturday at 8:30 p.m., over CBS . . . he is the mighty mite of the microphone, standing only 43 inches and tipping the beams at 2 pounds more than a half a hundred . . . he is signed for a life contract, which proves that little men can do big things . . . he is a Brooklyn product . . . was born at Carroll Street and Third Avenue . . . he has two brothers and one sister . . . the entire family, excluding Johnny, is of normal size . . . as a child he was slated to become a violinist but the instrument didn't appeal to him . . . today, he wishes he had stuck to his studies . . . before he entered radio, his ambition was to become a page boy in a hotel . . . he disclosed his plan to a manager of a New York hostelry and was put to work immediately . . . he held that job for a year until the manager of another asked him to come along on the staff . . . he agreed and remained with them for three years . . . then a radio man saw him in action one day and decided he would be a great bet for the air . . . the decision was quickly vindicated . . . Johnny is entirely unaffected by his success . . . it has gone to his heart not his head . . . he recently purchased a new home for his folks . . . complete happiness for his family is his idea of contentment for himself . . . he is very reticent on the marriage question . . . during school, his favorite subject was spelling . . . after elementary school he had to go out and earn his own living . . . just like H. Alger, newspapers got the nod . . . at that business until the above changes were effected . . . he likes to go away to the country for week-ends . . . he is an expert hunter . . . has a specially constructed double-barrelled shot gun . . . baseball is his favorite sport . . . pet hobby, short wave radio . . . takes sets apart then puts them together again, just for the fun of it . . . receives plenty of letters from people wanting to adopt him . . . favorite dishes, spaghetti and ravioli . . . hasn't missed a program since he's been on the air . . . he has a regular following . . . and is a regular guy . . . and that's making a long story short on a little guy who is big.

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Come to our recipe demonstrations given by Jeanne Burton the *First Wednesday* in each month.

■

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Foods Tour of the World

—Jeanne Burton

■ A gastronomical imagination will take us around the world while we sit at our own dining tables. Let's make a flying tour with our grocer as our guide. With such a tour we need give no regard to weather, geography or accepted travel routes.

We'll run up to Canada for some lobster, then on to Alaska for salmon, crab, codfish and herring. And, since we are flying as the crow flies we'll drop down to romantic Hawaii and eat poi with our fingers, drink papaya nectar, spread poha on our bread and nibble on those big crisp salted Macadamia nuts. New Zealand is our next stop. Here we'll find those fat green shell fish so delicious for soup, for fish balls and canapes. We'll stop in Manila for vanilla beans to flavor our sweets and then fly on to that exotic country of exotic foods —India—from whence come the best curry powder and Bombay Duck.

There's war in China and Japan, but we'll stop in China for Litchi nuts and water chestnuts, kumquats in syrup and preserved ginger. We'll like the Japanese loquats, mandarin oranges, cherry rice puffs, clams and smoked oysters.

In Russia we'll dine on caviar from the Caspian, and then take off for the Scandinavian countries. In Finland we'll eat long juicy Fin-Furters, and in Sweden we'll have wild game, black game, partridge, pheasant and hazel hen, healthy crisp breads and little pink shrimps. Next door in Norway, we'll have sardines, anchovies, mackerel and goat's cheese. In the little country of Denmark we'll eat herring with stuffed tomatoes and Rocambert cheese.

We'll stop off in Scotland for a breakfast of otmeal and cream. In England we'll find so many good things to eat we'll not want to leave—all kinds of jellies and jams, lime juice, seasonings, and sauces, toffee, custard powder, cheeses and fish such as kippered herring, finnan haddock and bloaters.

Now across the channel to Holland where cheese is the staple food—where we'll find big red balls of Edam cheese, cheese bricks, and cheese wafers, the world's finest cocoa and tiny white pearl onions. On to France—the gastronomical center of the world—for olives and olive oil, truffles, pate' de fois gras, snails, French peas, marrons, Bar le Duc jelly, Bordelaise sauce, mushrooms, capers and mustard.

Germany treats us to frankfurters, Edelweiss cheese, lebkuchen, pretzels and pumpernickel. Switzerland gives us goat's cheese, bouillon cubes and snails. In Hungary we have our food flavored with paprika. In Italy we have a meal of sausage, gorgonzola, and pickled pepperoni. Across the Mediterranean, in Spain, we find meaty Queen olives.

On our way south we'll stop in Arabia for a cup of hot mocha. In South Africa we'll eat rare golden berries from the Cape, then take the direct ocean route from the Cape to Brazil for Brazil nuts. On our way back to the United States we'll stop in Cuba for guava paste, and then travel north to Mexico to eat luscious golden mangos in syrup.

And so our gastronomical imaginations take us over the border and home. With vivid memories of rare delicacies fresh in our minds we will eagerly accept the first invitation to set forth on new food explorations.

Don't Sell Things— Sell Effects

■ Don't sell things—sell effects.

Don't sell clothes—sell personal appearance and attractiveness.

Don't sell shoes—sell foot comfort and the pleasure of walking in open air.

Don't sell candy—sell happiness and the pleasure of taste.

Don't sell furniture—sell a home that has both comfort and refinement.

Don't sell books—sell the joys and the profits of knowledge.

Don't sell advertising — sell a short cut to more sales and more profits.

—Christian Business.

Answers to The Bible versus Shakespeare

(From page 19)

1—Bible.
2—Bible.
3—Shakespeare.
4—Bible.
5—Shakespeare.
6—Bible.
7—Shakespeare.
8—Shakespeare.
9—Bible.
10—Shakespeare.
11—Bible.
12—Shakespeare.
13—Shakespeare.
14—Shakespeare.
15—Bible.
16—Shakespeare.
17—Shakespeare.
18—Shakespeare.
19—Bible.
20—Bible.
21—Bible.
22—Shakespeare.
23—Shakespeare.
24—Shakespeare.

(Editor's Note: The above is reprinted from the April Bulletin of the Women's City Club of Grand Rapids).

Why Books for Seamen?

—Mrs. Henry Howard

■ Since the inauguration of American Merchant Marine Library Association seventeen years ago, the service has been dedicated to the principle that good reading abroad ship is vitally important. At times, particularly during depression or when shipping is disturbed by labor troubles, some raise the question whether they should continue their support of this enterprise, or give it to other agencies which at the time seem to them to be meeting a greater need. Perhaps the best answer is the opinion of The Marine Library as stated by Joseph P. Kennedy as Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission Chairman Kennedy wrote:

"We in the Maritime Commission naturally are in a position to realize fully the important work of your Association and are glad to be of assistance whenever this is possible.

"In the light of our past experience, the American people are well aware of the necessity of maintaining an adequate, efficient merchant marine. Without such a merchant marine, no nation can hope for seapower and the importance of seapower in world affairs is evident on every page of history.

". . . Being vitally interested in the development of seagoing manpower of the highest type, I naturally appreciate the work of your Association in its educational and character-building undertaking."

Fortunately, during periods of stress a sufficient number of people have had a true understanding of the need for good reading aboard ship to make the continuation of our service possible. Those who follow the sea as a career must deprive themselves of the opportunities and diversions available in a job ashore.

On shipboard a seaman becomes isolated in a small world with little to offer other than his routine duties. Here, the simple measure of providing a few good books in which he may find relaxation or the opportunity to increase his knowledge takes on a new importance. Even fiction offers new channels of thought and opportunities for discussion in the fo'c's'le. Reading becomes a stabilizing influence and helps to overcome dissatisfaction and unrest, generally the result of brooding. More serious reading, particularly books dealing with maritime subjects, enables the seaman to carry on his own education that all too frequently has been limited to lower grade school. They develop an interest in seamanship as a career and tend to make for an efficient personnel—and this is the base of a strong merchant marine.

Our efforts to provide the library service that seamen want and need are limited only by the funds with which to provide it. Let us not forget that some of our greatest men started in the fo'c's'le. Many of the young men who go to sea have brains and the willingness to work. Given an opportunity for self-education and a bit of luck, they can go far.

Our service continues, too, to isolated lighthouses from the north Maine coast to Key West, on through the Gulf of Mexico and along our western shore to the farthest reaches of Alaska. The books and magazines furnished lighthouse keepers on these shores, and the Great Lakes too, make a bridge of contact with the outside world, and aid to relieve their lonely vigils.

National League Library Service

ADULT

THE TRIPLE THINKERS. Edmund Wilson. $2.75. These essays are the firm, quiet expression of a well ordered, richly stored mind, deeply interested in literature, and still more deeply concerned with the problems of life.

FAREWELL 'TOINETTE. Bertita Harding. $2.50. The story of a rollicking episode of Marie Antoinette's journey into France as the bride of the Dauphin by the author of "Golden Fleece".

A POET'S LIFE. Harriet Monroe. $5.00. The interesting autobiography of an American poet and friend of poetry, who saw seventy years of changing life here and abroad.

THE LAW AND MR. SMITH. Max Radin. $3.00. The whole story of our legal system told in interesting fashion for the average citizen.

THE CULTURE OF CITIES. Lewis Mumford. $4.50. A noted authority on architecture and city planning studies the city from medieval town to 20th century, with an optimistic eye to the future.

LOST SPRINGTIME. Julian Dana. $2.50. The story of a vacation in the Sierra in which laughter and fellowship and high fantasy are deftly combined.

JUVENILE

THE BABY GIANT PANDA. Ruth Harkness. $2.00. The story of the famous Su Lin, now in the Chicago Zoo, told for young people by her captor.

NICODEMUS AND HIS NEW SHOES Inez Hogan. $1.00. A new story about the lovable little darky.

THE HIDDEN VALLEY. Laura Benet. $2.00. Adventures of a white boy and an Indian boy in Yosemite.

THRIFT BUYING WITH *Electric* REFRIGERATION

Be Thrifty! Practice Economy! Save whenever possible while shopping for food supplies! These admirable slogans can be easily realized to a greater degree than ever by using electric refrigeration. It prevents food spoilage and helps keep down the cost of living.

Special food bargains in the market—tender crisp vegetables, rare cuts of meats, poultry, fish, game—are always found priced temptingly low. With a new 1938 electric refrigerator at home, Mr. and Mrs. Shopper can take advantage of these bargains in quantities — not only for the day's supply but for days to come.

The proved economy of an electric refrigerator has already convinced ten million housewives that it saves money on food. An electric refrigerator actually pays for itself and then continues to pay its owner unceasing dividends in additional savings.

Your family's health and your pocketbook as well, demand that you have one of these new electric refrigerators. See them and select the one best suited for your home. Easy purchase terms are yours for the asking.

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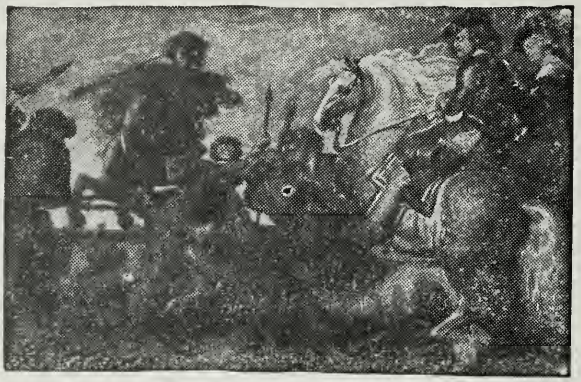

FOX AND WOLF HUNT

By Rubens (1577-1640)

Rubens is among the 48 great masters whose works are being made available to San Francisco. One set of four pictures is offered each week, through leading retail stores, at an exceptionally low price. The picture shown above is not the actual size of the paintings available. Each reproduction is large, measuring about 11 by 14 inches, the right size for the modern home, and is in the natural colors of the original.

For further details read

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

JUNE 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 5 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
JUNE 1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

JUNE — 1938

1— **Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events**	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
2— **French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
"A Cruise of the Mediterranean and Visit to the Holy Land." Illustrated with motion pictures in natural color. Directed by Mr. Mervyn D. Silbersten.		
3— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	**11:00 a.m.**
Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1 a plate	**Nat. Defenders' Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
To Be Reviewed "The Crowning of a King," by Arnold Zweig.		
9— **French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "Modernization of Agriculture and Industry in South China." Historical, political and economic consideration.		
Speaker: Mr. Reginald H. King, economic technical advisor to the Southwest Political Government of South China at Canton—1933-1937.		
10— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	**11:00 a.m.**
15— **Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events**	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
16— **French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "John of the Mountains," the unpublished journals of John Muir. Speaker: Linnie Marsh Wolfe, Editor.		
17— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	**11:00 a.m.**
22— **Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events**	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
23— **French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
"Wheels Across Africa." Thrilling and treacherous adventures in African jungles. Produced by Armand Dennis and Lelia Roosevelt, famous explorers.		
Courtesy of J. E. French Company, Dodge and Plymouth Distributors.		
24— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	**11:00 a.m.**
26— **RAMBLE: To San Juan Bautista.** (Fee $5.25)	**Lv. Clubhouse**	**9:30 a.m.**
Luncheon at the Casa Rosa ("The Little Pink House"). Attend Historical Pageant in the afternoon.	**Ret. About**	**6:30 p.m.**
29— **Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events**	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
30— **French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "Recent Observations in Europe."		
Speaker: Mr. Paul C. Smith, General Manager, San Francisco Chronicle.		

JULY RAMBLE — **TO SAN JOSE AND LICK OBSERVATORY — JULY 2ND.**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII June, 1938 Number 5

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Be a "'39er"

Support Your Exposition--and Save--June 1 to 18

■ "Be a Thirty-Niner!"

With the opening of the $50,000,000 Golden Gate International Exposition less than nine months away and with the campaign for sale of Sponsors' Season Passes and "Thirty-Niner" Scrip Books going full tilt, San Francisco women have become increasingly conscious of this stirring slogan during the past few days.

While most of our readers undoubtedly are familiar with the outline of the "Thirty-Niners" ticket campaign, the campaign — offering as it does a chance for Women's City Club members to aid a civic enterprise and at the same time save money on Exposition admissions—warrants re-telling in our columns.

Sponsors' Season Passes are being sold for twenty dollars and they will admit their holders to the Exposition every one of its 288 days—twice a day, or three times a day for that matter.

Designed to appeal particularly to those who will entertain guests during 1939, the Scrip Books contain twelve 50-cent admission tickets—a six-dollar value. They are being sold for five dollars each.

Inquiry at the Exposition ticket sale campaign offices, 200 Bush Street, establishes that neither of these opportunities to "see the Fair and save" will **exist after June 18,** closing date of the campaign.

For the convenience of Club members and readers of the Women's City Club Magazine, the above coupon is included in this issue.

Clip and mail it now, before it's too late.

Be a Thirty-Niner! Open the gates to the Golden Gate International Exposition!

GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION 1939 SAN FRANCISCO BAY

Be a "Thirty-Niner!"

1939 GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION TICKET SALE CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

200 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Please send me:

SPONSORS' SEASON PASSES at $20.00 EACH . . . . _____

"THIRTY-NINER" SCRIP BOOKS at $5.00 EACH . . . _____

to the 1939 World's Fair on San Francisco Bay. Total _____

Name

Address

City

Check ☐ Draft ☐ Money Order ☐ enclosed.

(Make check payable to San Francisco Bay Exposition Company)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VACATIONS SUGGESTIONS —

■ What form the home-coming to the Clubhouse in the fall will take is yet to be determined. A Twenty-first Birthday deserves a real celebration, and all sorts of ideas have been projected. Whatever the party may be, the daughters will surely come bearing gifts, and while vacationing we can easily gather pine-cones from the woods, which will gladden the Christmas decorations, or we can strip a bit of lavender from our gardens, and store it away for sachet, or we can make a few extra jams and jellies while the pot is boiling. The Club will welcome these attentions when we foregather.

■ RAMBLE TO SAN JUAN BAUTISTA: Is being planned for the month of June. The group will leave the Clubhouse on the morning of the 26th, stopping for luncheon at the Casa Rosa ("The Little Pink House") in San Juan. In the afternoon the historical pageant will be attended, at the close of which the travelers will return to San Francisco—arriving about 6:30 p. m. For further details please inquire at the Travel Office in the Lobby.

■ VACATION LIBRARY SERVICE: Ask the Volunteer on duty to renew your fourteen-day books when you take them out, if, during the summer months, you would like to have them for the four weeks you are entitled to.

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN — CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: Will give a course of five lectures in June on each Wednesday at 12:15 o'clock. This special summer course will climax a season of interesting and popular courses of lectures which the Club has offered its members. Dates for a fall course will be announced later.

■ DUES: There are still dues outstanding that should have been paid March 1st. Members who have inadvertently neglected to send in their checks are requested to do so immediately, because with reinstatements and new memberships coming in daily, a waiting list is inevitable.

■ REINSTATEMENTS: If you were one of the volunteer workers during "Canteen" days, you are eligible for reinstatement in the National League for Woman's Service. If you resigned from the National League during Kearny Street days, you are eligible for reinstatement. If you resigned since we have been housed at 465 Post Street, you are eligible for reinstatement—our Twenty-first Birthday Gift to former members. Reinstatement is allowed this year for the nominal fee of five dollars plus dues for the coming year, and is possible for all former members who are identified by two other members of the same period of membership.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: In compliance with many requests, it has been decided to hold the Book Review during June. "The Crowning of a King" by Arnold Zweig is the novel selected by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard for review on Tuesday evening, June 7th, at the Book Review Dinner. This novel is the fourth in the series begun by the famous novel "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." The novel is not in the strict sense a "war novel," since it is more concerned with motives and personalities than with the deeds of warfare. It portrays the moral struggle of great men with great enterprises caught in the fate of nations. Twenty years after the Armistice the World War is remembered in terms of the Western Front, but this new novel gives an illuminating clue to the events now shaking Europe because it concerns the great affairs of the Eastern Front.

■ BEDROOMS: All spick and span, ready for summer travelers. Members are reminded of their guest-card privileges, which allow residence in the Clubhouse for two weeks, twice a year.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Will continue through the summer months with the exception of two weeks of July 1st to 15th. The fee is three lessons $1.50, material extra.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE: As many of our garden enthusiasts will turn their thoughts to their summer homes for the next three months, our Garden Round Table will not be resumed until September. Watch the Magazine for announcement of the fall series.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Volunteer Service in the National League for Woman's Service should be the aim of every member with leisure time. It is a privilege to be identified as one of our volunteer workers whether it be in the Clubhouse or elsewhere in the community—where the various ramifications of the National League manifest itself. Ever-growing demands from outside organizations calling upon us for help bring to light the fact that the National League is a recognized unit of service — its well-coordinated ranks available and ready for instant response.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Operators in the Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club are qualified to give scientific scalp treatments. Six treatments $7.50.

■ The following is a list of the winners of the door and exhibit prizes of the Advertisers' Show:

See's Candy—Miss Peggy Stewart
Dirk Van Erp—Mrs. Frank Willis
Yellow Cab—Miss Edith E. Foster
Yellow Cab—Mrs. W. A. Whitney
Yellow Cab—Mrs. Hart North
League Shop Exhibit Prize—Mrs. Forbes McRae
League Shop Door Prize—Mrs. Sydney Worth
Swimming Pool—Mrs. Rose Costa
Simon's Candy—Mrs. W. O. Miller

■ LEAGUE SHOP: New accessories for the summer hostess: Grass luncheon mat sets in colors; revolving relish trays; jam jars; carved wood salad silverware.

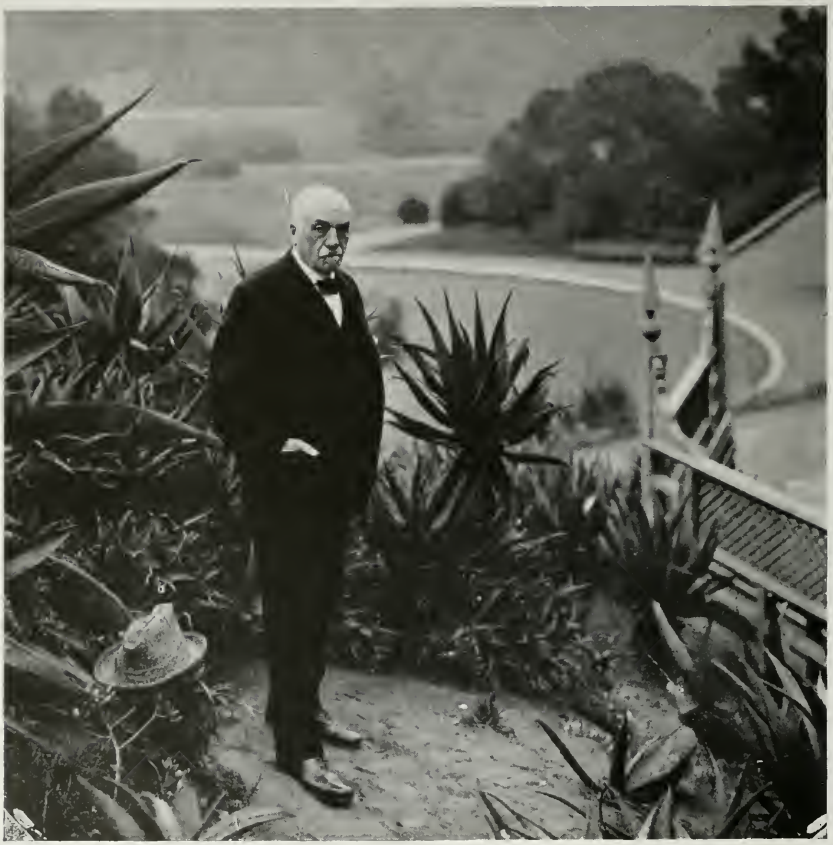
■ SWIMMING POOL: Wherever you go on your vacation there will be **water.** Learn to swim **now** and really enjoy yourself. Sign up for your swimming class while there are yet vacancies in our daily schedule.

■ TRAVEL BUREAU: Announces a special three-week summer tour in Old Mexico during the latter part of June. For those who wish there will be an additional eight-day tour to Guatemala. The Travel Office in the Lobby of the Clubhouse will be glad to offer further particulars.

■ VACATION DAYS: Bring new contacts and new friends. Keep the Club in mind by suggesting membership with us to those whom you may meet while sojourning in the country. For those who may live at a distance from San Francisco the Club would be an ideal city home during Exposition days.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES AND ROUND TABLES: The summer months mark an hiatus in most of the language classes and round tables. German classes and round tables will be resumed in September; Spanish in August; French will continue through June and will be resumed in August. French Conversational classes will continue, however (held each Friday morning), throughout the summer months.

■ The Club is in need of a stereopticon camera and would be grateful to any member who would lend one for our programs.



John McLaren, San Francisco's Beloved Gardener

The President's Message

An Observation of Late:—

the frequent and emphatic statement by more than one person of note and in different fields of activity, of the value, need and advantages of Volunteer Service. Familiar as is the term to members of the National League for Woman's Service, from other sources this statement has a challenging effect. ✓ We may be justly proud of an organization whose program has been built round this ideal and ever grateful to those those wisdom and foresight chartered so sane and safe a course. After 21 years of service we find our program well established and recognized as a vital part of our community. ✓ This fact should strengthen the bond of a far flung membership and be a guarantee to all our Volunteers that the spirit transforms the service not merely to the benefit of the League, but far more to the individual who learns the true value of self-less SERVICE.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Dr. Paul F. Cadman

will continue

on Wednesdays

June 1-8-15-22-29

at 12:15 o'clock

On Current Economic Events

Single Admission: Members, 55 cents, including tax.
Non-Members, 66 cents, including tax.

■ ■ ■

In this history-making era of world events members and their friends will welcome this announcement, for the course which Dr. Cadman has just completed has found an eager audience week after week — who have urged upon him this June unit of lectures

Editorial

■ Winter dragged on a bit, and shortened up spring. Suddenly summer is upon us. San Francisco Bay is dotted with pleasure craft, Golden Gate Park bursts with rhododendron, and recreation corners everywhere take on lively activity. In this issue of the Women's City Club Magazine members and friends bring us their enthusiasms, in the home-making arts, in sports, and in other columns the arts call to us in college and museum. Between our flittings abroad to country or sea, we are told that we can stay at home with profit to ourselves. We can renew our bodies and spirits in a land of opportunity. No magazine can have more local versatile background for its "Summer Number" stories.

■ The appeal to good citizenship never was so urgent as today, as evidenced by the impressive report of the Committee of Forty-Three. To think successfully in terms of world interest, one must begin at home. To put one's house in order is the first duty of every American. No nation has finer houses; no nation has more golden opportunity. These two blessings working together can accomplish miracles.

The National League for Woman's Service of California was born to a heritage of fine cooperative effort. Today its service awaits (as it did in its inception in 1917) the call for cooperation. Mutual helpfulness of forces in our midst can bring to San Francisco an exposition which will show to the countless visitors who pour into this friendly port one of the greatest harbors in the world, one of the most captivating cities of pioneer western civilization —a picture these same visitors will carry back to the four corners of the globe as ardent "Californiacs."

N. L. W. S. means National League for Woman's Service. We stand at attention.

An exposition is successful in proportion first to its exhibits, secondly to its attendance, thirdly to the degree of appreciation of its audience. Most of us can do very little about the first premise. All of us can do very much about the second and the third. All of us will want to go to that island which popped out of the Bay overnight; we will want to take our friends from Waikiki and New York and Buenos Aires; we will want to visit and revisit that particu larly interesting exhibit which fascinated us as we made our streamline tour on Opening Day. And so it is very good business for us to get a season ticket sometime or other and swell the total of attendance and do our part toward the second test of a successful exposition. And if we are going to buy that season ticket sometime, then there is a real reason for doing it now. That reason is this money at hand will give the group who have the responsibility we cannot share (the responsibility of assembling exhibits for our pleasure and education), the sales talk that is irresistible. They can guarantee to the exhibitors the audience which we thus create. On another page in this issue of the Magazine appears the official form for buying a season ticket whereby we sponsor the Exposition we are to hostess. We can help very much at this very moment.

As to the third point—the appreciation of the audience who shall visit Treasure Island—much can be said and will be said in these columns from this time forth, for the Committee of Pacific House (Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Dr. Carl Alsberg, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul and Director—Mr. Philip N. Youtz) are offering us of the Club golden opportunity for preparing ourselves intelligently to see and to understand the assemblage of the art and culture of countries of the Pacific area gathered together for the first time in history on such a gigantic scale. Details on another page tell us how to begin this self-education. Summer reading can now be profitable as well as delightful and the Exposition will later bring to us familiar friends in art and literature when it opens in February.

■ There are only two prizes of the recent Advertisers' Show still unclaimed. Have you the lucky numbers? No. 49993; No. 44273. If so, tell the Executive Office and receive either a book of Yellow Cab Scrips or a League Beauty Salon Permanent Wave.

One more evidence that the Women's City Club Magazine is read is the fact that last month all but these two numbers were identified by its readers.

Old Fields for New

by Caroline Clifton

■ To you who whisper, "Three months alone in the city" . . . to you who shriek, "Nothing to do all that time" . . . to you who cry, "No one to amuse, nothing to relieve my utter, utter boredom" . . . we fling this our challenge . . .

Summer in San Francisco . . . summer in the romantic city by the Golden Gate, where glamor cannot be diluted, even by indifference, even by ignorance.

We offer you three months when your friends seek new lands to conquer . . . three months when people speak eagerly of "getting away" . . . twelve enchanted weeks when all of San Francisco is yours for a farthing—for a smile. We offer old fields for new . . .

We give you warm drowsy days, and cold clear days and mornings when humming birds pivot in the garden . . . evenings with incredible white banks of fog rolling in over the Presidio . . .

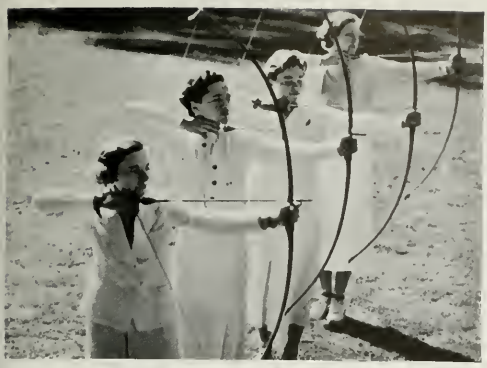
A thousand distractions are yours in this great, suddenly friendly city. A hundred people grin sympathetically on street cars—grin because they belong to the only-two-weeks-vacation group, like you.

That is when the general exodus has taken place; after the long trek to parts unknown has quieted—when your friends are gone, and you are left by yourself, to face a grim, bleak summer.

We give you, instead, color, where before you were blind . . . excitement to spice routine, the heart and core of San Francisco where before you knew only the shell.

Wake early, watch the tiny white sailboats flutter over the bay—go sailing yourself! Don your oldest slacks, a bandanna over your curls, pack your compact and an appetite in your pocket and you're off. Learn how to "come about," and dodge the boom . . . feel the spray and the wind against your face, or lie on the deck in the sun and forget everything.

Let your eyes wander over your city's exquisite skyline . . . cock an eyebrow at a new view of the



two powerful bridges. Glide your boat near Treasure Island, and your imagination will skip ahead nine months to the opening of the Exposition.

Then sway off the boat down at Yacht Harbor with newly acquired sea legs . . . and the firm intention of going sailing your next day off.

Or get up at five, drive out to the Park and rent yourself a steed. Canter over the sand dunes, when there's a light gray mist; gallop through the small waves on the beach; watch that you don't ride behind another horse, or you're apt to get tar in your face—whipped from the beach by his hooves. Then a more dignified trot through smooth Park bridle paths, with the sun just beginning to warm you—and so back home to a big breakfast and the morning papers . . .

There's bowling, too, in the Park, on as quaint a green as ever graced an English village. See if you can make a hundred points sometime, and watch how you'll begin to love the swing of it—the pull the balls give your arm.

Tennis courts are sprinkled all through the town. In the Palace of Fine Arts, down near the Marina, you can play where Helen Wills Moody practices, where other famous stars take their daily workout. These are indoor courts, illuminated at night. If you like to swing your racquet in the open air, play out in Golden Gate Park, then have tea at the Japanese Tea Gardens, where you used to visit delightedly when you were very small. Remember the funny little cookies, all wrapped up, with your fortune written in verse inside? You haven't had time, somehow, to go back in the past few years, but it's still the same. Lovely fragile tea houses, and high bridges—even the shrubs and trees haven't changed.

For the inveterate fisherman, there's surf-fishing in the ocean. In huge rubber boots, with the boom of the surf pounding out all other sound, cast your line and reel in fish to make your eyes sparkle . . .

And on those steamy, muggy days which sometimes happen in even the most glamorous cities, take to the water for refreshment. Swim at the Fairmont Hotel, or at Fleishhacker, or at Sutro's, where you can ice skate, too.

Mills College has archery, for keen-eyed modern Dianas with steady hands. Try your bow and arrow there on a hot day.

Have you always wanted to fly? We offer you . . . courage—the courage of your convictions. Throw away your inhibitions and petty fears, this enchanted summer—and if it's flying you've always wanted to taste . . . fly! Pick a mellow evening, at twilight, and soar over your city, watching lights twinkle on and the pale glow of day fade.

If you're whimsical, wear a dirndl and go bicycling in the Park. You can explore all the leafy meadows you've glimpsed from the roads—all the green glades and still lakes. . . . Finish your spin with a hamburger, and a ride on the Big Dipper out at the Beach.

Some Sunday climb Mount Tamalpais—to a magnificent panorama of ocean, mountains, country—the whole of Marin County at your tired feet.

Or go boating, instead, out on one of those placid lakes in the park—feed the ducks and the swans as you drift.

And there's the peninsula, for out-of-town trips. We'd advise an open car with the breeze blowing your hair back, and a picnic by the roadside . . . A swim later on at Menlo.

We give you summer in San Francisco—we challenge you to find the adventure and glamor we've hinted at.

We offer you San Francisco . . . at its best. . . .

A Vacation Letter from Elizabeth Lathrap

The Shanty, Morro Cove Road,
Vallejo, Calif.

■ Dear Kitty:

So you are on your way to Alaska! I do hope you will get some of the wonderful fishing they have up there. I am taking a week to do some bass fishing in the Carquinez Straits, and, believe me, it is a grand sport, as well as being "good medicine" for one mentally tired after a long shut-in winter. I know of nothing that will take the kinks out of one, like some serious business on the right end of a well-balanced fishing pole. Taut nerves begin to straighten out with the first cast; and what a good way to get a lot of heavy thinking done. All the pestiferous questions of every-day life just solve themselves, and living takes on new meaning. Do you wonder so many of our great men, who carry the burden of our affairs, are good fishermen? No matter what type of fishing, stream, lake or sea, there is a relaxation that cannot be found in any other sport. The exercise of wading a trout stream, or of casting or trolling in lake or sea, stirs the mind in the most unforeseen channels. And when one snags his fish—oh, the thrill! The quick mental flash, 'Will he be as large as the last one? Hope my line holds. Gee, there he goes, fighting mad! All right, let him run, but keep the line tight—now, easy, easy, turn him and bring him in—not this time, for there he goes again, but not as game as before; guess he is getting tired. Well, so am I, so here goes for landing. Not a large bass, but could he fight? Not over five pounds, won't need the gaff for this fellow; but what a beauty!' And one visions what a beauty he will be about dinner time, all wrapped with bacon strips, well cooked and nicely browned, with mashed potatoes, string beans, green salad and coffee. No dessert this time, but surely a meal fit for any king.

You would be surprised, Kitty, if you knew the number of women who have taken up this fishing game. Some day I'll find out and tell you just how many women buy fishing licenses, and I know it must be a goodly number, judging from my many fisherwomen friends, and they must each know at least one or more others, and so it goes. Women who have begrudgingly trekked along with their husbands, wondering what in the world the man of their choice could possibly see in wading a stream or sitting on a rocky bank, just to catch a fish. And invariably these same women have returned home converts, tired but happy, with the grand thrill of 'I caught my first fish today!' Realizing the reward patience brings. The sun has seeped into the cloudy and disturbed recesses of their minds. The wind has blown the cobwebs from their minds, and the lapping water gives a feeling of repose and restfulness. Surely 'good medicine' in any man's language.

The shad seiners have finished for the season, and I will miss their boats going back and forth, and their friendly greetings, and there again you have the feeling of grand brotherhood — the bars of restraint let down — that feeling of all true sportsmen — brothers after all.

As Tommy has told you, we are right across from the sugar refinery at Crockett on the Vallejo side and at night the lights make a fairy scene, the big boats and tankers going about their business give one such an eerie feeling. The river passenger boats are like fairy palaces, for night hides the scars of many trips and one ponders the whys and wherefors of the passengers, but being on the outside one sees only the bright side. And how we all run to see when the sugar boats tie up at the refinery or when the planes fly high over head. And one time we saw a plane come under the bridge that spans the Carquinez Straits. The never-ending stream of cars across the bridge, by day so many scuttling bugs, but ah, at night a necklace of glittering brilliance. The thrilling moan of the Streamliner as she comes out of the tunnel above Selby, the warning whistles of the many passing trains. The beacons on the railroad bridge at Benicia and even the beacon on Mount Diablo, flashing, flashhing. And this all goes to make a picture of fishing here on Carquinez, where the Sacramento River joins hands with San Francisco Bay.

We had grandstand seats for the eclipse of the moon last Friday night, and when you return I'll show you the hourly log I kept.

And now, best wishes for a grand and glorious vacation.

Mi Mi.

The Pleasure of Owning a Motor Boat

by Robert Lewis Wiel

■ Ladies, if you've ever lounged in the cockpit of your own motor cruiser, comfortably togged in slacks, a gay-colored bandana over your hair, and lazily watched the foaming wake of the boat, or the receding dark gray skyline of the city etched against the blue above—read no further; you already know the thrill of it and should need no urging from me. But if you haven't, you've passed up one of life's great moments, and these words are written especially for you, and I DO mean YOU! (With apologies to that radio movie gossip!)

If you're the active type from Monday to Friday, you'll enjoy the peaceful calm of a day or week-end on the water. There are no telephones and doorbells to answer, no house-work to do, and no Sunday drivers to dodge on the crowded highways. Instead, you can stretch out on deck in luxurious ease and nap while your body takes on a delightful bronze color, and every nerve relaxes at the soft touch of a cool sea breeze.

Now if it's sport you want, there's sport aplenty. Tie up in some sheltered cove, put on your swim suit and plunge in. If your boat is fast enough and you don't mind a spill or two, try aquaplaning or the very latest in thrills—water-skiing. Or, if you are so inclined, get out your fishing rod and pit your skill against the men of the family. There are plenty of striped bass in the bay and in the rivers, and if luck is with you, you'll provide a dinner to the queen's taste. Exercise? You haven't had any till you hook a ten pounder or better. If you fly the burgee of a bay area yacht club (and there are a dozen or more in the bay region you can join), you are eligible to enter your boat in the races, of which there are a great many during the season. This begins May first and continues into the late fall. You can go along just for the ride and let the men do the navigating, if you choose. But many women are not content merely to play the role of a back-seat driver, and there are several expert "skippers" among the fair sex of the bay region. Don't hesitate to compete because your boat happens to be small or slow, because the races as conducted hereabouts are not always for the swift but generally for the skillful.

But no matter what your activities, a day on the water is guaranteed to cure even the most stubborn case of insomnia. You will sleep as soundly as a babe. And your appetite? Well—you'll just have to forget that Hollywood diet for a while.

You'll be surprised, too, after a few trips, at the many grand places to go for a day's outing. Belvedere Cove is an ideal spot for a Saturday, if your time is short. Just across the bay, it's usually sheltered from the wind and you can generally count on sunshine there, even if fog shrouds the west bay. Paradise Cove is another popular anchorage. Treasure Island, the site of the 1939 Exposition, is rapidly nearing completion and a cruise around it in your boat is well worth while. There's a snug harbor, too, on the southwestern side where you can drop your anchor and idle away an hour or two. And then there's San Rafael Creek, McNear's Point, Petaluma Creek and many other good spots. For longer jaunts you have the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers with their fifteen hundred square miles of inland waterways for your happy hunting grounds. Many of the hundred-odd sloughs which carve the land between the rivers are overhung with lovely cottonwood and willow trees, under which you may glide into what seems like a new-found Paradise. Best of these sloughs are Georgiana and Steamboat Sloughs, whose shores afford good anchorage during the late summer months.

But I hear you ask, can we afford a motor boat? And that's a difficult question to answer. The boat itself, if you buy a used one (and that's probably your best bet if you get competent advice before you buy) can be acquired for from a few hundred dollars up, depending on size, power and equipment. Naturally, the better the boat, the more it will cost you. However, if you have made a sound purchase you can usually recover your cost if you decide to sell it after a year or two. Used boats, if taken care of, are not greatly affected by depreciation and are always in demand. As to the upkeep cost, again there is great variation depending on the type of boat you have. But if you decide to make boating your hobby and recreation you should have no trouble in making a go of it by diverting the available funds from the other amusements on which you formerly spent them.

So here's hoping we'll see you on the bay soon and watch you point with pride at your boat the first time you say: "She's mine!"

Summer Fare

by Christine S. Madison

■ Summer in California is a capricious mistress. A matter of a few miles and the weather will vary from brisk winds and low-hung fogs to soft zephyrs or desert-like heat. Hence Northern California homemakers must plan to meet Dame Nature's moods, but regardless of temperatures she should revise her routine tasks to eliminate unnecessary work, with menus that offer entirely new dishes for special occasions as well as every-day meals.

Variety is the spice of life. Meals served in the garden, on the terrace, or on chilly evenings before an open fire will provide a real change from the formality of the dining room.

Short cuts in meal preparation. The utilization of leftovers. Elimination of unnecessary dish washing and cooking for more than one meal. Using paper products and electrical aids, such as mixers and cookers, are all vitally important if the homemaker desires freedom to enjoy a swim, a game of golf, or the hammock, during the warm sunshiny days.

Electric cookers that roast, bake or broil are ideal for summer. They permit the baking of biscuits, pies, cakes or shortcakes for desserts. The roasting or baking of meats, fish or poultry. Unexcelled cooking of vegetables, or cool broiling of all kinds of meats.

Paper products such as parchment bags or sheets, save heavy pan washing. The food does not stick. Vitamins and other food values are retained by this method of cookery. While the gay little food covers and containers are fine, they must be cared for, so for summer, rolls of wax paper are indispensable. Use a sheet on another one of white paper when rolling out biscuits or shortcakes. Use one to cover the chopping board when making salads. Their easy disposal makes them a real first aid in summer homemaking. Pastries may be made a day or a few hours in advance of cooking time, if they are well wrapped in wax paper before being placed in the refrigerator. Salads, too, will be fresh if carefully covered. Add to these two types of paper the paper towel and your kitchen is well equipped to reduce kitchen working time.

Piping hot soup should be served with all cold meals. Clear beef or tomato consomme (fine for reducers watching calories) for the light meal. Cream soups when additional food value is needed. For those not adept in utilizing leftovers there is a wide variety in the canned products, used alone or in combination.

Or, be really economical and use leftover vegetables and juices. When you serve canned peas, asparagus, spinach, or peas and carrots — save the juice and a little of the vegetable and add to a cream foundation. Then, too, for four servings you can add one can of pureed vegetable (prepared for babies and invalids). First make the foundation for either by this method:

Cook together two tablespoons each of butter and finely minced onion in top of double boiler. When soft add two tablespoons of flour. Mix to a smooth paste, then add two and one-half cups of scalded milk and cook while constantly stirring until smooth —then season with one and one-half teaspoons of salt, half a teaspoon of nutmeg and a few dashes of paprika. Lastly add one small can of pureed vegetable, or one-half cup of any leftover vegetable such as peas, carrots, spinach or asparagus. Heat well before serving.

Cold appetizers should only be served with a warm meal—at least have one hot dish. Chilled tomato juice is a universal favorite, but at this season fruit cups are more popular. Grapefruit segments mixed with sweetened strawberries. Persian, watermelon or yellow or green cantaloups cut in cubes or small balls served in sweetened, cooked orange juice are intriguing. To prepare the juice just boil together for five minutes one cup each of strained orange juice and sugar. Chill before adding the fresh fruit.

Cold "Dutch" platters are perfect for the day you will be out until almost dinner time. With these a variety of crackers, toasted bread, a dish of dill pickles, iced tea or hot coffee and the platter—following a cup of hot soup will be a time saver. Use leftover cold meats, or buy cold sliced boiled ham, corned beef, smoked tongue, liver sausage and bologna, which should be arranged in circles around a mound of Thousand Island macaroni salad, placed in a deep lettuce cup in the center of the platter. Around the meat put another ring of sliced American and Swiss cheese. Around the outer edge place deviled eggs. Use plenty of crisp lettuce to decorate the plate if you do not care for parsley.

Tomatoes and cheese, sandwich style, served with broiled bacon, hot biscuits and coffee, is delicious for Sunday supper or a luncheon.

Wash, then cut in four slices each, eight medium-sized firm tomatoes. Have ready two packages of cream cheese mashed (Continued on page 23

Summer Tables

by Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer

■ Summer tables are such fun—whether breakfast, luncheon or dinner. Even the guests' breakfast tray can begin the day right with a tiny "old fashioned bouquet" in an appropriate container or a single blossom—lying on the napkin—later to be tucked into the vase on the bedside table. Be sure the flower is one that will not only look well on the napkin but the napkin in turn enhances the beauty and perfection of the flower and its foliage. A branch of geranium, one of the spicy varieties, will please an early or late riser—and the leaves are usually so soft and glistening in the morning. At noon a gay, light-hearted, frivolous arrangement of many so-called "informal flowers" can help achieve for the hostess the sought-for mood. Remembering that smaller flowers in "open bouquet" are usually used. Try a newer format by creating a halo of gypsophilia, against which can be grouped on either side, flat rows of flowers. Each row a color in harmony with the next and in keeping with the china and silver. If you live in the Bay region or any part of the world where the summers are cool, glowing warm colors can be used—rich and bright—massed in low bowl or platter to become the center of color interest, but allowing the topics of the day to be discussed by not screening one guest from another. If you have a choice figurine, use it to tell a tale of romance from whence it came, always mindful that the figurine or the flowers arranged with it should dominate the picture thus painted. If both try to hold one's interest the enjoyment of each is lessened. The "buffet" service now so generally accepted for informal entertainment offers one the opportunity to use flowers in the "grande manner"; i. e., in large proportions—the setting of the table with large platters, stacked plates, massed silver calls for a balance in the size and kind of flowers and arrangement. If it is out-of-doors strong vibrant colors are found more effective, as dainty shades are lost in contrast with the brilliance of sky, the green of fresh out-of-doors leaves and grass, and, too, summer furniture is generally a gay, bright note offering a challenge for center of interest. It has been known as long as man has been on this rich and wonderful earth that the sight and sound of water gives a sense of cool, quiet peace. If on a day the temperature is high—your guests come in their dainty summer frocks eager to relax—for exertion of any kind is trying in the heat—gather them about a table where great restraint has been used, where no fussy details fill in the necessary large spaces of glass top or polished surface, and allow their eyes to focus on a large flat, round, oval or rectangular container (this depending upon the shape of the table), where only one, perhaps two, of your choicest flowers are afloat —allowing the lights and shadows to play on an expanse of water. It is very interesting to **listen** for the effect of such an arrangement—I have, often. As the guests enter, their voices are high-pitched—the group excitable—and when the simple beauty of such an arrangement and its perfection becomes the focal point, the attendant hush is your reward. The lowering of voices and ease of manner is proof that you have succeeded. For formal entertainment we have been steeped in the tradition of long-stemmed roses or any one of the tall flowers in season. My theory is a simple one. When, in this period of tense living, of speed, of silence (Continued on page 19

The Village of Blondes

by Winifred MacIntosh Menzies

■ Away off in a little-frequented district of Michoacan, Mexico, where we had gone to indulge my husband's hobby for botany, we came across a tale so fantastic that I had to run it down, and the following story is the result.

On one of our rides to see an Indian village which could be reached only on foot or horseback, we passed a little group of peasants driving a herd of cows. As we saluted them in passing, the boy in the party turned and looked us full in the face. I had a shock, for there among the dark-skinned, black-haired Mexicans was a perfect blond. True, he was shock-headed, dirty and uncouth, but the shock of hair was ash-blond, the dull eyes were blue, and the dirty face was that of a Northerner, white skin and rosy cheeks.

After we had passed I asked our guide about the lad, and after looking about carefully to see that there was no one near, he rode up beside me and said:

"We have a village near here called 'The Village of Blondes,' and that boy belongs there." With much questioning I managed to extract the following story from our faithful Ramon, who was usually bubbling over with information, good-natured and jolly, chattering in quite good English, which he had learned working in a five-and-ten-cent store in Kansas City.

He said that when Maximilian was near the end of his ill-fated reign in Mexico, if reign it could possibly be called, there was a French brigade in that part of Michoacan, fighting a sort of guerilla warfare against the bands of Mexicans who came up from the coast from time to time. They had intrenched themselves in this nearby village, built a barracks, and even after Maximilian's tragic end had remained some time, made friends with the people and evidently left their stamp on succeeding generations.

When I got my breath after this weird tale I told Ramon that poor Carlota had only died in Belgium a few years ago. This amazed him, but he said, "I should not be surprised at that, for there is one old gentleman in the village who remained after the French troops left the country. He was a boy attached to the Maximilian party and when they were all taken to Queretaro, he was sent away secretly to try to get the French soldiers to hasten to Maximilian's aid."

That aid never came, and the boy remained with the French troops and for some reason after they left he still remained in Mexico. Perhaps his heart had broken at the perfidy of his fellow countrymen.

The more I thought of this story the more I wanted to see the Village of Blondes, and at last one day I found Ramon in a complacent mood.

My husband was busy with his specimens, so Ramon and I set off together on horseback, our lunch jogging in the saddlebags (a pineapple sticking its green leaves out of the opening), and my painting things in an old knapsack.

A paint box or sketching things I have found to be "Open Sesame" the world over—for who is going to harm the hopeless idiot who tries to put things on paper that the good God made!

We picked our way first through a tough Mal Pas of broken lava, then over stretches of open country into pine woods, where the riding was perfect and the needles of the lovely, gracious Montezuma Pine brushed us as we passed, until, in a small clearing with high cliffs at the back, a brawling stream almost surrounding it, the village came into sight.

At once it struck me what a perfect place it was in case of attack. For a barren pass easily defended was the only means of reaching it.

At our approach, little boys who had noted our arrival scuttled off to tell the inhabitants that strangers were coming. So, when we drew rein in front of the small church there was an interested crowd awaiting us. Some greeted Ramon in friendly fashion, the "Senorita" with more reserve, for Mexican good manners never use the "Senora" until a woman is past eighty and tottering! And never did that sweet "Senorita" fail to thrill me! I heard the names Maria and Don Guillermo quite frequently, and as Ramon told me he had a cousin here, I gathered she was Maria.

Soon Ramon explained that his cousin begged us to come to the house of her master, as the aged Don Guillermo was confined to his home. (No wonder, I thought. He must be a hundred! Yet if he was fifteen the year Maximilian was executed he would have been only eighty-eight.)

On our way I realized this place was not like the other villages I had seen in Michoacan. No plaza,

only a small, circular open space in front of the church, trees planted in neat rows, a high wall almost surrounding the town, with short, squat towers at intervals; the main building, even dwarfing the church, of dark red brick, with yellow trim, ugly and forbidding. Ramon told me it was the French barracks.

The great door was open, showing a cobbled courtyard surrounded on the ground floor with stalls for the horses, a well in the center; above, living quarters.

We did not linger, for it was cold, musty and forbidding there and had not been made use of by the people, as most abandoned buildings are in Mexico. And besides, I did not wish to keep the aged Don Guillermo waiting. The fact was, I was consumed with curiosity.

The people we met, and I think the whole town was out, were many of them unlike Mexicans, for the same fair hair, light skin, gray or blue eyes frequently appeared, each time producing a little shock. True, the skin was often more cafe au lait than really fair, the hair ash-blond rather than golden, the eyes like agates instead of a clear, honest Northern blue. But what a strong Northern—perhaps Norman—strain had produced and reproduced this strange blend! Though the pigmentation in the dark races is supposed to be the strongest, here it had succumbed to this Dunkel-blonde, as the Germans say.

The Don's house, near the barracks, was plain but comfortable and spotlessly clean, as was his housekeeper, Maria, who ushered us in with courteous though rather reserved welcome. We found the old gentleman seated in a high-backed carved wooden chair, set in the warmest spot in a charming patio, where the grand double red poinsettia glowed, birds in wooden cages sang and water softly dropped into the little fountain's pool.

Don Guillermo greeted us most graciously, inquired about my husband and for Ramon's family and also apologized to me for not rising. In turn I apologized for my riding clothes. Well-bred Mexicans don't like women in breeches, and still use in many places the weirdest side saddle. But he countered with, "Jeanne d'Arc rode a man's saddle in men's clothes, and I hear they have made her a saint. So, Madame!"

This little joke broke the ice and we were soon chatting pleasantly of Mexico, the glorious country, Michoacan, our own far-away California and how good a guide was our Ramon, who, with Maria, had retreated to a seat a little apart and were talking softly together.

The boy, Jean, hovered near the old gentleman and often smiled sympathetically at our little jokes. But I soon saw a white, drawn look come over that serene but aged countenance, and rose to say farewell. He detained me to send Juan for a present to take to my husband, an old French herbal so choice I hesitated to take it, especially as I noticed on the flyleaf "Guillaume Limantour 1709," and for myself a bottle of his own wine. But in a country where it is a pleasure to give, I knew it an insult to refuse, and so with profuse thanks we withdrew.

An indelible picture of that scene remains with me—the pale, spiritual face of the old man, with its aristocratic features, the coarser, homely features of the woman standing protectingly behind him, the boy beside him, also protective but with the eager look of a youth with life before him, some subtle bond uniting them, some still subtler resemblance making them a unity, a family resemblance!

As we rode quietly home a sort of sudden light shone on the scene. I turned to Ramon.

"Maria is Don Guillermo's daughter and Juan is his grandson, isn't it so, Ramon?"

He looked startled and murmured, "Si, Senorita."

"Now, Ramon, you might just as well tell me the whole story as have me imagining things," I said.

"But, Senorita, you Eenglish are so parteecular."

"I'm not English, I'm Irish; and after your tale of the sheep and the pigs, you know, you can't shock me!" (When I asked him about some pigs I had seen, with long, curly hair, he told me that in Michoacan the sheep and pigs breed together, with this result, and that they shear them like lambs.)

This made him laugh. So on with the tale. Don Guillermo had been afraid to leave when the French troops left in 1867 on account of his intimate connection with Maximilian and his futile effort to save him. The French were evidently concerned about leaving the boy and gave him a large sum in gold and made over the barracks to him. He lived quietly in the village, endearing himself to the simple people by helping them with their farming, teaching the little children and assisting the visiting priest. In due time the village gave him a field of his own which he cultivated with great industry and success. He even grew grapes on the stone walls surrounding his field and taught the people to make wine—a kind of heavy white wine called Malvoisie, undoubtedly the same we had been given on our visit.

When he was just twenty-one, an advocate appeared from Mexico bearing certain papers for Guillermo and followed by a carreta laden with boxes and chests for the boy. Apparently he had inherited a small estate, books and some furniture. He then gave up his dreary lodgings in the old, memory-haunted barracks, had a small, comfortable house built the one in which we had first seen him, found a good capable girl

(Continued on page 23

THE EXPOSITION

Introduction to

THE PACIFIC AREA

Philip Newell Youtz, Director

by Mrs. Duncan McDuffie

■ The Department of the Pacific Area has received requests from libraries, museums, schools, clubs and individuals throughout California for bibliographies and study lists on the countries to be represented in the Pacific Area in 1939.

In response the Department is compiling from authoritative sources lists of books on the Pacific countries and Study Outlines in order to give an opportunity to the interested public to prepare for the magnificent collections and exhibits to be presented at the Exposition.

Bibliographies include: Discoverers of the Pacific, Voyages, Travel and Exploration, Countries of the Pacific; Cultures, ancient and modern; the Arts, Literature, History, etc. An additional field of interest is that of well-chosen fiction, which is recommended as an introduction to further study. The Exposition hopes that during the coming year all groups will give special emphasis to Pacific Cultures in their study programs.

Museums, libraries, colleges, schools, club groups and individuals are cordially invited to call on the Director for information and for additional copies of the bibliographies and Study Outlines which will be published serially in the Women's City Club Magazine.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN AND ITS COUNTRIES

NORTH AMERICA

Alaska
Canada
United States

CENTRAL AMERICA

Mexico	Guatemala	Nicaragua
	Salvador	Costa Rica
	Honduras	Panama

SOUTH AMERICA

Colombia	Peru	Antarctica
Ecuador	Chile	

RUSSIA

CHINA

JAPAN, KOREA, FORMOSA

AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND

MALAYSIA

French Indo China	Java	Dutch New Guinea
Jahore	Siam	Annam
Borneo	Singapore	Philippines
Bali	Sumatra	

POLYNESIA

Hawaii	Samoa	Tahiti
Cook	Marquesas	Pitcairn
Easter	Austral, etc.	

MICRONESIA

Caroline (Yap)	Marianne	Marshall
Gilbert, etc.		

MELANESIA

British New Guinea	Santa Cruz, etc.	Figi
Solomon	Bismarck	New Caledonia

STUDY OUTLINES

I

An Introduction to Our Country:

Map and Country
People—Portraits, Costumes, Customs
Cities—Public Structures, Dwellings
Subsistence—Agriculture, Fishing, Hunting, etc.
Methods of Travel and Transportation on Land, on Water
Arts—Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Theater, Dance, Music
Handicrafts—Pottery, Jewelry, Basketry, Weaving
Industries—Commerce—Trade
Special Conditions

★ ★ ★

The Department of the Pacific Area will be very grateful for copies of the National Geographic Magazine containing articles on any country touching the Pacific and for any other illustrated article pertaining to the arts of these countries. These magazines may be left at the Women's City Club.

Summer Tables

(Continued from page 15)

so constantly filled with sound, we ask our friends and acquaintances to "break bread with us," we should use the decor on our tables that will be conducive to "conversation" for which so few "now have the time." Bouquets interfering with the sight of one another's eyes are exasperating — for the eyes are the "punctuation marks" in conversation, and so my appeal to you is: To make a success of your entertainment, use your own good taste—but remember **The reason for bidding your friends is to share your friends—let them dominate the table.**

What Is Mental Health?

■ A bibliographical circular published by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene contains this definition:

"Mental health may be defined as the adjustment of human beings to themselves and the world at large with a maximum of personal and social effectiveness. This means a degree of well-being that permits the individual to make the most of his capabilities, with a maximum of satisfaction to himself and the social order and a minimum of friction and tension. It implies also socially acceptable behavior and the ability to maintain oneself intellectually and emotionally in any environment."

My Garden Sun

My garden is abloom
With many kinds of sun,
The tones from palest yellow
To brilliant crimson run.

The yellow pansy bed
Darts dark-eyed beams at me,
And in each nodding head
An elfin face I see.

The matron marigolds
With generous discs agleam,
Petals piled on petals,
Like hoarded sunbeams seem.

Nasturtiums, many hued—
Fairies with vain ambition
To shine with varying light,
Not one ray's repetition.

The poppies life to light
As if to seek more gold,
Fearful the sun might offer
More than their cups could hold.

And I, in my garden close,
Would find in the sky above
Color burning my heart
Into the gold of His love.

Florence R. Keene.

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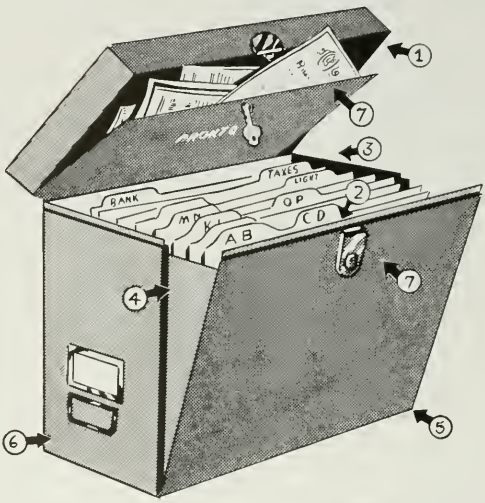

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Summer Suppers

Fresh Fruit Coupe

Celery and Olives

Tomato Bouillon

Broiled ½ Spring Chicken with Spiced Peach

Roast Leg of Lamb with Mint Sauce

Sirloin Steak Saute with Fresh Mushrooms

Mashed Potatoes New Peas

Salad Bowl with Cheese

Hot Rolls

Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake

Ice Cream Sherbet

Tea Coffee Milk

■

At the Club

$1.00 a Plate

I Have Been Reading

SELECTED POEMS; by John Masefield. Macmillan Company, 1938. $2.50. Reviewed by Dorothy Fish Kerr.

THE YEARLING; by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (author of South Moon Under). Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938. $2.50. Reviewed by Constance D. Howard.

IN AND OUT OF DOORS; by Clough, Amabel, Susan, Charlotte and Christopher Williams-Ellis. Coward-McCann, Inc., 1938. $2.50. Reviewed by Grace Johnson.

■ Selected Poems; by John Masefield

How fortunate we are to have this book of older, and many newer, poems "chosen" (to use the poet's own words) "usually because they are evidence of a mood which I remember." A clever statement that, because it invests them with a subtle personality of the author which the reader is curious to discover!

The book opens with selections from "Salt Water Ballads." Although Masefield tells us that of all forms, the long narrative poem is his favorite, it seems that in these shorter sea poems there is an innate musical spontaniety that excels the others. For instance:

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by,"

And again:

"It's a warm wind, the west wind, and full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind, but tears are in my eyes."

In a foreword, Masefield expresses a desire for "theatres for narrative" in which a poet's art "would develop . . . to something unknown heretofore." With spirited narrative such as that in "Reynard the Fox," "The Wanderer" or "Hounds of Hell," one can easily foresee success in such a venture. However, no matter how involved one may become in the narrative of these poems, there is ever the unexpected line of sheer beauty, to leave one breathless:

". . . when the first drift of white
Stars the black branches of the spiky thorn,"

Or:

"And all the stars in all the sky were burning."

Or this:

"Smoke, like the house's breathing, floated, sighed;
Among the trembling firs strange ways it took."

At one time Masefield said that all poets should be alert to the "radiant majesty in reality," in order to bring it to others. How truly he follows his own precepts! With a wide knowledge of the sea and ships, and of English rural life and characters, he brings to us a vivid portrayal of the beauties he has found. Though there is certain knowledge of evil and of the inevitability of death, these are transcended by beauty and hope:

"For from these ploughed-up souls the spirit brings
Harvest at last, and sweet from bitter things."

For nobility of character and of creed, as well as for the beauty of his poetry, John Masefield well merits his high place among English poets of today.

■ The Yearling; by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. . . . Once upon a time there was a cabin, deep in a great wood. In the cabin there lived a father a mother and their son twelve years old. An old dog and a young dog lived there too; also a beautiful fawn, whom the boy loved. There was a clearing for a garden-patch behind the cabin, a shed for horse, pigs, chickens and a cow, then nothing for miles on every side except the wood and creatures of the wood. Not all were harmless. Around the clearing came rattlesnakes, panthers bears; after the great flood, a pack of wolves.

How the cabin folk with their ancient gun and their flint to make fire defended

themselves, how every day they fought "Ol' Man Starvation" for their lives, what struggles they had and what good times, you must surely read, in a tale you will never forget because it opens another window on the world, and our own country. Does it not seem strange that this could not be Davy Crockett's world, or Daniel Boone's, but now, today, in the state of Palm Beach and Coral Gables?

This is a finely printed and beautifully bound volume. The frontispiece reads: Decorations by Edward Shenton: inadequate word for remarkable half-page drawings at the head of each chapter. Searched memory yields no illustrations which have caught more poignantly in their black and white the very life and spirit of their book.

■ "In and Out of Doors," written and illustrated by three young people still in their teens and assisted by their parents, fulfills its avowed purpose—to be a traveling companion to anyone between the ages of seven and seventeen.

The Williams-Ellis family is English. Amabel Williams-Ellis, the mother, was literary editor of the Spectator from 1922-1928 and is the author of many books, among them being "The Exquisite Tragedy," a splendid biography of John Ruskin, and "A History of English Life for Children." The father, Clough Williams-Ellis is one of the well-known architects of England. His work includes Dartmouth House and the Oxford and Cambridge Club Annex and private residences in Shanghai, Tientsin and South America.

With the help of such talented parents one is not surprised that the children have succeeded in writing such a complete and useable book. They give advice on camping and walking trips as well as sailing and canoeing, they even tell you how to plan meals and cook everything from soup to dessert. Some of the recipes are rather naive—for instance "Leeks—boil for 1 hour, do not stir too much or they come to bits. Be sure to wash all grit before boiling. This is not easy and a **little** grit is no disgrace."

There is a chapter on the care of pets —another on the various discoveries to be made on the seashore; the one on first aid they assure us has been read and approved by a doctor. For entertainment they provide a varied collection of poetry; this ranges from simple rhymes to William Blake and Robert Browning, and the prose includes fairy tales and excerpts from Plutarch and Ruskin. One of the travel and adventure stories is particularly interesting be-

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cause it is a portion of a letter written in 1815 by a nineteen-year-old lad to the great, great grandfather of the William-Ellis children.

For further amusement they suggest many games and their directions for these thoughtfully include the information as to their character: quiet, noisy, strenuous. The chapter on photography is very instructive; their suggestions about how to select and avoid your subjects for these pictures are delightfully frank.

These are only a part of the subjects discussed in the book and the whole material is handled in so natural a fashion that you feel as if one youngster is simply talking to another.

National League Book Shop Vacation Reading

■ We hope this list will remind you of a book or books which you hoped to read when you had the time. Many of them are available in reprint editions, as well as in the library editions. Consult us for prices of reprints and pocket editions, as well as lists of books pertaining to your own hobbies.

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS; Henry Adams. $2.50.

THE SPLENDID FAIRING; Constance Holme. $1.50.

SWANN'S WAY; Marcel Proust. $2.50.

TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY; Robert Bridges. $3.50.

NATURE IN DOWNLAND; W. H. Hudson. $2.

KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER; Sigrid Undset. $3.50.

JEAN CHRISTOPHE; Romain Rolland. $3.50.

PREFACE TO MORALS; Walter Lippman. $1.

COLLECTED POEMS; Emily Dickinson. $4.

MIDDLETOWN and MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION; Robert Lynd. $5 each.

FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND; Van Wyck Brooks. $4.

and the following new Pulitzer awards:

OUR TOWN; Thornton Wilder. $2.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY; John P. Marquand. $2.50.

ANDREW JACKSON, PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT; Marquis James. $5.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, 1890-1916. Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Stokes. One-volume edition. $4.50.

A COUNTRY GARDEN. Ethel Armitage. Engraved by John Farleigh. Macmillan. Experience of a gardener's year. $3.

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS OF CALIFORNIA. In two volumes. Joseph Grinnell, Joseph S. Dixon and Jean M. Linsdale. University of California Press. Their natural history, systematic status and relations to man. $15.

THE SUMMING UP. W. Somerset Maugham. $2.50. Every page is provocative, sometimes because it reveals facets of Maugham's personality that have never been exposed, sometimes because of the sheer biographical content, most of all because of the pleasant candor and the quiet sensibility of his personality.

LITTLE LAMB. Dahris Martin. $1.50 Lilting text and springlike pictures about a little lamb called Baba, for the very youngest.

OLD LONDON. E. F. Benson. Four novelettes of London life by a witty and distinguished author, with illustrations by Reginald Birch. An addition to the "Old Cities Series," which was begun with Edith Wharton's "Old New York." Appleton. $5.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND. Winifred Holtby; edited by Alice Holtby and Jean McWilliam. $3.50. When Winifred Holtby died in 1935, England lost one of her finest young novelists. These letters cover the period from 1920 to 1926 when Miss Holtby was a student at Oxford.

THE CULTURE OF CITIES. Lewis Mumford $4.50. A noted authority on architecture and city planning studies the cities from medieval time to Twentieth Century.

For Younger Readers

THE TRADER'S CHILDREN. Laura Adams Armer. Real children in the Arizona desert region. $2.50.

HIGH WATER. Phil Stong and Kurt Wiese. Fine writing and good drawing combined. $2.00.

SHANTY BOOK LODGE. Fjeril Hess. Summer at a Girl Scout Camp. $1.75.

ZEPHIR'S HOLIDAYS. Jean de Brunhoff. A monkey story by the author-illustrator of the Babar books. $3.00.

THE CHILDREN'S YEAR. L. and M. Brown. Each month of the year for the child, delightfully illustrated in color. 75 cents.

RUFUS THE FOX. Retold from the French. Pictures in color. $2.00.

Summer Fare

(Continued from Page 14)

and mixed with two tablespoons of finely minced chives. Spread on the tomato slices. Put together in pairs. Fasten with toothpicks, then dip in fine cracker crumbs, then in beaten eggs, then again in cracker crumbs and sautee until evenly browned in three tablespoons of olive or cooking oil. Two eggs and one and a half cups of crumbs will be plenty. Just beat the whole eggs until well blended.

Casserole dishes with ham as the base, served with rice; chicken and noodles; or in cream sauce and hard-cooked eggs. Kidney sautee or any of the cream dishes served in attractive individual casseroles are splendid dishes for summer days.

The Village of Blondes

(Continued from Page 17)

for housekeeper, and, more than ever played Good Angel to the village. But the Good Angel was human; the housekeeper became his mistress; Maria was their child and Juan was her son.

"And now," continued Ramon, "Juan wishes to become a priest, and Don Guillermo consents—only asks the boy to wait until his death and then go to France to study for the priesthood."

So I had the story, and if anyone doubts that there is a living link with that sad, mad, tragic Maximilian-Carlota story, let him go find the Village of the Blondes.

Uruapan, Michoacan, Mexico, March, 1938.

Nuestras Charlas

Conchita—Prométeme que me darás tus noticias durante tu visita a la América del Sur.

Celia—Cómo no! Qué lástima que no te vienes conmigro porque juntas pasaríamos un buen rato. Imagínate que viajaré por seis de las mas ricas repúblicas del sur.

Conchita—Te felecito y mientras tanto te seguiré con el pensamiento con la ayuda de tus cartas y mis libros.

Celia—Qué libros estás leyendo?

Conchita—Los que me recomendaste "Peruvian Pageant," el que mas me gusta; "Living High," y el libro nuevo de Negley Farson, "Transgressor in the Tropics."

Celia—Tú con tu lectura sabrás tanto como yo con mis viajes.

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Swim at the Club...

In Flight

—Flora Boldemann

■ February 26, 1938.

7:00 a. m.—Once again spring is upon us and the rising sun is casting a red glow along the eastern range of mountains as we are flying across the bay toward Fresno. The Oakland-San Francisco Bay Bridge looms up in the distance and the tall stately buildings of San Francisco look like a model city

7:30 a. m.—Breakfast time and a dainty tray is set before me consisting of fresh grapefruit, scrambled eggs and bacon, toast, coffee, doughnut and honey.

8:00 a. m.—Into Fresno in one hour, for a ten-minute stop. Off again over the valley where the fog is clinging close to the ground bearing a resemblance to the Saltan Sea. Now we are climbing towards the Sierra Nevadas, which are covered with snow, and Mt. Whitney, atop, is the highest peak in the United States, 14,496 feet high, and is fifty miles north of our present position. The visibility today is unlimited and mountain peaks may be seen one hundred and fifty miles from the plane. We are now about 12,000 feet, and the windows of our plane are frosted from the high altitude and intense cold outside.

Gliding over these mountains one can see deep snowdrifts and the pine trees stretching skyward as straight as a regiment.

We are now approaching Inyokern, California, with a headwind of five miles per hour, ground speed of 185 miles per hour, altitude above sea level 11,500 feet, altitude above ground 11,300 feet. We expect to arrive at Inyokern at approximately 9:31 a. m. Pacific Time.

4:30 p. m. Mountain Time—Taking off from Winslow we notice that the sun is far to the west and the coloring on the plains is entirely different from our trip this noon. The sun is now behind the clouds, causing shadows across the plains.

Again we are nearing Grand Canyon, in our T. W. A. fourteen-passenger plane, where we expect to see more subdued colorings than earlier in the day. We'll see—yes, indeed—the western portion of the canyon is shadowed while the eastern sides are slightly illuminated by the slowly setting sun. The colorings are somewhat deeper under the snow-covered tops of the outer ridges. Beneath the sepia ridge is a lighter rose running into tans and grayish greens. It greatly resembles a stick of striped candy.

Now that the sun is sinking behind the Coast Range, the colors of the canyon seem to be reflected in the sky.

which is a sight I shall never forget.

Our position at 5:33 p. m. Mountain Time—No headwind, ground speed 180 miles per hour, 10,000 feet above sea level, 5,000 feet above the ground. We expect to arrive at Las Vegas at approximately 6:07 p. m.

As we look out we see Ruxtel Field, which is an intermediate landing field. The waters of Mead Lake now appear black as ink and Boulder City looks like a toy village. The airport here is nearly completed and will be a regular stop on T. W. A. very soon for those desiring to take a tour of Lake Mead and the Boulder Dam. The new hotel at Boulder City is very nice and well equipped.

It is dusk as we are descending into Las Vegas and the sun looks like a spot of gold among the dark clouds and the azurine of the night.

I Would Be Glad

I would be glad if I could know
That beauty like the trees would grow
Around you so.

That friends would greet you as you pass
Like flowers hidden in the grass.
That every glass

Reflected back your cheering smile
To help you after some hard mile
To rest awhile.

If all who by your help have won
Along the path toward the sun
Would faithful run;

And you in future years might see
A great and shining company—
Unbound and free,
Fulfill the dreams which you have had;

Of good replacing what was bad;
I would be glad.
—William Nauns Ricks.

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■ Every Sunday at 9 a.m. thousands of youngsters get double enjoyment out of their Sunday "funnies" by tuning in to "Uncle Harry's Funny Paper Show" on radio station KYA.

Uncle Harry reads the Sunday comic section of the San Francisco Examiner to the children. He acts out all the parts to the accompaniment of appropriate sound effects. Through cooperation with mothers, he announces birthday greetings and tells the youngsters where their birthday presents are hidden.

This program will be sponsored by Bell-Brook Dairies, who also sponsor the popular "Uncle Harry School Days" programs on KYA daily at 5:15 p.m.

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Investments of Today

In a talk on present-day investment thought and practice Mr. R. H. Seward of Oyster, Seward, Eisson & Trowbridge, investment counsellors, emphasized the importance of applying scientific principles to the problem of investment just as they are applied to the various lines of business and professional activities where we rely upon experienced, trustworthy and well qualified specialists. He spoke of the present-day problems that make this doubly necessary and of the custom of insurance companies, large corporations and estates in maintaining their own staffs whose full time business is the selection, analysis and constant supervision of their investment portfolios.

In suggesting a solution for the individual investor Mr. Seward stated that common sense would seem to dictate that the task of investment management should logically fall to some impartial and well trained specialist who, in addition to technical knowledge, has the further advantage of the unprejudiced bystander's viewpoint. He stated that such an advisor should have no interests to serve save those of his clients and therefore, should not be engaged in the business of selling securities but should act in an advisory capacity only.

Mr. Seward outlined briefly the methods used in the selection and supervision of investments and stated that a careful study of the business cycle was of the utmost importance. He said that we have never been able to iron out periods of boom and depression and that, in his opinion, we never would. After touching on some of the reasons for the cyclical swings into prosperity and depression he concluded that it was equally important for the investor to determine when to buy as to know what to buy. Likewise, the problem of selling securities vulnerable to business depressions at somewhere near the right time is most important and is probably one of the most difficult tasks with which the investor is confronted, as mass psychology in boom times is all against him and because of the very human failing of allowing hope to influence cold judgment.

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Marin Musical Chest

■ The Marin Musical Chest, now in its fifth triumphant season, under the leadership of Mrs. Powers Symington, president and organizer, will present Miss Vivian Wall, noted American dramatic dancer, in a half hour of interpretive dancing, and 200 voices of the Musical Chest Chorus, under Alfred Hurtgen in Racine's "Athalie," Sunday afternoon, June 5, 2:45 o'clock, at the Mead Outdoor Theater, Tamalpais High School, Mill Valley. Cameron Prud-homme, noted actor of stage, screen and radio, will be narrator. Accompanying the chorus will be two pianos and a Hammond electric organ.

The appearance of Miss Wall and Prud-homme is in keeping with the Chest's slogan of presenting "the greatest music in the world, to the greatest number of people for the lowest possible price." Miss Wall will interpret compositions of Bach, Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven, and will be accompanied at the piano by Douglas Thompson.

Since the inception of the Musical Chest five years ago, Marin County has been host to "the greatest artists in the world," and members of the Chest have thrilled to the glorious voices of Nelson Eddy, John Charles Thomas, Tito Schipa, Ezio Pinza, Hilda Konetzni, Lotte Lehman, Charles Schiffeler. Among the other artists presented by the Chest are Albert Spalding, violinist; Henri Deering, pianist; Fernando Germani, brilliant young Italian organist, who is the first concert star to introduce to the concert-going public the Hammond electric organ; and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under such eminent conductors as Bernardino Molinari, Issay Dobrowen and Pierre Monteux.

On April 24, 1938, the San Francisco Symphony, under Monteux, gave what the music critics believed to be the finest performance of the entire San Francisco symphony season, at Tamalpais High School, under the auspices of the Musical Chest. Schiffeler was soloist.

Tickets for June 5 concert may be had at Sherman, Clay & Company after May 25. Members must present membership cards in order to pay 25 cents admission —$3 is charged for non-members.

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A Letter from Jean Allin

(Miss Allin is the daughter of Mrs. B C Allin and is now a student at Oxford University)

■ Innsbruck was wonderful. I had a very personally conducted tour by a friend of Fraulein D.—a Carin Berg—Swedish girl of about 25 or 30, married to the head of the police in Innsbruck, an Austrian.

I put up at the Goldener Adler Hotel, oldest place there, and not the cheapest by any means, and I had a comfortable room.

I got there about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, so set out to see the shop windows as long as the mountains were far from visible. And the shops were really very good—naturally all for tourists.

Then from the shop windows to change into my top hat and blue and cinnabar dress and out to dinner with Dr. Berg and Carin. They took me to the most popular restaurant in Innsbruck, then to the Cafe Munchner afterward for wine and then coffee and chocolate torte while listening to a concert.

Thursday morning Carin called for me and we started out—first to the Halburg and the Hafkirshe — and more history was learned. I didn't know Maria Theresa had 16 children!

The Hafburg is a gorgeous place—an old palace. It belonged to Maria Theresa and mostly to Kaiser Franz Joseph in Vienna. This one in Innsbruck was all in Rococo architecture—beautiful cherubs all over. Then the huge and gorgeous tomb of Maximilian I in the Hafkirshe—all showing what an Empire was!

Carin has a sister up at Patschelkafel, so she telephoned to her, and the sister said that it was too gorgeous for words there, so up we went in the tiny mountain up-elevated railway affair.

The minute we got above Innsbruck at all, we got out of the mist and the sun was shining brightly on all the mountains. It was absolutely dazzling! It was a bit like having all Yosemite spread in front of you from Glacier Point, but I had to keep pinching myself to realize I was in the midst of the Alps! We stayed up there until after sunset—watching over coffee and special chocolate torte the colors on the mountains—and then the sun bringing out the various peaks as it went down.

As we came down the mountainside the lights of Innsbruck were just beginning to twinkle through the fog, which was evidently lifting a bit, and it was also lovely. So all in all, that day was a huge success. And then in the evening (I was tired for some reason) I ate dinner and popped off to bed early.

I arrived in Munich on Saturday night, but before I begin on Munich I must write about Oberammergau, which is the most heavenly spot!

I picked a very nice hotel right in the center of things. It was the Alte Post and right smack in the center in Dorf Platz. That night I didn't do much except eat a good, hearty dinner and then spend the night in the Hotel Windlesback and watch dancing going on. It might have been in any modern hotel. Things are certainly not backward in Oberammergau!

The next morning early I set out to see what I could see, first going to the school for wood carving — and it was wonderful. And then to the museum, and found it a bit of a waste of time, as I didn't see much of interest. Then I went to the Passion Theater. I had a very personally conducted tour, as I was almost the only sightseer at this time of year. The man was most interesting and spoke good English. He told me that Mary Magdalene is now living near Pasadena, having married an American just after the last play. Certainly a gorgeous place and most interesting with all the costumes on exhibit.

Saturday night after I was settled in Munich I started to see the town and walked into the center part and "eyeball shopped." Then I started to look for the Holbrauhaus, and found it after a bit of roaming. Then I was just a bit too timid to go all by myself. I felt very ashamed to be scared, but the place was so darn big and, of course, crowded to the top on a Saturday night, that I just didn't have the nerve. And so I stood on the steps of the place and contemplated my next move.

And then I saw everyone pouring into some place across the street, and seeing a menu on the door I knew at least that I could get something to eat, and I decided to pour in with them. It was the Platz with Bavarian entertainment. I plunked myself at a table with a very solid-looking family and settled down to enjoy myself with a wiener snitzel—being able only to read that on the menu, as the rest was written in script. I have never seen so very many people in such a small place in my life—they put about eight or nine people around a table about the size of a minute. And then we all drank beer and enjoyed the entertainment until at least midnight.

Mary came over the next morning and had breakfast with me, then we went

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out to see the town a bit, then to the Ratskeller for lunch, then to her Pension to sort of loll around for the afternoon, and then back to the Cafe Luipold to spend the evening. It was all more fun than I've had in ages. Just doing nothing in particular and not wanting to do anything in particular. Cafe Luipold was a wonderful place and there was dancing. It seems that Munich was in the middle of Fashing and the place was lavishly decorated. We were given all kinds of noise-making things, and the place went almost wild. Everyone was just simply out to have a good time and they certainly did.

The Don Cossack Choir was too wonderful for words. I really have never heard such an ovation in my whole life —the stamping on the floor with the hollering and shouting and whistling. It was all quite funny when one thinks what "dreadful" enemies Germany and Russia are. Of course, the Bavarians especially liked the several songs that they sang with a bit of shouting and sort of yodeling in them. And the dancing was wonderful.

During the intermission Mary and I went out in the back while she had a cigaret. We were just outside the director's door and saw all types of people going into the director's room, where the choir was during the intermission. I made up my mind then to go in and speak to any who looked familiar from the party at Mrs. Stewart's house (when the Cossacks sang in Stockton).

We must have looked like two rather strange and lost kittens coming in rather scared like—and then I suddenly found a very familiar face. It was the man that I had talked to quite a bit at the Stewart's, and said I might meet him in Switzerland the following year. We talked to him about five minutes about the concert and Stockton in general and then Mary and I left.

As we walked out the door, the man, Herr E. R., was standing there and then walked down the street with us. Both Mary and I were so tickled we could have died—of course, he still was in his costume—boots and all! And then—he asked if we would have a cup of coffee with him—it wasn't dinner, but it was a Don Kosak and so of course we did We went to the Cafe Furstenhof and instead of the coffee it turned out that we had Gluchweinhot wine. And we had a gorgeous time — both talking a blue streak. He had just come from Havana and all places in the southern part of America, so we got on perfectly. It was absolutely the highlight of my entire trip as far as the social life was concerned.

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June 21 - July 1, 1938

■ PURPOSE: To extend the study of world affairs and to promote the cause of peace through creating a better understanding of the domestic and international problems which endanger it.

MEMBERSHIP: Open to all men and women interested in international relations or the cause of peace. Attendants in the past have been chiefly teachers, students, religious workers, members of women's organizations and of civic and service clubs.

Lecture Courses

Institute members may attend all of the following lecture courses:

1. The Far Eastern Arena: China, Japan, Soviet Union and U. S. A.:
   T. Z. Koo, C. B. Fahs, C. Yanaga
2. The Sovereign State and World Organization:
   Wilhelm Sollmann
3. Conflicting Pressures Focused on Washington:
   H. Jerry Voorhis
4. European Leaders and Forces Behind Them:
   Wilhelm Sollmann
5. Ideals and Interests in American Foreign Policy:
   Earl Cranston
6. Menaces to Democracy in Latin America:
   Samuel Guy Inman
7. Iron, Oil, Colonies and Peace:
   J. Anton de Haas
8. The Law of the Jungle and the Sermon on the Mount:
   Muriel Lester

Round Tables

Round Tables 1 to 6 meet simultaneously each morning during the Institute; members choose one of these topics and continue with the same group throughout the session. Round Table 7 meets two or three times during the Institute but will not conflict with other round tables.

1. The Clash of Ideas and Interests in Europe:
   Beatrice Goldman
2. Social Issues and Hebrew-Christian Ideals:
   James Muilenburg
3. Capital, Labor and the Economic Order in Relation to World Peace:
   Frank Gaines, aided by local leaders of labor and employer groups
4. An American Foreign Policy:
   E. Guy Talbott
5. The Sino-Japanese Conflict and After:
   C. B. Fahs
6. Racial and Religious Factors in National and International Affairs:
   Everett R. Clinchy, James M. Yard
7. Teaching International Understanding in the Classroom:
   Leader to be announced

Evening Lectures

(Those not enrolled may obtain season tickets admitting to all evening meetings for one dollar.)

Evening forums and panels will present different views on the present world situation. Questions such as the following will be discussed, but this list may be drastically changed in case passing events between now and the Institute time raise other questions of more importance:

Does empire pay? May there be a saturation point in Fascist aggression?

Can Japan maintain control of large areas in China?

Racial discrimination and international relations.

Isolation, the Neutrality Act, and sanctions.

Social justice in relation to World Peace.

Can Fascist penetration in Latin America threaten the United States?

Patterns of social change: Russia, Germany, Scandinavia, New Deal United States.

Extending of foreign trade: What would lower tariffs do to the American standard of living? What are the results of the reciprocal trade agreements?

The coming settlement in the Far East and America's Far Eastern policy.

Humanism and Democracy (special lecture by Dr. Hans Kohn, Smith College).

Cost and Registration

Institute Charge: The total Institute charge, including registration and tuition, is $10.

Board and Room: Out-of-town members may obtain board and room at Mills College for $20 (double room) or $22.50 (single room).

Pro Arte Concerts

Again in 1938 concerts will be given by the distinguished Pro Arte String Quartet of Belgium. The first of these will be Sunday afternoon, June 26, and the second Wednesday evening, June 29. Institute members may secure tickets at the student rate of fifty cents each.

The Pageant at San Juan

■ Recalling the days of old Spain in California, the 141st anniversary of Mission San Juan Bautista will be celebrated on Saturday and Sunday, June 25 and 26.

This year's annual celebration at the colorful mission in San Benito County promises to be one of the most notable public affairs ever offered at the venerable religious center.

The outstanding feature of the various events will be the presentation of the Tenth Annual Pageant—a four-act historical drama, "Dolores and Jose," written especially for the occasion by Mrs. Lucy Cuddy, well-known San Francisco author and playwright, and a member of the Women's City Club.

Lyrics and music for the unusual Mission Play were composed by Francisca Vallejo McGettigan, grand-daughter of General M. G. Vallejo, early-day military governor of California. James Morgan, of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, will stage the production on an elaborate scale.

There will be two performances of "Dolores and Jose"—both on Sunday, June 26. The first will be at 3:30 p.m., and the second at 8 p.m. Prominent Bay region thespians will play the leading roles, while many of the cast, descendants of pioneer Mexican and Spanish families, have been recruited from the vicinity of the Mission.

Among the other attractions will be a historical parade, a thrilling horse-show of prize stock, a gala ball, and an old-fashioned barbecue.

Father Francis J. Caffrey, M. M., for the past nine years pastor of the Mission, is primarily responsible for the growing importance of the Mission Play.

Mission San Juan Bautista is located 90 miles south of San Francisco, on El Camino Real.

An Interesting Bit of Americana

■ A remarkable hand-blocked printed quilt, probably from the trousseau of Priscilla Tilson, married in 1772 to Philip Capron, Esq., has recently been discovered by a great-great-great-granddaughter. It had been hidden all these years in the bottom of an old hide-skin, nail-studded trunk, lined with the London Magazine, dated November, 1762.

The quilt is made up of three-inch blocks—each a rare bit of different hand-blocked printing. It has been secured by one of the foremost fabric mills in the world—F. Schumacher & Company, and each bit of printing is being reproduced by meticulous, hand-screen engraving.

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". . . I just thought you'd like to know that even Mr. Ekonome in Guam reads you." —Walter Davenport of Colliers.

"You are fast becoming my favorite columnist. I think your stuff is swell, and getting sweller all the time. May your tires never wear out and your typewriter never break down."—Mrs. Walter Ferguson.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

JULY 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 6 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
JULY 1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room 2 and 7 p.m.

RAMBLE — GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION — JULY 21ST, 1938

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT WILL BE CLOSED FROM JULY 3RD TO JULY 17TH, INC.

JULY — 1938

1—French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
8—French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
15—French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
20—Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1 a plate To Be Reviewed: "Coming From the Fair" by Norah Hoult	Nat. Def. Room	6:15 p.m.
21—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
Ramble—Golden Gate International Exposition	Lv. Ferry Bldg.	11:30 a.m.
Women's City Club Day. Luncheon: Exposition Cafeteria. Tour of grounds. All-inclusive fee $1.50 adults, $1.25 children. Please make reservations at Executive Office		
22—French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
26—Ramble—Jack London Ranch	Lv. Clubhouse	9:30 a.m.
Arrive Ranch 11:30 a.m. luncheon there at 12 noon. Return via Calistoga to see the Geysers. Arrive San Francisco 6:30 p.m. All-inclusive cost $4.50. For reservations and further information, inquire Travel Service Lobby of the Clubhouse		
28—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
29—French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.

FALL SERIES — DR. PAUL CADMAN — CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS

COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 14, 1938

AUGUST — 1938

4—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
5—French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII July, 1938 Number 6

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New Interesting Colorful

The League Shop will re-open Mid-July...

A Modern background for Antique Rarities

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

SERVICE IN THE LEAGUE SHOP

—By Mrs. John Handy and Miss Lilian Richardson

■ We have been asked at this remodeling time to write a little of the volunteer workers and their experiences in salesmanship in the League Shop.

From lolly-pops to imported brocades and brasses is an interesting range of merchandise. As a climax to a swimming party, lolly-pops in forms of roosters, rabbits, turkeys, engines from the League Shop seem to be the exciting finish for the ideal party. The Shop has sold 14 000 lolly-pops made of barley sugar during the short time they have been on sale.

The importations at the other end of the scale appeal to the most astute buyer, who often pays several visits before the more expensive purchase is decided. Miss Marian Burr in her recent travels to the Orient brought many delightful highlights for the stock.

Some members believe that the League Shop is available to members only. This is not so. Our Shop is open to the public, and offers extensive opportunity for art collectors, gift purchasers and out-of-town visitors who care to come to browse and enjoy the objects of art collected from foreign lands. Objects of interest include lacquered bowls from Sumatra, ancient Oriental pewter urns, Bali figures, raw silk Obi pieces and many other interesting objects of art.

It is impossible to underestimate the imporatnce of the artistic window displays Miss Chilton and Miss Richardson arrange.

Volunteer Service has averaged 42 hours a week of interesting work and pleasant contacts and many Volunteers have obtained responsible paid positions as a result of the training which volunteer service in the League Shop has given them.

At present the Shop is being remodeled and modernized to conform with the spacious Lobby. The displays will then be enhanced by modern lighting effects and glass shelves will be available for display. Stock is being enlarged for the Grand Reopening and many new suggestions will greet the customers who are forehanded in their Christmas selection.

The temporary location of the League Shop at 461 Post Street has been made attractive and will be operated as usual by us who serve as volunteers.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

"If the number of this club's members depended on you, would we grow or stand still? As a matter of fact, it does depend on each of us."
Excerpt from the Philadelphia Women's City Club Magazine.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Will be closed from July 3rd to July 17th for complete renovation of the kitchen. We feel sure that the membership will cooperate with us during this short period of inconvenience.

■ RAMBLE — JACK LONDON RANCH: Tuesday, July 26th. Leave Club at 9:30 a. m.; arrive Jack London Ranch, 11:30 a. m.; lunch served there at 12:00 noon. Return via Calistoga to see the geysers. Arrive San Francisco, 6:30 p. m. Fee $4.50.

■ RAMBLE — LICK OBSERVATORY: Wednesday August 10th. Leave Club at 3:30 p. m.; dinner at Hawaiian Gardens in San Jose, 5:30 p. m.; arrive Observatory, 7:00 p. m. Return to San Francisco at 10:00 p. m. Fee $5.50.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Due to the holidays and the absence of Mrs. Black, Chairman of these programs, from the city, Thursday Evening Programs will be discontinued during the month of July. Mrs. Black promises a most interesting fall series.

■ DUES: July 1st marked the delinquent date. All members presenting a last year's card will be asked to call at the Executive Office. Members are urged to save embarrassment by making sure that they are not inadvertently holding a "blue" card.

■ REINSTATEMENTS: Our anniversary gesture— reinstatement at $5 of one thousand members. Many old members have taken advantage of this opportunity but there is yet time before the list is completed. Inquire who among your friends were once on our membership list and urge them to rejoin. This is the first time in the history of our organization that reinstatement has not meant repayment of initiation fee, and probably will be the last time. This privilege will hold good for only the first 1000 who apply.

■ VACATION DAYS: Mothers whose children have gone to camp may find time hanging heavily upon their hands. Why not come in as substitutes in our various volunteer service departments? We can use you and we are sure you can use us. Ring the Executive Office so that we may know where to place you.

■ By presenting, at the Executive Office, your coarse ticket, dated June 30th, for Dr. Cadman's lecture, you may obtain the refund.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: Is being entirely renovated and will open in gala array in mid-July. . . . In the meantime the shop is operating at 461 Post Street.

■ BEAUTY SALON: There comes a time in the life of a department when to replace one piece of equipment means to replace more. This has been the case with our Beauty Salon. Watch for its re-opening.

■ LIBRARY: If you want an extra book to take on your vacation, remember that by paying five cents you may have a third fourteen-day book, and all fourteen-day books may be automatically renewed when borrowed for another fourteen days.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Smart women who joined our swimming classes in the early spring are priding themselves on their progress and are anticipating a more enjoyable vacation as a result. There is still time to avail oneself of a course of lessons, but would suggest making appointments as early as possible to avoid a last-minute rush.

■ BOOK REVIEW—MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD: The Book Review Dinner will take place on the third Wednesday evening of the month, July 20th at 6:15 o'clock. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review the novel, "Coming From the Fair," by Norah Hoult, the young novelist whose career as a writer who matters was predicted by John Galsworthy. An added item of interest will be the survey of a magazine article, "What Magazine Do Book Readers Read?"

■ COLOR AND COMPOSITION: The fall class in Color and Composition under the direction of Wana Derge will hold its Alumnae Exhibit in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse on Tuesday, August 30th, from 11:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m., with a lecture at 2:00 p. m. Classes will start Tuesday, September 13th, at 1:00 p. m. Course of five weeks, ending November 29th.

■ RAMBLE: Golden Gate International Exposition Grounds will be visited on July 21st. Members will leave the Ferry Building at 11:30 a. m. Luncheon will be served at the Exposition Cafeteria and a guide will escort the group to the most interesting spots now under construction. So that reservations may be made for luncheon, please regiser at Executive Office. Fee including fare, admission and luncheon, $1.50; children, $1.25.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Members are free to "sign up" for volunteer service in any one of the following departments they may choose. With a busy year approaching, our rank and file must be co-ordinated for instant service. We therefore urge you to get in touch with Mrs. Alves and signify in which department you will serve and whether you are free for day or evening service.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE DEPARTMENTS:

Accounting (day).
Cafeteria (day).
Cashiering (day or evening).
Civic Activities (day or evening).
Clerical (day or evening).
Hostesses for Special Events (day or evening).
Flower Committee.
League Shop (day).
Library (day or evening).
Magazine (day).
Sewing Committee (day).
Tea Hostesses.
Telephoning.
Typing (day or evening).
Ushering (day or evening).

■ The following classes and courses have been arranged for the fall. Members desiring to join these groups are requested to register at the Executive Office before the opening date of each course. The tickets are now on sale for the Current Events Lectures.

Fall Classes and Courses

LANGUAGES:

French—Opening date August. Appointments arranged.

French Conversational—Opening date July 1st, 11 a. m.

German—Opening date September. Appointments arranged.

Spanish—Opening date August. Appointments arranged.

BOOK REVIEWS: Second Wednesday evening, 6 p. m.

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS — Dr. Paul Cadman: Opening date fall course September 14th, 12:00 noon.

COLOR AND COMPOSITION: Alumnae Exhibit August 30th. Opening date September 13th.

GLOVE MAKING: Opening date July 5th (Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays).

"THE MIGHTY TASK IS DONE"

At last the mighty task is done;
Resplendent in the Western sun,
The bridge looms mountain high;
Its titan piers grip ocean floor,
Its great steel arms link shore with shore,
Its towers pierce the sky.

On its broad decks in rightful pride,
The world in swift parade shall ride,
Throughout all time to be;
Beneath, fleet ships from every port,
Vast landlocked bay, historic fort,
And dwarfing all—the sea.

To north, the Redwood Empire's gates;
To south, a happy playground waits
In rapturous appeal;
Mere Nature, free since time began,
Yields to the restless moods of man,
Accepts his bonds of steel.

Launched midst a thousand hopes and fears,
Damned by a thousand hostile sneers,
Yet ne'er its course was stayed;
But ask of those who met the foe
Who stood alone when faith was low,
Ask them the price they paid.

Ask of the steel, each strut and wire,
Ask of the searching, purging fire
That marked their natal hour;
Ask of the mind, the hand, the heart,
Ask of each single, stalwart part,
What gave it force and power.

An honored cause and nobly fought,
And that which they so bravely wrought,
Now glorifies their deed;
No selfish urge shall stain its life,
Nor envy, greed, intrigue, nor strife,
Nor false, ignoble creed.

High overhead its lights shall gleam,
Far, far below life's restless stream
Unceasingly shall flow;
For this was spun its lithe fine form,
To fear not war, nor time, nor storm,
For fate had meant it so.

And Joseph B. Strauss, the man who did the mighty task, who spanned the Golden Gate, wrote a fitting requiem for himself in the ringing lines printed above.

The President's Message

All signs point vacation-wards and members and volunteers already far afield are pursuing every sort of holiday. Those in the "stay-at-home camp" find much to discover and to do, perhaps enjoying the rare treat of choosing what they should like or not to do—for certainly the word vacation lends itself to the widest interpretations. Within the Clubhouse, however, we may be sure there will be no doldrums this season, for some of the long-hoped-for renewals of equipment are about to be realized and we eagerly await July, trusting guests and members alike will bear with our combined efforts to do a good job. With such cooperation we may confidently look forward to the acceleration of the departments and renewed activities, and late summer will find us ready to welcome all that an Exposition year will bring.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB RAMBLE TO THE EXPOSITION JULY 21

Women's City Club Ramble to the Exposition Grounds has been arranged for July 21. Members will leave the Ferry Building at 11:30 o'clock. Luncheon will be served at the Exposition Cafeteria and a guide will escort the group to the most interesting spots now under construction. So that reservations may be made for luncheon, please register at the Executive Office.

FEE INCLUDING FARE, ADMISSION and LUNCHEON:
ADULTS, $1.50; CHILDREN, $1.25.

Editorial

■ When one thinks of the strategic position of San Francisco, it is easy to see why it is logical for a Pan-Pacific exposition to rise out of the waters of its bay. For the frontispiece of the Magazine this month we have chosen what someone facetiously called "the connecting link between Alaska and Mexico." If one chooses to follow the map of land along the western edge of the Pacific waters, this is not an exaggeration. And right in the center of this northern hemisphere lies California. From latitude 32½° to 42° north it stretches along the Pacific shore, its scenery embracing mountain peaks and waterways, its climate running the gamut from excessive heat of inland valleys down the thermometer to the fog-washed cool breezes of the Pacific Ocean. To enjoy the glory of the out-of-doors, one does not need to pass beyond its borders to any other state.

The stories in the Magazine this month bring us some of the pleasures near at hand. Let us become informed of things at home so that next year we may be intelligent hostesses to guests who certainly will ask questions concerning the land so long the mecca for those who seek adventure and new experiences.

■ Summer is always a hard time for merchants who have to absorb a vacation pay roll when at the same time sales are falling off. The Women's City Club Magazine urges its readers to remember this and to support its advertisers, who come to them with merchandise they surely need.

■ This is the twenty-first birthday year of the National League for Woman's Service of California. In October we shall celebrate appropriately our coming-of-age. The President welcomes suggestions, as the Board of Directors looks toward a program which will bring us all together in happy reminiscence.

■ The Editor has had many delightful surprises lately because of contributions—both prose and poetry—from members and friends who have sent stories "on chance." Most have been usable and have been shared with you. This generous impulse to send stories to one's own club magazine is one which we wish to encourage, for it is your very own Magazine, not ours, and your pen is of interest to your fellow Club members. In order that we may help you to follow your good impulse, we here list our themes for the following months as tentatively outlined: August, "Summer"; September, "Home Coming"; October, "Our National League for Woman's Service Twenty-first Birthday"; November, "Thanksgiving"; December, "Holiday Customs in the Pacific Area." We shall welcome your ideas and your expression of them.

■ Once again the National League for Woman's Service has done its bit. The salestalk used for urging its membership to "be a '39-er" was "It isn't a matter of how much you'll save, but it is a matter of standing by San Francisco and providing the immediate funds for Exposition building." With this argument Mrs. Hamilton gained her point, and we are glad to say the response was as we would have expected—cooperation.

■ July—the month of the out-of-doors. But while we vacation, committees and staff will replace the wear-and-tear of our beautiful Clubhouse so that when we return we shall find it all spick-and-span as we are wont to see it. We are prone to forget the care which keeps our machinery in such good order. From bedroom floors to lower Main Floor we can take visitors any time and not apologize. And yet, despite all care in housekeeping, after twelve years in a building we have worn out some of the fundamentals which must be replaced but which do not show off—such as new ranges in the kitchen. However, if we all support our President when we return refreshed from our vacation, by using the departments of the Clubhouse to the full, and if in the meantime we distribute guest cards to our friends who may visit San Francisco during our absence, the Finance Committee will be able to continue its "O. K.-ing" of pleas for this-and-that which will continue to add to the beauty and the usefulness of the Clubhouse, which starts with so much in its favor.

The Vigil of Lassen Peak

By Kathryn Eshleman Wahl

The scarred side of Lassen's face looks down at the Devastated Area, strewn with bleached tree trunks from the eruption of 1915. Trees were sheared off and scorched by the hot stream and the abrasion of sand and pebbles.

■ In a mountain wilderness crossed by a highway that leads directly to your door, young pine trees are busily growing over an old scar.

The only sign that warns the trees advancing in a green line over the bodies of their ancestors, that they also may end as bleached trunks on the wind-swept space known as the Devastated Area, is a faint breath of steam from the mouth of the mountain above them.

Otherwise, so beautiful and so quiet is she, they might think that the dragon is dead, not sleeping.

The tawny body that rises above the green is Lassen Peak, whom we still call America's only active volcano because of that faint breathing, and in memory of her last awakening almost a quarter of a century ago.

The stories that have been bruited about concerning the peak and her park, as in the case of every noncommittal celebrity, have contained such varieties of picturesque misinformation that they have overshadowed most authentic statements.

There are people who firmly believe that "Mount Lassen" is a spitting cone in the middle of a barren area on which for miles around nothing at all grows; that Lassen Volcanic National Park is in fact a lava desert, interesting and ominous but hardly beautiful.

The errors in this belief start with the name. Lassen is officially named Lassen Peak, since, strictly speaking, she is not a mountain, and therefore could not accurately be called Mount Lassen.

Lassen is only a peak, a small pimple, comparatively, which was thrown up by successive eruptions on the slope of what was once a towering volcano, whose sides either collapsed or exploded into a circle of rocky heaps some centuries ago.

Further, the area surrounding Lassen is not a barren desert, but typically beautiful mountain country, verdant with trees and shrubs watered by its many streams, containing numerous trout-stocked lakes and lush meadows. But the volcanic nature of the place adds beauty that is paradoxical and striking. In the hot springs areas, a crystal stream may issue from the ground beside a thumping little gray "mudpot" whose constant bubbling suggests the heat beneath it; or on one of the trails in the park you may step from soft earth and pine needles underfoot to clay, yellow and white and a characteristic peach-tan color, that looks like bright chalk crumbled on a hillside.

There are seven "hot springs areas," a colorless term that cannot suggest their ominous beauty, in Lassen Park. The largest is called Bumpa's Hell, and it has a legend concerning a man named Bumpa, who on entering the area thought he had passed on to his reward.

The others are Devil's Kitchen, the Little Hot Springs Valley, the Sulphur Works, the peak itself, the Boiling Lake, and the Terminal Geyser.

Around all the boiling springs the ground is colored soft pastel yellow and green and tan, and the water in the boiling wells and springs is a sharp yellow green or blue. The brilliance of the colors is muted by clouds of steam which brood over the areas and give them an atmosphere of unreality.

The one barren spot, the Devastated Area, which has not been touched except by nature in the gradual regrowth of trees, is one of the most interesting spots in the park to an imaginative person. It is a great broken plain just below the scarred side of Lassen's face, and it is littered with gray trunks of trees and scattered rocks. Looking across it, it is not hard to see the lava plug in the top of the peak lift like the lid of a kettle, and the hot breath of gas and steam sweep across the forest that once grew there.

On the other side of the peak, below the beautiful side of Lassen's face, lies King's Creek Meadows, a wide lawn cut by a curling stream, and with forested slopes rising above it. Here on summer evenings bands of deer like herds of cattle reciprocate and watch the tourists go by.

Whether the Cinder Cone, which stands in a corner of the park next to Butte Lake, one of the largest in the park, is more interesting than beautiful depends entirely on the point of view. It is a perfect cone, like one made by sand pouring out on a flat surface, and surrounding it are three lava flows, from three different periods, the latest being the most recent basaltic lava flow in the United States. The colors in the lava look not unlike those in an oily puddle in a wet street, swirling iridescently from black through gray and brown to red.

The confidence of the trees, so slowly coming back up the Devastated Area, may never be violated by the sleeping mountain, some volcanologists insist, and there may be no more eruptions from Lassen Peak.

But if the other faction is right, some day the tourists in one of the park's comfortably laid out camp grounds may have a front seat for nature's most spectacular drama. From their sheltered spots they may see something similar to the eruption of 1915, which was the most violent of the series that started in 1914. This was the eruption that created the Devastated Area with its rare horizontal blast followed by the more usual vertical explosion.

They may again see trees close to the mountain literally sawed off by the abrasion of pebbles and sand, and others uprooted, and all vegetation, trees, shrubs and grasses killed over an area of more than two miles.

But meanwhile, Mother Nature continues to heal the scar, the young trees grow older and thousands of visitors annually come to view the slumbering Lassen Peak and to enjoy the many recreational possibilities offered in Lassen Volcanic National Park.

This is King's Creek Falls, approximately 125 feet high, as beautiful as many more famous spots. It is just off the Lassen Park Loop highway at the lower end of King's Creek meadows. National Park Service photo.

Exploring the Pacific

By Philip N. Youtz

—Director of "Pacific House," Theme Building of the Golden Gate International Exposition

■ 'Way back in the inner archives of every person's mind is a strong desire to be an explorer, to see far-away lands, to encounter adventures and to meet people with different manners and customs. As a matter of fact, membership in the Explorer's Club is extremely limited, and probably not one person in several million ever realizes his or her ambition. Possibly if the truth were to be told, there are not very many human beings who are cut out of the stern stuff it takes to make an explorer.

Thanks to modern expositions, exploration has been made very easy. The visitor to Treasure Island will enjoy many of the thrills and few of the hardships involved in exploring the Pacific. If she charts her course towards the center of the island she will come upon a beautiful broad lagoon, the transparent waters of which reflect the profiles of the picturesque palaces of Pacific Nations. Nearly every nation on the Pacific is participating and each one is seeking to present the attractions of its own countryside, the rare objects to be found in its markets and bazaars.

Walking among these palaces the visitor will be able to experience the brilliant life of Latin America. Some day not very far distant it will be possible to drive from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, but at present the lands south of Mexico are separated from United States by impenetrable jungles and snow-clad mountains. The visitors will be surprised to find exhibitions showing that Spanish culture was already old in the sixteenth century with well-established universities, great cities and a vast system of roads. They will also be reminded that this Spanish civilization assimilated many ideas from an earlier Indian civilization, its products, amazing architecture, finely woven textiles and beautiful objects of silver and gold.

Circling the lagoon the visitor will find herself in the Orient—China, Japan, Korea, French-Indo China and Siam. These Oriental countries, which go back to the time when man first learned the arts of civilization, are a vast storehouse of ancient customs which antedate anything to be found in European civilization. In China, for example, the visitor can follow the route of Marco Polo, the great explorer who was active in the thirteenth century, and see many of the same customs and wonders which he describes. Or in Indo-China you may see ruins of vast forgotten civilizations that rose deep within the jungle and finally came to an end and were forgotten by man. The Orient is the meeting place of many races; the more one studies them the more one is convinced that each has an important contribution to make to our common civilization. Oriental hospitality is proverbial and after a visit to the palaces of these nations the visitor will no longer feel a stranger in the Orient.

In the south of the Pacific there is an island almost as large as the whole United States which has a civilization not unlike our own. Her pioneers from England have created a new and vigorous commonwealth. Australia has the same vast desert, the same mountains and the same temperate climate as our own; with Australia should be included New Zealand and Tasmania.

On an island dominating the entire lagoon will stand Pacific House, the Theme Building of the Exposition.

The traveler to foreign countries, whether visiting the great horticultural gardens at Hongkong or the tropical forests of Guinea, is always impressed by the rare and exotic plants which he sees. These will be shown in Pacific House in the four great windows. One window will be devoted to the flora of each continent. While many of these plants shown will be rare varieties recently introduced into this country by explorers, most of them will be types suitable for growing in California gardens. In connection with the horticultural exhibitions, the visitor will see charts showing the plants of each country. We all know that when we drink coffee, tea or chocolate in the morning we are drinking a toast to the Pacific, for tea and chocolate originated in the Pacific area and coffee is largely grown there; but we are not as well aware that many of our medicines, foods, cereals and vegetables also originated in the Pacific area.

During the exhibition, Pacific House will be a hospitable center for the explorers who would enjoy knowing more of the Pacific and its vast cultural and commercial resources. At one end of the great hall will be a comfortable lounge where the visitor may rest after the fatigues of sightseeing and enjoy a moment's pause surrounded by reminders of a vast hemisphere which they can comfortably explore in their imagination.

A Place of Rocks and Flowers

By Malcolm G. Smith

■ One of the least known of California's beauty spots is the Pinnacles National Monument in the heart of the Gabilan range not far from Hollister. There you will find jutting into the sky fantastic rock spires and turrets sculptured from warm red volcanic rock. Around them clutching to narrow cracks grow soft gray-green Digger Pines, which in the sun glow like silver against the red stone.

Streams have cut gorges through the main ridge and in this process undermined huge boulders, which, falling into the canyon bottoms, have formed caves in which the water of cataracts are heard.

The first account of the Pinnacles was given by the explorer George Vancouver more than a hundred years ago. He rode up the Salinas Valley from Monterey and described the Pinnacles as having the appearance of some great ancient columned building fallen into ruin. The bandit Tiburcio Vasquez is supposed to have taken refuge at times in the canyons and caves of the Pinnacles.

While the monument offers a fascinating study for the geologist, other things may be found to delight the average visitor. In the spring and summer many flowers color the chaparral, the grassy slopes, and the sandy creek beds. One of the first flowers is the bush poppy which colors many acres with yellow. With it grows the Romero, whose purple velvety buds and long curling blue stamens have been compared to the creations of a Paris milliner. In March and April the white wild lilac perfumes the air. In damp places grow masses of shooting stars and climbing nemophila. In sunny places you find Johnny-jump-ups, sunshine, popcorn flower, cream cups, rush rose, lupine, wind poppy, monkey flower, pitcher sage, and golden ear drops. Sandy washes are brightened by the scarlet bugler. Flowering ash lights up the north hill slopes and over it may be found climbing the pure white clematis. Acres are covered by the pink wild snapdragon. In the fall rocky places are brightened by the humming bird trumpet. A rare and beautiful flower is the bitter root, the state flower of Montana, which looks like a small pink water lily, but grows on bare rocks.

Animation is given to the scene by the birds and animals which pursue their daily activities under the eyes of the visitors. Deer are common and quite tame, as they come into the canyons for acorns. The chipmunk can often be more easily heard than seen, as he scolds one who trespasses on his domain.

Among the birds, the cheerful and noisy California woodpecker is made conspicuous by his red head and black and white body (Continued on page 26

An Open Letter

■ My dear Betty:

So you really are coming to San Francisco at last—and I'm happy to say I'll be here to welcome you. For the first time since we have lived here we have not taken a place for the season—and I find I have more plans than ever, for I'm going to "do" San Francisco and its environs and I'm also going to "do" all of my friends who have summer homes. I'm leaving tomorrow for the Santa Cruz Mountains where a friend has a lovely cottage among the redwoods. It's only a couple of hours from town, but in such wild and glorious country. While there we shall probably take the children swimming in the surf at Santa Cruz.

As soon as we can go through the laundry from that trip we're going off in the opposite direction to visit another friend at Clear Lake. This is a veritable children's paradise with swimming, sailing at their front door, and as her three children are about the ages of my two, you can imagine the picnic we're going to have. Either on the trip going up or coming back we shall "do" a little geography. Mt. Lassen is in the neighborhood, and as the scientists say, it's about to erupt again. I think we should see it before and after if we can't be present at the actual eruption. Around Calistoga they have some hot springs and a petrified forest, both of which should be interesting. The middle of July we shall have to be in the Yosemite Valley for rodeo put on by children under fourteen. Outside of their thrill at taking part in the events it is without exception the funniest show we see all year—especially the "bareback-burro-baseball game." I laughed till I cried last year. We shall have to spend the week before the rodeo in the valley so they can practice up—for the ribbons to be won are of great importance. From there we drive over the Tioga Pass to spend a few days at lovely Lake Tahoe. Another week-end we are going to spend at Angels Camp—where they have the frog jumping contests in the spring. Within a few miles of this quaint old town are two very marvelous caves —Carlsbad Cavern you will see on your way out—but that's a long way off—and in a hot country—and these, while not as tremendous, of course, are of the same formation—with all the stalactites and mites and wings and underground rivers. It is an interesting but true fact that practically every phenomena of nature—or type of scenery that you will see in your swing around these United States this summer, we can duplicate in this one state—with so many extras thrown in! Another week-end we hope to work in somewhere, will be at a gold mine up near Mt. Shasta. We can't go down in the mine, of course, for most miners are Welshmen and they consider it unlucky for women to go down the shaft —but we shall enjoy the mountain scenery and the whole mine layout should prove fascinating.

And now for your three days in San Francisco. So much to see and do in so few hours! I think the first morning I shall take you on a personally conducted rubber-neck tour to give you a birds-eye view of the city. When I remember the dingy old Boston Symphony Hall where we used to listen to Dr. Muck, I know you are going to be impressed with our beautiful Municipal Opera House. I shall take you up and down our seven hills and across the Embarcadero. I suppose Boston must have a waterfront—but it certainly didn't play the part in our young lives that it does in the average San Francisco child's. He knows it like he does his own back yard. We'll look at Fisherman's Wharf, but I won't feed you there, for I don't believe our shellfish is as good as you're used to on Cape Cod. (But you must, while in Monterey, go to Pop Ernst's on the Pier and have an abalone dinner. You will have a new respect for the Pacific Ocean after that meal.) I shall show you our municipal golf courses in incomparably beautiful settings—take you through our Park, which is not only one of the country's loveliest, but of particular interest when you learn that every tree and blade of grass as well as a profusion of flowers, was planted and an all-year-round beauty spot created out of sand dunes. We'll visit Mission Dolores, which was being built about the time your great-grandfather was polishing up his flint lock for the Revolutionary War. We'll have lunch in Chinatown and I'll order fried prawns that you will remember. Then we'll wander about the Oriental shops—and I shall take you over and let you ride down Powell Street on the cable car and stay on while the man pushes it around on the turntable to go up again. Should it be a particularly nice day and you crave tea, we'll go back to the Park and have it in the Japanese Tea Garden, a spot that might have been lifted bodily out of old Japan. Or if the wind has come up —and the fog rolled in, (Continued on page 27)

From Out the Deep

Abalone CHOW-der for two.

By Chas. E. Mayfield

Warden, California Division
of Fish and Game

■ On March 19th of this year H. G. Sharpe of Bixby Creek, Monterey County, notified the California Fish and Game office that there was a herd of strange animals in the ocean off the mouth of Bixby Creek. Strange was no name for them. When investigated by Capt. Wm. Lippincott of the California Fish and Game, they were identified as southern sea otter, an animal that was believed to be extremely rare if not entirely extinct in our present-day world. The only other animal of this type is the northern sea otter, which is still found in very small numbers from the Aleutian Islands of Alaska to the Kurile Islands off the northern coast of Japan.

The southern sea otter has played a very important part in California's early history. Long before Marshall made world history by his discovery of gold in El Dorado the Russians trekked down from Alaska, the English with the Hudson Bay Company came from what is now Canada, and the Bostonians (the Astor Fur House) forsook their New England bean pots to establish their highly competitive trading posts to deal in the greatly prized furs. These were hunted by the traders and their own men, and taken in trade from the native Indians. In the period from 1830 to 1860 almost five hundred thousand pelts were handled by these traders. The furs were sold almost entirely to Russia and China. In Russia they were the exclusive property of the Russian nobility, while the wealthy Chinese merchants were the consumers in their country. These people used the furs as linings for their coats and capes, and also as robes for protection against the extreme cold weather experienced there.

Asleep on the Deep.

A study of natural history shows that sea otter are a land animal that for some unknown reason have adapted themselves to marine life. They now spend their entire lives in the ocean, and rarely, if ever, leave the water. Along with river otter, mink, weasels, martin, fishers, skunk, wolverine and others, they belong to the order of Mustelidae. They are a direct relation of the river otter. The size range of the adults is from four to six feet, and they weigh from sixty to eighty pounds. The males are usually longer and heavier than the females. They have four legs as do the ordinary river otter; but while the fore legs have retained their normal form, the hind legs and feet have become overdeveloped, and are very flat with webbed toes much like a flipper. The tail is only slightly longer than the extended hind legs and ovular in shape. The fur is a rich dark brown, slightly more than an inch in length. It is very dense and very soft. Guard hair, ranging in color from olive gray to white, are scattered throughout the fur from the top of the head down over the throat and chest. In older males this guard hair will extend the entire length of the body.

Just an Afternoon Nap.

The normal resting position of the sea otter in the water is on its back, head tilted forward over the chest, fore paws folded under the chin, across the chest, or held alongside of the cheeks. The hind legs are held up half out of the water, and the tail extended outward behind the animal. They often spend hours in this position, especially on calm, sunny days. Sometimes they will wrap their bodies with kelp in order to anchor themselves to their chosen location, and there they sleep and rest at peace with the world. The most frequently used style of swimming is lying on their (Continued on page 25

Yosemite and the Sierra Club

By William E. Colby

Reprinted from the
Sierra Club Bulletin

CATHEDRAL SPIRE, YOSEMITE.
Upper portion of the higher spire.
First ascent, April 15, 1934. Photograph by Marjory Bridge.

■ Few of the present members of the Sierra Club know how much the Yosemite National Park means to the Club. Most of the Club's records and correspondence bearing on the subject were destroyed in the 1906 San Francisco fire. The other day I had occasion to relate the following facts to some one deeply interested in the park and was asked to reduce them to writing so that they might be preserved.

Through wise foresight the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove were, June 30, 1864, granted by Act of Congress to the State of California, in trust, "to be held for public use, resort, and recreation." The State of California administered this trust with limited funds through the years that followed. In 1889 Robert Underwood Johnson, one of the editors of The Century Magazine, came to the Coast to secure material for publication, and met John Muir, who had been a contributor for many years to that magazine and its predecessor, Scribner's Monthly. Muir took Johnson into the Yosemite Valley, up to the Tuolumne Meadows, and down to the great falls and cataracts of the Tuolumne Canyon.[1] Johnson commented on the dearth of beautiful meadows and flora which Muir had described in his magazine articles.[2] Muir explained that this was due to the unlimited grazing by sheep or "hoofed locusts," as he called them. Johnson suggested the inclusion of the whole Yosemite region in a National Park and, around a campfire in the Tuolumne Meadows, it was agreed that Muir should write articles for The Century Magazine explaining the need for prompt action. In August and September of 1890 appeared two articles, "The Treasures of the Yosemite" and "Features of the Proposed Yosemite National Park." Johnson had a great many friends in Congress and was

[1] "Remembered Yesterdays." By Robert Underwood Johnson. Boston, 1923.
[2] See, "The Glacier Meadows of the Sierra," in *Scribner's Monthly*, February, 1879. This, with other magazine articles, was published in Muir's "The Mountains of California," by The Century Company in 1894.

at that time urging the passage of a copyright bill for the protection of American authors. He fostered a bill for the establishment of the Yosemite National Park, which embraced an area suggested by John Muir, and, appearing before the committees in Congress, almost single-handed managed to secure its passage. It became a law October 1, 1890.

Muir's long sojourn in the Valley prior to his marriage, and frequent visits thereafter, made him familiar with its administration under State management. Evidently his straight-forward Scotch nature resented the way in which the Valley was run, for in a letter to Johnson dated March 4, 1890, he comments on the harmful politics involved in the administration of the Valley and suggests that a commission composed of the President of the University of California, the President of the State Board of Agriculture, and the President of the Mechanics Institute would be a desirable body to take charge of the Valley's affairs. He added: "Taking back the Valley on the part of the [Federal] Government would probably be a troublesome job."[3] This letter gives evidence that Muir had decided views on the subject and as early as 1890 had in mind the recession of the Valley to the United States. In fact he was so outspoken that the State commissioners at various times, smarting under the sting of his criticisms, attempted to backfire by charging that if Muir had not been stopped in his sawmill activities he would have cut down all the trees on the floor of the Valley. As a matter of fact, Muir never cut down a living tree in Yosemite Valley. When, in 1869-1870, he was hired by J. M. Hutchings to put together and run the sawmill which Hutchings had bought and transported to the Valley, and which no one else had the mechanical ability to do, he sawed up only fallen trees, from a swath of huge yellow pines on the north side of the Valley, near the foot of Yosemite Falls, which had been blown down in a violent windstorm a few years before.

In 1892 the Sierra Club was formed, largely as the result of the spirit and enthusiasm created by these Century Magazine articles of John Muir, followed by the establishment of the Yosemite National Park. John Muir gladly joined in the formation of the Club because he realized that an organization of this sort was necessary to defend the newly created National Park. He became its first president, which office he held until his death. One of the first things the Club did was to help defeat the "Caminetti bill," designed to cut out large areas of the park in the interests of sheep and cattle men. On repeated occasions since then the Club has been called on to repel similar assaults on the integrity of the park.

Through the years John Muir never forgot the fact that the Yosemite Valley should logically be turned back to the Federal Government and become a part of the surrounding National Park. His opportunity came in 1903. He was planning a trip around the world with Professor C. S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. President Theodore Roosevelt was planning a trip to the Pacific Coast and had expressed a desire to visit Yosemite Valley. Friends who also knew John Muir had advised him that there was no one better qualified than the latter to tell him about the Valley, so an invitation to accompany the President was sent to Muir. Muir had already engaged his passage for his world trip and was disinclined to give it up, even for the President, but his friends persuaded him that he might accomplish a great deal of good for the parks if he went with Roosevelt, so he finally decided to change his plans and accept the invitation. Accordingly, he went by stage as far as the Mariposa Big Trees with President Roosevelt, Governor George C. Pardee, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, and other noted persons. At the Mariposa Big Tree Grove Muir and Roosevelt left with two packers for a brief camping trip along the northern rim of the valley. On this trip Muir had plenty of opportunity to discuss his plan of recession and it received Roosevelt's approval. He also discussed the proposal with Governor Pardee, who agreed to assist.

Muir went on his world trip with Sargent and when he returned was ready to urge his recession idea. At his request, I prepared a draft of a bill which was introduced in the State Legislature, which met early in January, 1905. Public sentiment had been sounded out and was found to be strongly in favor of the recession. However, the State Commission then in charge of Yosemite Valley would, as a result, lose their jobs, and very powerful opposition naturally developed from this source. The Sierra Club issued a circular which explained the reasons for the recession and these met with general approval.[4] However, one of the leading San Francisco daily newspapers took up the fight for the State Commission, and the first day that the Legislature met the whole front page was taken up with a picture of Yosemite Falls, and an inscription which would lead one to believe that Yosemite Valley was to be taken bodily out of the State and moved back to Washington, or to some remote region. Thereafter during the campaign this newspaper devoted daily practically a whole page to statements by the opposition and illustrations.

As Secretary of the Sierra Club, a considerable burden of this campaign of recession fell upon me. I saw at once that though public sentiment was

[3] Bade: "Life and Letters of John Muir," vol. 2, p. 258.

[4] Published in *S. C. B.*, January, 1905, 4 3, pp. 242-250.

heavily in favor of the change, yet the personal political interest opposed to it was so strong that the bill was liable to be defeated unless powerful influence were brought to bear in its behalf. At that time it was well known that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company had great influence in legislative proceedings. I therefore suggested to Muir that he should at once write to E. H. Harriman, President of the Company, with whom he had formed a warm friendship while on the famous Harriman Expedition to Alaska in 1899. Muir did this, explaining to Harriman in detail the reasons for the recession. Harriman immediately wired out to his representatives on the Coast and directed them to do what they could to assist in the bill's passage. Even with this assistance it was a close matter. John Muir and I took nine trips together to Sacramento, "lobbying" for the bill. We appeared before various committees to explain the reasons for its passage and talked with individual Senators and Assemblymen.

We were accompanied on some of our trips by a distinguished looking gentleman by the name of Briggs, with a long gray beard who, in his earlier days had been a clergyman and who was at that time a representative of what has since become the State Chamber of Commerce. He and Mr. Muir struck up quite a friendship but, though he strongly favored the recession, every now and then he would become very dubious over the outcome. During these pessimistic moods his favorite expression, uttered with great lugubriousness, was "and all this shall pass away." Afterwards Muir would take great delight in imitating him, repeating this phrase in the saddest tone he could command. Another source of genuine assistance was H. H. McNoble, of Stockton, who was then Grand President of the Native Sons. It was largely due to his influence that this organization adopted resolutions favoring our bill. While in Sacramento, Mr. Muir and I enjoyed the delightful hospitality of Robert B. Marshall and his wife. We made their home our headquarters, and Mr. Marshall, who was then topographical representative of the United States Geological Survey on the Pacific Coast, had many friends in the legislature and helped our cause most effectively. As I look back on this, our first lobbying experience, I realize how poorly equipped we were to deal with the wiles of politicians. Few of them had even heard of John Muir or were interested in our problem on its own merit. Its success meant the abolishment of State jobs and that was a hard feature to overcome.

On our first trip to Sacramento I was taken into the Senate lobby by our good friend, J. Arthur Elston, one of the secretaries to Governor Pardee. He afterwards represented Alameda County in Congress and did splendid work for the Club in Washington. He introduced me to one of the Senators from San Francisco, to whom I briefly (Continued next page

TUOLUMNE RIVER AT GLEN AULIN.
Photograph by Herbert P. Rankin

explained the reasons for favoring the recession of the Valley to the Federal Government. I could see that the Senator was rather puzzled and had difficulty in comprehending which side I represented. When it finally dawned on him which side I favored he blurted out "I'm agin it." This Senator, with three others, was convicted of accepting a bribe in another matter before the vote on our bill was taken, so his vote was never cast against the bill.

The bill was referred to the Public Lands Committee of the Senate, and John Muir and I persuaded several influential members of the Club to attend the hearing on the bill. As I recall it, Warren Olney, Sr., E. T. Parsons, J. N. Le Conte, and others were there. There was great interest over the report of this committee because it was supposed to throw some light on the fate of the bill. The bill was finally reported favorably by a two to one vote. Muir and I were called to Sacramento on so many occasions that it became a very tiring procedure. We expected the bill to be called up for passage early in the session. Instead of that we would find on arriving in Sacramento that its consideration would be put over until a later date. We later found that this was a part of the strategy and that the railroad company wished to get its important legislation out of the way before subjecting the men it could rely on to the bitter criticism that was emanating from the opposition. A part of the railroad company's tactics we later found was to allow some of its well-known representatives to talk against the bill, and among these were the best orators in the legislature. This gave us considerable cause for worry, but as I look back on it I realize that it was only a part of the game. I remember that one day I went to Mr. William Herrin, who was Chief Counsel for the Southern Pacific Company in California, and reported to him the situation as I had found it at Sacramento and told him that "Charlie" Shortridge, Senator from San Jose, had made some eloquent speeches against the bill, picturing the "golden-haired girls, and the golden poppies in the Golden State of California," and arguing that somehow or other all this beauty was to be destroyed by the removal of the Yosemite Valley to Washington. Mr. Herrin smiled in an amused way, and asked if we did not have some friends in Santa Clara County who could bring pressure to bear on Senator Shortridge. We immediately started to work and through President David Starr Jordan of Stanford, and the Sempervirens Club at San Jose, we bombarded Senator Shortridge with

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letters and telegrams so that when the bill came to a final vote in the Senate and one vote was needed to carry the bill, Senator Shortridge, apologizing for his change of attitude, stated that so many of his constituents had requested him to vote in favor of recession that he was surrendering his personal convictions to the will of his constituents.

The bill was called up in the Assembly and passed there without great difficulty by a considerable majority, but the close vote in the Senate was delayed until toward the end of the session. I will always recall that I spent so much time in Sacramento that my first son was born while I was there. Arthur Elston humorously suggested that he be named "Recession Bill" because of the reason that kept me away from my home at that critical time.

Finally the bill came to a vote in the Senate. Senator John Curtin, called by his fellow Senators "Constitutional John" because of his propensity to cite the United States Constitution and decisions of the United States Supreme Court on all occasions, led the fight for the opposition. He was attorney for most of the concessionaires in the Valley, including stage lines, and they were naturally apprehensive as to what might happen under a change from State to Federal administration. The report was current in Capitol circles that "Constitutional John" was "burning the midnight oil" in the State law library in preparation for his argument against recession. When the eventful day arrived he had been loaned desks of the Senators immediately surrounding his, and all of them were piled with law books, mainly United States Supreme Court Reports. The trend of his argument, which took most of the day, was that the recession was unconstitutional and illegal from several standpoints. Senator Belshaw was the principal advocate for recession and had introduced the bill at our request, as had Assemblyman Estudillo, from the South, in the Assembly. Dr. Rowell, Senator from Fresno, and uncle of Chester Rowell of the San Francisco Chronicle, and William H. Waste, then Assemblyman from Berkeley, now chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, were among those who aided our cause most effectively. As near as we could check up on the Senators, we could count on twenty votes and we needed one more vote. When the vote was taken we had the minimum number required for its passage, namely, twenty-one, as I recall it. The vital vote was cast by Senator Shortridge of San Jose. The bill went to Governor Pardee for signature and was signed on March 3, 1905. John Muir wrote the following letter to Johnson as soon as the bill had passed the Senate:

Martinez, February 24, [1905].

Dear Mr. Johnson:

I wish I could have seen you last night when you received my news of the Yosemite victory, which for so many years, as commanding general, you have bravely and incessantly fought for.

About two years ago public opinion, which had long been on our side, began to rise into effective action. On the way to Yosemite [in 1903] both the President and our Governor were won to our side, and since then the movement was like Yosemite avalanches. But though almost everybody was with us, so active was the opposition of those pecuniarly and politically interested, we might have failed to get the bill through the Senate but for the help of Mr. H., though, of course, his name or his company were never in sight through all the fight. About the beginning of January I wrote to Mr. H. He promptly telegraphed a favorable reply.

Wish you could have heard the oratory of the opposition—fluffy, nebulous, shrieking, howling, threatening like sandstorms and dust whirlwinds in the desert. Sometime I hope to tell you all about it.

I am now an experienced lobbyist; my political education is complete. Have attended Legislature, made speeches, explained, exhorted, persuaded every mother's son of the legislators, newspaper reporters, and everybody else who would listen to me. And now that the fight is finished and my education as a politician and lobbyist is finished, I am almost finished myself.

Now, ho! for righteous management. . . . Of course you'll have a long editorial in the Century.

Faithfully yours, John Muir.

We thought that the hard-fought battle was won but little did we realize the difficulties that were still in store for us. It seemed a comparatively simple matter to get Congress to accept the recession of the Valley in view of all the cogent reasons for it. The Sierra Club prepared a petition addressed to the President and to the members of Congress setting forth these reasons. When the resolution which had been introduced in the House came up for consideration it was during the regime of Speaker Cannon. He was a veritable czar in the House and was opposed to what he considered unnecessary Federal expenditures. He had little sympathy for parks, deeming them an unnecessary luxury, so that when this resolution came up on the calendar he failed to recognize its sponsor and under the rules nothing could be done to bring

it before the House for consideration. We were at once apprised of this situation and I told Mr. Muir that it was necessary to call on his good friend Harriman again. He at once wired to Harriman advising him of the situation and two or three days later the California sponsor of the resolution was recognized and it passed the House without serious opposition.

Again we felt sure that all our troubles were behind us, but again we were doomed to disappointment. Senator George C. Perkins, representing California, was still in the Senate and by reason of seniority was one of the most powerful senators there. He had charge of the recession resolution, which was automatically referred to the Public Lands Committee. The Chairman of the Public Lands Committee, a senator from one of the Dakotas, had visited California and the Yosemite National Park the summer previous and had become interested in the problems of the Yosemite Valley Railroad. The bill before the Senate provided for the elimination of a corner of the park along the western border, which would have permitted the Southern Pacific Company to build a rival road from Fresno, via Wawona, to the vicinity of El Portal. For this reason the Senator, as Chairman of the Public Lands Committee, would not allow the bill to be reported out of the committee and an impasse was created. Again we were advised of this difficulty and again John Muir appealed to Mr. Harriman. We also wrote to all the Senators. Senator Perkins was equal to the occasion. Being assured of enough votes, when a bill came before the Senate providing for the current expenses for the District of Columbia, he moved that the Yosemite recession resolution be called out of committee and substituted in its place. Because of his prestige and friendships he was able to command the large vote which was necessary to bring about this substitution and the recession resolution came before the Senate to be voted on and passed without serious opposition. President Roosevelt signed it on June 11, 1906, as he had promised John Muir he would in the Yosemite woods in 1903. Not long after, the army detachment in command of Major Benson, which up to that time had been stationed at Wawona, proceeded into the Valley and took possession in the name of the Federal Government. Major Benson told me that this was one of the happiest days of his life, because he was always very fond of Yosemite and realized better than anyone else the difficulties of administering the surrounding National Park with the Valley in its very heart under State jurisdiction.

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I Have Been Reading

NINETY YEARS OF EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA, 1846-1936; by William Warren Ferrier; Sather Gate Book Shop; West Coast Printing Company, 1937. $2.50. Reviewed by Edna C. Longshore.

ENCHANTED VAGABONDS; by Dana Lamb, in collaboration with June Cleveland. Harper & Brothers, New York. Reviewed by Mrs. E. J. Turkington.

■ Ninety Years of Education in California; by William Warren Ferrier. Here is a book which traces the course of public and private education in California from the time when "the first American school was taught in a stable on the grounds of the Franciscan Mission at Santa Clara by a woman who came across the plains while the Mexican War was being waged."

Mr. Ferrier shows us the development of the free public school system, from its beginning under severe difficulties in 1851. The history of the high schools is recounted briefly, and the remarkable story of the first kindergarten.

The chapter on private schools and academies is a fruitful one, for the services these schools rendered were most important. One of the most interesting was the Benicia Young Ladies' Seminary, whose owner in 1871 was Dr. Cyrus T. Mills. In that year Dr. Mills removed to Seminary Park, near Oakland, naming the institution there "Mills Seminary." From Mills Seminary sprang Mills College.

The oldest non-sectarian school for girls in California in existence today, he reports, is the Hamlin School, established as the Van Ness Seminary in 1876. It is interesting to note that the Van Ness Seminary, in the 1890's, was owned and conducted by Dr. Samuel H. Willey, pioneer minister and educator, and one of the founders of the College of California, now the University of California. Mr. Ferrier names the following schools: The Bates School, 1867; Sarah Dix Hamlin School in San Francisco, 1876; Howe's Academy and Business College at Sacramento, 1873; the Anna Head School in Berkeley, which originated in Oakland in 1887; the Thacher at Ojai, dating from 1889; the Marlborough at Los Angeles, 1890; Miss Orton's at Pasadena; the Cogswell Polytechnic College in San Francisco. Among Catholic schools the Dominican College of San Rafael has a long and romantic history, dating back to 1850.

In Part II of the volume, Mr. Ferrier recounts the movements for the founding of denominational and other private educational institutions of higher learning. We have in detail the story of the University of California, the genesis of Leland Stanford University and of the theological seminaries. A concluding chapter explodes some of the current mistakes in educational history.

A book noteworthy for its accuracy and its clearness, it possesses also humor, romance and general historic interest. All in all, we commend it to any one interested in the story of education in California.

■ Enchanted Vagabonds; by Dana Lamb, in collaboration with June Cleveland. . . . When people go wandering into outlandish places they generally have a reason. The reason why Dana and Virginia Lamb wandered down the west coast of Baja California and Mexico to Panama looking for adventure is found in the 400-page book titled "Enchanted Vagabonds." The book is a personal narrative of escapes, exploits and ventures into the unknown.

In the autumn of 1933, after two years of preparation, these two young explorers set out on a journey from San Diego in a small craft, part canoe and part surf- and sail-boat, carrying a limited supply of equipment and a minimum of food. Dana Lamb, a great grand-nephew of Richard Henry Dana, who, one hundred years ago wrote "Two Years Before the Mast," had known Virginia Bishop as a youthful and adventurous companion. This companionship developed into

marriage, climaxing the dreams of both and resulting in their setting forth on this journey of 16,000 miles filled with such exciting episodes that the reader finds difficulty in grasping their reality.

The first pages of the book are alluring in the detailed description of their departure, including the misadventure of being headed for China when rescued by a notorious "rum-running" vessel, and of their final landing at Ensenada. From here the concatenation of perilous events begins. Many times the canoe is tossed by angry waves. They live through violent storms, during one of which the young wife is carried overboard and in the struggle for recovery that follows, each believed the other lost. They barely escape with their lives when exploring an extinct volcano. The rope by which they lower themselves breaks, pulling great blocks of stone over the entrance and trapping them in darkness below. Only by crawling toward a ray of light, which proves an opening, are they saved. Again, we read the harrowing experiences of Ginger slipping from the deck, off Magadelena Bay and being caught in the horror of a whirlpool. A great school of whales that nearly overturn the adventuring canoe and its passengers, and the many escapes from infection and accidents, are a few incidents that form a veritable barrage of exciting experiences.

Again, throughout the three years of vagabonding there are periods of rest and enjoyment. They find a jungle paradise and get one of the major surprises of the trip. In the author's words, "This was the Promised Land. A little freshwater stream ran into the lagoon and across it tall palms lined a white sand beach. Ducks floated in the water. Great blue herons, snowy egrets and shore birds were everywhere. Fish made rainbow arcs of color as they leaped and splashed." Sunsets and sunrises are described in glowing words. On inland explorations they make friends with the Indians, and two chapters on the country of Cortez and the Forbidden Land are filled with interesting facts.

The closing chapters tell the story of their four months' stay on Cocos Island. Here Dana Lamb is stricken with appendicitis and rescued just as an attempt at self-operation is imminent. Panama, the "End of the Trail," is finally reached and the smallest craft ever to transit the Canal ends its journey in the wake of a huge vessel.

To read this astounding Odyssey is to be absorbed in the strange enjoyment and personal courage of these young adventurers and to become acquainted with unknown and fascinating places.

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EXPRESS AND STAGECOACH DAYS IN CALIFORNIA; Oscar Osburn Winther. $2.25.

100 HUNDRED YEARS IN YOSEMITE; C. P. Russell. $3.50.

SPANISH TRAILS TO CALIFORNIA; T. de La Rhue. $2.50.

WASHOE GIANT IN SAN FRANCISCO; Mark Twain. $2.50.

MOTOR TALES AND TRAVELS IN AND OUT OF CALIFORNIA; Herbert Carolan. $2.50.

JOHN OF THE MOUNTAINS: Unpublished Journals of John Muir. $3.75.

EARLY CALIFORNIA COSTUMES; Margaret Mackey and Louise P. Sooy. $3.

LETTERS FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS; Mark Twain; edited by George Ezra Dane and published for the first time. $3.

FAMILIAR BIRDS OF THE PACIFIC SOUTHWEST; Florence V. V. Dickey. $3.75.

WEST COAST SHELLS; Josiah Keep. $3.75.

GRAND CANYON COUNTRY; M. R. Tillotson and Frank J. Taylor. $1.

THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS; Edmund C. Jaeger. $2.

BETWEEN PACIFIC TIDES; Edward F. Ricketts and Jack Calvin. $7.50.

LOST SPRINGTIME; Julian Dana. $2.50.

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LLEWELLYN'S TOWER; Josephine Smith. $2.

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JUNIOR BOAT BUILDER; H. H. Gilmore. $1.25.

FUN AT HOME: HOW TO MAKE INDOOR AND OUTDOOR GAMES; Ray J. Marran. $2.

THE MAGIC SPEAR; Louis Crane. $2.

THE FISH WITH THE DEEP SEA SMILE; Margaret Wise Brown. $2.

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The Pacific Area, North America

■ The bibliography given below includes books which are already on the Club shelves and which pertain to the first countries listed last month by the Pacific Area Committee of the Golden Gate International Exposition in the columns of the Women's City Club Magazine. These books will help give to us the "seeing eye" which will add so much to the enjoyment of the theme exhibits of the coming Exposition. Ask for these books for your vacation days.

ALASKA

Uncle Sam's Attic; Mary Lee Davis.

Two Dianas in Alaska; Agnes Herbert and H. Shikari.

Eskimo Year; George Miksch Sutton.

Gentlemen Unafraid; Barrett Willoughby.

CANADA

Sunset Canada; Archie Bell.

Canada; Frank G. Carpenter.

Saguenay; Blowden Davies.

Marches of the North; E. Alexander Powell.

Canada; A. G. Bradley.

UNITED STATES

Pan-Americanism; Roland G. Usher.

United States in the Orient; Charles A. Conant.

Bulwark of the Republic; Burton J. Hendrick.

The Mauve Decade; Thomas Beer.

The History of American Art; Eugene Neuhaus.

The Making of the Ohio Valley States; Samuel Adams Drake.

Headwaters of the Mississippi; Willerd Glazier.

King of the Thundering Herd; Clarence Hawks.

Our American Music; John Tasker Howard.

Quiet Cities; Joseph Hergesheimer.

The Golden Days; Lewis Mumford.

Mississippi Steamboating; Herbert Quick.

The American Language; H. L. Mencken.

Indian Blankets and Their Makers; George Wharton James.

Historic California in Bookplates; Clare Ryan Talbot.

Treasure Express; Neill C. Wilson.

Silver Stampede; Neill C. Wilson.

Kennebec: Cradle of Americans; Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

Deserts on the March; Paul Sears.

The Years of the Locust; Gilbert Seldes.

The United States in World Affairs; Walter Lippmann.

The American Commonwealth; James Bryce.

Ordeal by Hunger; George R. Stewart.

The Epic of America; James Truslow Adams.

The March of Democracy; James Truslow Adams.
Only Yesterday; Frederick Lewis Allen.
The Rise of American Civilization; Charles and Mary Beard.
America Comes of Age; Andre Siegfried.
Middletown in Transition; Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd.
Tidewater Virginia; Paul Wilstach.
The Flowering of New England; Van Wyck Brooks.
Listen for a Lonesome Drum; Carl Carmer.
Glimpses of California and the Missions; Helen Hunt Jackson.

From Out the Deep

(Continued from page 15)

backs and propelling themselves with their hind feet. However, they often swim on their stomachs in the same manner, or with a snake-like motion, using only the tail as a means of locomotion. They are also fond of swimming in a series of short, shallow dives, rolling over and over as they move along.

Various types of marine parasites affect the sea otters much as fleas affect dogs. Much of the playfulness that is attributed to them is naught but their attempts at relief from such afflictions. They spend quite some time each day biting and chewing at their toes and feet, and scratching the various parts of their bodies.

The feeding habits are not very regular but appear to be regulated by the weather, the tides, and the time of day. Food consists of sea urchins, mussels, abalone, clams, rock crabs and some forms of kelp; but very little, if any, fish are eaten. All of the food is obtained by diving, sometimes to a depth of sixty feet; and an otter may remain down on this quest for as long as three to three and a half minutes. However, all food is brought to the surface to be eaten.

Mating and breeding are done entirely in the water, where the single young are also brought forth. There is no definite breeding season and periods between birth are estimated to be at least two years, possibly more. The new-born young are from ten to twelve inches in length and a light brown or tan color. For about eight months they are cared for by the mother animal, and this time she must teach them to swim. At other times she carries them on her chest between her fore legs.

The sea otter are indeed a strange animal. They may be seen easily from Highway No. 1, about eighteen miles south of Monterey, and the California Fish and Game Commission invite you to come and see their new treasures.

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A Place of Rocks and Flowers

(Continued from page 13)

as he busies himself storing up acorns in trees or even in the rustic cabins. The canyon wren is a quiet bird in the fall and winter, but in the spring he makes the canyons echo with his downfalling cascade of notes. A winter visitor who comes all the way from Alaska is the sky varied thrush, looking like a robin but having a band through the eye, and a black crescent on the breast. His diet is the toyon berry and when the last of these is gone he departs for his northern summer resort.

The Peregrine falcon, one of the swiftest birds that flies, can be seen among the highest crags of the Pinnacles. These birds are now so rare in California that a sanctuary has been set aside for them near the north end of the monument.

During the last ten years many excellent trails have been built by the National Park Service, making it possible for the visitor to get an intimate view of the great rocks. One trail starts up Condor Gulch, once the haunt of these great birds, and rising more than a thousand feet, brings one nearly to the top of the highest pinnacles 2600 feet above sea level. Fine views may be had of the surrounding pinnacle formation and also across the Salinas Valley to the Santa Lucia Mountains. From this point one can take a foot trail which sometimes takes the form of steps cut in the rock over some of the highest pinnacles and along the edges of precipices. The return to the canyon floor can be made by still another trail giving a view of fantastic rock formations and wooded slopes.

At the north end of the monument lies a beautiful canyon like a miniature Yosemite. Its flat floor fragrant with buckeye blossoms in the spring is bounded on the south by the perpendicular walls of the "knile-edged rock," rising several hundred feet to a sharp summit. On the north, towering five hundred feet above the canyon floor, rises the terrace-like mass known as the "Balcony Rock," whose series of steps suggest a theater. On these terraces, bounded above and below by sheer cliffs are veritable hanging gardens of toyon, wild cherry, pine and oak.

More could be said about this delightful spot but enough has been outlined to suggest its manifold beauties. The reader should investigate them for himself.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 14)

we'll pick up the children—drop them in the lovely plunge at the Fairmont while we sip a cocktail and gossip in the "Circus Room" above. For dinner, after the lights have come out across the Bay, we'll go to Julius Castle on Telegraph Hill, for, although Julius is getting old and certainly looks as if he had dyspepsia, his sauces for filet of sole, colored tagliarini and banana fritters are still perfection.

You'll notice I make no mention of night spots or hotels. We have many fine ones, but, after all, they are no different from the ones you are used to on the eastern coast, and I do want you to see the things that make San Francisco just a little different from the run of cities—so to bed early you go that we may start at—well, a little after the dawn. We're going to cross the Golden Gate Bridge to Marin County—and go up and down some nine hills. I particularly want you to see Muir Woods, for you will have seen the Sequoia Gigantia at Mariposa, and while these aren't as large, I think their growth and manner of reproduction are more interesting. Then up to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, where I can show you a goodly section of California. I can't decide whether to plan our luncheon there in the big glass dining room, or whether I should take a picnic and we could eat when we got hungry. Some little Mexican nuns driven out of their own country have taken refuge in a convent here and make the most delicious tamales, which can be wrapped and kept hot for the piece de resistance of an excellent picnic. But we shall have to hurry, for I want to take the ferry at Sausalito to cross over to Berkeley. Of course our bridges are marvelous—great engineering feats—and a traffic necessity, but you don't get the thrill of our Bay and its surrounding hills speeding across them as you do gliding across the water past Alcatraz and the new Treasure Island. After doing the University of California I'd like to spend what daylight we have left driving about the Berkeley hills—the sunset from there looking through the Golden Gate is something else to remember. We'll come back across the Oakland-San Francisco Bridge so you'll have crossed our Bay on all its various forms of transportation, and I think we'll have a real Italian dinner—many courses, red wine out of green bottles, and Italian minstrels to serenade us. Again I shall put you to bed early, for the next day we must go down the Peninsula to Stanford. You will be particularly interested in the lovely chapel. We'll have lunch at an attractive little lunch room run for charity where one can eat out doors. No matter how the fog rolls in in San Francisco, it's always delightful down there. Then as much time as we have we'll drive along the Skyline Boulevard and back to town for an early dinner, and will decide then whether we'll go Swedish or Russian or we might, if it's a particularly beautiful sunset, eat just plain American at the Cliff House, looking out towards China.

I am having Californians, Inc. send you their booklet, which I want you to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest during the more uninteresting stretches of your train trip West. You can trace all the spots I have mentioned and read about them in much more flowery language than I can muster, but I know you'll love it—and it will be such fun to show you my San Francisco.

Sincerely,
Mary Randall Shelley.

Recreation

■ The San Francisco Recreation Commission has embarked on a busy summer program.

Each playground has a schedule of sports, arts and handcraft which may be ascertained by visiting the one nearest your home.

The most interesting of events is the trailer known as "Joe Michaelangelo." It is a puppet stage which travels from place to place all summer and on every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon shows a group of puppets operated by different playground groups.

The trailer is parked near a playground or other desirable spot, the children gather from far and near to see the play and the loud speaker makes it possible to hear even the smallest voice at a great distance.

Every week at several playgrounds there are pet shows, doll shows, field days, picnics and all of the many special events dear to the hearts of children. Everyone is welcome.

PUPPET SHOWS

July 5: Tuesday, Jackson; 2:30 p. m.
July 7: Thursday, Funston; 2:30 p. m.
July 12: Tuesday, Julius Kahn; 3 p. m.
July 14: Thursday, Mission; 2:30 p. m
July 14: Thursday, James Rolph; 2:30 p. m.
July 19: Tuesday, Levi Strauss; 2:30 p. m.
July 21: Thursday, James Rolph; 2:30 p. m.
July 25: Monday, Jackson; 2:30 p. m.
July 26: Tuesday, M. S. Hayward; 2:30 p. m
July 28: Thursday.
July 29: Friday, North Beach; 2:30 p. m.

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Needlework Guild Section Continues League's Tradition for Service

■ Continuing the National League for Woman's Service tradition for service to others, the Club section of the Needlework Guild founded two years ago in memory of Mrs. John Leale has a record of which we may all be proud, for it has grown from a quota of 129 garments at the first ingathering in 1936 to 539 last November.

A goal of 1000 has been set for this year!

To reach it, every member of the Women's City Club should take an active interest. Some to sew. Others to donate new garments. And still more to become money members.

Won't YOU join us in this splendid work of collecting new garments for the city's less fortunate? We want YOU and need YOUR help.

For many months—that is, since June 4 1936—a small group (and it is small when one considers our membership of thousands— have been working. Twenty-five cents per month for each member has purchased yards and yards of material, and balls and balls of crochet cotton, and bias binding. Out of this fund supplemented by cash donations from our beloved president, Miss Katherine Donohoe, and others, the members have cut, stitched and hand sewn hundreds of dainty crepe nightgowns, gay little sun suits, shorts and dresses, and crocheted edges on gowns and bed jackets.

These attractive new garments for the old the young, the ill and the needy have been put together in pairs, marked for sizes, then taken to the annual ingathering, where they have been admired by thousands each year. They reflect the Club—and YOU. Each one is carefully inspected and we are proud of our display — but we should have more than half a hundred.

Let's make it a thousand! We can with YOUR HELP.

Join our section of the San Francisco Branch of the Needlework Guild. We sew the first Thursday of every month from the date of the fall ingathering until the return of spring. In May we sew on the first and third Thursdays. And if necessary to complete our quota, we meet once a week following Admission Day. Our membership fee is 25 cents per month. You may come all day and help us sew from 10:30 a. m. until 4 p. m. with a Cafeteria round table luncheon at noon. Or you may donate that sum to help us buy more material and drop in once in a while to watch our progress. Or, like quite a few, donate one dollar for the "shoe fund."

A cordial invitation is extended to every member of the Club. Information may be had through the president, Mrs. Randolph Madison, or chairman of the sewing group, Mrs. Margaret Smith, or any member of the section which includes the majority of the active Club volunteers.

■ AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY—Of interest to music lovers both amateur and professional is the announcement that the Roth Quartet, famous in America and Europe for the past ten years, will join the Summer Quarter Faculty of Stanford University.

Members of the quartet — Feri Roth, first violin; Jeno Antal, second violin; Ferenc Molnar, viola, and Janos Scholz, 'cello — will offer not only individual instruction on violin, viola and 'cello, but also will collaborate with Mr. Alfred V. Frankenstein, music critic of the San Francisco Chronicle in the presentation of a course in chamber music.

In addition to their teaching, the quartet will be heard in two series of concerts. Series "A" is scheduled for four Monday nights at 8:00 o'clock, namely, July 11, July 18, July 25 and August 1. In this series will be featured not only the quartet itself, but a number of visiting artists, including Ernest Toch, composer-pianist, in a new quintet dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge.

A second group of concerts, Series "B," will be held five Wednesday afternoons at 4:15 o'clock—June 29, July 6, July 13, July 20 and July 27.

Sponsors of this outstanding chamber music festival are the Friends of Music at Stanford University, a group organized for the encouragement and development of a more extensive music program at Stanford. Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mr. George W. Cameron and Mr. Robert W. Miller are among the active workers in its behalf. Information regarding tickets may be had by calling at or writing the Division of Music, Stanford University.

The Friends of Music at Stanford have brought not only the Roth Quartet and Mr. Frankenstein to the Summer Quarter Faculty, but also Miss Marion Flagg, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, and Dr. Carleton Sprague Smith, chief of the music division of the New York Public Library, who will lecture on Early American Music. Warren D. Allen, head of the music division at Stanford, and his assistant, Raymond Kendall, will carry on the organ and choir work of the Memorial Church and the usual courses in history and theory of music.

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Interest a New Member

Echoes from the Avocation Round Tables

■ "Summer Fare," one of the avocation round tables, presided over by Mrs. Randolph Madison, was the lodestone for Club homemakers. The attractive table, decorated with the very latest "gadgets" and kitchen equipment, had two of the Club specialties—a huge tomato-avocado aspic ring and baked apples, made by the Club chef.

Requests for recipes for making these delectable dishes were so numerous it was necessary to promise publication in this month's Magazine.

To bake apples, a la Women's City Club:

Wash and core the apples, put close together in a pan and pour over a syrup made of two pounds of sugar to two quarts of water. Put in the oven and bake till done. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or cinnamon and serve in the syrup. For variety, the core of the apples may be filled with nuts, other fruits or fruit jam and served with a border of whipped cream.

FRUIT RING

¼ cup lemon juice
1½ cups grapefruit juice
1½ cups sugar
1 cup hot water
½ cup orange juice
2½ tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold water

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Boil sugar and hot water until clear. Pour over soaked gelatine. Let cool. Add fruit juices with pinch of salt. Line ring with large slices of grapefruit and oranges alternating; cover with above mixture and let harden. Fill inside of ring with avocado and cheese balls or any combination of fruits.

TOMATO AND AVOCADO RING

1 can tomato juice
6 cloves
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
5 whole white peppers
¼ box gelatine

Boil tomato juice with spices. Soak gelatine in cold water. Add strained tomato juice and stir until dissolved. Line mold with slices of avocado, pour mixture into mold and chill. Fill center with crab, shrimp, chicken or lobster salad.

Remember the Rambles

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Avocational Activities

—Edith Shelton

The avocational display at the Women's City Club on May 26th was largely an impulse and rather hurriedly put on, with hardly time to contact and co-ordinate the movement. It was distinctly worth while, not only for the interest shown, but for the very real stimulus given the ones who have already found their avocations, and to the many others who would like an occupation but have not yet found the interest which might prove to be their best medium of expression.

A long life of observation has convinced this writer that we get the greatest spiritual uplift and mental satisfaction from the work of our hands and the contact with others working along allied lines of creative efforts.

Discontent, mental unrest, a feeling of futility arise largely from idleness; crowd your time with an interesting occupation and that unrest will disappear almost magically.

The discoveries of science and the mechanization of our age have given us better health, more ease of living, infinitely more leisure, but, because of these things, the stress and hurry of our modern life has tended toward spiritual barrenness because we have not, as individuals, found an absorbing medium of expression.

Primitive man used his hands first to gather fruits, to build a shelter, to throw stones and cudgels, then, perhaps, he wove crude containers of flexible reeds and branches to carry his gleanings back to his shelter.

And so, through the ages, this use of our hands has survived, and while we no longer have the need to make only useful things, we do create articles which may be useful as well as pleasing to our esthetic senses.

To return to our display. It is difficult to comment on the individuals represented without seeming a bit fulsome in our praise, for in all fairness it was very interesting and really beautiful.

The knitting group, represented by Mrs. Grace Johnson, Miss Sara Tomlinson, Mrs. E. D. Woodruff, Mrs. Gilbert Woodland, Miss Virginia Chilton, Mrs. Emilie Gray and Mrs. H. L. Alves, showed some very lovely and original designs.

The window boxes, by Miss Clara Schaeffer and Miss Virginia Mysell, from whom we expect perfection, did not disappoint us. Miss Clara Scott's shrines were notable.

The fairy gardens were delightful and called forth many ohs and ahs of appreciation.

The ceramics group was chiefly notable for the remarkable work done by Miss Mimmie Hollub, after only one year's work at the California School of Fine Arts, and by the interesting way in which Mrs. Lowry Hammond arranged her few pieces and the real beauty of her madonna figure. Visitors seemed to enjoy the demonstration of clay modeling by Miss Hollub and this writer.

Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer and Miss R. K. Shoudy presented some very lovely flower arrangements and an interesting collection of "properties."

The Summer Fare by Mrs. Randolph Madison was gay and colorful with new kitchen gadgets and appetizing dishes.

One can hardly compliment too highly the display of metal work by Miss Marian Burr, Mrs. Philip Bush, Miss Barbara Aya and Mrs. Albert Hoy. It was really superb in design and workmanship.

Mrs. Smith, whom I believe has never before done wood carving, has designed and is executing a wonderful cabinet meant as a gift for her son, which is perhaps the most ambitious and really serious project shown.

In conclusion, we must thank our President, Miss Donohoe, for this opportunity to show our work and to see the interests of others; and to express the hope that from this beginning there may develop another branch of Club activity which may add to our cultural advancement.

New Radio Program

"Uncle Harry's Question Box" is the new radio feature to replace Bell-Brook's "Adventures of Sonny and Buddy."

Designed for San Francisco children "Uncle Harry's Question Box" is already hailed by radio critics and educational authorities as being a program of exceptional merit.

This new Bell-Brook Dairies program was designed to be both educational and entertaining, and will run three days of the Bell-Brook six-day-weekly radio program schedule on KYA at 5:45 p. m. All questions used on "Uncle Harry's Question Box" involve considerable study and forethought, as it wouldn't be fair to ask 4-year and 14-year-old contestants the same type of questions. Prizes are awarded to children giving the greatest number of correct answers. Occasionally Uncle Harry "ties in" the thousands of youthful Bell-Brook Buddies Club members by asking the radio audience a question, and then giving the answer in code so that only members of the Buddies Club can understand it.

So You Want to See San Francisco?

—Ruby MacLeod Taylor

■ Up in the sky in a San Francisco hotel. It's a Saturday. The lounge is crowded. We look down on yellow taxi cabs, little bugs parked in a lot, waiting for a fare. The Y. M. C. A. roof with boys tanning in the sun. A peddler with his horse and cart crying his sale of oranges. We look at the tall hotel buildings on Nob Hill. Cathedrals, synagogues. Protestant, Catholic, Jew. O, yes, we have plenty of churches in San Francisco and we are "plenty religious," too.

The Civic Center—doves around the fountain, patches of gold flowers symbolic of our glorious Golden State. The bridges beyond — those mighty spans! What a thrill! As I look I think of the late Mr. Strauss, poet and builder of bridges. His bridge is flamingo like our California poppy. His spirit is white like our sea gulls that follow ferry boats across the Bay. His memory is golden and will be everlasting. His poem called "A Mighty Task Is Done" appeared in a San Francisco newspaper May 26, 1937, and was reprinted in Davis Anthology of Newspaper Verse, best poems of the year 1937.

What a view from this vantage point! Treasure Island looms up a future bonanza for 1939. What a "look-see" the Easterners will have, for that matter, the folk from all over the world. We are going to have a big party in San Francisco. It won't be long now.

Some visitors will leave after visiting the fair, but many will remain and become citizens of California. Our arms are open with a welcome over in Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, Marin County, up the Redwood Highway, down the Peninsula. That is, if they prefer not to live on in San Francisco in our hotels, apartments, or some of our beautiful residential sections. Plenty of room, plenty of climate, every view that you find any place else in the whole world. We'll be ready for you, folks, and San Francisco knows how. Maybe the head of the family will take headquarters in some of our fine office buildings. Look at the tall Shell Building. Telephone Building! Look, look, look! And, of course, send your children to our fine public and private schools and universities.

Take a glance over on the left at those patches of green. These are golf links, plenty of recreation to be had. A little nearer the Yacht Harbor. Look at the white sails—picturesque unforgettable sight, sailing over the water so blue.

And beyond exotic Chinatown a real Chinese city within a city, only peace and comfort and food and good fellowship these citizens find in San Francisco.

Look at the view of our seven hills—like Rome. Little Italy nestling on the American Riviera between Telegraph Hill and Russian Hill, for all the world like the old country, only we have no Il Duce over here. Our Italian colony eat what they wish, live as they wish, are happy, carefree. San Franciscans love their Latin quarter, the taste of spaghetti and a bit of wine. In San Francisco we have come from every country in the world. It is a cosmopolitan city. And we get along "just fine." South-of-the-Slot still has its distinctive points and there is the same old-time warmth in the Irish heart today as ever before. In San Francisco we are of many nationalities, yet we are all 100 per cent Americans. The bridges unite the bay cities, so that we too, are no longer separate, but are all as one.

Now, the lights are coming on. The city down below is an inverted firmament dotted with a myriad of colored stars. It is time to say farewell to good friends and to go home.

Down, down, down in the elevator to the ground floor. Then in a car to be whisked across the Golden Gate Bridge . . . home. Home to my trees, song birds, wild flowers, the mountain and my hills. As I cross the bridge my heart sings a requiem to the builder, Joseph Strauss, as I murmur . . .

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

Rose wreath on the bay,
Drift on as you may;
The builder watches
o'er the deep,
The builder of his own
eternal sleep.

A Member Writes

■ Are you one who loves to swim but dreads getting water in your ears or on the newly made wave? You can enjoy a good swim without these worries with the water-tight cap which is sold at the Pool. Try one out in the Pool this summer. It is important to wear this cap just right. So be sure to get one large enough to snugly fit well down over the bare skin of the brow, cheeks and neck.

—Alice C. Ellis.

Swim at the Club

BUY NOW
PAY LATER
SAVE 10%
ON
Gas Heating Appliances

Be wise and prepare now for your winter heating. A summer sale is under way on all gas house-heating appliances. Gas appliance dealers offer you 10% discount on all types of gas heating equipment. That isn't all. You also get 10% off on installation work for furnaces, steam boilers, radiant-fires, gas-steam radiators, circulators and floor furnaces.

Terms are nothing down — except a 10% down payment on circulators. No monthly payments until October 1.

Now is the time to prepare your home for next winter's heating. You can save money by taking advantage of this summer sale.

See Your Dealer

P·G·and E·
PACIFIC GAS *and* ELECTRIC COMPANY
Owned·Operated·Managed by Californians
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The Little Citizen Takes a Bow

The "Little Citizen," the familiar character of the public, is brought to you by Rodger, the Pacific Coast's best-known editorial cartoonist, in

The San Francisco News

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

AUGUST 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 7 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
AUGUST 1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

SWIMMING POOL CLOSED FROM AUGUST 29th TO SEPTEMBER 12th

HOMECOMING IN THE CLUBHOUSE — THURSDAY, AUGUST 25TH

OPENING FALL COURSE LECTURE — DR. PAUL CADMAN — SEPTEMBER 14 — TWELVE NOON

August — 1938

4—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program: — **Lounge** — **8:00 p.m.**
Musical Program—John Notley Nicholls, Baritone and Miss Helen Schneider, Pianist.

5—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 212** — **11:00 a.m.**

8—**Young Members' Round Table** — **Cafeteria** — **12:15 p.m.**

10—**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Ramble—LICK OBSERVATORY — **Lv. Clubhouse** — **3:30 p.m.**
Dinner at Hawaiian Gardens in San Jose 5:30 p.m., arrive Observatory 7 p.m. Return to San Francisco at 10 p.m. Fee $5.50.
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1. a plate — **Nat. Def. Room** — **6:15 p.m.**
To be Reviewed "Fanny Kemble: A Passionate Victorian" by Margaret Armstrong and "The Barly Fields" by Robert Nathan.

11—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program: — **Auditorium** — **8 p.m.**
Scenes from "Old Folks at Home"—Directed by Miss Frances Shelley.

12—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 212** — **11:00 a.m.**

18—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program: — **Auditorium** — **8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "The High Cost of Quackery"
Speaker: Dr. Edgar L. Gilcreest, Member of the Faculty of the U. C. Medical School and President Elect of the American Association for Traumatic Surgery.

19—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 212** — **11:00 a.m.**

24—**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

25—**French Round Table**—Mlle Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program: — **Auditorium** — **8:00 p.m.**
"Across the Pacific by Clipper"—Illustrated Program—Courtesy of the Pan American Airway System.

26—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 212** — **11:00 a.m.**

30—**Color and Composition**—Wana Derge Alumnae Exhibit. — **Auditorium** — **11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.**
Talk at 2 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. (Open to the Public).

September — 1938

1—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program: — **Auditorium** — **8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "The Importance of Music as an Educational Subject"
Speaker: Mr. Charles M. Dennis, Director of Music in the San Francisco Public Schools

2—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 212** — **11:00 a.m.**

7—**Ramble—State Fair, Sacramento** — **Lv. San Francisco by boat** — **6:00 p.m.**
Arrive Sacramento next morning; visit the Fair and return to Senator Hotel for lunch. Leave Sacramento at 6 p.m. by boat and arrive San Francisco 8 a.m. next morning—September 9th. For further information inquire Travel Service —Lobby of Clubhouse

FIRELIGHTING — OCTOBER 3

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

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CLUBS ABROAD

Berlin, Germany; American Women's Club; No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia; Brisbane Women's Club; National Mutual Bldgs., Queen St.
Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark; c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodroffsvej 2-A.
Dunedin, New Zealand; Otago Women's Club; Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland; The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland; The Lady Artists' Club; No. 5 Blytheswood Square
The Hague, Holland; Amer. Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.
Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club, c/o American Consulate.
London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.
London, England; The Pioneer Club; 12 Cavendish Sq., W. 1
London, England; The Halcyon Club; 13-14 Cork Street.
Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.
Mexico City, D. F.; Internacional De Mujeres; Calle Humboldt No. 47.
Montreal, Canada; The Themis Club; 1336 Sherbrook St., W.
Nelson, New Zealand; Nelson Women's Club.
Paris, France; American Women's Club; Lancaster Hotel. (Temp. Headquarters.)
Rome, Italy; Anglo-American Club, 20 Piagga di Fpagni.
Shanghai, China; The American Women's Club; 577 Bubbling Well Road
Stockholm, Sweden; The American Women's Club; Grand Hotel.
Sydney, Australia; Women's Club; 77 King St.
Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.
Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club; Lambton Quay, Wellington.
Zurich, Switzerland; The American Women's Club; 65 Laverterstrasse. (Hotel Baur-au-Lac.)

CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES

Akron, Ohio; Women's City Club; 30 South High St.
Boston, Massachusetts; Women's City Club; 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club, 72 E. 11th St.
Chicago, Illinois; Women's City Club; 410 S. Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; Bulkey Bldg., Euclid Av.
Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Michigan; Women's City Club; 254 E. Fulton St.
Indianapolis, Indiana; Indianapolis Propylaeum; 1410 North Delaware St.
Kansas City, Mo.; Women's City Club; 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb.; Women's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas; Little Rock Women's City Club.
Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; 710 N. Plankington.
New York City, N. Y.; Women's City Club, International Bldg. Rockefeller Center, 20 W. 51st St.
New York City, N. Y.; American Women's Club; 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.
Philadelphia, Pa.; Women's City Club; 1622 Locust Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Women's City Club; William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I.; Providence Plantations Club; 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo.; The Town Club; 1120-22 Locust Street.
St. Paul, Minn.; Women's City Club; 345 Minnesota Street.
Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 786 Jackson Street.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ THE LEAGUE SHOP: Shown to their best advantage in new surroundings, the League Shop offers new textiles from the Orient, including Javanese batiks—Chinese and Balinese brocades. Also of interest is the display of Swedish glass and wall flower containers.

■ COLOR AND COMPOSITION: A reminder that the fall class in Color and Composition, under the able direction of Wana Derge, will hold its Alumnae Exhibit in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse on Tuesday, August 30th, from 11 a. m. to 9 p.m., with a lecture at 2 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Classes will start Tuesday, September 13th, at 1 p. m. Course of seven weeks.

■ LIBRARY: Each month the Magazine will have a bibliography of Pacific Area material to be found in your own Club Library. Make use of it and be prepared to enjoy the Exposition intelligently.

■ LIP READING: We are anxious to carry on our Lip Reading Class but cannot do so until a sufficient number of pupils have registered. Miss Kate Morphy will be the instructor and will start lessons just as soon as a class is formed.

■ GLOVE MAKING: Classes are now in full swing and members may arrange to join any one of the groups which meet on three days each week, morning, afternoon or evening. It requires but three lessons to learn this fascinating and profitable work. Three lessons, $1.50; materials extra.

■ DEMONSTRATION WINDOW BOXES: If you are planning having window boxes and have only a windy northern exposure, don't fail to see the demonstration window box on the north side of the Patio. Fibrous begonias and a spill of Vinca minor make a very brave showing and the begonias will bloom until real cold weather arrives.

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN—CURRENT EVENTS: Dr. Paul Cadman will resume his lectures at the Club on Current Economic Events on Wednesdays at noon, beginning on September 14th. Tickets for the course of twelve lectures ending November 30th are now on sale and should be secured from the Executive Office.

■ LANGUAGES: French and Spanish Classes are now being organized for the fall months. German Classes will open in September. If you are a beginner register now so that you may make progress with the new group. If you are an advanced student register now, so that you will be ready for the fast-approaching Exposition days.

■ RAMBLE—LICK OBSERVATORY: It is hoped that the enthusiasm with which the membership has received summer rambles (particularly the Treasure Island trip on July 21st) will be repeated on Wednesday, August 10th, when members and their friends will visit the Lick Observatory. They will leave the Clubhouse at 3 p. m.; dine at Hawaiian Garden in San Jose, 5:30 p. m.; arrive Observatory, 7 p. m., and return to San Francisco at 10 p. m. The all-inclusive fee will be $5.50.

■ RAMBLE—STATE FAIR—SACRAMENTO: Reservations are being taken for a Ramble to be held Wednesday, September 7th—when members and friends will leave San Francisco by boat at 6 pm for Sacramento, arriving the following morning. The group will after a brief rest visit the Fair and return to the Senator Hotel for lunch. The time of departure from Sacramento will be 6 pm by boat—and arrival in San Francisco 8 am the morning of September 9th. For further particulars consult Mrs. Helm, of the Travel Service.

■ DUES: Any member holding a blue card is on our delinquent list and should get in touch with the Executive Office immediately.

■ SWIMMING POOL: If you have accustomed yourself to a daily swim while on your vacation nd you still have the urge to swim after returning o the city, why not take advantage of your own Clubhouse Pool, which is one of the finest in the city?

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: On August 10th the second Wednesday of the month, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard has chosen to review: "Fanny Kemble: A Passionate Victorian" a scintillating biography of one of England's most famous actresses, more exciting than fiction by Margaret Armstrong and "The Early Fields" by Robert Nathan—with which Mrs. Stoddard will include a general discussion of all the works of this brilliant contemporary Novelist who writes his novels with distinctive wit, imagination and sensitive reality.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Rejuvenation—lines obliterated — lovely new complexion — these wonders we have worked in the physical contours of our own Beauty Salon. Come in to visit us. Let Mrs. Grabow, Manager, take you on a tour of the booths, each one now equipped with the latest device to give speedy and ultra-modern beauty treatments, in a quiet, restful and homelike atmosphere — the same nominal prices still prevail.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Our Chef is literally walking on air—not only because of the new springy mats in front of his new range, but also because our kitchen is now truly streamlined in all its appointments. The very latest in refrigeration, roll warmers that keep hard-crusted rolls hard and soft rolls soft; ovens completely insulated, that hold the natural juices in the meats and cook food to the "Queen's taste." Shiny new silver for our tables; a bright newly painted Dining Room and a staff as happy over all the new gadgets as though they were their very own. Come in and celebrate with us and enjoy perfectly cooked and perfectly served food.

■ GERANIUMS—STAND-BYS: In going through some of my garden school notes on potted plants I found under "stand-bys" that geraniums hold the place of honor and head the list. And how true this is has been well demonstrated in our Club Patio this summer. The Patio has never been so colorful and geraniums are largely responsible. During the past five years we have been building up a collection of geraniums and now have in the neighborhood of two hundred pots of about thirty-five varieties, including zonals, Martha Washingtons and species. The Patio at this time contains twenty-nine varieties and over seventy potted plants. If members have any other varieties we do not have we would like to have plants or rooted cuttings if possible, as we would like to have an even larger collection for next year.

■ ROOF GARDEN: Miss Clara Schaeffer has told us that she now has thirty varieties of geraniums growing in the Roof Garden. We invite the inspection of our members.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Members and friends who have for so many years enjoyed the programs arranged by Mrs. A. P. Black will be happy to know that a very interesting schedule has been planned for the month of August. On the fourth Mr. John Notley Nicholls, baritone, and Miss Helen Schneider, pianist, will present a musical program. A very outstanding evening is planned for the eleventh, at which time Miss Frances Shelley, director, will present a number of specially selected sketches from her original production, "Old Folks at Home." The participants are all over seventy-five years of age, but this fact is completely forgotten, for they acquit themselves with the spirit of true youthfulness. Beauiful period costumes complete this lovely novelty. On August 18th, Dr. Edgar L. Gilcreest, member of the faculty of the University of California Medical School and President-elect of the American Association for Traumatic Surgery, will address his audience on "The High Cost of Quackery." We will be favored with another illustrated program on August 25th through the courtesy of the Pan American Airway System entitled "Across the Pacific by Clipper." The subject of the introductory program for the month of September will be "The Importance of Music as an Educational Subject" and the speaker, Mr. Charles M. Dennis, Director of Music in the San Francisco public schools.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Mrs. Henry Alves, Chairman of Volunteer Service, is busily engaged these days working out plans that will extend our Volunteer Service into many new branches. Register at the Executive Office as soon as possible, specifying in which department you wish to serve. We again list the various services for your convenience:

VOLUNTEER SERVICE DEPARTMENTS:

Accounting (day).
Cafeteria (day).
Cashiering (day or evening).
Civic Activities (day or evening).
Clerical (day or evening).
Hostesses for Special Events (day or evening).
Flower Committee.
League Shop (day).
Library (day or evening).
Magazine (day).
Sewing Committee (day).
Tea Hostesses.
Telephoning.
Typing (day or evening).
Ushering (day or evening).

Miss Katharine Donohoe, our President, whose leadership by example as well as precept ably carries us forward in the program of the National League for Woman's Service

The President's Message

During the past month devoted to repairs and renewals in our clubhouse, it has been a pleasure to work for and with the members and staff of our organization; and it is doubtful if there exists anywhere a more cooperative group than that of our Women's City Club. The reflection follows that if pride in our house shows itself in our efforts to keep the building in order and equipment up-to-date, may it also be our pleasure to invite and encourage members and prospective members to enjoy the hospitalities that our clubhouse affords.

Repeated to the point of boredom but adding emphasis is a second fact—that the sum total of the membership is vital in direct ratio to the use of the clubhouse by its members. Both these points make possible the necessities as well as the amenities of the organization's well being. May we therefore point out at this moment that so strictly did we abide by the very careful budgeting, that our Third Floor hall-ways and Cafeteria did not at this time share in the pleasure of fresh adornment—and that it is only by our members' appreciation of a better equipped kitchen that we can look forward to a complete rehabilitation of one of our most important departments.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

★NEW
★INTERESTING
★COLORFUL

The Restaurant
The League Shop
The Beauty Salon

The reopening of the Restaurant, The League Shop and The Beauty Salon with their new brilliance and modern color marks a progressive step in the history of the Women's City Club.

The Dining Room and National Defenders' Room, with their new atmosphere of smartness, offers an excellent opportunity for members to entertain guests and friends in the privacy of their Clubhouse.

The League Shop's modern setting affords the unusual, as a background for antiques and exquisite little trinkets so carefully selected from far off places. Too—the many new importations now on display make gift shopping a real pleasure.

The Beauty Salon can now boast the latest equipment available. Indirect lighting in itself affords a rejuvenating and restful atmosphere. For those who place a value on their time, The Beauty Salon is truly a miracle of convenience.

★The improvements in the Restaurant, The League Shop and The Beauty Salon have been made for your pleasure and convenience. We, therefore, hope you will enjoy them and that you will express your appreciation through your patronage.

■

Homecoming in the Clubhouse — Thursday, August 25

Editorial

■ At the Board meeting in June our President, Miss Donohoe, suggested that the Board members be responsible for the stories of the next Magazine. This July issue of the Magazine is the result of her idea and it comes to you with the greetings of those who have not written stories themselves as well as of those who have secured them from friends. The representation of the Board is well exemplified by the diversity of subjects which are covered — travel, health, citizenship, literary fields, interest in national projects, spiritual purpose. From all directions our Board ever brings us inspiration and expert testimony along any line of adventure toward which our policies may drift. It is this expert knowledge which is keeping the National League for Woman's Service on an even keel through this, the first quarter century of its history.

■ In California we are always being pushed ahead into the next season by our merchants and travel organizations, long before the weather has caught up with us. Already we see velvets and winter styles, and yet many of us are still vacationing in shorts and summer prints. With this same forehandedness, the Club committees who have stayed at home have even now planned our fall programs for us. There is then a real reason why we should read our Magazine this month and next, for it will carry announcement of courses, and of things-of-the-future, and while we are still away and can quietly plan the things which are most worthwhile before we are caught again in a routine which swallows our minutes with unimportant detail, we should mark our September calendars with the things at the Women's City Club which will really count for us when we shall return.

■ After twelve years' continuous use, things will wear out. The poster page this month tells us of the remodeling in Beauty Salon, League Shop and Restaurant which will make us catch our breath after all our years of familiarity with the old. The Beauty Salon, when it shall be finished, will be a delight to the eye, as well as give service such as it has of necessity not been able to give for some little time, for the simple reason that it will now boast the very latest new equipment synonymous with speed and efficiency. The League Shop will charm us with a modern note which we have grown to look for in any display of outstanding merchandise such as our shop boasts. The new lighting, the new glass shelves, the new background for the new merchandise—all will enthuse us to come, early and often after our return home, to the spot where we shall select the things for home and friends which are at hand for the Grand Reopening. The Restaurant will so please us that we will immediately plan our winter entertaining at the Club. We shall not tell here the details of the changes in Dining Room or Defenders' Club Room, for those can be seen for themselves, but behind the scene are new ranges, new refrigerator, new roll-warmer, new this and new that, until we may almost say new kitchen. After twelve years of faithful service even a range rebels, and although it would still have gone on working for us, it would have groaned with us. Its newer counterpart has many improvements which a club such as ours should have at its service. We have always had of the best, and the best is none too good. The new kitchen measures up to our standard.

The point of all this? A trip to the Clubhouse will gladden our souls. The same hospitable gesture is with us still. And as the budget has had a great strain this summer, so will we be helping the Club because we are doing our bit in appreciation of the remodeling.

■ Every day some guest speaks of the decorations in our home-like Clubhouse, of the ever-fresh arrangement of flowers on every flour. We accept these compliments with a feeling of personal pride. How many of us do our share in bringing a few blooms from our own garden (every small bunch helps in a building as large as ours, where steam heat means constant renewal of vases)? Volunteer Service covers these hours of picking which some of us can gve if we will. Let us remember that our guests and our fellow members will genuinely appreciate our sharing with them the glory of our own gardens.

■ "The orchids on our budget are membership," so writes a Detroit Women's Club Membership Chairman. How applicable to all clubs! With our twenty-first anniversary "return-fee" of five dollars we have a golden opportunity to bedeck ourselves. And even more than that, the members whom we ask to "return to the fold" will genuinely thank us for our remembrance of them, once they are "back in the League" and can join with us in the anniversary celebration in the fall and later on in the hospitality features which Exposition Year will bring to us.

A Letter from Abroad

London, England, 4th July, 1938.

■ My dear Marie:

Since I wrote you in January, I have been right round the world again, and have covered more than 21,000 miles by air alone, and that is not counting the steamer travel and trans-Atlantic crossing of 3,000 miles, so you will see it has been going. I left London on the 17th January with the Royal Dutch Airlines and flew to Singapore. There I stayed for a couple of weeks, and had a very fine time being entertained by the British Governor General and his wife, during a particularly interesting period, which was just before the Manoeuvres and the opening of the Naval Base, and the place was alive with Admirals, Generals and Air Marshals, which made it very gay.

I was sorry to leave, but I had to get to China, as I wanted to catch Madame Chiang Kai-shek in Hongkong. I had not seen her since 1929. We had a very interesting talk together there, and she told me of her hopes for China. I purposely have not written "hopes and fears" because she would not admit that there was any ground for fear, and claimed to be entirely optimistic. Well, for her sake, I trust she is not mistaken. After staying about two weeks in Hongkong, I went up to Shanghai, where they were having snow. It was very curious, because I had never seen Shanghai in the winter before, and could not imagine that it could be so cold, or so inhospitable. Snow was everywhere, and I was quite glad to get away from Shanghai, and went back to Hongkong, which was warmer and more agreeable than when I passed through there the previous time. From Hongkong I took the steamer to Manila, which never strikes me as being an "Oriental" city. It seems to lack atmosphere, and I am never attracted by it, although the hotel is fine, and the waterfront marvelous. It was terrifically hot there, and very damp, but I wanted to make an interview with Mr. Paul Vories McNutt, the American High Commissioner. He, like everybody else, had removed himself to Baguio, the summer resort for the hot weather, so I went up there. It is a most glorious drive through very beautiful country. Manila is certainly fortunate in having some such resort, for I should not think that many Western people could stand the hot weather incessantly, and up there it is quite cool.

I did not have much time in Manila when I returned, as I had booked a place on the Pan American "Clipper" to fly to San Francisco, with a stopover at Wake Island. This flight, and to stay at Wake Island, was really the highlight of the whole trip.

As you know, the 'planes start from Hongkong, but I started from Manila. The first hop is Manila to Guam —something like 1,587 miles. Leaving before daylight, one arrives in the late afternoon, and I had just an hour to drive round the town of Guam. There are about 22,000 inhabitants of Guam. The natives appear to be a mixture of Polynesian with Spanish or Portuguese ancestors. They are very courteous and charming. Guam is, of course, an important American naval station.

The next flight was Guam to Wake Island and something approaching 1,508 miles, but here at Wake Island I stayed for two weeks. A choice between staying at Wake Island and Midway Island, because I had a great deal of writing, having collected the material in China, and not being able to turn it into articles. Everybody said that Wake Island was warmer and pleasanter at this time of year. Imagine to yourself a large barrier coral reef in the shape of a circle, keeping out the Pacific on all sides. Inside the reef was the lagoon whose varying depths reflect all the colours of the Brazilian butterfly's wings. Inside the lagoon are three islands — Wake Island, Wilkes Island and Peale Island, upon which is the hotel and the radio station. Wake Island and Wilkes Island are inhabited and always have been. Peale Island has only been inhabited during the last two and a half or three years; that is, since the Pan American Airways made it a base. It is about one mile long and about a quarter of a mile wide, and so far there are some forty-four people on it, including the Chamarro native servants imported from Guam, all the personnel of the hotel and everybody required for the maintenance of the air base. It is a bird sanctuary, amongst which are tens of thousands of terns, and what they call love birds, although they are not our idea of love birds. They are much bigger and not coloured. No dogs and no cats are allowed on the island, and for that matter, no women, the only exception being the wife (Continued on page 26)

The Sands of the Desert Grow Cold

1938 Transportation in the Sahara Desert

By Rose W. Shoup

■ If you expect to spend the day on the Sahara traveling in a French bus from one town to another, it is best to prepare for the night as well. Take several blankets, the zipper variety, and a hot water bottle already filled. Also remember that the man who wrote that he would love her till the sands of the desert grew cold was perfectly safe in his time limit!

We were en route from the Arab town of Touggart to the Arab town of El Oued, in the latest model six-wheeled French bus, with all speed transferred to power, traveling thirty miles per hour on a road and seven ditto on the sands. The bus carried some spare parts and extra gasoline, but no drinking water, food, nor flashlight. There are few adventures more adventuresome than crossing the Sahara in one of these buses. Monument Guides, so called, have been put about at intervals by man—and promptly turned the other way, blown flat, or completely covered by sand, just making another dune. That changes the topography for you and you might start for California and land in India—but the desert is undisturbed.

We had eaten our box lunches at one of the many Camel's Rests scattered about the Sahara. Camels are still the most reliable means of transportation and the "Rests" are built as huge stables with a house for the resident caretaker and family, whose lives are spent waiting for the next camel train and the gossip that comes with it. These people are completely isolated, without even the Bedouin's privilege of "moving on." But they have food and water, and I never saw an Arab really unhappy possessing those commodities. Also I learned a bit in desert housekeeping. The camel comes first, then the man — and find the woman.

After lunch our bus took to the desert in earnest. The French driver always has a desert Arab beside him to whom the Sahara is an open book. He points the way between the sand hills. Monuments may come and go. Allah shows the way. The bus grinds through a trackless valley of sand, then must cross one of the enclosing hills. The driver searches for a smooth hill, for erosion destroys the traction. We back part way up the opposite hill and make a dash down and up. It isn't a sand dune; it is really a mountain. We cling desperately, lean out and pray, finally reach the top and the future rises before us an apparently perpendicular drop into another valley. After resting a moment we slip over and dash wildly down because after all most of the weight is located in the back of the bus. Sometimes this very weight pulls us back into the valley again and still Sahara is undisturbed—though I felt I caught a tolerant smile on a leaning monument.

So on and on till finally about 4:00 p. m. we broke down entirely, luckily in a valley. The driver, who is always a trained mechanic, went to work, and we passengers from all over the world roamed the desert. Of food and water the bus supplied none, but as a pessimistic American I always have with me a box of crackers and a bottle of water. An Italian lady had two extra cups of coffee in a vacuum bottle, another American, a prized box of dates. So we feasted.

Several Arabs had arrived (Continued on page 29)

In Regard to Government

By Mary Martin Sawtelle

■ It is conceded that, in all branches of human endeavor a secondary result obtained frequently proves of more lasting value to humanity than the result for which the endeavor was made. In no great movement has this been proved more conclusively than in that of enfranchising women.

That women, given the vote, have failed to put it to immediate use to exercise the so-called idealism that, rightly or wrongly, has been regarded as a basic characteristic of the feminine mind, cannot be disputed. That they have voted and are voting as human beings, swayed by influences, enthusiasms, experiences and self-interest, has been considered by many as proof that they would be quite as well off as if the franchise had not been conferred upon them.

There is, however, a secondary result that, to my mind, is one of the most significant phases of the mental life of our nation. The privilege of having a part in the government under which they and their families live has, together with other influences, caused to be developed steadily among women a tremendous awareness of and interest in government.

For the first time in the history of human affairs great numbers of women are reading and studying books upon this subject, putting aside bridge and kindred amusements in order to attend lectures by authoritative speakers, discussing it among themselves, inviting public leaders to address them upon complex questions pertaining to government, seeking to inform themselves so that they may arrive at an intelligent understanding.

Booksellers all over the country have stated that in the last few years the sale of serious books has equalled or surpassed the sale of what is known as "escape books." Among the serious books, often best sellers, books on government have led all the rest. These books have been purchased and read largely by women.

This interest among women in government has not been confined to an effort to understand their own government in its multiple phases. Those interesting and, to many, ominous experiments in government—Fascism, Hitlerism, the Soviet—are being studied and judged. For the women in all walks of life are keenly conscious of the fact that the established forms of government are "on the spot," and that the form of government under which they are living may not be the form under which their children will live.

Is my child going to live under the same form of government that I have lived under? If not, what should I do to prepare him to make any transition or change that may be necessary?

These, and similar questions, furnish subjects for frequent discussion at luncheons and teas, over counters and office desks. Such discussions show that women are eager and anxious to rid their minds of that rigidity which results from blind acceptance of forms that already exist and a fear or contempt for the new and untried. They show that women are making an effort to prepare themselves to meet intelligently such changes as may come and to cooperate temperately and efficiently.

If one might venture at prophecy, herein lies the true value resulting from the enfranchising of women. For an informed and fluid mental attitude on the part of millions of women of any country will constitute a powerful second line of defense against extremes of violence which frequently result from ignorance of the cause and effect of necessary changes in government.

Lessons Learned of Daily Life

By Mrs. W. B. Hamilton

■ A few months ago an article appeared captioned "What Has Life Taught Me?" — an article that gripped all my emotions, since which time no other question in all the days has so insistent an interrogation point for me as that one; no other could so searchingly, beseechingly and analytically haunt me, sleeping and waking, through all the hours, as that one has done. Other things come into these days, but it abides; other things question, but it alone attracts the spotlight of introspection.

I see in memory childhood is self-completeness, its vision that the world was my playhouse and all that people it were my mechanical toys—and that at all times they had to conform to the parentally imposed pattern outlined for me by my way of thinking.

I see the surging ocean of young womanhood's idle dreams of love immortal, (Continued on page 28)

The Pacific in Pictures

By Dr. Grace McCann Morley

From one of the mounts on modern Mexico: Mexican Indian peasant woman, illustrating the racial type and characteristic dress in an exceedingly expressive drawing by Diego Rivera, famous Mexican artist.

■ The Golden Gate Exposition in 1939 will offer a tour, full of picturesque enjoyment and gaiety, of that last frontier of the westward traveling American,—the Pacific Ocean and the lands in it and around it. The American Indians, the first race to look westward over the Pacific; the Islanders who were the earliest navigators and explorers of the Pacific in their frail outrigger dugouts; the peoples of Central and South America who built pyramids and lofty temples and had a written language when Charlemagne was crowned, and whose descendants today are building new and vigorous young civilizations to match our own, will be represented by fine displays of all they are, do and have done. Just so the ancient civilizations from the opposite rim of the Pacific—China, Japan, Indo-China with its jungle-covered cities and temples, will have due place on the Exposition grounds,—sometimes in separate buildings and displays, sometimes in the Fine Arts Building, so that what the peoples of the Pacific lands are today and what they have been in the past will be surveyed.

In spite of Captain Cook, so long ago, and the steamers that ply so frequently between San Francisco and the Orient today, and the China Clipper that spans the great ocean in so short a time, the Pacific on which California looks out is literally a frontier in that it is so little known, and so much to be explored for development and usefulness.

The Exposition may well be the beginning of a penetration into this new domain, the start of a new pioneering for Americans who have always been pioneers. At the very least, it will be the beginning of an interest and understanding of our Pacific neighbors that will be fruitful for the future.

All this pleasure of discovery is to come to most of us in 1939 on the Exposition Island. Opportunity of immediately exploring the Pacific will, however, be offered to school children as early as this autumn. Sets of mounts prepared by the San Francisco Museum of Art on all the Pacific countries will be sent to schools throughout the state by the Women's Board of the Exposition as an aid in the essay contest on the Pacific which is to be held before the year ends.

These mounts with explanations, contain pictures of the people, the customs and costumes, the life and work, the houses and boats, the arts and crafts of all the peoples who live on the shores of the Pacific. Reading and study material will go with them, so that the whole background of the Pacific may be evoked.

Nine sets have been prepared, to supply a basic knowledge of the more difficult and least-known phases of the subject: (Continued on page 30)

Camp Mather

By Lotus Coombs

Did you ever watch the camp fire
When the wood has fallen low
And the ashes tend to whiten
Round the embers' crimson glow,
With the night sounds all around you
Making silence double sweet,
And the full moon high above you
That the spell may be complete?
Tell me, were you ever nearer
To the land of heart's desire
Than you were when you sat there thinking
With your face before the fire?

—Author Unknown.

Cabins, Camp Mather

■ High on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River in the High Sierra, forest, stream and lake beckon San Franciscans to their own Camp Mather.

Located among cool evergreen forests and near rolling mountain meadows, this camp, which is owned and operated by the Recreation Department, provides comfortable housing in modestly furnished rustic cabins which assure comfort and privacy to each guest. An attractive lodge in the center of the camp provides a large social room with an open fireplace, library and musical facilities.

In this lodge is located the dining room where delectable foods prepared by culinary experts are served in generous portions in cafeteria style. Modern refrigeration and kitchen equipment facilitate preparation of foods and insure the freshness of meats, fruits, milk and vgetables.

A diversified recreational program is available to all guests at Camp Mather. There is excellent swimming in Birch Lake, while a shallow lagoon offers restful hours to non-swimmers and sun bathers. A trained life guard is on duty seven hours every day. The camp guide and naturalist conducts daily hikes and nature walks. The Bird Sanctuary offers interesting opportunities for study and work in photography, while the camp museum enables those interested in nature to become acquainted with the plant and animal life and the geology of the surrounding country.

Sports and games include badminton, tennis, horseshoes, volley ball, ping pong, croquet and baseball. The evening campfire often has been the occasion of the most joyous times at camp and affords guests an opportunity for many happy gatherings.

Camp Mather is located in the very heart of country rich in historic lore and scenic beauty. Among the many points of interest in the vicinity are Muir Gorge, Laurel, Vernon, Benson and Roger Lakes, Tuolumne Meadows, Lake Tenaya, Mono Lake, Yosemite Valley, and such places as Chinese Camp, Bret Harte Cabin, Hangman's Tree, and Bowers Cave.

Only nine miles from camp one may reach O'Shaughnessy Dam and beautiful Hetch Hetchy Reservoir, a miniature Yosemite Valley encircled by sheer towering cliffs and fed by tumbling waterfalls.

A feature of the camp that appeals to guests is the opportunity to enjoy the many miles of beautiful trails along the picturesque Canyon Rim Trail, either on horseback to the more distant places, or on foot to nearby points of interest.

Pack trips are organized. Saddle horses are available and moonlight rides and breakfast trips are very popular. On out-of-camp trips adequate food is supplied by the camp commissary without additional cost to camp guests, the rental for horses being the only extra fee involved.

Many persons who come (Continued on page 25)

Beauty Within Easy Reach

By Mrs. Henry Alves

The Cinder Cone rises from layers of lava and sand next to Butte Lake.

■ Those of us who live on the Pacific Coast are very fortunate in having so many natural beauties at our very doors. Every city of this section has some delightful trips easily accessible within a few hours. San Francisco Bay area is no exception, indeed we are very richly endowed with these beauty spots.

A trip which is very enjoyable and interesting is the one to Lassen Volcanic National Park. It is only a few hundred miles distant, easily approached by excellent highways. The trip may be made as a week-end outing although it is better to allow several days, if one wishes to visit the fumaroles, hot springs and mud volcanoes.

To conserve on time and escape the valley heat one may leave here in the late afternoon and drive as far as Red Bluff, remaining there over night. The next day continue on to Mineral and enter at the Sulphur Works Checking Station. The highway passes many of the points of interest, Sulphur Works, Soda Springs, Emerald and Helen Lakes. At about eight thousand feet elevation one comes to a lovely parking place. By all means leave your car here and climb to the summit of Lassen Peak about twenty-five hundred feet above. It is mountain climbing de-luxe, a beautiful wide trail all the way. There is no danger although some snow is encountered near the top. Be sure to have some sturdy hiking shoes and protect your face and arms from sun and wind burn. The panoramic view from the summit is well worth the effort expended. The whole Sacramento Valley lies before you like a map on the south. To the north is Mt. Shasta and the Oregon mountains and to the east the Sierra. Just below you are all the points of interest in Lassen Park. Then too, you are at the crater of the only active volcano in the United States. Allow about three hours for this side trip.

Continue on the highway to Manzanita Lake, passing through the Devastated Area, Chaos Jumbles and Dwarf Forest. A more desolate place than the Devastated Area is hard to imagine. It awes one to realize the force and heat of the lava which poured from the peak above. At Manzanita Lake are cabin and camp accommodations.

If time permits there are many lovely trips to be taken with the naturalists who explain the various types of volcanic action. This region abounds in wild life and the many lakes and streams afford excellent fishing for those who enjoy this sport.

Another section called Warner Valley is an interesting place to visit if one has the time. This is where you find the Boiling Lake and the Devil's Kitchen. This section is privately owned and is approached from Chester on the Susanville-Reno Highway. The road is not very good as it is only a dirt one through the forest. However, when you arrive you find some very beautiful and inter- (Continued on page 27)

Landscaping of Treasure Island

■ The landscaping of "Treasure Island," site of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, is a two-year project involving the expenditure of about $1,500,000—yet it is a "standard" project, from the horticultural standpoint, that could be carried out on a tiny scale by any home-owner.

In two respects, the program is absolutely unprecedented, but neither of these would affect the home-owner. One is magnitude — the Exposition's Bureau of Horticulture must install, within eight months after planting operations began in May of 1938, at least a thousand varieties of growing things —including 4,000 trees, 40,000 shrubs and literally millions of flowering plants. Nothing like it has ever been attempted, for the total includes 55,000 tons of nursery stock.

The other staggering new problem was the leaching, or "unsalting," of 280 acres of the 400-acre Treasure Island site. This island did not exist until 1937—it was dredged up from the bottom of San Francisco Bay, to serve as the site of the 1939 World's Fair and thereafter as a municipal airport. It is composed of 20,000,000 cubic yards of black sand, which for geological ages has been flooded with all the undesirable mineral salts that are characteristic of ocean water.

These mineral salts had to be removed before sturdy trees and exotic subtropical plants could be induced to "take hold" and grow thriftily in the planting areas of the Exposition. This was accomplished within four months, by sinking more than 200 well-points 25 feet into the sandy fill, and connecting them in batteries with high-vacuum pumps. These pumps whined day and night, sucking up some 187,000,000 gallons of salty water, and pouring it back into the harbor through the Treasure Island drainage system.

Meanwhile the California winter rains were washing the harmful salts deep into the fill. Tests showed that 70 per cent of the planting area, after the rains was washed clean and ready for planting. Fresh water, "rained on" by whirling sprinklers, washed the rest of it, and in May of 1938 the pumps stopped whining. They had lowered the water-table to five feet above sea level, which is eight feet below the surface of the ground—plenty of room for the roots of even the largest trees, for they will remain in their wooden boxes during the Fair.

Other tests showed that the trees, surrounded by a two-foot "buffer" of rich topsoil around and beneath each box, are protected from any trace of salt that might remain in the soil. Gypsum is mixed into this topsoil, in some cases, to neutralize chlorine. Planted flush with the ground surface, the boxes are invisible—Treasure Island will be as beautiful, and its trees as natural, as any wooded estate.

For the topsoil buffers, and for plant-beds eight inches to three feet deep all over the island, about 100,000 cubic yards of rich loam are being barged from Bethel Island in the Sacramento River delta region, at a cost of $1.35 per yard. More than 100 tons of commercial fertilizer, will complete the soil-conditioning program and turn Treasure Island into a lavish California garden.

The problem of irrigation is handled, for the most part, by installed sprinkler-heads. Water is brought from San Francisco through an ingenious flexing pipeline between the decks of the $77,000,000 San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge, and pumped into a 3,000,000-gallon reservoir on the highline of Yerba Buena Island. From here it flows by gravity across the 900-foot causeway connecting the two islands, and is delivered to every corner of Treasure Island through a distribution system containing more than 26 miles of pipe. It is estimated that some 300,000 gallons of water daily will be required for irrigating purposes; the World's Fair total water consumption is figured at an average of 1,800,000 gallons daily.

The theme of the Exposition is "A Pageant of the Pacific," and this is the horticultural motif. Plantings indigenous to nearly all the Pacific climates and nations are used, but it was not necesary to go outside California to secure a single specimen. All of the thousand varieties were growing somewhere in California, acclimatized and thriving in suitable locations; they required only transplanting to another suitable location on Treasure Island.

Quantities required for the World's Fair gardens are prodigious to the amateur gardener. About 800,000 annuals were grown from seed at the Balboa

Four thousand trees, 70,000 shrubs and vines, and smaller plants by the million are making a strange journey this summer—across San Francisco Bay, by barge, to the Treasure Island site of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. The big trees range to 60 feet in height, to 40 tons in weight, boxed. This load of Acacia melanoxylon has just arrived at the Western Worlds Fair island. In the background is the cantilever span of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

Park nursery of the Exposition, in San Francisco. Perennials will total more than 400,000; some of these were planted long ago, so that their best year of bloom—usually the second, but in some varieties the third—will come about in 1939, for the benefit of the millions of visitors at the Fair.

Bulbs will be planted on Treasure Island, in their plotted locations, in September of 1938. The plans call for 130,000 tulips, 125,000 daffodils, 20,000 iris, 20,000 tuberous begonias, 10,000 hyacinths, and smaller totals of other varieties.

A daily crew, averaging 350 men in 1937, and 1200 men in 1938, was directed by the Bureau of Horticulture. Under the tutelage of skilled engineers and landscape men, these workmen carried out the transplanting and propagating program. Headquarters for more than a year was the 28-acre Balboa Park nursery, equipped with two hot-houses, a cold-house, two lath-houses, and other service buildings which, with the 20-acre propagation area, offer every facility necessary for successful growing of the whole range of World's Fair varieties.

The propagation program, now nearly complete, included vines and many of the smaller shrubs, as well as the annuals and perennials. The process began with seeds or cuttings, as the case may be, in the hot-house. After an appropriate period they were removed—some to the cold-house, some to the lath-houses, and finally into the open air for final seasoning before transplanting to the island.

A novel facility is a large "electric hot-bed" in the main propagating house, thermostatically controlled to maintain the soil at a constant temperature of 60 degrees and about doubling the rate of growth. Propagating beds are heated by highly resistant electrical cables laid among the roots. Clean sand from the bed of the American River is used here, and the plantings are fed chemically without mulching of any kind—thus they are kept free of pests.

Many strategies are employed to get maximum "performance" out of plantings in the vital year of 1939. Some specimens are kept trimmed of their blossoms so that strength will go into structural growth during the intervening period; thus the vines frequently will be transplanted with spreads of 25 to 40 feet, ready to burst eagerly into bloom. Other specimens, too large or not sufficiently well-furnished to accord with plans, are "topped" and induced to put new roots high on their stems, so that they will fit a prescribed purpose.

A spectacular phase of the program during the summer of 1938 is the transplanting of the 4,000 trees, with its attendant transportation, boxing and anchoring of specimens towering from 60 to 70 feet above their boxes. Hundreds of these tall sentinels weigh up to 40 tons each, and they were brought from widely scattered points in California, held for their "rest period" in Balboa Park, and finally transplanted to Treasure Island. More than 10 acres of trees once stood boxed in Balboa Park, and many others were held boxed in place at various points in the Bay district, to be (Continued on page 18)

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shipped direct to Treasure Island from their original sites when the time came. These trees were donated by owners anxious to participate in a successful World's Fair.

Plant material, when offered, was inspected by the Bureau's Division of Procurement, and the best method of transplanting each specimen was determined. The size of the box in which the tree was placed depended upon the size and root structure of the specimen. Superfluous roots were carefully cut, the box was built around the cube of earth, and if the tree was to be moved immediately, the bottom was added.

Power winches, heavy jacks and booms raised it to ground level and it was placed on low-bed trucks or underslung trailers. In Balboa Park the tree rested, putting out new roots, fed with a solution of one ounce of ammonium sulphate for each square foot of box and sprayed periodically. Trailers of special design were used by the Exposition Company for the larger specimens, and trucks, railway flat cars, barges, tugs and tractors helped to keep a steady stream of trees and plants moving across the Bay and into locations already spotted on blueprints, throughout the summer and fall of 1938.

Large-scale transplanting began in May, as soon as the "unsalting" of the fill was completed. Five contracting companies of the Bay area plunged into the task of moving 35,000 tons of big trees, under a "management contract" involving about $315,000. At the rate of 40 to 50 daily, the trees moved from a 40-mile radius to Treasure Island. Loaded on barges at San Francisco, Redwood City and the Berkeley waterfront, they moved across the Bay like small floating sections of forest. Unloaded at the World's Fair site, they were hauled to final position by caterpillar tractors, and popped into their holes. After the huge trees came the smaller ones, as well as the shrubs and flowering plants.

Plantings of ground cover, shrubs, vines and trees at the Exposition are governed by two considerations: Color, and exposure. Separate courts of the elaborate architectural plan are given separate color schemes, carried out by the bloom and (when possible) the foliage of all forms of growth. Seasonal blooms will be changed three times usually, during the 40 weeks of the Fair, and in some cases four times, so that fresh new blossoms will be in place before the bloom of the previous planting has begun to wither.

The consideration of exposure has

placed hardy plantings along the sea wall and the exterior frontages of the island, to resist wind and salt spray. This plan provides an outer horticultural framework of such varieties of Monterey cypress, Pittosporum crassilolium, Leptospermum, Genista and Coprosma. North of the causeway connecting Treasure Island with Yerba Buena Island and the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge will be an Avenue of Palms, with Phoenix canariensis in numbers flanking the six-lane motor highway.

At the two main entrances and at intervals along the west facade are stately Washingtonia robusta palms, up to 70 feet in height, with hardy shrubs and tropical grasses in borders to form a transition between the lofty walls and entrance towers, and the striking ground cover planned for this area. There are more than a million separate cuttings planted for this spectacular feature alone—a varicolored "Persian Prayer Rug" or Magic Carpet of mesembryanthemum, 25 acres in extent, offering a glowing promise of horticultural beauties to come, within the walls.

The Exposition itself is laid out as an ancient walled city, and the many courts and gardens within these high walls offer opportunity for tender subtropical plantings to thrive with complete protection from the rigors of wind and chill. This is particularly true of the central court group, radiating from the 400-foot Tower of the Sun in three directions, and framed by six huge exhibit palaces 70 feet high and 400 to 900 feet long.

The Bureau of Horticulture assists, also, in coordinating the landscaping plans of the State in expending its $5,000,000 appropriation for buildings and exhibits; the Federal government with its $1,500,000, and the individual exhibitors and concessionaires who are erecting their own buildings and landscaping their own plots. Avenues approaching these buildings, outside the central court group, will be lined with Acacia melanoxylon, Acacia latifolia, Eucalyptus viminalis and olives. The long walls of the East Facade, fronting the Pacific Basin area, will be relieved by plantings including eucalyptus, cypress, Penstemon and Shasta daisies.

Along the shores of the lagoons that distinguish the Pacific Basin are willows and other overhanging plants along the marginal walks, with water plants and a variety of smaller specimens. Here the buildings of foreign governments will be placed, and each government will use its characteristic native plantings with due regard for unity.

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What Medicine Offered in 1888 and Now in 1938

by Adelaide Brown, M. D., Health Editor

(Read at my Fiftieth Reunion, June 17, 1938, at Smith College.)

■ So Leila Words, my toastmaster, kindly says, "You can have six and a half minutes to put it over to us."

Could any of you, with six and a half minutes, tell us how to raise a family a husband and "various in-laws," and the correct psychology with grandchildren?

Many things have changed medicine. The laboratory methods headed by Germany as teachers, translated to us by Johns Hopkins, and later all our Class A medical schools, have played an important part in the development of the profession. We humans are too often lost sight of in the series of our physical responses to tests. Accuracy of diagnosis assumes proportions in the mind of the doctor which outweigh personality considerations. How can this person live best and most easily with his and her limitations, is the real problem needing solution.

The personality in the equation is more important than the response of the mechanics, but today that type of exhaustive study has developed large numbers of laboratory possibilities for women. Such positions in X-ray clinic laboratories, clinical laboratories for tests of body functions, blood, endocrines, etc., physio-therapy for care of bodies lessened in efficiency by disease—the great group of our arthritic and post-injury crippling comes in here; pathology laboratories where the effect of disease on tissues is studied and valuable conclusions drawn—medical social service, following up and adjusting cases to life from hospitals and clinics—psychiatric work in diagnosis and later, in contributing by further study of environment and convalescent care to the ultimate recovery of the case—all these assistant services to medicine are open to and sought by women physicians. Their contribution is needed and marked; and contact with such lines throws one into the stream of hospital or clinical work, congenial very, and free of the responsibility a creative piece of work gives one; and the element of competition for success introduces.

This congenial contact with the practice of medicine has much that is alluring, so that after the years one has spent happily in the study of medicine and the hospital life leading to a degree (an interne's service of one to three years is demanded or advised today), it is hard to leave the rather protected atmosphere and enter the field of practice.

Marriage comes into open competition in many women's lives. Today many of our young internes in San Francisco come west married to classmates, and they are entering as internes in our large hospitals separately and looking forward to work together. The woman physician seldom realizes the double tug on her brain and her emotions which this double demand will make. In increasing numbers women are trying it, and as I look at the field, the most successful ones are those that choose the less responsibility and fill one of the various cooperative fields of work that I have outlined.

Do you realize the great field in the conservation of American life our Children's Bureau in Washington has developed? The clinical workers in the Children's Bureau in the various states are women physicians; many are part-time and cooperating with boards of health and schools in active health work or the guidance of development.

Normal schools, colleges for women and co-educational colleges seek and employ full-time women physicians as directors. These positions call for a general medical ability as well as special training in physical education, public health and the general problems of adolescence.

As we face national participation in health matters, there are going to be many openings for women physicians in the care and advice to women workers and to women and children. Baby hygiene work, school work and health guidance at home and school for groups of women workers will develop. Much of this is teaching work, and until we reach college grade there is little competition for these jobs.

In active practice for women physicians I would say, "Go to it!" Separate yourself from the environment of the medical school and its subsidiary opportunities for women physicians. Strike out! Live where you want to live and offer your services. I have seen women start out in small country towns and establish themselves in general practice as pediatricians, more generally, including obstetrics, and women physicians shine as family practitioners. We have passed through a zone in work where an obstetrician cannot order a formula

for a baby. This is fortunate for the pocketbook of the family. With popular magazines running such splendid articles as "Bringing Up the Baby," etc., and the Children's Bureau furnishing literature backed by the best of medical teachers, no mother can go far astray in guiding her own child—while the family physician is ably equipped to lead the situation.

There is no division of medicine a woman may not enter. Surgery appeals to some women. It is a long, slow searching for experience and gaining public confidence, but a glance at the chain of women surgeons and their hospitals across our continent gainsays any doubt of their efficiency. Such names as Mme. Curie and Florence Sabin challenge us. Their attainments and their recognition by the medical leaders prove that research is free to all and the peaks are to be attained.

In social medicine, the attainments of the Bureaus of Child Hygiene in cities, counties and states and schools proves woman's fitness and contributions to this field.

1. So in 1938 we face the chance to work in a congenial field for which we are trained, demanding excellent ability and free from the weight of responsibility which creative work entails, and, 2, the development of public health, and, 3, direct competition in any of the divisions of medicine. The field has broadened out since 1888 in ways which will hold trained women to medical work and not spoiling their possibilities of adding homes, husbands and children to their responsibilities.

In closing, I want to tell you the name of a little girl in my practice. The name is BENKA, a Norse name which means faithful in little things. This is a feminine quality, and around it gathers much of the success of women in work of all kinds.

Congenial work is to be sought, and medicine offers many new opportunities to those who seek. I have not discussed the compensations. In my experience they are reasonable. The average income of the American physician is computed at $2,000 a year.

Think of the enormous service of Dr. Dafoe for the Dionne Quints and his compensation of $2,400 a year, a world-wide reputation as a general practitioner he has attained and a cause to be devoted to. What more could anyone want? When one looks back over life it is not the sequence Ill, Pill, Bill that interests one, but "the cause that needs assistance," when or where one has been able to contribute, that stand out in satisfaction and happiness.

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I Have Been Reading

AWAY TO THE CANADIAN ROCKIES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA; by Gordon Brinley; Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50. Reviewed by Jane Eshleman Conant.

THE CULTURE OF CITIES; by Lewis Mumford. $5.00. Harcourt, Brace. Reviewed by Elizabeth S. Smith.

■ "Away to the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia"; by Gordon Brinley. . . . A pair of youngsters, wandering wide-eyed and delighted through a huge and lovely fairyland——

These are "The Duchess and Dan," adventurous central figures of Gordon Brinley's "Away to the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia," newest addition to the 1938 list of travel books.

The two, husband and wife, record in the book their impressions of a summer's tour from New York across Canada to the Pacific. Throughout it, they are engagingly naive in their reactions to the things they see. It is this almost childlike freshness of outlook that gives the story its individuality and appeal.

Dan and the Duchess both have the happy faculty of finding some pleasure in almost everything they encounter. Dan is in high delight when he tells of the large and inquisitive bull moose which pays him a nocturnal visit at Emerald Lake, high in the Rockies. The Duchess is greatly pleased with her afternoon tea, complete with scones, strawberry jam and Devonshire cream, in old Victoria. And both are like thrilled and awestruck youngsters, in the Rockies, when they face the towering grandeur of the snow-capped peaks.

The book takes the vacationing pair to Calgary and its famous Stampede, Mt. Assiniboine, Banff, Lake Louise and Vancouver, as well as scores of other equally noted places, and on side trips to lonesome and beautiful spots in less well-known country. Dan fishes to his heart's content, the Duchess walks shady paths in the green highlands, and both stop occasionally, in youthfully humorous surprise, to take time to realize what a good time they're having.

To veteran travelers, the story will bring new life to remembered scenes. And to stay-at-homes it will be an entertaining "hammock journey" through some of the West's most spectacular country — or an incentive to pack up boots and saddles and hurry to the nearest travel agency dealing in tickets to Canada.

■ "The Culture of Cities"; by Lewis Mumford. . . . Lewis Mumford's "The Culture of Cities," the seventh of his books, the material for which has been collected since 1915, comes from the pen of one whose knowledge of architecture and city planning is evidenced by the bibliography which he explains is only a selective list and with glossary and notes covers over fifty pages. The volume also contains a fine set of illustrations of old and new cities and housing developments.

He gives credit to his friend and master, Patrick Geddes, for certain words that he uses. Without a knowledge of them the book would be difficult to understand. Four of them are:

Eotechnic, which refers to the dawn age of modern technico — an economy based on wind, wood and water as power.

Paleotechnic, which refers to the coal and iron economy dominant between 1850 and 1890.

Neotechnic, which refers to the new economy based on electricity and the lighter metals like aluminum, copper, tungsten, platinum.

Biotechnic, which refers to a civilization in which the biological sciences will be freely applied to technology, and in which technology will be oriented toward the culture of life.

He deals first with the medieval town —its growth and decline—and then discusses the transition period that leads into the industrial town. A particularly

exciting chapter is that on the rise and fall of Megalopolis, which is written with a wealth of ideas and vocabulary in the true Mumford style. Two chapters follow on the Regional Framework of Civilization which places the city as the heart of the region and opens up vistas for rebuilding the city from that standpoint.

All this leads to his thesis of the necessary change that is facing us in city development so that we shall produce a modern community where "man is at last in a position * * * to create a new biological and social environment, in which the highest possibilities of human existence will be realized, not for the strong and lucky alone, but for all cooperating and understanding groups, associations, and communities."

National League Book Shop

Adult

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN, by Dorothy Baker. The story of a young jazz musician who is a genius in the art of swing, of his meteoric rise to fame, of the burning conflict between body and spirit. $2.50.

Two good detective novels: PRELUDE FOR WAR, by Leslie Charteris; THE COLOSSUS OF ARCADIA, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. $2 each.

THE GLORY OF GOD, A LETTER TO MY SON, by Robert O. Ballou. A book for parents who are unwilling to indoctrinate their children in a dogmatic creed, but are fully aware of the necessity of a belief in God and want to help their children to find a religion that will take hold of their minds and hearts. $2.

NEWS OF ENGLAND, by Beverly Nichols. A devastating analysis of present-day England. $2.50.

JULY BOOK OF THE MONTH. FANNY KEMBLE, A PASSIONATE VICTORIAN, by Margaret Armstrong. The story of the most fascinating woman of her generation and one of the greatest actresses of all time. $3.

THE DARK RIVER, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty." A love story of modern Tahiti. $2.50.

WE LIVED AS CHILDREN, by Kathryn Hulme. A picture of the development of children of divorced parents—all laid in San Francisco during the earthquake (or fire) days. $2.50.

UNFAMILIAR FACES, by Alice Grant Rosman, ever-popular author. Set in Switzerland and concerns an attractive English widow who straightens out the problems of a widower with two stubborn, ultra-modern children. $2.

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This writer does not recall having received such a wear-ever guarantee at birth and doubts very seriously if any human being has ever been so informed. Yet, that is exactly what a great many of us infer apparently when we do not have the machinery of our body checked every so often.

Too many individuals who apparently are in good health fail to recognize the necessity of a "motor check" in the form of a complete physical examination. It does not invite ill-health, it prevents it.

By the simple act of a complete physical examination good health may be preserved in almost every case, and many ailments and serious diseases may be prevented or checked in their very early stages of development.

Periodic examinations are urged by the American Medical Association and many corporations, who from a purely economic standpoint view them as essential to good business. Many unions also require a periodic check-up because it has been found that many sick benefit payments might have been avoided and many patients saved from long periods of hospitalization for tuberculosis and chronic nervous diseases.

A periodic examination is routine matter for the military services and Uncle Sam has found it sound economy and good sense to keep men well.

So much for the common sense arguments for the yearly examination. The question naturally arises, "How did we become examination-conscious?"

Briefly, it all began when the fight against tuberculosis was undertaken. The next idea for periodic check-ups concerned keeping babies well. It began to seem utterly silly to wait until an infant was ill before consulting a doctor. It was much better sense to keep the baby well. Thus the well-baby conferences and monthly examinations for well babies.

A great many school children had difficulties in carrying on in the classrooms. Many of the failures were directly accounted for by improper diets, defective hearing and sight—all defects which might have been corrected and the children given an opportunity to enjoy a successful school career. When all of this was understood, the preschool examinations were considered necessary. Then school trustees, superintendents, principals and teachers recognized the

real need for health supervision of students throughout their school years. Such programs are carried through by many up-to-date rural and metropolitan school systems.

After the emphasis had been so completely placed on the infants and children, it became evident that much suffering and many disabilities could be avoided for adults too. Hence the physicians, nurses, life insurance companies and all those interested in maintaining good heath urge a complete physical examination for all adults annually.

Haven Emerson, M. D., in his pamphlet "What's a Health Examination Anyway," says: "Health examinations won't prevent old age or the gradual increase of far-sightedness that comes on about 45 years or soon after, but many tens of thousands of persons whose records of these examinations have been studied have not only been helped to live longer, but also to be sturdier and healthier, and enjoy more comfort and happiness by following the advice of the physicians who have made such an examination . . ."

The members of the Women's City Club are especially fortunate in having the facilities for such an examination here at the Club. The services of competent physicians may be obtained and any of the members interested in this service should inquire at the Executive Office for further information.

Before the busy fall and winter seasons are upon us let's check up for health's sake.

(Continued from page 14)

to Camp Mather desire a quiet restful vacation and seek their recreation in the fastness of mountain solitude. Quiet streams, shaded pools and blue canopied cliffs bring many hours of sheer enjoyment and rest to these camp guests.

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(Continued from page 10)

of the hotel manager. This lady is naturally needed to help run the hotel and to look after the women overnight—guests from the 'planes, but they do not mind if you stay at the hotel for a week or two, and I must say I passed two of the most peacelul and pleasurable weeks you can imagine. Everybody is much too busy to bother about you. They all have a great deal of work to do, and leave you in peace to get on with your own, and yet at the same time they are very courteous and friendly.

The island is overrun by rats—a small variety which are said to be the offspring of some rats from a wrecked ship. They are funny animals, because they can run up trees like squirrels.

There is no soil on the island, only coral sand, and with the exception of certain limited vegetation which is tolerant of this substance and of salt water, nothing will grow. At the present moment a student from the University of California, is there experimenting with growing flowers and vegetables without soil—that is, in water mixed with chemicals. When I was there, there was general jubilation when he picked ten pounds of ripe luscious tomatoes grown that way, and he is confident that the experiment will be successful.

The Pacific outside of the reef abounds with sharks, but inside the lagoon you can find all the beautiful little fishes in the world—aquarium specimens—floating about, and they have some glass-bottomed rowing boats in which you can paddle round and see these fishes dashing about like butterflies in the clear water. I was very sorry to leave Wake Island, but looked forward to seeing Midway Island, which is about 1,100 miles distant from Wake Island and 600 miles north and east of it.

Midway Island has been inhabited too for thirty-five years by the cable station. There are not many people attached to it, of course, but they have made themselves very comfortable and happy, and planted Australian ironwood trees. The two outstanding curiosities of Midway Island are the thousands of yellow canaries, so tame that they come regularly to be fed, not in swarms or droves, but literally in clouds, and those well-known Gony birds which do a fantastic dance all the time.

From Midway Island to Honolulu is 1,304 miles. Then the longest stretch of all is the flight of 2,400 miles between Honolulu and San Francisco, non-stop across the ocean. It is a real achievement, and when you come to think of it, is no less than a northerly flight across the Atlantic.

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I just passed through San Francisco, so did not have time to look for you; a few days in Los Angeles, and then flew across the United States of America to New York, where I spent a week or so seeing friends, and so back home.

It has all been very interesting and wonderful, and I still have a great deal to write about it, but as you can imagine, after such a long absence, I really do not know which way to turn. Four months is a long time to be away from one's home, and a big stretch to catch up with correspondence and business.

I do hope you will drop me a line now and then from the short trips you make during the summer — I'm sure you'll be visiting some interesting places.

With much love to you,

Yours affectionately,

.....

(Continued from page 15)

esting country. If you did not visit Bumpas Hell then by all means try to visit here. When going into the region of the fumaroles and mud volcanoes be sure to stay on the paths and not go exploring off the beaten ways, as the mud pots sometimes give way and one may be severely burned.

If one loves the out-of-doors he will find this Lassen country fascinating He will wish to spend several days on the trips offered and leave with the hope that he may return again to visit other parts.

Pacific Area

■ The intelligent appreciation which we all covet for the theme exhibits at the coming Exposition can best be made possible by preliminary reading Books on our Women's City Club Library shelves will help us in this self-education. The Alaska, Canada and United States list was published in last month's issue of the Magazine. This month the list continues with books on Central America

CENTRAL AMERICA

MEXICO
- Tschiffely's Ride; A. F. Tschiffely.
- Enchanted Vagabonds; Dana Lamb.
- Brimstone and Chili; Carleton Beals.
- The People Next Door; George Creel
- Mexico; Stuart Chase.
- Trailing Cortez Through Mexico; Harry A. Franck.
- Renascent Mexico; Hubert Herring & Hubert Weinstock, editors.
- Mexican Interlude; Joseph Henry Jackson.
- Tempest Over Mexico; Rosa E. King.
- Off to Mexico; Leone Moats & Alice Leone Moats.
- Red Tiger; Phillips Russell.
- The Capitals of Spanish America; William Eleray Curtis.

GUATEMALA
- The Central Americans; Arthur J. Ruhl.
- Banana Gold; Carleton Beals.
- The Capitals of Spanish America; William Eleray Curtis.
- Rich Tapestry; Elinor Mordaunt.
- Tschiffely's Ride; A. F. Tschiffely.
- Notes on a Drum; Joseph Henry Jackson.

SALVADOR
- The Central Americans; Arthur J. Ruhl.
- Banana Gold; Carleton Beals.
- The Capitals of Spanish America; William Eleray Curtis.

HONDURAS
- The Central Americans; Arthur J. Ruhl.
- Banana Gold; Carleton Beals.
- Rich Tapestry; Elinor Mordaunt.

NICARAGUA
- New Worlds to Conquer; Richard Halliburton.
- The Central Americans; Arthur J. Ruhl.
- Banana Gold; Carleton Beals.

COSTA RICA
- Tschiffely's Ride; A. F Tschiffely.
- The Capitals of Spanish America; William Eleray Curtis.
- The Central Americans, Arthur J. Ruhl

PANAMA
- The Americans in Panama; William R Scott.
- Tschiffely's Ride· A F Tschiffely
- The Central Americans, Arthur J Ruhl

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June 30, 1938.

Dear Mother and Dad Allen:

We enjoyed each of your letters which came last week. We wait rather anxiously for the mail, as it seems awfully good to hear from you.

Yesterday was a feast day. The fiesta of San Pedro. We were invited to go to a hacienda named "San Jose del Refugio." It is where they grow the maguey and then in the fabrico it is distilled into tequila. It was wonderfully interesting to us, as it is one of the few haciendas which remains intact and also it is one of the oldest in the state of Jalisco, originating in 1540. The hacienda is picturesque in its location: on a hill looking across over long stretches of fields of maguey. The wall of adobe enclosing the hacienda is high and very thick. We entered through a huge gateway, and drove past the huts of the peons, up to the house, which did not look too unlike the El Paseo. Here the family waited and they served us chicharones, pieces of pork, fried in its own fat, and of course tequila of a very fine quality. The dueño, or owner, showed us through the old house. It was built, of course, around a patio, filled with beautiful trees, shrubs and vines which hung from the arched porticos. The doors and windows are all of tremendous size—the windows with iron grilles.

At three o'clock we were taken into dinner—a large room with a tremendously high ceiling. As we were eating the pigeons came flying in to pick up the crumbs from the table. The musicians played as we ate Cielito Linda and other Mexican ranch songs.

You can just imagine what a time it was for Stan and me. We were charmed with it all. The kitchen was really something built over a hundred years ago. The stove, as you know, is a large round cylindrical shape with ten charcoal burners spaced around the sides—the old days saw some grand old fiestas.

The house, of course, had its private chapel. There was a bell to ring to call the peons to mass—a private enclosure for the patron and his family. All of the windows have iron grates, but are arranged so that a portion opens and gives space enough to make an escape in case of difficulties. How strange it seems to see pistols carried so obviously.

It was really a wonderful treat for us, and a real glimpse into the life which now is relegated to the past.

As we approached the house it was quite a picture, horses tied to the posts—Indian Mozos in white, wearing sombreros and zerapes. We will never forget this, but more than this, the goodbye was the Golondrinas played by the Mariachis, as they call them, and this left with us a feeling of the real hospitality and friendliness of these people.

And now thank you both for your kind remembrance to us. Much love to you both,

RUTH.

(Continued from page 12)

of conquests gained, of honors won, of fame attained, all attended by the inevitable accompaniment of disillusion and questioning doubt—so large a part of that age of (mind) Mid-Victorian prudery.

Do you know that in that day to ride astride a horse was a vulgarity more railed against than the nudist colony of athletes is today? I recall the mental revolt at their religious teachings—which were that every word of that greatest of all books, the Bible, was an inspired one and their God was made in man's image, a superman of jealousies and hates and to be greatly feared.

The revolt in my soul sought solace and wisdom in the revolutionary writings of so-called atheists, Robert Ingersoll, Thomas Paine and Voltaire. And they — as a phase of life — taught me much, for they taught me to think above and below surface appearances and creeds.

Then I see the summit—the summit of all life's best in a world of flux—wifehood and motherhood, the two experiences greater than any word coined can express. They are the dynamic and they have shown me God.

Now from this summit the descent summarizes a bit more of "What Life Has Taught Me," for it has taught me very, very much of theory concerning the laws of life—but less, far less, of patience and perserverance in putting theory into practice.

It has taught me that sorrow is self-pity, the "mere rust of the soul, activity will cleanse and brighten it."

I remember Theodore Roosevelt's words after the loss of his son in the World War: "It is cowardly to be beaten down by sorrows which nothing we do can change." That anger is self-love; sin is self-gratification; that false pride and mad ambition are self-deification, and that egotism is a form of dementia.

So finally, and to sum up, life has taught me that mankind has a dual existence; that is, in a mental way. It is a mixture of love and enmity, of joy and sorrow, laughter and tears, of faith and fear. We seek zealously the secret of being, but wonders before our very eyes and ears remain unheeded. We are brave in emergency and cowardly over a scene; wise as Solomon at one time, at another a fool. At heart we long to be better and struggle to gain the goal, but what do we find? That part of our whole is the devil—and that only the best of us is life's true meaning.

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(Continued from page 11)

—from mirages, I do believe. We scooped a hole in the sand, shivered, and made a noise like a fire. The Arabs laughed, drew their woolen haiks about them, and retrieved a few dried desert bushes which, as the sands of the desert grew cold, gave love a little lilt. I had never dreamed of a desert without a moon, but there was none. Just misplaced.

Meanwhile our desert guide had quietly strolled away over that trackless eternity to find—just a telephone—where he might broadcast our plight. As it grew colder our firemen vanished and I, knowing about sleeping in the bus seats, asked to have the hugh back door to the luggage compartment let down. I climbed up and slept peacefully on the cocoa door mat, among the suit cases, while the rest of the passengers retreated into the bus.

The mechanic had given up. No lights of any sort. But the guide had a sufficient amount of French cheer to provide interior illumination for himself and remove the possibility of his being of any use whatever to the party. They finally retired under the same piece of canvas; few of the desert people will sleep in the open.

The Arab guide found the telephone and about 4:30 a. m. we were awakened by tooting in the next valley. We climbed up the mountain, slid down and found an ancient but hugh machine awaiting us. We left our driver with his wreck, anchored the still wavering guide amongst us, and were off, over more but milder desert. The windshield had never been washed, so no one looked through it. The perfectly carefree Arab driver kept one hand on the wheel and with the other propped himself up and over the door to see the road or lack of it, ahead. And so we arrived at flat-roofed El Oued, in time for early breakfast.

I asked the guide why he put himself in such a state at such a time (he had already told me why his head ached so) and he replied: "But madame—so many Americans there were. How could I know what they would do."

We had to leave everything but our toothbrushes in the Sahara, but some Arabs went for the bags and took food to the driver. Every driver must know how to rebuild his machine and must remain with it until help arrives, which is never long. We received our luggage but the driver never received the food until a passing auto found him.

I've often wondered who ate the original date.

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Illustrated page 56
August issue
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(Continued from page 13)

The Pacific Today
The North American Indian
Ancient cultures of Central and South America, including the Mayas, Aztecs and Incas
Mexico, a modern country, the type of a new civilization built on the old Indian heritage influenced by Europeans
The peoples of the South Pacific, including the Oceanic Islands, New Zealand, and Australia
The Malays — including Java, Bali, and the Philippines
Indo-China, ancient and modern
China
Japan

Each set includes attractive pictures of the people, their homes, their occupations, the beautiful things they make. For example, the set of Ancient Cultures of Central and South America shows the great pyramids and temples these highly civilized American Indian peoples built in Yucatan in Southern Mexico and in Peru. Their goldwork, picture writing, sculptured monuments, pottery vessels, costume and weapons are all illustrated, and with the explanations build up a picture of a culture that had reached its first great phase when William, the Conqueror invaded England. In the same way the Chinese set illustrates the life of the Chinese, showing how they live today but also something of the great monuments they built in the past and the beautiful and priceless art objects they have made at different periods.

Just such scenes as occur on the mounts, just such rare objects as they picture will be found in various parts of the Exposition on the Island, so that these exhibitions of mounts which the school children will see will furnish a foretaste of the Exposition itself. Mounted handsomely, with colored borders, they will find a place in many school-rooms during the next few months. The children who have studied them will become admirable guides for their parents, for silk culture, and paddy fields, T'ang figurines and "malagan" carvings of New Guinea will no longer be strange subjects, but from knowledge will have taken on meaning and interest, will aid in understanding the peoples and exploring the lands of the Pacific.

In our modern world, in which communications are rapid and customs and costumes tend to reduce themselves to a common type found everywhere there is no single area of the globe where there is as much variety, as much picturesqueness, as much strangeness, as is to be found in the Pacific. There is the whole range from the ancient, wise and highly cultured Chinese civilization to the Stone Age peoples of the Australian bush with their extraordinarily complex system of social organization, or to the Ifugaos of the Philippines who used at the same time to hunt heads of their enemies and build elaborate terraces up and down the mountainsides to cultivate their rice. New civilizations too have grown up beside the Pacific—the South American Republics and our own, Australia and New Zealand and Canada, young and vigorous and flourishing, while across the Ocean are the Asiatic magnificence of Siam and the modernism of Japan.

The story of how these mounts were planned and made up is interesting, for they represent the combined effort of many individuals and organizations. Various people connected with the Exposition and with educational work in the city discovered that the Pacific countries were little known, though interest was always lively whenever a little was learned about them. It occurred to some of them that everyone would enjoy more the marvelous survey of the Pacific the Exposition would give if people could be helped to learning more about it beforehand. It seemed especially important that children, California's citizens of the future, should have a chance to learn enough to make all they were to see at the Exposition interesting and meaningful.

Meanwhile, the San Francisco Museum of Art had been sending out exhibitions of art reproductions and mounts to small towns of Northern California where over 100,000 people had had a chance to learn a little about art. The plan that had been so successful for art seemed admirably adapted to a wider use—illustrating the Pacific. It was accordingly adopted. The Museum, already experienced in preparing such material undertook the task of mounting and labeling it. From all sources, photographs, colored illustrations, both authentic and charming, and research material of every kind were gathered together. Finally explanations, simple, but sound, based on the findings of anthropologists, historians and economists, were written so that the mounts should be a source of real instruction as well as interesting pictures. The children who will enjoy them and learn from them will have occasion to thank dozens of interested volunteers and professionals who worked to make them possible.

These mounts will be shown at the Exposition building in August and after use by the schools may be circulated more widely.

Dorothea Johnston as "Mrs. Malaprop"

Romeo and Juliet At Saratoga

■ It isn't possible to give here all of the details of the four performances of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet at Saratoga in the Theatre of the Glade. The dates are August 5th and 6th and the 12th and 13th.

The distinguished artists, George Dennison and Frank Ingerson, with the aid of their many artist friends, have designed and created fabrics which in effect rival the beauty of cloth of gold and silver brocades of the Italian renaissance.

Mr. Ingerson has said that the players were reading their lines and playing their parts in a manner more distinguished than he had ever experienced from a professional performance of Romeo and Juliet.

Dorothea Johnston's production of Shakespeare's love story is essentially one of youth. Her Juliet, Patricia Ironside, is only 18, and the Romeo, Robert Baines, just past 20. Miss Johnston assures us that her Juliet reaches heights of positive genius in her potion scene—and hurries on to say that all of the actors in the other parts were equally good. "The Mercutio of Louis Scales is a work of art."

No detail of the play has been neglected. A dance director has been engaged to direct the ball scene, and special music of the 16th century is used, played by three flutes and a drum. The duel scenes are being rehearsed daily by a fencing master.

The cast numbers about fifty. Miss Johnston told me that it had been a trying task to assemble so many young people at this season. They were all eager to be a part of this splendid community activity and agreed to play; parts were assigned and rehearsals begun. Then—many of these college boys and girls were offered a chance to earn money during the summer. This was important and with kindly understanding Miss Johnston excused them and sought new material. No sooner was the cast filled than more jobs were offered until someone laughingly suggested that Miss Johnston's summer play was the way out of the depression.

It takes courage and experience to successfully present a play cast from members of a community. Miss Johnston has both courage and experience and the love and confidence of the entire community where she lives and works to carry on the finest traditions of the stage.

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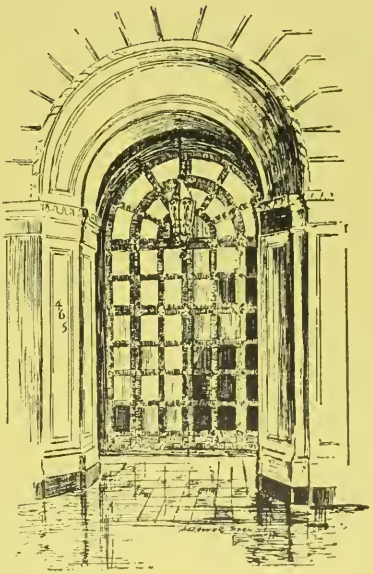

SEPTEMBER 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 8 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
SEPTEMBER . . . 1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

SWIMMING POOL CLOSED FROM AUGUST 29th to SEPTEMBER 12th
"FIRE LIGHTING" — OCTOBER 3rd — DR. AURELIA HENRY REINHARDT, SPEAKER
TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY — OCTOBER 20th
ABBE DIMNET — OCTOBER 27

SEPTEMBER — 1938

1—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "The Importance of Music as an Educational Subject."		
Speaker: Mr. Charles M. Dennis, Director of Music in the San Francisco Public Schools.		
2—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.
7—**RAMBLE—State Fair Ramble to Sacramento**—Information, Travel Desk	**Ferry**	6:00 p.m.
8—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
A Motion Picture—"Trip to Sun Valley, Idaho—The Switzerland of America." Directed by Mr. E. K. Hill, courtesy of Union Pacific Railroad Company.		
9—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.
12—**Lip-Reading Classes**—Miss Kate Morphy, Instructor. Course of 24 Lessons $15.	**Room 214**	10:00 a.m.
13—**Color Class**—Wana Derge—Course of 7 Lessons $12.00	**Chinese Room**	1:00 p.m.
Color Class—Wana Derge	**Chinese Room**	7:00 p.m.
14—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	12:00 noon
Course of 12 Lectures. See Poster Page.		
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1.00 a plate	**Nat. Defenders' Room**	6:15 p.m.
TO BE REVIEWED—		
"Pray for the Wanderers" by Kate O'Brien (Modern Intellectuals).		
"Waterway" by Eleanor Dark (Modern Australia).		
"Political Guide" by Dorothy Thompson (Modern Ideologies).		
"Refugees" by Dorothy Thompson (Modern Exiles).		
15—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.
Course of 12 Lectures. See Poster Page.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "Changing Needs in College Education."		
Speaker: Dr. Alexander C. Roberts, President of San Francisco State College.		
16—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.
17—**RAMBLE to Mt. Tamalpais.** Information, Travel Desk	**Leave Clubhouse**	3:30 p.m.
19—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
20—**Ramble—Golden Gate International Exposition**—Fee $1.25	**Leave Ferry**	12:20 p.m.
Reservations at Information Desk.		
21—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	12:00 noon
22—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "The Theory of Composition and Color—The Analysis of Producing a Picture."		
Speaker: Mr. Victor De Wilde, Teacher of Art in High School of Commerce.		
23—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.
28—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	12:00 noon
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
29—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "The Romance, Art and Symbolism of the Oriental Rug."		
Speaker: Mr. Garabed L. Najarian with Exhibition of Mr. Najarian's private collection of rare rugs.		
30—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.

OCTOBER — 1938

3—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
FIRELIGHTING—Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Speaker	**Lounge**	8:00 p.m.
5—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
6—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "State Parks and Historical Monuments"—Illustrated Lecture		
Speaker: Mrs. J. E. Butterfield, State Park Commissioner.		
7—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII September, 1938 Number 8

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Women's City Club Ramble to the Exposition September 20

(TUESDAY)

Women's City Club Ramble to the Exposition Grounds has been arranged for September 20. Members will leave the Ferry Building at 12:30 o'clock. Box luncheons will be provided by the Club and a guide will escort the group to the most interesting spots now under construction. So that provisions may be made for the lunches, please register at the Executive Office.

■

ALL-INCLUSIVE FEE, $1.25

■

The Ramble to the Exposition Grounds in July was such a decided success that requests to our President immediately followed for a monthly Ramble until the Exposition Gates should officially open. The Club is happy to announce that the Exposition officials have agreed to arrange guides for special days for the Women's City Club once a month, and we shall have five pleasurable days before next February while we watch the Island in the Bay grow architecturally and horticulturally. We shall then be ready to enjoy the exhibits and the activities of Exposition Year in 1939.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE was carried on in all departments with exceptional regularity during the summer months.

■ MRS. J. RICHARDSON LUCAS—"PEOPLE AND PLACES." Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas, recently returned from a most interesting year abroad, will open her course of lectures entitled "People and Places" Thursday, September 15th. Mrs. Lucas has much to bring to her audience of her rich experiences in various lands. See Poster Page.

■ 21ST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OCTOBER 20: A real celebration portraying twenty-one outstanding events—highlights in the march of the National League through its past twenty-one years of glorious service. Old friends brought together—old times brought to life for one happy day in celebration of the National League for Woman's Service coming of age—and always in mind is the perspective of greater glory and service to come in the ever-widening vistas ahead.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: One may learn in three easy lessons how to make gloves for herself and her friends. One member is already thinking of Christmas in her work and is planning to make several pairs for her relatives. Such a nice idea—hand-made, perfectly fitted gloves. The fee for three lessons is $1.50; material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor. Classes meet every Tuesday at 1:00 p. m., Thursday at 1:00 and 7:00 p. m., and Friday at 9:00 a. m.

■ THE NEW DRAPES in the National Defenders' Club Room are much admired and the expert finishing and workmanship add laurels to our faithful sewing committee.

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN—CURRENT EVENTS: Current Economic Events Course of twelve lectures by Dr. Paul Cadman to open on September 14th. Join this group who are keeping abreast of the times with Dr. Cadman in the latest development in world affairs. See Poster Page.

■ WANA DERGE—COLOR AND COMPOSITION—A simple, direct presentation of the principles in their application to every-day business and home needs. Seven lessons $12.00. Tuesday afternoon class 1:00-4:00; Tuesday evening class 7-00-10:00. Beginning September 13th. Prerequisite to Flower, Fruit and Christmas Arrangement Classes.

■ LIP READING: Registrations have already been made for our course in lip reading which will be given under the direction of Miss Kate Morphy. In many cases the comment is made by the registrant, "My hearing is not quite so acute as formally, so I am anticipating the need of this course." This is the theory on which Miss Morphy bases her work. One need not have entirely impaired hearing in order to gain much value from this course—it serves equally well those whose hearing is not quite one hundred per cent. Twenty-four lessons are included in this course—the fee for which is $15.00. Classes will start on September 12th and will be held thereafter every Monday and Friday at 10:00 o'clock.

■ LIBRARY PRIVILEGES: You are not getting the maximum joy from your membership in the Club unless you avail yourself of your Library privileges.

■ RAMBLE TO MT. TAMALPAIS: Ramble to famous Mt. Tamalpais September 17th. Leave the Club at 3:00 p. m. Dinner will be served at the Tamalpais Tavern and return to the city about 9:30 p. m. Information at Travel Office.

■ RAMBLE TO STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO: Ramble to State Fair at Sacramento by boat. Leaving San Francisco 6:00 p. m. September 7th. Dinner on the boat. Breakfast and luncheon will be served at the Senator Hotel. Leave Sacramento September 8th, 6:00 p. m., arrive San Francisco September 9th, a. m. Detailed information at Travel Office in Lobby.

■ RAMBLE—GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION—SEPTEMBER 20TH: A special Key Route boat has been chartered to take our group of Ramblers to the Exposition grounds. Box lunches will be prepared by the Club, guides will be furnished by the Exposition, and coffee will be supplied on the Exposition grounds. The fee, all inclusive, $1.25.

It will be wise to make reservations as soon as possible.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Latest scientific equipment—new furniture designed to give the maximum comfort — modern indirect illumination — coupled with quiet and efficient service means perfect relaxation for patrons. Schedule of prices remains the same as has prevailed during the year.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: Treasures on display in our newly decorated Shop. Treasures that have just come out of their crisp wrappings; articles to grace your home, or to be given on special occasions. You can't imagine the lovely array — your must see it!

■ SWIMMING POOL: Our Club Swimming Pool offers the opportunity to keep that feeling of fitness all year round. The Pool reopens on September 12th.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Our California "Indian Summer" is approaching, which means still lovelier week-ends and more picnics. Have you ever tried our lunches, or food packed for week-end parties?

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER — MRS. T. A. STODDARD: Why a good book? A notable woman writer lately has said that because of our daily experiences we are lost in the largeness of all around us, but a good book catches a part of what is going on, and holds for us the part that escapes us in the flying by of actual time and events. With this thought in mind for the Book Review for Wednesday evening, September 14th, Mrs. T. A. Stoddard has selected four good books on present-day subjects:

1. "Pray for the Wanderers" by Kate O'Brien (Modern Intellectuals).
2. "Waterway" by Eleanor Dark (Modern Australia).
3. "Political Guide" by Dorothy Thompson (Modern Ideologies).
4. "Refugees" by Dorothy Thompson (Modern Exile).

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM: An interesting and instructive schedule for the month of September has been arranged by Mrs. A. P. Black, and we are sure that you and your friends will find these programs very enjoyable. On September 1st, Mr. Charles M. Dennis, Director of Music in the San Francisco Public Schools, will speak on "The Importance of Music as an Educational Subject." On September 8th there will be a motion picture, "Trip to Sun Valley, Idaho, the Switzerland of America," directed by Mr. E. K. Hill, through the courtesy of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. To those who have visited Switzerland and not the "Switzerland of America" it will be a revelation. On September 15th, the subject will be "The Changing Needs in College Education," presented by Mr. Alexander C. Roberts, President of San Francisco State College. On September 22nd, Mr. Victor De Wilde, who is a teacher of art in the High School of Commerce, will present "The Theory of Composition and Color—The Analysis of Producing a Picture." Some very rare and beautiful Oriental rugs will be exhibited on September 29th by Mr. Garabed L. Najarian from his private collection, and he will speak on "The Romance, Art and Symbolism of the Oriental Rug."

The introductory program for the month of October will be an illustrated lecture on "State Parks and Historical Monuments," by Mrs. J. E. Butterfield, State Park Commissioner.

"The End of Summer"

The President's Message

With the knowledge that in this, our twenty-first year of the Women's City Club's existence —

Our reason for being is accepted in the community.

Our financial standing is sound.

Our membership loyal, interested, and ever responsive to the aims and small needs of the organization.

Our building in good repair rejoices in many improvements.

Our programs and activities accelerated.

Our volunteer service, our badge of honor and bond, unites us as members of the National League for Woman's Service.

The story of these years builds up a tradition and though barely of age as the world goes, we may justly be proud of the record of service to our City and to fellow-members and grateful for the wisdom and foresight that guided so large an organization with so few rules and such wide vision.

Mark the day of fete, October 20th, on your calendars that in the reunion of members and in the reminiscing that all love, we may re-affirm the purpose of our organization and our faith in volunteer service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Dr. Paul F. Cadman

A Course of Twelve Lectures by Dr. Paul F. Cadman "Current Economic Events"

Paul F. Cadman, graduate of the University of California B.A. 1915, received his Doctor's Degree in Economics from the University of Paris in 1922, following service with the Second Division in France. For the past fifteen years, first as a member of the Faculty of the University of California and later as a consulting economist, he has lectured extensively in California. The method he will pursue in this Third Course at the Club will be non-academic, and every attempt will be made to avoid classroom technique and to deal with current issues in factual non-partisan treatment.

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COURSE OF 12 LECTURES BEGINNING

Wednesday, September 14th, at 12:00 Noon

Members	$5.50 plus tax
Non-Members	6.60 plus tax

Single Admission

Members	.55 plus tax
Non-Members	.66 plus tax

A Course of Twelve Lectures by Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas "People and Places"

COURTESY DU CHARME STUDIO

Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas

■

COURSE OF 12 LECTURES BEGINNING

Thursday, September 15th, at 11:00 o'clock

Members	$5.50
Non-Members	6.60

Single Admission

Members	.55
Non-Members	.66

This will be the only course of the kind Mrs. Lucas will give at the City Club this year.

Mrs. Lucas returns from a year's travel in Europe among people and in places of particular interest. From her attendance at the League of Nations Assembly and Council Meeting at Geneva, her six months' residence in Ireland, coming to know writers, playwrights, leaders in government, her three months in London during the Cabinet crisis, following daily the debates in the House of Commons and House of Lords, meeting for informal discussions many leaders in British affairs, Mrs. Lucas will bring personal impressions which follow years of study and contact with world events.

June in Denmark

By Mrs. Einer Wismer

The Little Mermaid at Langelinie

■ What is so rare as a June day, in a charming country where the warm air is tempered with the salt sea breeze, where the countryside is ablaze with beautiful flowers and where the people teeming with vitality extend a hand of friendship and hospitality to the stranger within their gates—such was Denmark when Mr. Wismer and I realized a dream we had long cherished to visit the home of his ancestors, which he had left as a boy years ago.

From Esbjerg to Copenhagen we traveled through prosperous farming country still employing horses and primitive implements. Dairy products and beef not only provide food for this country but also for the markets of England. Houses of brick with glossy tiled roofs, old Dutch windmills like those in our Park rising from fields of grain dotted with corn flowers and shirley red poppies. Stork nests built on the corner of the barn with the father stork feeding the babies; such was the picture of rural Danish life.

When one reaches Copenhagen—KOBENHAVM—"The Merchant Harbour," Paris of the North, one feels as though transported on a magic carpet to the land of long ago. The city abounds with lovely parks adorned with beautiful bronze statues and the boulevards are lined with trees. Stately ancient buildings, not more than three or four stories high, topped with graceful copper spires turned green through the centuries lend a gorgeous color to the setting sun.

Touring the city one passes numerous castles, the Marble Church, Thorvaldsen's Museum, where hours might be spent viewing the sculptures of this talented Dane. A boat ride through the canals reminds one of Venice. You land at the Langelinie Parade where "the Little Maiden" of Hans Christian Andersen keeps watchful eye over the harbor. At the Pavillion you stop for a snack and watch the graceful yachts sail by and the ocean liners glide into the quay.

The main business streets originally must have been country roads. They are narrow and winding and every few blocks have a new name. I found it wise to carry a city map and once stood upon a corner uncertain just which way to go when a young lady very kindly said, "I speak a little English; may I help you?"—such is the courtesy of these gracious people. The shops carry beautiful merchandise, linen, Jensen silverware, Royal Danish porcelain, renowned throughout the world. The antique and second-hand shops had a tremendous appeal. No difficulty in spending an Ameri- (Continued on page 25

Editorial

■ The compliment which the San Francisco Chronicle paid to the Women's City Club Magazine with its comment on the August number, spurs the Magazine staff to new effort. Those who wrote stories for that particular issue must have felt pleased that their bit of volunteer service was so sincerely appreciated. We wish we could print other flattering comments made about us in times past. Perhaps we shall for our Anniversary Number in October.

The story of "Landscaping of the Exposition" met with such enthusiasm from so many readers that we are following it in this number with a story on the seasonal planting of the various courts. We bring to this issue also some first-hand summer experiences of our members, knowing that they will be enjoyed by those of us who know whereof they are written and also by those of us who may thus vicariously share them.

The next issue of the Magazine will tell of the National League for Woman's Service and its twenty-one years of growth in California. We ask for any story that may be pertinent, for this anniversary number will be historical and this volunteer writing is urged. We assure you that your contribution will be most welcome. We go to print on the fifteenth of September, so do not delay. And then for the November and December Magazines we have the appropriate holiday themes, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Have you something for us? This is your Magazine and you are missing something if you do not share in its make-up.

■ The word "home-coming" has more an emotional than an intellectual meaning to most of us. We love to go away, away from responsibility, duties, mundane routine, and we're quite sure "this is the life" as we lie in the sun in the great out-of-doors and say "pooh" to care and worry.

And suddenly vacation is over, and we must plan the return trip and those side-trekings which we had left for the last. Why is it that they no longer excite us? What has happened to our enthusiasm? Why do we now want to go straight home?

The home-coming to "465" will have an added appeal this time, for we have been celebrating our twenty-first birthday year by putting our house in order during the summer. The little shabby spots which twelve years of steady use gave our dear home have been renewed and we have caught up to the 1938 model in Beauty Salon, Bedroom, League Shop and Restaurant, as an organization of the caliber of the National League for Woman's Service should.

And so when we members return "home" on August 25th or after, as the case may be, we shall want to see everything from new kitchen ranges up and down, and check how the Finance Committee has spent our money while we have been gone. The home is in readiness for our return.

■ The policy of the Board of Directors of the Club for the ensuing winter is that there will be few programs arranged ahead. This will allow for an open calendar for activities attendant to the Exposition as they shall develop.

In October there will be a twenty-first birthday celebration with the justifiable pride that the National League for Woman's Service has "come of age." On October 27th Abbé Dimnet will return to California after nine years' absence to lecture again at the Club, and in November Nora Johnson will speak on the Carillon. (We are told by those who have heard this brilliant English woman that we cannot afford to miss this lecture.) Mrs. Lucas in her course of twelve lectures will bring us first-hand impressions of Europe today, and Dr. Cadman will continue his lectures on Current Economic Events in a Fall course beginning this month. Other than these few, no long-range planning of events has been arranged, but each day brings a new story from the Exposition officials, a new request for service which the National League for Woman's Service is particularly well-fitted to render, and the Board of Directors confidently expects that the Bulletin Boards in the Clubhouse will carry during the Fall and Winter months many last-minute announcements of special interest which a monthly magazine cannot hope to include. It would be well to watch the Bulletin Boards for such announcements.

Homecoming from the Top of the World

By Cora Bjornstrom

■ High up in the Sierra Nevada, tucked in one of the pockets of the Sierra Buttes, is lovely little Packer Lake. It is here that we make our yearly pilgrimage. Driving through the foothills and along the beautiful canyon of the Feather River where the highway is suspended from the cliffs, looking directly below into the rushing white foam and brown rocks of a mountain river, freedom from cares and restraint begins to creep into us. Often a few miles up a mountain road, which has been open from the snows a week, all awareness of men and their cities leaves. When we reach our little pine-rimmed lake from the side of which the Sierra Buttes pierce heaven with their jagged snow-clad tops, we become a part of nature itself—a part of the beauty surrounding us. We are of a different world; the troubled affairs evolved by man on our planet here below dissolve. War and strife cease to exist as things of reality and assume the remoteness of ancient Babylon. The silence all around has the quality of great music.

Packer Lake, Sierra Buttes at the Top of the World

This year on all sides there is evidence of the heavy winter. Gorges have been cut out of the mountain sides where piles of rocks have washed down. Great trees have fallen, baby pines are bent flat from the weight of snow awaiting the healing rays of the sun to straighten them again. On every side is the ruthlessness balanced by the generous abundance of nature, startling groups of translucent crimson snow flowers against the brown of the pine trunks, a carpet of red columbines with their lacy foliage, yellow sunflowers and buttercups, in the rock groups of white Mariposa lilies. At one end of the lake towers a great mass of rock from whose rough crevices peep forth the most delicate blooms. Overhead, and not too far overhead, is the blue vastness of the sky—for it seems from Packer Lake as though the next step up must be into the blue reaches of heaven itself.

Into this lovely spot we come for a few weeks to see nothing but the beauties of the mountains—to hear nothing but the wind in the pine tops or occasionally a distant rumble of thunder—to do nothing but fish and read and think and sit very still dreaming passively. It is very difficult in such a glorious mood of indifference to mark the passage of time. Nevertheless, in some way it is brought to our attention that tomorrow we leave. We agree early in the morning not to mention all day that this is the last breakfast, this is the last fish, this is the last swim. We will fool ourselves. Thus we will have one more day, savoring all the delights without regrets, until evening brings with it the moment when the dunnage bags must be brought forth to be made ready for an early start in the morning.

There is a peculiarity that I believe we share with most people. Loving our mountain retreat as we do, the moment we settle ourselves in the car for the homeward journey, we sigh deeply and say, "It will be good to be home." Although, as we descend through the mountains, we try to inhale with the odor of witch hazel and pine enough remembrance to last a year. After we pass Sacramento and drive down through the Napa Valley, our impatience knows no bounds. The children talk constantly of Paddy, the Irish Setter who was left at home this year. Will he recognize the sound of the car approaching home? Of course he will. He has never failed in his welcome yet. Has the garden been properly watered? Which flowers have bloomed?

How luxurious are the comforts of home after a cabin in the mountains? (Continued on page 25

Dude Ranching

By Hazel Livingston Cummings

Dudes on the trail at the Diamond D Ranch

■ This year we went "dude ranching"—right here in California.

Just a mile or two west of Willits, on the Redwood Highway, is "Diamond D Ranch," one of the few dude ranches that is at the same time an operating cattle ranch. Wallace Hiatt, who also has a ranch in the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, runs it, with a staff of rough-riding cowpunchers from Wyoming, in true Western fashion.

Once a flourishing lumber community, through which the Northwestern Pacific Railway ran, "Diamond D" with its old railway stations, long abandoned shacks, and tule-edged mill pond, is rich in tradition.

The ranch house, which once housed the President of the Northwestern Railway, is a rambling, comfortable old house with lovely vistas, a dining room fabulously paneled in redwood burl, and marvelous hardwood floors cut from the tan-oaks on the property, and finished in a mill in Eureka. Neither years of service nor clodhopper boots and spurs have marred nor dented it. (Now if the builders would just give us tan-oak in OUR houses! But they won't.)

We got there tired and unenthusiastic, late on a Saturday night in June, and went to bed, but not to sleep. Other guests arrived still later, one of the dairy cows rang a bell under our window all night, and about three o'clock Tommy, the wrangler, drove about thirty horses, some of them belled, along the corral road, below. When that din died down, and the dogs stopped barking, the kitchen came to life, and chairs scraped and high-heeled boots tapped to the accompaniment of good coffee and bacon smells. So, feeling martyred, we too dressed and went in search of coffee, only to discover that we were almost the last ones, and we'd have to hurry if we wanted to get to the corral before seven and help round up some calves.

Once on the horses, everything looked different. It was, after all, a grand world. A swell day. We might not be much help in the roundup, but we were at least having a beautiful time. In June the grass was still green, creeks were roaring, and wildflowers were everywhere. We galloped over gently rolling pasture land, ducked under trees, forded streams, picked our way along narrow mountain trails (we really let the horse do the picking), hiked up slippery grades, and scrambled down, leading the horses when it was too steep for them to carry us. We had never seen lovelier country, nor country that changed so rapidly.

We rode every day, ten, fifteen or twenty-five miles, and adored every minute of our all-too-short two weeks. Sometimes we took lunch with us, sometimes we came back to the ranch house at noon. Sometimes the cook went along in the ranch truck, and then we would have "supper" at an old cabin on the range, overlooking the ocean, and sit around the campfire and listen to Norman Sawyer play his accordion, and sing the old cowboy songs. Norman used to entertain with one of the "cowboy" orchestras here in town but he got homesick, so now he is back in the hill country where he belongs.

For anyone who likes to (Continued on page 26

Pacific House and the Surrounding Countries

By Philip N. Youtz

■ Members of the Women's City Club who have not spanned the Pacific in the China Clipper or sailed across its broad waters by steamer will have a chance to visit nearly every country bordering this great ocean when they come to the Golden Gate International Exposition, which opens February 18, 1939. For nearly every one of the countries of the Pacific are erecting their own buildings, where they will show the products and industries, the rare and strange crafts, the scenery and monuments attractive to tourists and the art typical of their own peoples.

The visitor to Pacific House, the Theme Building, will look out over the terraces and across the lagoon at the picturesque palaces of some two dozen different countries. A walk around the lagoon will enable the visitor to circumnavigate the entire Pacific.

Hawaii is to have a palace probably of old-time native architecture with a thatched roof, set in an environment of palm trees on the lagoon almost in front of Pacific House. Plans are under way to bring authentic Hawaiian musicians and dancers to beguile the visitor with the soothing music and slow rhythm.

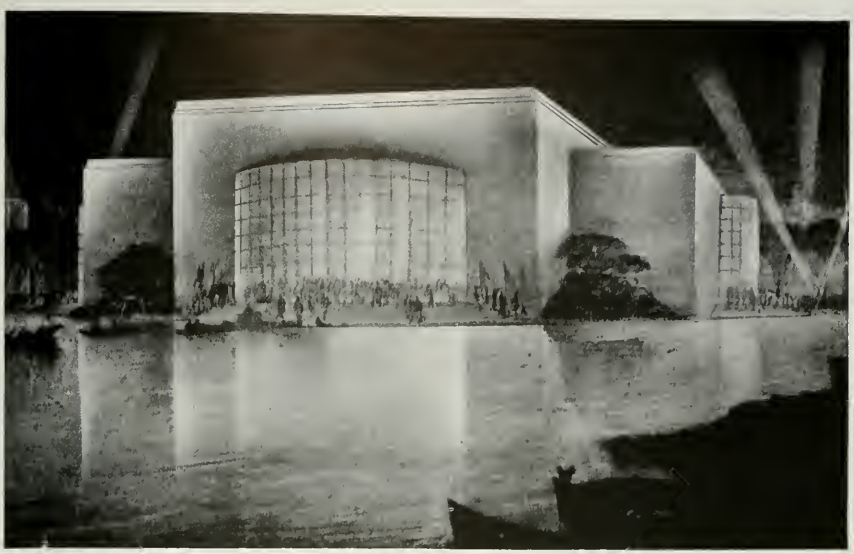
Next to Hawaii is to be the palace of New Zealand. This is to be done in the Maori style with richly carved facades. The exhibits will emphasize the twentieth-century Anglo Saxon civilization of the islands with its important trade which includes some of the finest wool used in modern dress fabrics. They will also show the magnificent scenery of the mountainous country which is attracting more tourists each year as transportation improves.

Next to New Zealand will be the palace of Australia. This great English-speaking continent lying under the equator is likely to be linked very closely with the United States in the near future by a direct air route via Hawaii and other island stepping stones across the Pacific. Since Kingsford Smith's memorable flight blazed the trail across the Pacific this southern continent has seemed closer to the United States. It was already similar in culture and we may expect with the perfection of air travel that Australia will become a neighboring commonwealth.

The people of the United States have a very immediate interest in the Far East through the Philippines. The Philippines have taken the northeast corner of the Pacific Area and have undertaken to build a palace of the Spanish type about a courtyard which opens on one side on the lagoon. On an island in the lagoon they plan to place a pavilion for their famous Constabulary Band. The Philippines will probably emphasize particularly their rich products and natural resources. These islands began exporting as far back as the sixteenth century when there was a brisk trade with Spain to Vera Cruz, across Mexico to Acapulco and from Acapulco to the Spanish possession of the Philippines. Scientific agriculture and mining have greatly increased the Philippines' resources so that they are now one of the wealthiest islands in the East.

One of the most colorful of all of the exhibits will be sent by the French Government of Indo-China. They are planning to put up a palace which will be a replica of the one planned for their great Colonial Exposition held in Paris. In this palace they will emphasize the many attractions which Indo-China has for tourists. They will show the great architectural monuments such as those to be found in Cambodia and Angkor and present exhibits of the indigenous handcrafts of the descendants of the Khmers.

On the northwest corner of the Pacific Area will be located the quaint plaza of Latin America. The north side of the court will contain the pavilions of Central America and the south side those of South America. These buildings will be kept in scale and designed to represent typical Latin American streets grouped around a plaza. The buildings will be



Overlooking a placid lagoon on Treasure Island will be "Pacific House," pictured above. Visitors to the Pageant of the Pacific will find re-creations of civilizations of many Pacific nations in this exotic temple. Cross-shaped, the structure is 135 feet by 135 feet over all, including its spectacular 30-foot-high elliptical windows

painted in polichrome and be designed in picturesque Spanish style. Exhibits of these picturesque nations and the program in the square will reproduce the gay life of Latin America. Each evening there will be music and dancing and the square will be brilliantly illuminated with multi-colored lights. The mariachis will play the soft dulcet music that has bewitched travelers from all over the world.

China is to be represented by a small pavilion which will possibly contain a few examples of their greatest national art. According to a Chinese spokesman, "This pavilion will symbolize a national culture which has endured for many thousands of years in spite of war and invasion and which the Chinese firmly expect will continue to endure."

One of the largest of the palaces will be that of the Dutch Netherlands. The plan is to put on an exhibition which will appeal particularly to tourists, but which will include also the products of the Dutch East Indies, for the United States has one of the largest trades with these enterprising islands. The hope is that the Dutch will be able to bring over some of the dancers from Bali, though these plans are not complete. The building will be gorgeously carved and manufactured almost wholly in the East and brought to Treasure Island for assembly.

The sultan of Jahore has always been deeply interested in San Francisco and California. He is particularly happy that his country is to be represented by a palace in the Pacific Area. He is a great sportsman and buys most of his horses in California from a ranch near San Francisco. His exhibits will consist in part at least of his famous collection of hunting trophies and fine weapons. These will be exhibited for the first time outside of his own country.

The Japanese government is fabricating a medieval palace which will be put together by mortise and tennan in San Francisco. The Japanese government is planning to send over a group of specially trained workmen who will probably live on a barracks on Treasure Island to complete this building. The exhibits will include Japanese industries, scenery and monuments interesting to tourists, and some material showing the history of the Japanese.

With these palaces surrounding Pacific House, the Theme Building, which will be in the center of the lagoon, the visitor will be able to travel the width and breadth of the Pacific and gain a very good idea of the peoples and customs of this vast hemisphere. The Exposition through its Theme Building will be a meeting place of races; it will interpret the Pacific to the peoples united by its broad shores.

Garden Island

By Hazel Faulkner

Ginger in bud — waxy, stately, torch-like, in prize-winning arrangement as shown in a Kauai flower arrangement competition.

■ The Baby Clipper settled gently down on Port Allen Field after its flight across the blue Pacific which spreads almost motionless between the islands of Oahu and Kauai.

Forty-five minutes earlier it has taken the air at Rodgers Field, Honolulu's municipal airport, for the trip which through the years has required over-night in a small steamer to compass.

Forty-five breath-taking minutes, under cloud-flecked skies; twelve hundred feet above the ocean whose blue served only to emphasize the thrill of the flight. Below the seemingly small, white-frilled waves, barely in motion, one had glimpses of the coral beds which lie underneath—so near the surface in spots that they focus interest and attention rather than the water which washes warmly over them.

For twenty minutes or so no land in sight; Schofield Barracks, the largest army post in the United States; Pearl Harbor, the navy's expansive base; the topmost tip of Oahu—all have fallen away to the left leaving the traveler between two worlds, as it were—one a colorful reflection of the other. Then, quietly, a fellow passenger remarks: "There's Kauai!" And almost before we realize it, the plane's skipper is opening the door and we step out on to Port Allen Field.

Port Allen—the guide books tell one—is on the southern coast of Kauai—and that fact is of interest because it serves as a starting point, for well-planned tours in either direction. And the traveler is fortunate who has two days at least to spend on Kauai, for then she plans to go in both directions—one on each day.

As the motorcar spins along the splendid highways, going either north and east or south and west, she finds herself thinking of that childish game in which one was obliged to choose between diamond bracelets studded with rubies and emeralds or a house furnished with mother-of-pearl! Either choice may have left something to be desired, but the strain on one's imagination was a helpful exercise in preparation for a trip to Hawaii, although one was ignorant of the fact at the time.

Fortunately one isn't really obliged to make a choice among the priceless and indescribably lovely objects she sees. At best she can only sit back, to allow herself to become saturated with beauty, warmth and color—with the indefinable charm that spells Hawaii to all who ever visit it—in the hope that at some other time—and in more distant spots, such scenes can give her memory eyes!

Kauai of all the Hawaiian group is called the Garden Island, because of the beauty of its verdure, the variety of its numberless foliaged canyons and its stretches of gold sands—fitting background for the wealth of flowers of rare colors and shapes which fill its gardens.

One wonders what's in a name—and whether there may not be something really significant when considering the beauty of the gardens on Kauai—as indeed on all the islands of the group. For cer-

tainly the dwellers there have not been content to stop where nature left off in furnishing garden beauties. Every little cottage, every shack tucked away among the trees of the numberless beach towns, has its garden, brimming over with color and bloom. Island natives and the dwellers on the islands have gilded their lilies thrillingly!

Someone has said that nice gardens make nice people. Evidently the residents of Kauai—the Garden Island—agree to that, for on whatever other points they may disagree or have varying opinions or no opinions, they are united in their love of flowers and their expression of that love.

Flower show week is in April in Kauai, if this year's calendar can be used as a measure. For weeks the entire communities on the various plantations and in the schools and towns center their interest on the annual flower show. From the plantation owner or manager to the lowliest worker in the field, each has a part in the flower show.

Our tour to the south and west around Kauai was interrupted long enough to visit the show on one of the five major plantations on the Island. The exhibit opened at noon—after the morning judging. The gymnasium of the community housed the show. The teachers in the school and various women connected with the plantations and plantation families, assisted by Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese flower lovers, had transformed the bare recreation room into a bower of beauty. Bare walls which ordinarily display pulleys and ropes, horizontal bar racks and baskets, were obliterated for the moment by a bamboo fence, made of split poles, and elevated to the height of a garden wall. Over the wall, into the room "grew" various trees and vines—feathery ironwood, vivid bougainvillea, brilliant crotons and hibiscus, all lending their charms to the scene. Across one end of the rectangular room a low wall of volcanic rock was background for a rock garden and lily pool, the artistry of an elderly Japanese who yearly adds this feature. Delicate blossoms on water, dark over the lava bottom, fairy-like plants and ferns, a miniature rock and bamboo bridge—combined to transport one for the moment from the work-a-day world of which school teaching and sugar cane cultivating are a part, to the land of romance, where dainty ladies in gay silk gowns, trip lightly across forbidden stones to meet—who knows what?

That there is no absolute of beauty one gathers from the conversation of those who had a part in preparing the flower show. This bit of loveliness or that is contrasted or compared with something that was seen last week at Kauai's annual fair—this flower arrangement reminds one of that which won the blue ribbon last week. The pools are up for comparison—and one remarks on the charm of the exhibit at the fair of the plantation model houses for workers—and of the garden possibilities displayed there.

Flower arrangements are entered for competition—bride's bouquets vie for first honors—calla lilies and gardenias and lilies of the valley with diminutive orchids or the showy Cattleyas are all there in glorious combinations. Nearby an orchid exhibit shows as many colors and varieties as the pieces of Joseph's coat.

Anthuriums—those exotic perennials, half flower, half foliage, which defy description by a lay observer—exhibited in such variety and in such number that one is almost (Continued on page 22

A rocky wall, dark stepping stones and floating gently on the water the lotus blooms and lily pads, whose blossoms, pink, white, pale lemon and blue, were part of a prize-winning rock garden and pool exhibit in a Kauai plantation flower show.

The architect, a Japanese laborer on the plantation.

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Poems

By June Lucas

SPAIN

Weep bitterly, Oh, Spain,

Your security does not lie in feeble protests
Nor in the armed boast of greedy men.
Freedom seemed beyond your ken,
So long you slept in shadowed warmth
Of false saints and arrogant kings
Men cannot love.
Royalty is in your blood, deep stained,
Not of person or of place,
But Royalty of spirit bold, and generous mind,
To bear poverty with a proudful look,
Unbending, fearless—this your breed;
And men betrayed your bitter need!
Watching, the foolish world mistook
Your courage for a lesser thing.
God grant your anguished sacrificial deed
May give our timid world the needful sting!
Weep bitterly, Oh, Spain.

CHINA

Wait patiently, Oh, China,
Your security does not lie in feeble protests
Nor in imitative patterns on our weary earth.
Slowly through centuries of calm you have moved,
Discarding false Gods.
Peace is in your soul, baked as by fire—
The peace of eternal patience
Which the world cannot give to greedy lands.
Your cross is older than Calvary grim,
Before Pilate spoke, you knew the way,
The truth and the life. God's day
Dawned early on your eastern rim.
Now the West casts its shadows on your head,
In civilization's name you are asked to die!
On your cross of peace you will live instead.
Wait patiently, Oh, China.

NANKING

A father looks at smoke-filled skies
With barely opened flattened eyes,
From whose beady depths
Terror gleams.
And all the erupting earth seems
Dead as his first-born son,
Whose little legs are straight and stiff,
His round cheeks grimy with earth and tears—
Just a shriek of fire—the end of mirth,
The end of life as well as fears.
No Gods to answer as he held
That precious body to his pounding breast,
And through the broken archways fled
Fearing to look lest
His clutching hands be red.

Reprinted from the "Survey Graphic"—August, 1938.

Pacific Area

■ We here list the third installment of books on themes relating to the Pacific Area, which books the Club Library fortunately owns and which are available for pre-Exposition study.

RUSSIA

Stories From Russian Operas; Gladys Davidson.
Rasputin: The Holy Devil; Rene Fulop-Miller.
I Visit the Soviets; E. M. Delafield.
Seven League Boots; Richard Halliburton.
Seeing Russia; E. M. Newman.
The Great Offensive; Maurice Hindus.
Humanity Uprooted; Maurice Hindus.
Soviet Russia; William Henry Chamberlain.
Stalin; Isaac Don Levine.
Diaghileff; Arnold L. Haskell and Walter Nouvel.
The Birth of Ballets-Russes; Prince Peter Lieven.
Nijinsky; Romola Nijinsky.
Once a Grand Duke; Alexander, Grand Duke of Russia.
I Write as I Please; Walter Duranty.
Way of a Transgressor; Negley Farson.
British Agent; R. H. Bruce Lockhart.
Assignment in Utopia; Eugene Lyons.

CHINA

My Country and My People; Lin Yutang.
The Importance of Living; Lin Yutang.
Red Star Over China; Edgar Snow.
Contemporaries of Marco Polo; Manuel Komroff, editor.
The Travels of Marco Polo; Manuel Komroff, editor.
This Business of Exploring; Roy Chapman Andrews.
One's Company; Peter Fleming.
Decorative Motives of Oriental Art; Katherine M. Ball.
Jehol, City of Emperors; Sven Hedin.
The Critic in the Orient; George Hamlin Fitch.
Riding the Tiger; Harry Carr.
North to the Orient; Anne Morrow Lindbergh.
Peking to Lhasa; George Pereira.
Where Strange Trails Go Down; E Alexander Powell.
Village Life in China; Arthur H. Smith
The Great Wall Crumbles; Grover Clark.
I Speak for the Chinese; Carl Crow.
The Far Eastern Crisis; Henry L. Stimson.
Why China Sees Red; Putnam Weale.
Old Buddha; Princess Der Ling.
400 Million Customers; Carl Crow.
Genghis Khan; Harold Lamb.

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I Have Been Reading

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS; by Edyth Sage Armstrong; Associated Authors; $2.50. Reviewed by Mrs. James Otis Lincoln.

WE LIVED AS CHILDREN; by Kathryn Hulme; Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50. Reviewed by Mrs. Frank Zane Smith.

■ We sometimes feel as we read the news of the day that the world is far from seeking spiritual things, but, when one reads a book which has a far-reaching sale, written on the subject of the Psalms, one feels that the higher side of life is not entirely submerged.

Edyth Sage Armstrong was graduated from the University of Minnesota with the degree of A.B., Cum Laude, and has had post-graduate work at Columbia University under Dr. Charles Foster Kent, and at the University of Chicago under the great Bible scholar, Prof. Richard Molten. So she is well qualified for the writing of this book and she has given us an inspirational work in the Studies in the Psalms.

Through the ages the Psalms have touched the human heart because in them we find all of our human emotions from dispair to exalted faith. The use of the Psalms in worship is explained and the origin and background have been carefully studied.

The poetry of the Psalms is a great literary achievement. The twelve great groups are most wonderfully worked out. From the Wilderness wanderings to the group called the Wisdom period, we are thrilled by the delightful way the book is handled.

As in modern times the priests and the prophets were far from agreeing, one standing for absolute loyalty to Jehovah as the basis of a vital religion, the other demanding loyalty to an established priesthood.

"The individual writers of the later Psalms show the development of spiritual understanding rather than the predominance of ritual."

In a short review one can only touch on a few points. But the seven divisions of the Psalms of the Wisdom period are really the summing up of the whole book, and bring to us the vital things which touch our modern life.

Theme One: The new approach to spiritual communion. Psalms 25-26-65-86.

Theme Two: The problem of evil and its overthrow by right thinking. Psalms 140-36-75.

Theme Three: Question of a deliverer. Psalms 74-79-110.

Theme Four: The bitter cry of all the ages. The prosperity of the wicked and the definite understanding of right thinking as a protection against evil. Psalms 94-37-73.

Theme Five: Stirring appeal for social and individual justice. Psalms 41-6.

Theme Six: The theme of Immortality. Psalms 49-39.

Theme Seven: Sums up and completes all themes. "That the Law of the Lord is not the Law of Creeds but fundamental truth." Psalms 8-1-50-119.

A fine book on a great subject.

■ A San Francisco story, the saga of a small family group, beginning at the turn of the century. Many books have been written discussing the problem of divorce but never has one so clearly portrayed the emotions and thoughts from a child's point of view as is expressed by Miss Hulme in her recent book. True, this writer is unique with her love for the dramatic and her great spirit of adventure. But this serious theme, the effect of a divorce upon a family of three children, is not what really remains with us. For this is a very gay book. It is indeed a feeling of great charm and infinite humor. We greatly respect this mother who faces her world bravely, full of humor, fun and high spirits, knowing well how uncertain her income, how shabby the once luxurious furnishings. The gay, handsome father who showers them with expensive gifts then forgets them for months at a time is very hard to resist.

Kay's childhood is spent roaming Sutro Forest, hunting pansies on Twin

Peaks, planning picnics at Golden Gate Park. It is almost the story of all San Francisco children. The neighborhood is easily recognized. The earthquake and fire are vividly pictured with a subtle pathos of great humor and tragedy. The children did enjoy camping in the vacant lot and cooking in the street, the breadline, the excitement. But still Kay felt the worries of the grown-ups watching their city burn, for as she explains to Buzz, "their background is gone."

The story brings the family to the World War. Buzz joins the Navy. Jen, the beautiful sister, has a steady beau and wants to get married. Kay is leaving college. Mother's job is finished Now she can think of her own future. The book closes with mother sitting in the bay window, her shorthand book in her lap. She has started business college.

National League Book Shop

THE NEW BOOKS

MAINE BALLADS; Robert Tristram Colfin. $2. The Pulitzer Prize winner's new volume contains narrative poems of Maine folks today.

THREE GUINEAS; Virginia Woolf. $2.50. Presented in an interesting and unusual way is the problem of this book, the place of woman in the world today, her education and economic freedom, her relations to war, peace, politics, and business.

THE MOON IS FEMININE; Clemence Dane. $2.50. This is her first full-length novel since "Broome Stages."

LISTEN! THE WIND; Anne Morrow Lindbergh. $2.50. This book will not be released until October, but its importance is sufficient to place it among all lists of fall books. It deals with Mrs. Lindbergh's flight from Africa to Brazil. There is a foreword by Colonel Lindbergh.

Important in the realm of books for younger readers is WEE GILLIS, also an October publication. It is the first book since "Ferdinand" by Munro Leaf and Robert Lawson. Price $1.50. "It will rock baby carriages, roadsters and wheel chairs."

THE LONG VALLEY. Stories by John Steinbeck. $2.50. There are sixteen stories in all, most of them with a Salinas Valley background. Some have never been printed before, others were privately printed, and still others have been previously printed, but have been out of print.

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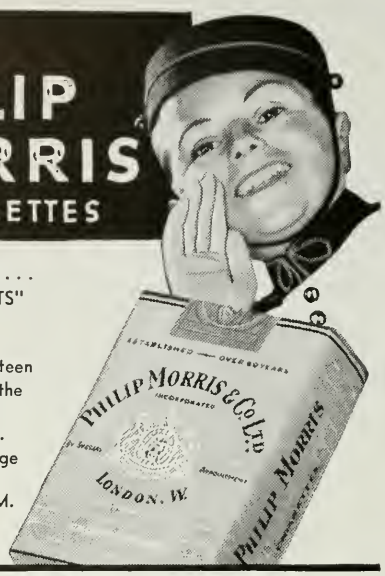

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(Continued from page 17)

tempted to exclaim with the old woman who saw her first giraffe—there isn't any such animal!

Leaves long and arrow shaped, or heart shaped, lobed or unbroken, subtending varied colored flower clusters—a bit like the calla's center. Green above and lighter green beneath the leaf, long pointed, and yellowish below, velvety green veined with white and rose beneath, with spathes orange red, white, green, purplish, rose! They make one feel that Mother Nature herself took a day off from her orderly routine to try her hand at something new!

It is April—remember—and at another table California's autumn and summer flowers — chrysanthemums, asters, zinnias, are entered in variety in competition.

When one remarks that they are out of season—one is told that they'll be blooming again in profusion when the mainland flowers bloom. One learns not to be surprised at the appearance of any old favorite, out of season and, as often happens on a holiday—in gayer attire than when we knew it here at home. Oh, yes, Christmas berries in April, too.

Strelitzia is the name by which botanists know it—but to the dwellers in Hawaii and to the judges at Lihui's flower show it is Bird of Paradise—a blossom with a woody trunk, banana-like leaves and irregular flowers borne in a rigid boat-like case, with two or three petals united to form an arrow-shaped body or tongue. And in varieties they come, for competitive arrangement—flowers white in purplish bracts, flowers with blue tongues, or yellow with dark blue tongues, the boat-shaped bract eight inches or so in length. Bright orange flowers with a blue tongue, encased in green edged with red — the 'bird' six inches or more in length.

Shadow pictures, made with flowers in arrangements which could stir the envy of the cleverest artist—miniature arrangements—a four-year-old boy wins the prize in this particular class—and a display of gingers. "Hawaii" might be translated as Ginger Islands if one sought a new name for the group--floriculturally speaking. For one has to see Honolulu's ginger—the torch ginger and shell ginger and a score of other varieties on the islands to know what ginger means! With a recollection of all the delicious ginger bread and preserved ginger and green ginger root that go into a lifetime's enjoyment—one could forego them all (if necessary) for the visual enjoyment of seeing Hawaii's ginger plants! (Which, by the way, are not edible, generally speaking.)

So many different gingers—a Hawaiian poetess sings—white, yellow, pink and red. Some orchid-like, some waxy, with a curious torch-like head; some others very satiny—and the yellow and the white so intensely fragrant. Shell-ginger, pendent, delicate, fragile against its shiny leaf.

If one had only an hour for Kauai—she could gather its essence at the flower show—for these amongst the collections of blossoms and leaves, colorful and fragrant, arranged profusely as nature scatters them on the Garden Island, or in simple setting, a single bloom or a cluster of leaves—one may see what is to be seen on larger scale throughout the islands and may sense the community of spirit in appreciation of that offering.

The table by the door has leis on it—strange flowers like feathers—crown flowers, orchids and gardenias, marigolds and violets, pikake and ginger, nasturtiums and pansies and the creamy plumerias of half a hundred hues, the variety is endless, the colors dazzling, the workmanship so fine.

But one goes back to Honolulu, again by plane, to see the annual Lei Day, Honolulu's flower festival which comes on the first of May. There, in competition, are thousands of the bright flower wreaths to be worn about the neck, the universal symbol for all the hospitality, charm and beauty that Hawaii spells. Hibiscus, Hawaii's flower, flashes out the spirit of the islands—warm, colorful, perennial—a contrast to the white crown flower which makes a perfect lei, just like a string of beads. "It looks like carven ivory, but it is none of these. It is the perfect workmanship of One who made the trees!"*

A steamer draws away from the dock—the music of a native band floats over the water. According to custom, one throws overboard the gay leis with which her friends have decorated her. As they strike the blue water, they make a perfect round—white, blue, yellow, red, pink—all the colors of Hawaiian flowers, until one gets a final glimpse of the Garden Islands across a garden sea!

*In the Land of the Papaia (Harriet Gallet).

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Recipes

Taken from the "American Women's Club Cookery Book," London — Compiled by Pearl Droste Plogsted.

CHICKEN A LA KING

This is a particularly fine recipe for the always-popular Chicken a la King: 4 tbsp. butter, 3 tbsp. minced green pepper, 3 tbsp. flour, ¼ tsp. paprika, 1 tbsp. minced pimento, ¾ tsp. salt, 2 cups thin cream, 2½ cups diced cooked chicken, ½ can mushrooms. Melt the butter and cook in it the green pepper until the latter is soft. Stir in flour and seasonings. Add the cream slowly, stirring constantly. When it begins boiling, set over hot water, and add the chicken, mushrooms and pimentos. Serve very hot in ramekins, patty shells or on toast.

ALMOND CAKE AND LADY BALTIMORE

2 cups granulated sugar, ⅔ cup butter, 1 cup milk, 2⅔ cups flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. vanilla, whites 7 eggs; bake in 2 layers. For filling, pour over the beaten whites of 2 eggs a syrup made of 2 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup water, cooked until it threads; beat this until nearly cold, when add ¾ lb. blanched almonds, chopped line; flavor with almond extract.

This cake can be cut into small cakes and iced, and will make 3 dozen.

BROWNIES

1 cup granulated white sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs, 2 squares of melted chocolate, ½ cup of flour, 1 cup of chopped walnuts. Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs not beaten, chocolate, flour and walnuts. Bake 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven. Cut into squares before quite cool.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD — DESSERT

½ cup grapefruit, pulp of 1 orange, 1 cup canned pineapple, 1 cup white cherries, 1 cup mayonnaise, ½ cup cream (whipped). Remove the pulp from the orange and grapefruit, discarding all membrane, and stone the canned cherries. Cut all of the fruit into small cubes and mix with a highly seasoned mayonnaise; whip the cream and fold lightly into the mixture. This may be poured into one of the pans or may be packed into cocoa tins, covered tightly with a cloth under the tin cover, and placed in the freezing pan. The latter method provides uniform portions. When served on lettuce with a small mound of mayonnaise on top, this is an exceptionally pretty dish, which will serve 6 or 8 persons and is a salad and dessert in one. Do not allow this to remain in the box too long, as the fruit becomes very hard and icy. (Frigidaire.)

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

June in Denmark

(Continued from page 10)

can dollar. Every store has the daily rate of exchange.

Denmark ranks third in Europe in motor cars, in proportion to population, but mornings and evenings one feels that the whole city is riding bicycles. Four hundred thousand are registered in Copenhagen alone. They are regulated by stop and go signals. The butcher, baker, diplomat and office worker ride side by side, a woman on a cycle with a baby in a basket in front and a basket of vegetables in back, a painter with his long ladder. On holidays some of the main highways to resorts are reserved for the cyclist.

The foods are delicious and appetizing and one is tempted to forget one's girlish figure. From twelve to fifteen hors d'oeuvres, usually of smoked or pickled fish, and salads precede the meal. Beer is the prevailing drink, and although indulged in freely there is no intemperance. Wines, spirits and liqueurs can also be obtained in unlimited quantities. Water is only provided when requested. Most enjoyable was the Danish pastry and as it was June, strawberries were in abundance—served in soup plates with rich cream. Citrus fruits, imported, were scarce and we missed our usual grapefruit. Both natives and guests flocked to Krog's Fiskerestaurant for fish, to Davidsen's for Smorrebrod (open-faced sandwiches). Sidewalk restaurants covered with gay awnings where one sat for hours and watched the gay throngs pass by.

Fishing boats on the canal bring the morning's catch right to the center of the city and there one sees a most unusual sight. A street lined on both sides by fisherwomen with baskets of fresh fish for sale. They hail you as you pass and offer every inducement to the housewife to part with her ore. By noon all of this is cleared away, Gammel Strand is immaculate as are all of the streets of Denmark.

The Danes love flowers — window boxes adorn the homes and potted plants the windows. Open flower markets were filled with roses, geraniums, pansies, violets and forget-me-nots.

American talking movies attract large audiences. We saw "Pennies from Heaven" given in English with Danish captions and all enjoyed the picture.

The Tivoli gardens, amusement park in the heart of the city, with its illuminated flower beds, is a fairyland. The Music Hall with Taj Mahal towers lighted by a million gas lights is a shimmering glitter in the clear night light. One may enjoy any type of amusement, music, dancing, the theater, but at midnight it closes with a blare of trumpets and a burst of skyrockets and fifty thousand tired but happy people wend their way homeward at the close of a beautiful June day.

On to Elsinore, past Roskilde Cathedral—the burial place of kings—Frederiksborg Castle, a museum of intense interest, to Kronborg Castle and "Hamlet's Grave," immortalized by Shakespeare, and we leave this enchanted land of love and good fellowship.

Let us hope that wars may never encroach upon this happy empire, that they may continue to progress and yet carry on the traditions of the centuries and that peace may abide as it did in June of 1937.

Homecoming From the Top of the World

(Continued from page 12)

How convenient it is to snap on the electricity! What a novelty the radio is! How clean everything looks! But an appreciation of home is not all we bring back. There is an element of the utmost importance to our mental processes for the coming year. We have had the opportunity to stand aside for a few weeks —in the world but not of it. We have been able to view with detachment the stirring events taking place. There—on the top of the world—we have been able to view politics with the good will but disinterestedness of an inhabitant of Mars, to see labor and capital with tolerance, to feel the surge of a real cosmopolitanism in our comprehension of human beings in their common relation to this earth and its elemental forces. If we can bring down from our mountain top some small portion of the peace and serenity so abundant in the silence and beauty of the rocks and the trees; if we can mix it, even in our small way, into the complicated machinery that man has evolved for living here below, such a pilgrimage has value beyond reckoning.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

Now, for my news! First we're going into a season of real millinery—all sorts of manipulations to introduce novelty, as well as such trimmings as wings, feathers, quills, etc. If one wishes height, it can be in the crown or brim, such as the Doll Hats, but it must be adjusted to the wearer. When handled right they are not extreme, but very chic.

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The Beauty Salon
Lower Main Floor

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The Dining Room and National Defender's Room, with their new atmosphere of smartness, offer an excellent opportunity for members to entertain guests and friends in the privacy of their Clubhouse.

The new kitchen equipment, in addition to the complete facilities of the Club, is a further guarantee of perfection.

Luncheon Parties — Members and their friends lunching in the Main Dining Room may arrange for a card room without cost by making reservations in advance.

Dining Room
Third Floor

Vacation in Maine by Dr. Adelaide M. Brown, M. D.

The home of Mary Ellen Chase, Blue Hill, Maine

■ After commencement days at Smith were over and I had had a promised visit with Mary Ellen Chase, and had talked over her last book, "Dawn in Lyonesse," than which no more beautiful English has appeared and no better description of a born neighborliness in the character of Ellen and her consideration and plan for Susan. Such unselfishness easily deserves the title of "absolute." I told Miss Chase that I was touring Maine up the Kennebec River, over and down the Penobscot to Bar Harbor and Mt. Desert, beauty spots which I had never seen. She urged me to go to Blue Harbor to see her mother. We drove down from Winter Harbor one afternoon, over the hills and valleys of Maine, all vividly green—a green one never sees in California, deep grass later to be cut for hay. Signs on the farm houses, "Overnight guests with breakfast," replaced our auto camps. Mrs. Chase was expecting us to come and we had a dear, friendly welcome and learned that in the house pictured here her eight children were born, the eldest now fifty-three and the youngest twenty-six.

Mrs. Chase was so much interested in the fact that my mother had been a physician and the mother of three children. She was an inspiring, happy person, and only as she said goodbye, and "I have not been upstairs for six years," did the whole picture of her trials in life spread before us. And you realized that you had spent an hour in the presence of one of life's noble women, whose gift to America is far greater than can be measured by any unit we can put up against it. "She is magnificent," to quote her daughter, and we were glad to have driven sixty-four miles and have had an hour with her. The town of Blue Harbor is situated on one of the tongue-like fringes of the coast of Maine —a bit hilly as it rises from the sea, studded with beautiful elm trees and full of country summer residents as well as its permanent population. Bar Harbor on the sea or Mt. Desert Island is the Newport of Maine. Mt. Desert with its towering Cadillac Mountain is crowned by a magnificent boulevard to the top, graded to be traveled at high. The road accommodates five cars abreast and is protected along the edge with large natural boulders. This adds greatly to the rough naturalness of the highway. The road was a gift to Mt. Desert by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and attracts hundreds of automobiles throughout the season. It enables crowds of visitors to revel in the beauty which had been the possession of the rich, and the sea and islands and outlook from the top are within reach of all—a good climbing ability or four wheels adds this to your summer joys.

"Dude Ranching"

(Continued from page 13)

ride, dude ranching is the ideal life, and leave-taking sad. I cried when I said goodbye to "my horse." I knew no one else would love him as I did. I knew I'd hate "the dude" who would get him when I was gone. I wished I could take him home with me. I broached the question to my ever-loving husband. He wished, it seemed, to buy HIS horse. Oh well, where can you keep even one horse on a steep Berkeley canyon where we have our shack? We couldn't figure it out, so "our" horses are still at Diamond D. Maybe they're "your horses" now. But don't tell me. I don't want to have to hate a fellow Club member.

Opera Gossip By Mrs. Esther Bentley Powell

■ The first performance of the San Francisco Opera Association marks the beginning of the social season in San Francisco and brings with it glamour and excitement on both sides of the footlights, as well as artistic achievement on the stage.

Few people realize the difficulty of giving opera in a short season such as ours. Besides the orchestra rehearsals, training of the chorus and ballet, the rehearsing of some forty or fifty artists, settings and properties for 69 changes of scene must be prepared. Quite a task. To accomplish this requires the marvelous organization and teamwork which is ours and which we owe primarily to General Director Gaetano Merola and Stage Director Armando Agnini.

This 1938 season brings three new operas and sixteen new voices for approval. Five of the latter are making their American debuts here. One of the new operas is "Pelleas et Melisande." At the recommendation of Pierre Monteux, Mr. Merola engaged two charming French artists from the Opera Comique—Georges Cathelat and Janine Micheau, who will make their American debuts in this opera. It is said that they will be most convincing because of their extreme youth, something rather hoped for but not always found in this opera. For "Pelleas et Melisande" we have a new conductor, Erich Leinsdorf, who created a tremendous sensation at the Metropolitan last season. He is said to bring a Toscanini-like quality to his conducting.

Then there is "Elektra" with Rose Pauly—a great opera with a sensationally emotional singer. For this opera the orchestra has been augmented and the enlarged pit will be lowered, therefore, the musicians need not bother if they spill coffee on their shirtfronts, as they will be out of sight.

Another new opera added to the Opera Association repertoire is "Don Giovanni." San Franciscans will enjoy hearing Ezio Pinza in the title role. In order to manage the many changes of scene necessary for this opera a revolving stage is to be used for the first time at the Opera House. All stage settings must be set backwards so as to appear forwards to the audience. Just another puzzling job back-stage.

An interesting opera of the French group will be "Le Coq D'Or" in the original opera version, with Lily Pons in the stellar role. Miss Pons admitted when she was here last year that she was particularly proud of her costumes in the role of the Queen in "Le Coq D'Or."

Of the Italian group "Don Pasquale" shares honors with "Cavalleria Rusticana." In the former we have the American debut of Salvatore Baccaloni, heralded as the greatest buffo-baritone. He comes from La Scala Opera Company and has sung repeatedly at the Salsburg and Glyndebourg Festivals. In "Cavalleria Rusticana" we have Ebe Stignani, also from La Scala, whom Mr. Merola is bringing to sing in this one opera only. She is a superb singer with an amazing register of voice and has also won great acclaim abroad.

Another Italian singer from La Scala is Malfalda Favero, who makes her American debut here and then goes to appear with the New York Metropolitan for the first time. She is a lovely lady with a delightful voice, well suited to the roles assigned to her in "La Boheme," "Martha," "Don Pasquale" and "Don Giovanni."

San Franciscans will be glad to welcome the return of Beniamino Gigli. All agree that he still has the golden voice but there is constant dispute over whether he is a few pounds heavier or lighter. It is rumored that he has lost in weight. If so, the lighter vote wins.

Dino Borgioli will return to us this year. Word of his great success abroad has already reached our ears and it will be good to have him with us again.

The Opera Association is offering this season a Popular Series which includes "Andrea Chenier," "Lucia" and a double bill with "Don Pasquale" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Extra performances of "Don Giovanni," "Die Meistersinger," "Elektra" and "La Forza Del Destino" will also be given, together with a special children's matinee of "Barber of Seville." All these are offered at a lower price than the regular subscription series, and seats are still available.

With all this we have every reason to anticipate a delightful and varied season for 1938.

This year, besides going to Los Angeles for six performances, the Opera Association is presenting "Lucia" at Sacramento. And so we are spreading our wings and with all these new ventures come greater possibilities for the future, ever continuing with our high artistic standards, which are always in keeping with the cultural life of our beautiful city.

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Ports of Call on a Freighter by Gladys Hall

Fuzzy Wuzzy in a group. Port Sudan

■ Last Christmas Eve I sailed from Savannah on a Norwegian cargo boat—Oslo bound. That evening I enjoyed a real Norwegian Christmas dinner and joined in the fun of singing and dancing around the tree and the distribution of gifts.

Norway was beautifully white and the skiing season in full swing. Prior to our arrival at the capital we went up the Hardanger Fjord to Tyssedal. Here I spent many hours walking along lovely snow-covered roads and watching the merry rosy-cheeked children playing on their skates and sleds. The crystal clearness of the air, smell of the scrubby pine-like plants and magnificence of the sunsets remain vivid memories.

The Folk Museum on the outskirts of Oslo has a most wonderful exhibit of all the native crafts and trades and rooms devoted to the various types of houses, utensils and dress from the different sections of the country. I acquired a very graphic idea of life as lived in that land of many hundred years. The recently discovered Viking ships are on display with the burial arrangements of their king possessors.

From Oslo I headed south to Lisbon where the lovely mosaic streets reminded me of Rio. For a modern European capital Lisbon affords an unusual amount of peasant color. The flower women wear bright costumes and carry large baskets of posies on their heads. Donkeys and oxen are yoked together to draw carts through the main streets amid the modern motor cars. There are shops filled with Porto pottery, a silver and a gold street with windows massed with every kind of article made of these metals.

From there I went through Gibralter to the Suez, the Red Sea and a call at Port Sudan, where we loaded cotton for India. Fuzzy-Wuzzies from the interior worked the ship. They are wild looking people with a large amount of kinky black hair which stands straight up on the tops of their heads and is trained into curls around their necks. Each head had a forked stick which seemed to be necessarily in frequent use. During the rest periods these strange creatures curled up on the hatches like cats, and pulling the tarpaulins over them, slept peacefully till called back to work. Their sing-song chanting rose from the open holds and filled the air day and night.

The water in the harbor was perfectly clear and I could see the fish of all sizes swimming about above the bright pebbles and various coral formations. White-robed Arabs noiselessly rowed their small boats, the ferries, between the landings. At night they were silhouetted by the small lantern which each carried on the bottom of his craft.

From here my ship took me to Karachi, Bombay, Trivandrum, Madras, Calcutta and then Rangoon. Here are the famous pagodas with spires covered in gold leaf. I went through the Shwe Dagon, which is said to be the largest in the world. There are hundreds of Buddahs, some reclining, littered with the various flower and paper offerings of the devotees. Dogs, cats, pigeons and chickens are everywhere and add to the discomfort of the Occidental, who is obliged to visit the pagodas barefoot.

The Burmese native dress is particularly attractive. Both sexes wear long wrap-around skirts of various hues, some solid color, some striped. The women have a tight-litting cotton undergarment, white and often ornamented with cutwork and embroidery. Over this they wear a loose organdie jacket which fastens down the front with jeweled buttons. Their hair is brushed straight off their foreheads and rolled into a round hollow ring which is often filled with flowers. The girls of marriageable age let the ends of their hair remain loose and hang down toward their necks. Gay parasols complete the costumes.

I was particularly fortunate in being in Rangoon during the annual Burma arts, crafts and industrial exhibition in Jubilee Hall. The major displays were of lacquer work, carved ivory and shell,

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rass and silk. In the afternoons there were competitions of chinlone—the native sport which is played by knocking or kicking a hollow reed ball with the foot or knee. It is a very fast and graceful game.

Space prohibits further descriptions of these parts of the world I returned to Calcutta, then on to Ceylon, Aden and again through the Suez to England. Here I enjoyed ten days of the ever-delightful London. I crossed to Rotterdam and started the last lap of my journey to San Francisco via Panama. Into these six months I crowded all that was possible from these various corners of the globe—and I had a wonderful time.

San Francisco Museum of Art

SCHEDULE OF EXHIBITIONS AND EVENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

San Francisco Art Association Annual Exhibition of Drawings and Prints: Through September 18.

Paintings by Max Beckmann: Through September 13.

California Ceramics: August 25 through September 25.

Paintings by Amadeo Ozenfant: August 29 through September 12.

13 Watercolorists: September 1 through September 13.

Exhibition of the American Artists Congress, Local Branch: September 6 through September 30.

Exhibition of the Original Celluloid Cut-Outs for "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" by Walt Disney: September 28 through October 30.

SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION GALLERY

Sculpture by Vera Bernhardt and Paintings by Margery Nahl: August 31 through September 13.

Paintings by Jennie Vennerstrom Cannon: September 14 through September 27.

Paintings by Margaret Bruton: September 28 through October 11.

Fall Semester of the Free Saturday Morning Children's Classes will begin September 17. Registration may now be made at the Information Desk of the Museum.

The Museum is open daily from noon until 10 o'clock in the evening on weekdays, and from 1 until 5 on Sundays. There is no admission charge.

Show of the month at the San Francisco Museum of Art in the Civic Center is the San Francisco Art Association Annual Exhibition of Drawings and Prints. From 625 works submitted by artists throughout the United States 225 were selected by the jury to make up this exhibition.

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Landscaping of Treasure Island

■ California is a wonderland and a gardenland, and the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition has set aside $1,500,000 for a horticultural display that will transform Treasure Island into a luxuriant floral oasis.

An outline of landscaping plans for several of the inner courts, in some detail, brings out the range of the beauty program. Central feature of the square Court of Flowers is a circular pool with fountain. Around this pool will be pyramidal Grecian laurels spaced with Gunnera manicata, a large-leafed tropical plant. Beneath these will be more than 150 Strelitzia regina (Bird of Paradise), with four changes in a border of seasonal flowers to maintain a consistent color note of gold.

The central pool will be framed in an angular border accentuated by Eucalyptus viminalis, 35 to 40 feet high, spaced with boxed red-flowering peaches about 12 feet high. In the corners of the court will be smaller pools backed by Musa eusete (banana plants) 10 to 12 feet high, with Aralia paparyfera, Caladium esculenteum (elephant's ears) and Acanthus mollis ranged along the walls. At accent points will be planted Eugenia myrtifolia 16 to 18 feet high, and Eucalyptus ficifolia (red-flowering) will be found at the entrances.

Plans call for at least 46 different varieties in this court, with more than 45,000 individual specimens. The Court of Flowers will open the season with Calendulas, golden Violas, Soleil D'Or narcissus, bronze Pansies, orange Tulips, blue Lobelia and Sweet Alyssum. These will be followed with double pink Larkspur, white and yellow Dianthus, blue Agapanthus, multicolor Lantana and Celosia cristata in mixture, to be followed in the fall by dwarf Chrysanthemums and white fibrous Begonias.

Adjoining the Court of Flowers is the long Court of Reflections, with Bougainvillea supplementing the vine plantings at its entrance, and tall poplars beside the Arch of Triump at its eastern end. The color theme here will be red, and a spectacular feature will be a living border of Paul Scarlet roses—vines 20 to 25 feet long, with spreads of 15 to 18 feet—cascading into the court from niches high in the walls.

Central in this court are two long rectangular pools flanked by Ligustrum japonicum (Japanese privet) trees 20 to 30 feet high, and eight-foot Cotoneaster franchetti standards, covered with red berries. In this court will be more than 93,000 separate plantings. From February to May it will be a mass of red Ranunculus and red Tulips, with a ground cover and borders of Ruby violas and Tango Red pansies.

The background for these flowers will be masses of red flowering Rhododendrons accentuated at various points by plantings of red Geraniums. In May and June red Verbenas will be at their height to be followed by red Salvia. From the first of July until the early fall hybrid Amaryllis, red Tuberous begonias, red Phlox, red Salvia and Echium bourgaeanum will be the main attraction. From early fall until the closing date Chrysanthemums, Fuchsias and Poinsettias will be at their height. The setting background for these flowers in the red court will be carried out as nearly as possible in trees and shrubs which produce red flowers or have a red cast to their foliage; such as the red leafed plum (Prunus pissardi), Eugenia myrtifolia, red flowering Eucalyptus, Escallonia rubra, Hydrangeas and red Bougainvillea.

Gold and bronze are the color notes that will be struck in the great circular central Court of Honor, around the 400-foot Tower of the Sun. The tree theme will be Magnolia grandiflora, with its golden-brown leaves, and the court will be spaced off by boxwod hedge borders and two circles of Valencia oranges. The "plant census" in this court exceeds 83,000 specimens. It will be in full bloom from February until May consecutively with yellow and white Dalfodils, blue Hyacinths, yellow and white Tulips, Radio violas, Lord Beaconsfield Pansies. This planting will be followed in the early summer and fall by Tuberous begonias, golden bronze Dahlias, Otaheite dwarf oranges, colorful Pepper plants and Dahlia imperialis which will finish the fall season.

Japanese privet trees, 40 to 50 feet high, and stately Irish yews around the central pool will dignify the Court of the Moon, with its color theme of blue and white. There will be more than 148,000 plantings here, including violas, Peruvian Blue Scilla, pure white Phlox and Candytuft, Heavenly Blue Pansies, Forget-me-nots, Iris, Delphiniums and Ageratum.

Live oaks (quercus agrifolia) will lend distinction to the South Gardens, just beyond which will boast more than 346,000 plantings. Pink tulips will flank the four corners of the sunken garden area; the pool being massed with quantities of blue Hyacinths. This planting

will be followed by colorful annuals of all descriptions which will carry through the summer and fall months. White Wallflowers and Marguerites will form a background in the remainder of the South Garden and will be accentuated with brilliant plantings of seasonals.

The Exposition's main north-south avenue, known as the Court of the Seven Seas, has a row of Acacia melanoxylon standards along each side of the center line, with strips of seasonal plantings beneath them, and a wide lawn between trees and walls. Flowering trees, including 70-foot eucalypti, and English laurels are spaced along the walls. The color scheme of this court will be worked out almost entirely in yellows and whites. Amurense Lemon Yellow Poppies with a ground cover of apricot Violas will open the Exposition, together with borders of white English Daisies, white Violas and yellow Tulips. These flowers will be accentuated with backgrounds of white flowering Spiraea and Philadelphus coronarius together with double white flowering peach and yellow Forsythia. This color scheme will change in the early summer with a planting of thousands of soft, violet Phlox. There will be more than 215,000 plantings here.

The Court of Pacifica, northerly terminus of the Seven Seas, has a grouping of standard trees around the central fountain. Blue and gold — California's state colors—prevail, carried out in Ageratum, Daffodils, Marigolds, Chrysanthemums, Marguerites, Zinnias, Yellow Allyssum, Centaurea Cyaneus, Anemones, Shasta Daisies and Iris.

The Court of Nations, between the Federal Building on the eastern shore of Treasure Island and the Pacific Basin, will open with a planting of yellow Daffodils and white Anemones combined with a ground cover of yellow Alyssum and blue Ageratum. When the Daffodils are completed the Ageratum will carry the blooming season through to approximately the middle of June. This planting will be followed through the summer and fall months with a consecutive blooming of quantities of dwarf lemon Marigolds, yellow Marguerites, giant Marigolds, Tithonia speciosa (Mexican Zinnias). The color in this court during the fall months will be accentuated with the early dwarf bedding Chrysanthemums to be followed by the taller growing Chrysanthemums in shades of yellow and bronze.

Fragrance, as well as color and artistic arrangement, was carefully considered by the Bureau of Horticulture. In every court and garden are plantings with penetrating fragrance, so that each unit may have its characteristic fragrance as well as color. For this purpose the planners made considerable use of Viburnum carlesi, cestrum nocturnum, spicy rhododendrons, Carissa grandiflora, Hildebrand's honeysuckle, star jasmine and many others.

Julius L. Girod, responsible as Chief of the Bureau of Horticulture for the accomplishment of this gigantic two-year task of transformation, is a protege of John McLaren, famed creator of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Mr. McLaren himself is acting in an advisory capacity in this, his second World's Fair, for he was Chief of Division in the horticultural program of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915.

Assistant to Mr. Girod is Elmer C. Gould, and the Bureau of Horticulture operates under general supervision of W. P. Day, Vice President and Director of Works for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition.

After the close of the World's Fair, a part of the landscaping will be left in place to beautify the municipal airport that will take over the Treasure Island site, and the remainder will be removed to Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.

South America

South America is a marvelously rich and beautiful country and one of superlatives.

PANAMA has the greatest canal in the world, judging from the engineer's standpoint.

COLOMBIA has the finest and largest emerald mines, and next to Russia the finest patinum mines.

ECUADOR has the greatest avenue of high volcanoes. The finest so-called Panama hats are made there.

BOLIVIA has the highest capital in the world—La Paz, 12,000 feet. It has also the highest lake—Titicaca, 12,500 feet.

PERU has the highest standard-gauge railroad, a superlative piece of engineering. Peru also has the oldest university in either North or South America.

CHILE has the greatest nitrate of soda deposits. It has Mt. Aconcagua, the highest volcano in the world, 23,083 feet.

ARGENTINA has the largest city in South America, Buenos Aires, with a population close to three million.

BRAZIL has the largest river system and, according to many, the most beautiful harbor, Rio de Janeiro.

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URUGUAY has the most abundant and the best grass for cattle in all South America. It is a most lovely garden spot

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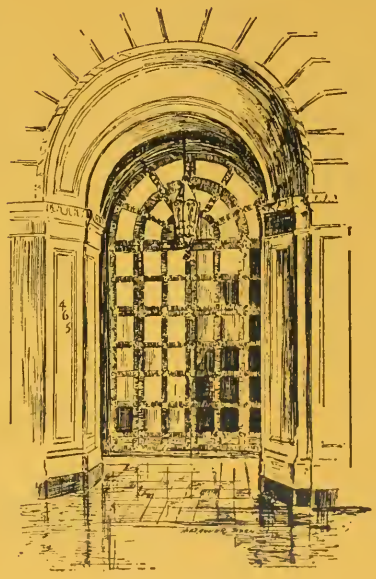

OCTOBER 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 9 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 ROSS STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
OCTOBER...1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

ABBE ERNEST DIMNET — OCTOBER 27TH

TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY BIRTHDAY PARTY — OCTOBER 20TH

OCTOBER — 1938		
3—**Fire Lighting**—Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Speaker	**Lounge**	**8:00 p.**
5—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
6—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.**
Illustrated Lecture on State Parks and Historical Monuments.		
Speaker: Mrs. J. E. Butterfield, Member of State Park Commission.		
7—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**	**11:00 a.**
10—**French Conversational Class or Beginners' Classes**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214**	**5:00 to 7:00 p.**
12—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1 a plate	**Nat. Def. Room**	**6:15 p.**
To Be Reviewed: "Dynasty of Death" by Taylor Caldwell; "Three Guineas" by Virginia Woolf; "Listen, the Wind" by Anne Lindbergh.		
13—**Lip-Reading Practice Class**—Kate Morphy presiding	**Room 208**	**10:30 a.**
"People and Places"—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.**
Subject: "The Theater of Yesterday and Today," accompanied by an exhibition of modern fencing.		
Speaker: Mr. Harry Priestly, Director of Fencing in the Drama Department of the Cornish School of Seattle, Washington.		
14—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214**	**11:00 a.**
17—**Ramble to Exposition**—Basket Lunch. Tickets $1.35. Reservations at Information D	**Leave Ferry**	**12:30 p.**
French Conversational Classes or Beginners' Classes—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 215**	**5 to 7:00 p.**
19—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
20—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY PARTY		
Special Lunch ($1.25 a plate)	**Main Dining Rm**	**12:00 to 2:00 p.**
Special Tea Hour (35 cents)	**Auditorium**	**2:30 p.**
Dinner with historical annals ($1.25 a plate)	**Third Floor**	**6:30 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
21—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**
24—**French Conversational Classes or Beginners' Classes**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier	**Room 214**	**5:00 to 7:00 p.**
26—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
27—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
ABBE DIMNET—"Feasts of the Mind." Tickets 85 cents and 50 cents	**Auditorium**	**8:30 p.**
28—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**
31—**French Conversational Classes or Beginners' Classes**	**Room 214**	**5:00 to 7:00 p.**

NOVEMBER — 1938		
2—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
3—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.**
Song Recital by Mr. Raymond Flanders, tenor. Miss Ida May Thomas, piano.		
4—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**

NORA JOHNSTON, CARILLONNEUR — NOVEMBER 15th

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII October, 1938 Number 9

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OFFICERS OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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RECIPROCAL RELATIONS

CLUBS ABROAD

Berlin, Germany, American Women's Club, No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia, Brisbane Women's Club; National Mutual Bldgs., Queen St.
Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark, c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodroffsvej 2-A.
Dunedin, New Zealand, Otago Women's Club; Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland, The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland; The Lady Artists' Club; No. 5 Blythswood Square.
The Hague, Holland; Amer. Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.
Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club, c/o American Consulate.
London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.
London, England, The Pioneer Club; 12 Cavendish Sq., W. 1.
London, England; The Halcyon Club, 13 14 Cork Street.
Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.
Mexico City, D. F., Internacional De Mujeres, Calle Humboldt No. 47.
Montreal, Canada, The Themis Club, 1336 Sherbrook St., W.
Nelson, New Zealand, Nelson Women's Club.
Rome, Italy, Anglo American Club, Via Piemonte 127.
Shanghai, China, The American Women's Club, 577 Bubbling Well Road.
Stockholm, Sweden, The American Women's Club; Floragatan 17.
Sydney, Australia, Women's Club; 77 King St.
Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.
Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlerstrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club, Lambton Quay, Wellington.
Zurich, Switzerland, The American Women's Club; 60 Laverterstrasse (Hotel Baur au Lac.)

CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES

Akron, Ohio, Women's City Club, 30 South High St.
Boston, Massachusetts, Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club, 72 E. 11th St.
Chicago, Illinois, Women's City Club, 410 S. Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio, Women's City Club, Bulkley Bldg., Euclid Av.
Detroit, Michigan, Women's City Club, 2110 Park Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Michigan, Women's City Club, 254 E. Fulton St.
Indianapolis, Indiana, Indianapolis Propylaeum, 1410 North Delaware St.
Kansas City, Mo., Women's City Club, 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb., Women's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas, Little Rock Women's City Club.
Milwaukee, Wis., City Club of Milwaukee, Empire Bldg.
New York City, N. Y.; Women's City Club, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center, 20 W. 51st St.
New York City, N. Y., American Women's Assn., 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.
Philadelphia, Pa., Women's City Club, 1622 Locust Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Women's City Club, William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I., Providence Plantations Club, 77 Franklin St.
St. Paul, Minn.; Women's City Club, 345 Minnesota Street.
Washington, D. C., Women's City Club, 736 Jackson Place.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ ANNIVERSARY PARTY: Our twenty-first birthday to be celebrated on October 20th. Because we are quite grown up, it will be an afternoon and evening party. Luncheon, Tea with program in the Auditorium—and a Dinner Party in the evening. It is to be a day of happiness and enthusiasm as only a twenty-first birthday can be, so that all who intend to join in our celebration should make their reservations for luncheon or dinner well in advance.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: Dr. Paul Cadman's lectures, held at the noon hour every Wednesday. Dr. Cadman's vitally intensive interpretation of world affairs is eagerly awaited each week by a large group of members and guests. Those who have missed the first few lectures may still have the benefit of the course ticket price for the remainder of the course.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Vacations are over, or should be, and we are anticipating many registrations in all departments of Volunteer Service. The Executive Office will welcome your name, or Mrs. H. L. Alves, Chairman of Volunteers, will be happy to interview all Volunteers who may wish to talk over their service with her. Appointments with Mrs. Alves may be made through the Executive Office.

■ ABBE ERNEST DIMNET will lecture on October 27th in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. His subject will be "Feasts of the Mind." This is the first time in many years that Abbe Dimnet has been on a lecture tour and those who had the privilege of hearing him in 1929 will, we are sure, be most happy to welcome him back to San Francisco. Reserved seats are now on sale at the Information Desk, Fourth Floor—85 cents and 50 cents—plus tax.

■ "PEOPLE AND PLACES": Course of lectures by Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas, held every Thursday morning at 11:00. Mrs. Lucas' graphic description of her experiences during the past year abroad, of her intimate daily contact with people great and small, her attendance at conferences of international import, make her course of lectures an outstanding one of the season. Course tickets are available for the balance of the lectures.

■ RAMBLE: Golden Gate International Exposition —Women's City Club's Third Monthly Ramble to be held on Monday, October 17th. Leave Ferry Building at 12:30. Box lunches will be provided. Fee $1.35. Reservations in advance.

Because of the enthusiasm of our members over the first two Rambles, we shall plan a Ramble to Treasure Island each month until the Fair opens. As one member expressed herself, "It is fascinating to watch the actual growth of such beauty, it makes one feel as though one has had an integral part in its development—and I am sure, I for one, shall march through the corridors on opening day with quite an air of proprietorship."

■ NORA JOHNSTON (CARILLONNEUR) will give a lecture-recital at the Clubhouse on Tuesday evening, November 15th, at 8:30 o'clock. Her subject is "The Romance of Bells"—four thousand years ago to present day. Miss Johnston carries with her the only portable carillon in the world and is on her first tour of the United States. Reserved seats on sale at Information Desk—$1.50 and $1.25 plus tax.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER — Today, in a myriad of exciting events, clashes of ideals and lust for power, when the voice of one man, Taylor Caldwell, through the medium of a tremendously powerful novel "Dynasty of Death," tells how history is shaped by men who manufacture the munitions of war; then the voices of two women, each through the medium of her own book, "Three Guineas," by Virginia Woolf, and "Listen, the Wind," by Anne Lindbergh, written with impassioned brilliance of mind and pen, with eloquence, with wit, raised against war, seem perfectly timed.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review these three timely books at the Book Review Dinner on the second Wednesday evening, October 12, at 6:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Fresh fruit or vegetable mixer. Delicious drink made before your very eyes in the Cafeteria.

■ DINNERS AT THE CLUB, from 65 cents up, are being complimented for the variety of menu and care in preparation.

■ PUBLISHERS promise many important books this fall. When you make up your list, remember all books bought through the Library increase this department's income.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Keep pace with the times by learning to swim while your children are busy at school, then give your family a pleasant surprise by planning a swimming party at your own Pool. Men and boys over 12 years may swim on Tuesday nights from 5:30 to 6:30 and on Friday nights from 5:30 to 9:00.

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Wooden salad bowls in various sizes; linen recipe towels; palm mat luncheon sets in colors; plaid chiffon wool scarfs.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Coiffures tell your friends your attitude toward life. Our hair stylists know how to express your individuality with your type of coiffure.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has arranged for your entertainment on October 6, 1938, an illustrated lecture by Mrs. J. E. Butterfield, member of the State Park Commission, on State Parks and Historical Monuments. On October 13th, Mr. Harry Priestley, Director of Fencing in the Drama Department of the Cornish School of Seattle, Washington, will speak on "The Theatre of Yesterday and Today" and give an exhibition of modern fencing.

On Thursday evening, October 20th, our Anniversary Party will be held and on October 27th, a lecture will be given by Abbe Dimnet. Tickets 85 cents and 50 cents.

The introductory program for the month of November will be a song recital by Mr. Raymond Flanders, tenor, accompanied by Miss Ida May Thomas at the piano.

■ LIP-READING PRACTICE CLASS: Miss Kate Morphy, instructor — to start Thursday, October 13th, class to meet every Thursday morning at 10:30 for a period of three months — fee for course $5. Please register at Executive Office.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Spanish Classes, Senorita Angela Montiel, instructor. French Classes, Mlle. Marie Lemaire, instructor. Hours will be arranged to suit convenience of pupils. 12 lessons $6; non-members $7.50. French Conversational Classes, Mme. Rose P. Olivier, instructor, meets every Friday morning at 11:00 o'clock—50 cents a meeting. Evening Conversational Classes, to meet on Monday evening starting as soon as required number of six have registered; fee $6.50 for a period of three months. Beginners' evening classes will also be formed upon request at any hour after 5:00 o'clock that is convenient; minimum group, six pupils. Please register at Executive Office.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES in French are held every Thursday at the noon and dinner hour. Spanish Round Table, every second and fourth Wednesday at the noon hour. Members interested in either languages are urged to attend.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES consistently interest a large group of members. Classes are held every Tuesday at 1:00 p. m., Thursday at 1:00 p. m. and 7:00 p. m., and every Friday at 9:00 a. m. Mrs. Ruth Tanbara, instructor. Fee $1.50 for three lessons.

Vista from Library — Fourth Floor

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

OF

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

OF CALIFORNIA

INVITES ALL MEMBERS

OF

CANTEEN DAYS — 333 KEARNY STREET — 465 POST STREET

TO

THE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

LUNCHEON — TEA — DINNER

ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER TWENTIETH

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT

AT

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

465 POST STREET

PLEASE MAKE RESERVATIONS IN ADVANCE FOR LUNCHEON
AND DINNER AT INFORMATION DESK ON THE FOURTH FLOOR

Mrs. S. G. Chapman — The First President of the Post Street Investment Company.

From a photograph taken on the occasion of the Ground-Breaking at "465," December 30, 1924.

"We need only the WILL TO SUCCEED and enough of that invaluable substance which has never been lacking in an organization which launched and successfully completed a million-dollar building project."

Editorial

■ This month because the compilation of historical data has taken more research than was expected, we go to press a bit later than usual. The day has come then when we can rejoice that the prayers of the peoples of the world for peace have been answered, and that men have found their way through a fog of misunderstanding to "save face" and at the same time to accomplish an end, without frightful bloodshed which would have been a devastating experience for civilization.

It is now October 1st, a date which will mark a forward step in that civilization, for men tense with emotion and opposing idealisms have sat together around a conference table to come at last to a middle-way. A spirit of thanksgiving fills our hearts as we believe that the period of peace will not be broken.

In this month of September 1938, history has been made so fast that events themselves have been breath-taking. We trust our readers will realize that the stories of this issue were written during this period of tense emotion, and will therefore make allowances for any shortcoming in style.

With lighter hearts we now turn to the pleasurable task of planning a program for the Anniversary Party on October 20th. In a spirit of rejoicing, let each one of us bring to the Clubhouse on that day any and all who have shared with us in the past and who have helped us build a history of mutual understanding and helpfulness in the National League for Woman's Service.

■ The Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service feels that "the coming of age" of the organization should be celebrated appropriately. The gathering of the clan has been a custom since Bible days. Accordingly on October 20th the family of the League will "come back home" to talk family news, to visit together and to hear the stories of those who have stayed at home and those who have traveled abroad.

The history of this organization is versatile. Emphasis on the early war activities, dramatic as they were, would alone be no picture of these twenty-one years. All the things that appear in human chronicles appear in this vista—sorrow, happiness; worry, relief; sickness, health; but the average of these experiences has been joy, for service has meant mutual helpfulness and the sharing of the cares has meant the lessening of them. Depression years came just as everything for the earning of the building seemed set for accelerated payments on the indebtedness, but the immediate loyal response of over a thousand women and the raising of over $28,000 in cash and more than $26,000 in debentures postponed the day of financial reorganization until after the time when of necessity many would have had to forfeit their membership.

In order to establish the new plan, the members were called upon to make personal sacrifice by raising their own dues, and the historic meeting in February, 1937, when this was done was as dramatic as any episode in the twenty-one years. The nine-dollar-a-year membership found practically the same role of "National Leaguers" and since then many other names have been added to it.

Now in 1938, with the new plan operating successfully, the coming-of-age of the National League for Woman's Service of California is an occasion of high hopes.

The twenty-first birthday of an organization, nineteen years of whose life has been a story of peace service, is an occasion for rejoicing. Let us be there!

■ With the opening of the National League for Woman's Service quarters at "333" in 1919, one of the rooms was given over to a National League for Woman's Service Shop where an economy exchange served the members, while at the same time it earned some income for the little club which was testing itself in a peace program. By 1924, the very definite place of the enterprise was proven beyond question of doubt, and with the decision to continue, the name, "The League Shop" was unanimously adopted. As each year brought greater patronage, the capital invested by the Club itself was increased, and with the opening at "465" the Economy Department was curtailed and later abandoned. Today "The League Shop," open to the public, has its place among the top list of San Francisco's exclusive gift shops.

The War Service

Assembled by an "N. D. C." Chairman

N. D. C. No. 1 — Monadnock Building

■ The National League for Woman's Service—the foundational cause for the Women's City Club of San Francisco—has come of age. This month is its twenty-first birthday. It is the fitting time for searching background material, and the object of that search is not to magnify the war-service history but to emphasize the fact that that period with its hallowed dramatic, as well as an occasional amusing incident during the two years' experiences, was in truth the schooling that inspired a realization of the crying need for a democratic women's volunteer service club devoted to peace needs.

In this bit of background history the writer is honoring the request of the Volunteers of that day and this to omit any and all names and permit the caption "National Defenders' Club" operated by the National League for Woman's Service to honor each and every one of those servitors who established nine of these clubs in the Bay area. Here it is interesting to record that the service men themselves suggested to the N. L. W. S. the name "National Defenders' Club," accompanied by their request that the name "canteen" be omitted.

N. D. C. Number One was in the basement of the Monadnock Building on Market Street in San Francisco at Kearny, Geary and Third. A room furnished luxuriously for a cafe, marble flooring, etc., suited ideally for the club needs. This was opened September 22, 1917, and closed just twenty months later, May 31, 1919. As a natural consequence of Number One's very central location in the downtown district, it had the greater volume of use. In that interim of twenty months, 890,000 men used the rooms; the greatest attendance for any one month was in September, 1918, when 82,000 men used it. The average monthly attendance was 65,000; the maximum attendance of any one day was 7,000. The approximate number of men served at the counter for those twenty months was 420,000. The approximate number of service men served as guests was 30,000. The average Saturday and Sunday attendance was 5,500. It required and had 350 League Volunteers serving each month and 750 women served during these twenty months with 45,000 hours of Volunteer Service in one of those months.

The more intimate individual bits of interest of those beginnings are culled from memory or the minutes of records in our Women's City Club files. Here is one—Twenty-five Belgian soldiers en route from Vladivostok to France were guests of the Club during their stay in San Francisco, and one of our boys introduced them to ice cream sodas and in one evening (May 18, 1918) they drank 600 glasses of it. One of their number ate chocolate ice cream steadily from 8:30 p. m. to 11:00 o'clock and then remarked it was "very refreshing."

A preeminent feature of the month of September, 1918, was the celebration of the N. D. C. Number One First Anniversary. The boys took over the man-

N. D. C. No. 5 — Presidio

agement of the club for the evening and the N. L. W. S. became their guests and were entertained by a program of music, addresses and recitals furnished entirely by the men themselves. They decorated the rooms with baskets of yellow and white chrysanthemums bearing ribbons inscribed "To the Ladies of the N. D. C., September 22nd, from their boys of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps." Also a birthday cake about three feet in diameter, surmounted by miniature flags of the Allies. But the supreme tribute was the magnificent silk flag that stands in the entrance hall to the City Club's American Room, the presentation being made by a wounded lad who had just returned home from overseas convalescing after being disabled in the Chateau Thierry light The gift of the flag reminds the writer that the equipment of each one of the nine N. D. C.'s was obtained in toto by volunteer donations secured by League members, which at Number One was roughly valued at $15,000.

N. D. C. No. 2 — Menlo Park

N. D. C. Number Two, December 17, 1917—just three months after the opening of N. D. C. Number One. League members resident in the neighborhood of Menlo Park established N. D. C. Number Three to meet the needs of the boys stationed at Camp Fremont, an emergency camp adjacent to Menlo Park. This N. D. C. Number Two was housed in a charming bungalow, with six acres of cultivated grounds, including a fully equipped tennis court that had been loaned to the N. L. W. S. for the war period by one of their own League members and her husband.

The first evening their doors were opened, between three and four hundred men visited them; and at their Christmas party in the tent and under the oak trees, less than two weeks later, they entertained 1,200 men and distributed to each one a gift that had been provided by the League Volunteers and Red Cross hostesses.

N. D. C. No. 7 — Berkeley

The following year, during the influenza epidemic, the boys were not permitted to leave camp and Number Two operated a soup kitchen and provided delicacies for the camp's base hospital.

The average daily attendance was 500 and the number of meals served was at least the same. Another interesting and unusual bit of history was a military wedding in the garden of the club. The groom's company attended and the regiment band played the wedding march, the club contributing the refreshments.

N. D. C. Number Three was established at San Jose and catered to any and all men in uniform—as many as 600 in a week. League Volunteers gave service in this community to the Red Cross, the Liberty Loan Drives and cooperated with the Belgian Relief Committee in the outdoor market. The hours of Volunteer Service for one month were 710.

On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, the full equipment of this club was transferred to the P. A. Community Center, and the National League Volunteers offered their services as well, which service continues to the present.

The N. D. C. Number Four of Palo Alto opened its doors on April 3rd, 1918, with a house warming for camp and town and a delightful evening program. This Club was in operation (Continued on page 25

N. D. C. No. 4 — Palo Alto

"333"

Compiled by Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas,
Second Presiden N. L. W. S. of California

■ There is usually a barren space between war and peace and that "barren space" can be a devastating experience if one thinks only of what has passed away. In that play, "Shadow and Substance," you remember what the Canon says at the end? "Am I just an embittered old man living here with shades too glorious to forget?" The National League for Woman's Service had been a war organi zation in which women had given many types of service to our country's war effort. When the war ended the women who had been our leaders here in San Francisco realized that the spirit of democracy could not be demobilized, the service hundreds, thousands of women had given had created something too valuable to lose. From 1919 to 1926 certain policies were developed and crystallized at 333 Kearny Street which are found deeply rooted in the life at "465." One of these was group action—it had always been the policy of the League to stress the work to be done and not the people responsible for that work and today one finds that policy characteristic of the New Club. Much is done, miracles happen, but individuals are felt, not heard. Another policy that was slowly hammered into the fine "instrument" we love today, was the democracy of our organization. The women who had served "the boys" without thought of race or creed, knew how to serve each other without social distinction cropping up to spoil the spirit of true service. The basis of membership reflects this and the procedure by which one becomes a "National Leaguer" is as simple and sincere as the membership offered. Any woman desiring to join was welcome and in order that the ideals of the organization may be understood and preserved the new member is proposed and seconded by two members of the Club.

Another policy that has meant much through the years of financial stress was adopted in those forgotten years of prosperity—that no Board of Directors or Executive Committee could raise the initiation fee or the yearly dues—no, our democracy stood upon the policy of a two-thirds vote of the entire membership necessary to make any change in the financial status of membership requirements. The group at "333" was small in comparison with today's big membership, only about 1500, but we trusted each other and we had faith in our future because we believed in our fundamental policies, the greatest being our ideal of service. If our peace offering was to be a democratic club for women, we had to have members, literally thousands of them, but if our democracy was to be real it had to be based upon service to each other and to the community. We differed about many things and out of those differences we built bridges between those with most divergent views as to "lesser things" because we agreed upon our basic policy, the ideal of service.

As an illustration of what our faith accomplished, we will always remember the service of Franc Pierce Hammon who was Chairman of the Membership Campaign in February, 1925. From February 1st to February 15th the membership was doubled and from February 15th to March 1 it was again doubled. When two weeks later death took Mrs. Hammon from us, the increasing membership marched on under the inspiration of her radiant spirit. Immediately the memorial fund was raised and the beautiful Franc Pierce Hammon Gallery on the Fourth Floor of our new Clubhouse with the sunset window at the West, symbolizes for us the devoted Volunteer Service upon which our League had been established and by which our present work progresses.

It is interesting to note that the policies established for Volunteer Service during the years at 333 Kearny Street are practically the same today. There is not room in this brief article to give the rules for Volunteers as the years of service developed them, but one remembers that when we had 1500 members every bill, every communication to the members, was sent out by Volunteers! We had no paid help for that service in those days. The Volunteer Service of our organization from the first has been

narked by punctuality and responsibility—our Volnteer Service to our own organization and to outside movements which have a valid claim for our help, has been under the leadership of Captains and Chairmen of Volunteers, of women who have proved or all time that Volunteer Service can be orderly, effective, reliable, that such service brings discipline nd real training to the Volunteer.

We have always had our building serve other rganizations. At 333 The American Association of Jniversity Women had their headquarters with us. The grade Teachers Association began with us there nd are still with us under the new title of Class Room Teachers Association. The English-Speaking Jnion came to us there and we still remember how heir teas crowded our small lounge and the call or "more chairs" drove our Volunteers sometimes to he basement for the janitor's chair! The Camp Fire Girls were with us for a time.

As for our own activities—during the presidencies of Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Moore, the hree that covered our time at 333, we find many beginnings—our now famous Thursday Nights began, to be Irish, on Monday evenings at Kearny Street under the chairmanship of Mrs. Black, one of our Board, later our President and always the ndefatigable chairman of that activity.

Our bridge parties began then and they have always marked a type of service we have welcomed. They played bridge for gay and for serious purposes with the needs of the organization always in mind, and some one of them ought to write up the whole history of our bridge players. It would be delightful and truly significant in the life of our organization —if only Mrs. Guggenhime would!

The League Shop started its career there, and how that shop has always been a fine training ground for Volunteers in shop management, buying, selling! We had many experiments to make — we had to learn how to use a cash register accurately and we had to know what the shop had in stock. There could be no "hit or miss" business about our shop. We had a department of used garments when we started, donated by members, and we carried it as long as it seemed to meet the needs of members or those who came to buy in our shop. During the war years, the Business Women's War Service Organization had served the community with sacrificing devotion. When they disbanded they gave to us a fund of about $500 which we put into the establishment of our placement bureau at 333. At first that work was imperative. Women who had served in the war work were coming back into the positions in civil life—our clientele of course was not limited to these but it was the reason why that field seemed to call for what service we could give. But other organizations in our city were better equipped and better placed to handle that service and our Bureau under the skilled, tactful leadership of Miss I. L. Macrea gradually became the Bureau of Vocational Guidance and came from Kearny Street to the new Club building firmly established in the life of the city for the next ten years.

Another beginning during the years at 333 was the establishment of Reciprocal Relations with other clubs, both in the United States and foreign countries. Now a member traveling finds the most interesting clubs in the world open to her as she journeys, real bridge building in the world today.

Another policy, small per- (Continued on page 29

Beneath chintz covers, furniture from the Canteens furnished our first lounge at 333 Kearny Street

"465"

From a Member's Point of View

■ The Portal which has swung wide so often in the past to admit interesting and famous people will continue this year to welcome many a distinguished guest.

We all remember the many times when our Auditorium has been decorated to catch some particular spirit. The curtain designed by Hildreth Meiere and given by her family in memory of Mrs. Meiere is an outstanding feature of the Auditorium.

The American Room has been the background for receptions for a long list of world representatives and with the vista of the patio through its windows the effect is one of peace and restfulness, perfect for this form of entertaining. Indeed the whole of this fourth floor breathes a friendly welcome which assures the success of whatever is attempted.

The Lounge is perhaps the room closest to our hearts, for here we have memories of pleasant afternoons spent with friends while our spirits livened and our tongues kept pace under the gentle influence of a fragrant cup of tea.

Yes, the Lounge holds many splendid memories and gives promise of many to be added.

Each year with the first tang of autumn in the air there is a scene enacted which has a special meaning for all of us. It is the annual Firelighting to welcome home returning members from their vacations and renew again our pledges of service, good-will, friendship and hospitality. It is particularly fitting that this program should take place in front of our beautiful fireplace, which is dedicated to the memory of the boys who lost their lives in the World War, for it was for the comfort of the "Soldier Boy" that the National Defenders' Clubs, which were a product of the National League for Woman's Service, were formed during those dark days of the war!

The Hearthstone

The American Room

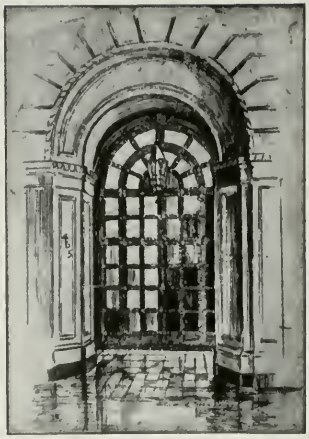
Stackpole Fountain

The Dining Floor has been the locale of many a gay, carefree dinner as well as several noted for their dignity and formality. Those which are gay and carefree seem to linger longest in the memories of most of us, perhaps because they are different from anything we can attend elsewhere. To be surrounded by a group of people — friends with many different interests and occupations, yet all united in one common interest is always a stimulating experience but to meet under the carnival spirit which always attends these gatherings, is something rare and precious.

The Dining Floor during the lunch hour has a different atmosphere. There you will see earnest little groups gathered around the various Round Tables. At one they may be discussing the new books, at another they may be conversing in a foreign tongue. At still another the animated group are talking over the latest Ramble; whatever the subject, one can see by the intent faces that it is all absorbing to the particular group.

No matter how interesting the activity, it can be made more so by sympathetic surroundings and we hope we have shown that your Clubhouse has the background to suit the subject.

The Clubhouse



by KATHARINE DONOHOE
PRESIDENT
of the
National League for Woman's Service
of California

In 1926 with the completion of the building at 465 Post Street the Women's City Club entered a new era and the activities of the Club accelerated in proportion to the plan of the building. Ninety-eight bedrooms opened a new field of care and maintenance. The spacious lounge, library, card and meeting rooms enlarged the field of hospitality. A whole floor was given over to the dining rooms, cafeteria and kitchens. The second floor of rentable office space and stores on the street frontage, while last but not least the swimming pool and beauty salon on the lower main. Each floor or department provides its own story — a fine record of accomplishment and the planning, building, furnishing and equipment, management and use have stood the test of time and the physical aspects of the building have been scrupulously maintained.

Club activities including classes and courses during this time are too numerous and varied to mention. Unique activities have been developed that add richness to the tapestry of the years — among the outstanding are the Talent Festivals, Collectors' Exhibits, Book Marts and Advertiser's Shows, while Birthday Parties have marked the Fifth and Tenth Anniversaries and the October Fire Lighting has become an annual event. The pages of this October Number have given but a brief resumé of the history of the National League for Woman's Service in California. It is a record of which each one may well be proud. The worth of the Service Program has been proved. It is the life of the organization and of inestimable value to every member.

Stimulated by this Twenty-first Anniversary and the happy reunion that it affords the membership, let each one look forward with a livelier interest in the League, encourage use of the Clubhouse and learn thereby not only the pleasure but the untold value of Volunteer Service.

Financing the Building

by Mrs. S. G. Chapman,
Third President N. L. W. S. of California

Reprinted from the Women's City Club Magazine, October, 1930

■ The original Building Committee appointed in 1920, after a preliminary survey, reported to the Board on recommending building or otherwise acquiring a clubhouse and outlining a plan or organization.

This plan, with a few changes, was adopted. It comprised a Central Committee of the Building Project, of which the chairmen of the various sub-committees — Building, Furnishing, Finance, Revenue, Publicity — were members, with the President as Chairman, and included the appointment of a Manager of the Building Project as chief executive to co-ordinate the work of these committees. A board of thirty-one members was too unwieldy an instrument to undertake a work requiring quick decision and prompt action, and the Central Committee was given power to act.

Two plans presented themselves—buying and remodeling to suit our needs, or acquiring a lot and building a new clubhouse. After an exhaustive survey the first of these was discarded, either because the property was not well located or because the necessary alterations were too costly.

Early in these proceedings the Finance Committee developed the fact that if the dues were to be kept at $6.00 the building must be income producing—it must be used to capacity and therefore must be located where it would be easily accessible to the members. Within a stone's throw of Union Square was the ideal, but this meant within the area of the highest priced property in the city and seemed prohibitive. Nothing daunted, the Building Committee outlined its minimum needs, submitted them to an architect and a rough plan with approximate cost was given to the Finance Committee to work out.

After much figuring and consultation with realtors as to the rent that might reasonably be expecte from shops on the ground floor, with hotel exper as to the rent of rooms and probable income fro restaurant and other departments, with business e ecutives as to management and maintenance, a sa isfactory income statement was developed. This wa submitted to men of wide experience in these line worked over again and again, checked and re checked by experts and finally pronounced saf This statement was then taken to the bank where was subjected to a merciless analysis and again was pronounced safe. The outcome of these conve sations with the bank was their agreement to tak a $600,000 first mortgage bond issue and to plac for us a $200,000 second mortgage if the Nationa League for Woman's Service would raise the remair ing $200,000.

Because of the probable sales resistance to clu bonds and because the Finance Committee consic ered it better business to keep club activities sep arate from building ownership, the Post Investmer Company was organized. The stock of this company representing ownership of the building, was to b acquired by the National League for Woman's Serv ice out of earnings.

An option was taken on a lot and the Financ Committee turned its attention to devising ways an means of raising its quota. Two plans were discusse —the sale of stock to the members, making ther partners in the enterprise, and the sale of debentur bonds, making them creditors. After much discussio the former was abandoned because of stockholder liability and its probable affect on sales, and th latter was recommended. The Board of Director became the Bond Selling Committee, each membe making up a team, and an enthusiastic and aggres sive campaign carried on. There was a speaker i the dining room every day and the entire member ship was swept by a spirit of enthusiasm which re sulted in the bond issue being oversold in six weeks

The stipulated $200,000 having been subscribed the Finance Committee resumed its conversation with the bank. All its efforts were now bent upo having the best possible terms for the payment c the first mortgage bonds written into the indenture These were to be serial bonds falling due at state periods. To put the first payments off as far as pos sible and to make them as small as possible, so tha the Club might be in its full earning stride before any considerable amount was needed took every bi of finesse and persuasion of which the committee was capable. The bank was in complete sympathy with the project but the restrictions of banking law had to be complied with. At last the time and amoun of payments were worked out satisfactorily to both

Then followed nerve- (Continued on page 2

Earning the Building

by Marion Leale,
Seventh President N. L. W. S. of California

■ The story of "The Financing of the Building Project" has been told by the Chairman of the Finance Committee, and the democratic raising and expenditure of the funds was the first chapter toward earning a permanent clubhouse for the National League for Woman's Service. The next chapter could be written only after we moved in and could very well be titled "Earning the Building." Its story is this:

On April 26, 1927, the National League moved into its Club building, the Women's City Club, on Post Street, having borrowed $1,015,000. The first year the interest charge of $61,858.88 was all that could be pledged, but the next year the amortization payments were started and marked the first time that any reduction of indebtedness had actually occurred. For five years the financial schedule worked; besides $354,330.56 paid in interest, $95,000 was paid on the principal. These figures were made possible by 6000 members who used the Clubhouse continuously.

Then the depression! With the influences from the outstide which were uncontrollable, recognizing which the Directors of the Holding Company — the Post Street Investment Company — felt that some change must be made in the plan if only to meet the interest charges. In 1932 then, a Deferment Contract to postpone maturities was accepted, in the belief that the "depression period" was temporary. In 1933 and 1934, however, rental values continued to move downward, income was further reduced, nonuse of the building persisted and it was realized that even interest charges could be met only if members would voluntarily contribute funds.

The organization of the Voluntary Aid Detachment ("V. A. D.") now gave to the Treasury over $28,000 in cash and $26,000 in debentures, and more than one thousand members had the satisfaction of knowing that this piece of volunteer service on their part had a two-fold result: it allowed the League to meet its current obligations and at the same time postponed the refinancing until such time as increased dues would not force out certain members.

By 1936 it was quite evident that the post-depression era was an entirely different one from any predecessor and that conditions such as existed in 1927 would never return. The Directors of the Holding Company at the insistence of the Bond Holders Protective Committee and with the advice of counsel, now outlined a refinancing plan which was taken to the membership for authorization in February, 1937. This plan called for a raise of dues from six to nine dollars per year. The meeting at which the membership present unanimously voted to raise these dues is a dramatic highlight in the history of this democratic organization.

One year's operation under the new plan which sets up a sinking fund means that the National League has again set itself the pleasurable task of earning its building. It is hoped and expected that the years to come will show a steady decreasing of the financial obligation and that in the not-too-far-distant future the building will be the property of the National League for Woman's Service.

This is the story as far as the financial outline is concerned, but the story behind the story is even more interesting. The membership today is virtually the membership that has pioneered in these first twenty-one years, which of necessity have been difficult ones. "Earning the building" has been as much a piece of volunteer service as any specific service. Dues and use of the building are the two services which the members have unanimously contributed. This contribution has been supplemented by other income such as rental and gifts, making possible a net profit for amortization. The unity of this great group of women devoted to a program of service in peace as well as war deserves to be told in greater detail, but space here does not permit, and it is hoped this sketch will suffice as an outline.

The original financing of the building project was possible only because of the standing of the borrower, the National League for Woman's Service, which had been faithful to its obligations since its inception in California in 1917. Depression years interrupted the planned amortization of this indebtedness, but the borrower is still solvent and the refinancing plan now assures us the fact that the League is on our way again soundly, toward "Earning the Building."

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Vocational Guidance

—Emma L. Noonan

As far back as in its headquarters in the Flood Building the National League for Woman's Service established a Placement Service. During the war, assistance was given the Land Army, which in return gave some of its funds to the Club when it closed its own work.

At "333 Kearny," when the National League was organized on a peace basis, the Placement Bureau was continued for the benefit of both members and the community. After two years it seemed wise to substitute a part-time Bureau of Vocational Guidance and Information, the actual placement work being turned over to the Community Placement Agency. This Vocational Bureau of the League not only supplied accurate information regarding opportunities for women, and acted as a clearing house for directing callers to proper sources of employment, but it helped through personal analysis the many women who found in this Bureau the time for consultation which larger organizations could not give to them.

When the new home was built on Post Street this Bureau broadened its scope by initiating public meetings at which authoritative leaders discussed subjects from the vocational point of view.

The contacts which this Bureau by its neutrality could command made it an outstanding center for many years. Correspondence abroad and at home built up for it a file which was in constant use for ten years at "465." Then with the changing economic conditions, Government agencies entered into the picture and the Board of Directors of the League felt that the continuance of the Bureau would be an over-lapping. As the policy of the National League has always been to provide only such services as were being left undone in the community, the Bureau was therefore closed. The record of the achievement of this department, however, rightfully appears in any historical number of the National League for Woman's Service, for its work has been unique. Not only has guidance been given to thousands of women, but courage and new inspiration for old tasks. Many an applicant has voiced to the wise and impersonal director of the Bureau the personal problems of her own life which otherwise would have harassed and worried her, perhaps to the point of defeat. The Vocational Guidance Bureau of the National League is a chapter of its history of which as a service organization it is particularly proud.

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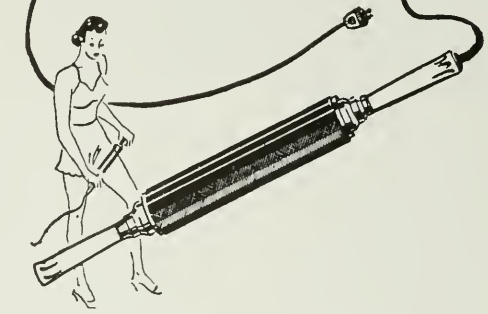

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Hospitality

Coupled with the word "service" was the word "home," when the National League for Woman's Service decided to open canteens for men-in-uniform in those dark days of 1917. To make the boys, mobolized from every state in the Union, feel that women-in-uniform would create for them a temporary home was definitely a motive of this particular branch of the service. The hospitality then of the League in California began with hospitality to lonesome boys. To these canteens came guests to tell the men of things abroad: Madame Botchorova, the only survivor of the Battalion of Death; Ina Hay, who wrote the understanding little book, "Getting Together," and many others. When Belgium troops passed this way from Siberia, the doors of the canteens were flung open again in the spirit of hospitality, from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight. The National League Volunteers welcomed every visitor who had a legitimate reason for asking for entrance. This hospitality in San Francisco was repeated in every one of the Defenders' Clubs. From the largest to the smallest, "WELCOME" could well have been engraved over each front door.

With this heritage then, it was to be expected that the same cordial feeling toward visitors was characteristic of "333 Kearny Street." Visiting women from Europe and the Orient came to these simple rooms and always remained to express gratitude for the cordial reception which San Francisco women had shown. These visitors represented all walks of life and were as democratic as the organization itself.

Residence at "333 Kearny," therefore, proved to the National League for Woman's Service that hospitality was to be one of its permanent functions. For as a large and representative group of women in the community, the League had been visited by outstanding guests from Eastern states and abroad who found in this California organization a spirit of cooperative service which was unique and which interested these visitors tremendously. From the discussions of the building of a clubhouse, the determination to create in the new home this same feeling of cordial hospitality was evident. The record of the years that have followed shows that this purpose of the new building has been more than fullilled.

In this short sketch it is impossible to enumerate the guests that have entered the delightful door at "465" which symbolizes the welcome we feel toward

them, but in gathering quickly the statistics for writing this story it was interesting to find that practically every country of the world had come to us. Britain perhaps led in the number of representatives, for such groups as the Stratford-on-Avon Players and the "Journey's End" cast and other visitors which the English-Speaking Union naturally brought to our doors, raised the count of that particular country.

A partial list—and it is only partial—includes Australia, British Columbia Canada, Copenhagen, Denmark, England, India, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Korea Labrador, New Zealand, Norway, Persia Russia, Scotland, Serbia, Switzerland and Turkey.

To quote Mrs. Forbes: "All who see the Club and enter its doors feel the spirit of cordiality and are most enthusiastic in their praise of its homelike atmosphere, its air of courtesy and kindliness The Volunteer Service, so frequently given by so many of its members, is a never-ending service of interest to our callers." Comment on this homelike atmosphere is universal and many have been mystified by the intangible feeling that invades the rooms, from bedrooms to lower Main Floor.

In an organization of thousands of women the Board of Directors is naturally the representative hostess on such occasions, but the policy of the National League is that all guests are guests of the Club itself, and so the teas, luncheons, or dinners, or suppers, as the case may be, find the membership present and taking their share of the duties and pleasures of hostess. This in itself differentiates the National League for Woman's Service from a club. The fulfillment of the dream that this would be possible in pleasant and permanent headquarters has been accomplished.

No more appropriate way could be found to end this short story, which is only an outline, than by quoting from Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, Chairman of Hospitality the first years of "465," when in closing an annual report of that Committee's work she said, "I was asked to present a few thoughts on the subject of hospitality as a Club activity, at once an obligation, a privilege and a delight, because this Club is home to many of us, and one of the joys of having a home is to share it with others." And she ends with these words:

"The beauty of the house is order,
The blessing of the house is contentment
The glory of the house is hospitality."

GEARY ANDERSON

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Financing the Building

(Continued from page 16)

shattering days with the Corporation Commissioner and the State Banking Commissioner, explaining ourselves, our project and defending our figures. Permission was sought from the former for the issuance of both bond issues, and from the latter authorization to make the senior issue legal for savings bank investment.

The income statement was based on a membership of 6000 and a campaign for members was waged, paralleling in enthusiasm the bond-selling campaign. That we had made no mistake in believing that San Francisco women were ready for a city club was evidenced by the fact that the membership doubled in three weeks and redoubled in another three weeks. The initiations received from the last 3000 members furnished the first working capital for salary, surveyors' fees, building permits and the first payment on the lot.

While all this feverish activity was going forward the date of the expiration of the option loomed and we were not ready to exercise it. An extension was sought but another offer was in the hands of the owner's agent and we were unsuccessful. It was the last day, Saturday, a business half holiday, and there was no time to reach the Board. In this extremity one of the members out of her deep interest in the project put up her personal securities and arranged a loan of $10,000. The first payment was made and the lot was ours.

An interesting fact in connection with this lot is that it was brought to the attention of the original Building Committee during its preliminary survey and discarded without discussion as being beyond our wildest dreams. It just did not seem possible to handle a $190,000 proposition with $1,500 in the treasury! We paid $30,000 for our conservatism or lack of vision, for the lot cost us $220,000 a year later.

Early the following week the Board executed a joint note and the temporary loan was paid off.

The financing having been completed, the Building Committee engaged an architect and started work on the final plans. Thereafter the work of the Finance Committee became somewhat drab — holding down costs, checking expenditures, budgeting for the Furnishing Committee, and other necessary drudgery Looking back now on the completed job, the Finance Committee realizes it had a rare privilege and a real thrill in raising and spending $1,000,000, nothing comparable to which will ever again be within the experience of its members.

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SAN FRANCISCO

The War Service

(Continued from page 11)

just one year, and approximately 100,000 men used the club.

National Defenders' Club Number Five grew out of the need for such a club near the Presidio. The request for it came to the National League for Woman's Service, then operating four other successful meeting places. This club was opened Saturday, April 16, 1918 and kept its doors open until demobilization of war troops was accomplished in April, 1919. A staff of three hundred women served with devotion and zeal during this period.

Perhaps the best way to explain the plan and scope of that program is to mention the committees — Canteen, Information, Entertainment, Check-room, Cigarettes and Candy, Library, and last but not least, a shooting gallery, which proved a source of unending pleasure to the men.

Even a brief statement such as this must include the transformation of a grimy, hideous warehouse into an artistic, beautiful place of warmth and color, made so by one of our distinguished members and a great artist.

Proud as we are of the service rendered, we hope that the need for it will never again arise, and that war will be forever banished from our country.

N. D. C. Number Six in Napa opened May 4, 1918, in the main exhibition room of the Chamber of Commerce. The room was furnished by donations of easy chairs, rockers, leather couches, a billiard and pool table, piano, victrola, books, magazines and stationery. Because of lack of week-day use, the club was operated only Saturdays, Sundays and holidays from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., and served the men from Mare Island.

N. D. C. Number Seven. A most urgent need in Berkeley prompted a response to the call for N. D. C. Number Seven, and on May 18, 1918, the League was started, and simultaneously the doors of the Defenders' Club were opened to men in training for their service abroad.

At that time there were stationed in the barracks on the university campus 800 students at the aviation school (constantly recruited to that number as the men graduated here and were assigned to flying fields for further training). The club was equipped to fill their particular needs, offering facilities for study in the many small rooms, as well as for entertainment.

Within a short time this N. D. C. became the mecca of men in every service, and our headquarters were filled from morning until late at night with these welcome guests who registered from the Presidio, from Yerba Buena, from Mare Island and from our own training school at Berkeley.

During the epidemic in the fall of 1918, the club was transformed into a fully equipped hospital, and the special permit of the military authorities allowed the use of our headquarters. All service was voluntary, and we have always been grateful to the many women who so unselfishly and courageously dedicated themselves to this service and who were responsible for the saving of many lives.

N. D. C. Number Eight opened at Sausalito June 8, 1918. It closed six months later, December 3, 1918, because so many men from the forts on the Marin side were sent overseas. This particular group of League members was called upon by banks in assisting them in the various Liberty Loan drives.

N. D. C. Number Nine was in Vallejo, and catered to needs whenever and wherever the community called for service, with Mare Island boys at the door. Another demand was for Red Cross aid and the Liberty Loan drives.

In turning this page of a far too sketchy draft of a dramatic, soul-stirring two years' history of the N. L. W. S., we ask, "Has it not justified the peace aims of the nineteen service years that have followed?"

—The assemblers of this bit of history.

Autumn Leaves

Some leaves of autumn, sad and sere,
Aged with the fading of the year,
Cling frightened to their trees' firm bough,
While others brightly whirl and dance
See how
They pirouette with every breeze
In make believe of youthful ease
Before they fall upon the earth
After their brief, wind-driven mirth.
Of what avail? Doomed both to die
Beneath chill autumn's leaden sky.

Edith Hecht.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

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Volunteer Service

by Mrs. Louis J. Carl

■ Twenty-one years ago on May 16, 1917, a small group of women under the chairmanship of Mrs. James Ellis Tucker met at the Women's Athletic Club, and under the inspiration of Mrs. Alice MacKay Kelly, of the national organization, initiated the National League for Woman's Service of California. The first meeting of the new organization was held two weeks later at the Hotel St. Francis, at which time Mrs. Duncan McDuffie was elected President.

The prerequisite for membership was a desire to serve, and inside of six weeks three hundred enrollments for Volunteer Service had been taken. Each applicant filled out a registration blank, carefully enumerating her qualifications, and these blanks in turn were transferred to a Findex card for ready reference. One hole in the Findex card, according to the minutes, was reserved for "Certified League Members to include all who had found their nitch with the highest standard of efficiency." This high standard has been preserved from the very first.

Soon detachments of training were formed, for the Constitution said, "for the training and serving of women." These included training in stenography, typing, clerical work, office management, business English, public speaking, banking and finance, motor mechanics, military drill, marketing, braille, occupational therapy, color design, toy making, basketry and weaving. Calls from other organizations found immediate use for those who were trained in these various detachments.

By September, the imperative need for canteens for enlisted men was felt, and the National League for Woman's Service (which by now had headquarters in the Flood Building) was given permission by its national office to open the first of what was afterwards to become a chain of clubs for enlisted men. The men themselves named these canteens the National Defenders' Clubs. Nine of these clubs were served by National League Volunteers ranging in numbers from ten to three hundred fifty Volunteers per month for each club. Later Volunteers for Liberty Loans and Thrift Stamp Drives served in all counties where the organization of the League was operating. Impossible as it is at this time to list other services which were then going on, one in particular must be told, that of the Motor Corps of eighteen women who, after technical training in motor mechanics, passed the regular army examination. This corps served during the "flu" epidemic, supplementing the work of the Red Cross, then went overseas as a unit in the name of the National League for Woman's Service of California. The Findex now included seven thousand names—and a majority of these women were entitled to wear their pins earned by a thousand hours of Volunteer Service.

Peace—and the establishment of clubrooms at 333 Kearny Street. On December 12, 1919, a permanent Constitution was adopted with these words, "The object of this Organization shall be to offer opportunity and guidance in the service and in the training of women." The organization now had, as Mrs. McDuffie wrote, "enthusiasm, response, and a purpose—to give an opportunity to all women to meet on common ground to serve a common cause." And so in these peace days the Volunteer Service Program still persisted—clerical work (the staff at this time was three only , a telephone chain for all emergencies, motor service, assistance to outside organizations, departmental work at the Club itself (Restaurant, League Shop, Library, Tea Service and Sewing Committee). It was here that policies for permanent Volunteer Service were determined, that the original uniform was established as the insignia for inside service and the brassard for outside service, and that the "Rules for Volunteers" were laid down.

"465" — the permanent home for the Volunteer Service Program. The continuation of this program can best be told in the words of Mrs. Chapman, at that time President, on the occasion of the laying of the Cornerstone: "You have heard of the National League for Woman's Service—the past and the present —of the service which has made it all possible—service of many, not a few.

"You have heard how this great building was financed in six weeks' time, how it rises with every modern equipment to care for our physical needs.

"I see us now a great army of women

—6000 strong—moving forward into the future with resolute spirit, with service in our hearts, high ideals in our souls, volunteers in a community which needs our help. Such an army should be housed in a dignified manner, for are we not to meet women of our own land, east and west, and bid them welcome, and must we not gather together to talk over our local problems and learn of and from each other?

"The future then holds many promises. In reverence we lay the cornerstone of the Women's City Club of San Francisco! Conceived in idealism, moulded in service, cemented in friendship!"

From the day the League moved in to its own home with a membership of six thousand, the average yearly Volunteer Service has been twenty-three thousand hours. These hours include not only the regular departmental services, but also Volunteers for special occasions, among them Book Mart, Talent Festivals, Hospitality and sundry programs, when literally hundreds have served in one day. "Outside Services" to Letterman and other hospitals, charities and agencies, flower guilds and special groups whose calls had passed through the scrutinizing eyes of the Volunteer Service Committee, were also given. The story of the Voluntary Aid Detachment ("V. A. D."), when over a thousand of the members sacrificed financially by a voluntary contribution of money or bonds, is told elsewhere.

This bare outline points to one fact. The Volunteer Service Program of the National League for Woman's Service has never ceased to adapt itself to the changing conditions of the years. It has marched steadily onward from the day the National League for Woman's Service of California was organized in 1917 until its present anniversary, twenty-one years later.

"Our Pie"

—Alicia Mosgrove

■ The waning and waxing of statistical "pies" has always interested me. Perhaps it is the memory of large and succulent apple pies of my youth being cut in segments to fit the sudden appearance of unexpected guests. They always arrived in numbers and, being next to the youngest, my piece shrank in proportion. Pie was important then; the pie pay was large—but enough of this nostalgic musing on pies of the past.

The Club's statistical pies are very interesting to study and ponder over, and I hope you see them in your mind's eye.

We have roughly five thousand members. Thirty-five hundred live in the city. Fifteen hundred are out of town and, of these fifteen hundred, three hundred live at such great distances that they make use of the Club only on rare occasions.

The membership dues and income pie is very illuminating. If the membership and dues fluctuate a little, the pie appears as usual, but it is the income, the spending you and I do in the Club—that is tremendously important. Statisticians tell us that this income should equal the dues if a club is to carry on comfortably. Therefore you and I must spend nine dollars and more a year to take care of the three hundred who cannot use the Club and those who do not use it.

Apparently men have known that they must spend money as well as pay dues, and they conscientiously go once a week to luncheon at their clubs.

The Club is a fine co-operative venture, and the services rendered are excellent. If we spend on these services we all benfit. There are members who take care of more than their share, so we must overdo our spending, not under do it as many have in the past.

Women are supposed to be the realistic members of society. This is a realistic fact and should be taken seriously by each and every member of the Women's City Club.

"Let's make the October issue of the Magazine a historical number," said one of the directors when we talked about having a Coming-of-Age Party on October 20th. It was a splendid idea, but it hasn't worked particularly well because it is too good an idea to do in a half-way, and time to do the necessary research is too short before we go to press. Those who have written the stories have found tremendous interest in the minute books to which they have referred; there is so much that could be told that it has been bewildering to choose which to tell. The Anniversary Day itself, October 20th, will spotlight some of the things which we of necessity have left out. We do not apologize for this October number of the Magazine, but we do know how much better it could have been had we had more time for the writing. The theme was great, and some day soon we'll edit a real history of the National League for Woman's Service.

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The Health Examinations by Adelaide M. Brown, M.D., Health Editor

—First given at the Women's City Club October 1-13, 1928.

■ The education of the membership with relation to the part an accurate medical examination has to offer in regard to the possession of protected health condition was brought before our Board after a visit Miss Marion Leale had made to the Boston Woman's City Club.

The examination was in the hands of a health enthusiast and was offered to the membership as a stimulation to a better control of individual health. The problem was turned over to a committee to consider its feasibility for our Club and after very careful study to recommend the service to the Club.

Mrs. A. P. Black, Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, Miss Emma Noonan, Dr. Ina Richeter and Dr. Adelaide Brown (Chairman) were the committee. As you read over the names you will know how intimately each one of these people has been associated with personal health problems and thoroughly capable of valuing what might be gained from the offer of a careful health survey to the membership.

In view of the fact that blood examination and other chemical examinations of the body were made and each case passed through the hands of a medical expert and a gynaecological expert, and the records and chemical tests went through a review by the medical consultant, the examination was on a par with excellent insurance examinations and a final written report given to the patient, outlined a way of life, which would eliminate or it might control some of the tendencies and defects already showing in the record.

Of course, what the patient will do with such records is always a problem, but at least an application to the health both present and future of the case was in the hands of the member asking for this examination. I have personally seen large stacks of duplicate sheets given the patient after such an examination at a large hospital or a place that has worked up a reputation for such research work on cases and not a word said, which a patient could read and understand in applying the scientific conclusions of a multiciplicity of tests to her future health.

Through our hands in the ten years since October, 1928, large groups of women have passed. Forty-eight candidates were registered for the first examination, ranging from thirty to seventy years of age, and the points which we stressed were greatly appreciated by each candidate.

The fad for reduction had not yet struck the city as it did later, and the danger of overwork in "setting-up" work or floor work in a gymnasium was perhaps not appreciated by the patients or indicated by the gymnasium director.

There is no question that in addition to the statistics brought out by health examination it is exceedingly important to realize by actual tests, as the decades of life pass by, what the metabolic—that is, tissue changes—are in a body, and before a severe reduction course is undertaken, detailed heart examination should be made. These are matters for a specialist's opinion and can hardly be included in a general health examination.

The candidate must be referred to the well-equipped specialist's laboratory, and in addition to the data of a health examination, include in her regime this specialist's advice as to how to live best. Perhaps the most gratifying comment made in these ten years is that it was very satisfactory to find the examinations all made by qualified women physicians.

We have before us continuously a seething effort toward adequate health guidance in industry. It behooves the large group of younger physicians, who will be contributory to the successful health problems in the working population, to equip themselves to do this work in a most painstaking and accurate way. Creditable discovery of health menaces will add greatly to the comfort of the later decades of life. It is not a matter of tabulation of the number of tonsils and adenoids and decayed primary teeth which come out in such quantities in the health examination of school children if the trend of health guidance is toward the mothers of babies, again to the school children, and again checked up in the decades as the years go by we will have far fewer patients on the "junk pile" of chronic diseases.

Health protection has been the lot of the health examination work in the last ten years at the Women's City Club, and has been appreciated and patronized by its membership. The work has been developed under the chairmanship of Dr. Ellen Statmuller of the California State Board of Health, and her staff has represented both the Stanford Medical School and the Medical School of University of California. Women physicians whose training has perfected the lines in which they are working for the Club enough serious conditions have been checked up to make us grateful as a committee for offering this service to our membership.

No one can estimate how much health conservation such an opportunity makes for, but the serious necessity of undiagnosed major difficulties has been so steadily before us that we realize that our examination has saved lives and in many cases conserved better health for the rest of life.

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We can consider ourselves a group who have been instrumental in training women to conserve their health as well as to stand for thorough and careful work in every individual case.

"333"

(Continued from page 13)

haps, but of large significance in its relation to what we are, was adopted in 1919, "an unexplained absence of three months automatically dropped a member from the Board." Service on our Board has nothing "decorative" about it—it means work! Another policy of 1920 we explain today to our members that each member shows her card in the elevator, not with any idea of insulting an old member in a new hat or a new member the elevator man has never seen before, but for the protection of our membership as a whole! We established the policy of extending the privileges of our Club to the wives of Consuls of foreign countries whose legal residence is outside the United States, and the wives of officers of the Army and Navy of the United States in active service while stationed in our vicinity upon the payment of dues but no initiation fee.

From the first we have protected those who render paid service to our Club, from the undignified, undemocratic system of receiving money or gratuities from any member. We have a Christmas Fund open to all for saying "thank you" to those who serve us, and our gifts take the form of well-earned bonuses.

The dreams for the new work which began under Mrs. Lucas' presidency, with that significant little box on the lounge table labeled "for the building fund"; the careful, patient putting of those dreams into form unto an actual building site and real beginnings under Mrs. Moore's presidency; the quiet, self-effacing efficiency of May Chapman's finely trained business mind that pushed us at last into 465 Post Street; the story of the Building Project by the chairman of it will reveal—this brief sketch is concerned with that which lies under all our service. As we look back over the years at "333" we realize anew how clearly our policies formed in that period between the war and the new peace years, reflect the honest search for more democratic ways of life—how eager we were to share the best we had to offer. Those were not barren years but years rich in achieving, in trying to safeguard for all time the ideals for which millions of the world's youth thought they had died.

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Famous Artists and Sculptors Beautify San Francisco Fair

■ One of the most impressive features of the Golden Gate International Exposition on San Francisco Bay will be the magnificence of its sculpture and painting. Promising to exceed even the beauties of the famed 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition in this respect, the 1939 World's Fair of the West will be an undoubted triumph for Art.

To this end, dozens of the outstanding sculptors, muralists and artisans have been employed. From such colossals as the 70-foot figure of Pacifica to the tiny niche figurines, bits of plastic art and detailed staff work, the story of the progress and cultural unity of the Pacific shores will be told. In these various media the mysticism of the East and the vision of the West will be expressed.

Court of Pacifica

At the northern terminus of the Fair's main axis is the Court of Pacifica. East and west walls of this court, designed by Timothy Pflueger, will carry gigantic murals built of marble, metals, enamels and glass. One of these murals, which is being done by Margaret, Helen and Esther Bruton, will be virtually the "theme piece" of the Exposition, emphasizing the Fair's underlying motif, Pacific peace and unity. The great panel will be called the "Peacemakers," and will be 144 feet long and 57 feet in height. It will be made up of 270 units, four feet by eight feet in size. While painted in striking colors, the mural will be in relief. Set in place 16 feet above the ground so that the top will reach a height of 73 feet, it will have a commanding sweep of the court.

"The Peacemakers" panel is symbolic of its name. The central figures are a great Buddha — calm, pacific — and an Occidental woman, kneeling, swathed in a white cowled robe. On a scroll in her hand appears one of the Beautitudes from the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." Friezes of moving figures on either side represent the Orient and the Occident, respectively.

The two large scale central figures stand for the peaceful ideas of the East and the West, while the friezes of figures moving toward them symbolize the slow march of mankind toward these ideas. Specifically, the left side of the panel represents the peoples of the eastern shores of the Pacific, while those on the right typify the peoples of the western shores.

Behind these figures the objects rising and falling, together with the water motif in the extreme background, are intended to convey the idea of the transitory quality of our material civilization.

A shimmering, scintillating "prayer curtain" of metal with the melodious tinkle of temple bells and caravan bells, is being planned for the Court. The curtain will be at the head of the grand staircase at the north end of the Court and will serve as a backdrop for a huge statue of a 70-foot feminine figure of "Pacifica" by Ralph Stackpole, noted sculptor. The curtain will be 100 feet high and 48 feet wide and, like metallic curtains in Oriental temples, would sway with the wind, with "windbells" strung on it giving forth sound.

Such curtains are called "prayer curtains" because, in accordance with Buddhist practice, every time the spangled curtain sways in the wind a prayer is registered. Buddhist lamasaries also have "prayer flags" which register prayers every time they flutter.

One of the loveliest fountains of the Exposition will be found in this Court. To the east of The Western Gateway, the entrance opposite the main ferry terminal, this fountain, operated by three pumps, has a capacity of 92,000 gallons of water.

Surrounding the sunken basin of this fountain, and on the fountain itself, are pieces of sculpture fashioned by such artists as Jacques Schnier, whose male and female statues symbolize the spirit of India; Brents Carlton, with a Polynesian group; Sargent Johnson's Inca Indians; Carl George's figures of North American Indian and modern women; the statues of Adaline Kent which are symbolical of the Islands of the Pacific; a North American group by Ruth C. Wakefield; a South American group by Cecilia Graham, and a Chinese group by Helen Phillips.

"Movement and life will predominate at this fountain," explained J. E. Stanton, the Exposition's color expert. "Colored lights concealed beneath the water will play on the cascading waters, giving them an ever-changing rainbow of colors."

Looking down on the fountain from the north will be the gigantic statue of "Pacifica." From the base of this statue a cascade of water, also brilliantly illuminated, will flow into the fountain.

ABBÉ DIMNET

to be presented in a lecture

"FEASTS OF THE MIND"

Thursday, October 27th

At The Women's City Club of San Francisco

Auditorium 8:30 P.M.

Reserved Seats — 85c - 50c — plus tax

Abbé Ernest Dimnet, who will speak at the Women's City Club on the evening of October 27th, is a French Abbé and Canon, making his home in Paris, as he tells us, "in the shadow of the Notre Dame." Abbé Dimnet is the author of many books, among which are the "Art of Thinking," "What We Live By," "My Old World," and "My New World." His works are written in French, English and Latin and he has an intimate knowledge of the methods and trends of at least three countries, France, England, and the United States. Abbé Dimnet will speak on "Feasts of the Mind," and The Women's City Club awaits with eagerness the return of this outstanding lecturer. Tickets are on sale at the Information Desk.

NORA JOHNSTON

to be presented in a lecture recital

"ROMANCE OF THE BELLS"

Tuesday, November 15th

At The Women's City Club of San Francisco

Auditorium 8:30 P.M.

Reserved Seats — $1.50 and $1.25 plus tax

Miss Nora Johnston, who holds a diploma of the one and only carillon school, the Belgian National Carillon College, is an English woman, the only one to have won this distinction.

Nora Johnston has played carillon in Jerusalem, England, the Netherlands, and Belgium. She has given thirty-two concerts on the Hyde Park Carillon in London; twenty-eight on the Jubilee Carillon and recitals on the Perth Carillon for the coronation of King George VI.

Miss Johnston has a delightful stage presence, beautiful diction, and a charm of presentation. Dainty, black-haired, brown-eyed, she confesses that carillon playing is no "woman's job"; that is why it held for her so great a fascination, why she determined to become its master. Her English accent describing the fascination of the bells throughout the centuries gives the listener a feeling that Miss Johnston is the interpreter of the bells themselves.

Miss Johnston has for the first time succeeded in bringing the magic of the carillon from the belfry to the stage, and is particularly happy to play in the United States and to bring to us the music of the sky.

Reserved seats on sale at Information Desk: $1.50 and $1.25 plus tax.

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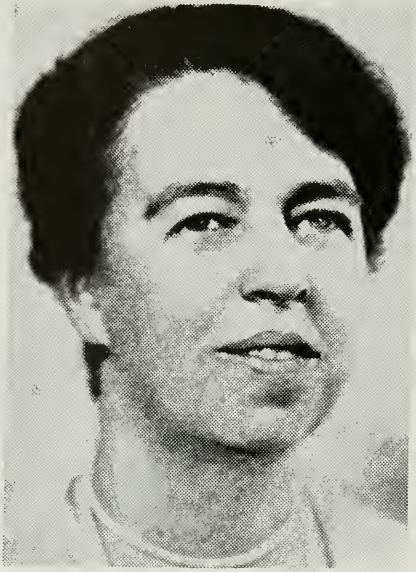

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

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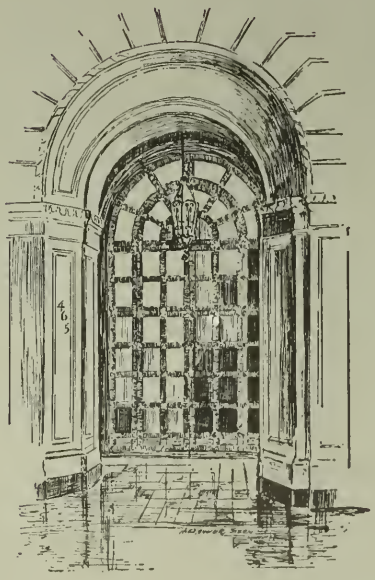

NOVEMBER 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 10 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
NOVEMBER...1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m

NOVEMBER — 1938

2—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
3—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.**
Song Recital by Mr. Raymond Flanders, tenor. Miss Ida May Thomas, at the piano.		
4—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**
9—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1.00 a plate	**Nat. Def. Room**	**6:15 p.**
To Be Reviewed: "William and Dorothy," by Helen Ashton. "Farewell the Banner," by Frances Winwar. "Work Ends at Nightfall," by Marjorie Hillis.		
10—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.**
Subject: "The Romance of California's Discovery and Settlement." Religious—Military—Civic. Arranged by: Esther Barnes.		
11—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**
15—**Garden Round Table**—Speaker: Mrs. Charles Currey. Luncheon 85 cents. Subject: "Window Boxes."	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
16—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
17—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.**
Address: "Libraries Today." Speaker: Miss Mabel Gillis, State Librarian.		
18—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**
21—**Special Thanksgiving Luncheon.** Cafeteria 75 cents. Dining Room $1.00.		
23—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
24—**Thanksgiving Day Special Dinner. $1.50 a plate**	**Dining Room**	**2:00 to 8:00 p.**
25—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**
30—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 no**

DECEMBER — 1938

1—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.**
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.**
Program furnished from Ronald Telfer Academy of Dramatic Art.		
2—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.**

/OMEN'S CITY CLUB
MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII November, 1938 Number 10

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ LIP READING PRACTICE CLASS: Miss Kate Morphy will be very happy to enroll pupils at any time during the course. If members have missed one or two classes there is yet time to join this group. Call the Information Desk, Fourth Floor, for information.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Several famous friendships exist in the worlds of books and life. One of the strangest friendships, but one full of so many human values, is that mystical, yet natural friendship of two extraordinary men and one extraordinary woman, the two poets, William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Dorothy Wordsworth. The historical and biographical truth of this friendship forms a narrative that reads like fiction. So suitable is this material for a novel that Helen Ashton has essayed this task in her novel called "William and Dorothy." Frances Winwar has explored the strange three-cornered relationship of these lives and their entanglements in a biography, "Farewell the Banner." This ever-intriguing story of "three persons and one soul" will be discussed by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard in her review of these two very recent books on the evening of the second Wednesday, November 9th, at the Book Review Dinner in the National Defenders' Room. Mrs. Stoddard also will read, as a literary relish, several striking selections from the new book by the author of "Live Alone and Like It," Marjorie Hillis, "Work Ends at Nightfall."

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Pillar light dec rative candles for table centerpieces and holida window lights. Colors: yellow, white and Christma red. Prices: $1.00, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.

Christmas cards now on display. Make selectior early.

■ SWIMMING POOL: There is no reason to negle your swimming because summer has waned- all year round the Pool maintains its summer ten perature and nowhere in San Francisco will yc find a lovelier pool in which to swim. Bring you friends or have guest cards issued to them. Men guest nights: Tuesdays from 5:30 to 6:30 and Friday from 5:30 to 9:00 o'clock.

■ LIBRARY: When weeding out books to mak way for the tempting new fall titles, do not forge that all through the year we receive and tuck awa such donations for our next Book Mart.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS by Dr. Pau Cadman will continue through November ever Wednesday at the noon hour. Course tickets ar being pro rated as the lectures progress.

■ PEOPLE AND PLACES by Mrs. J. Richardso Lucas—lectures to be held every Thursday morn ing at 11:00 o'clock with the exception of Thanksgiv ing Day. Course tickets are still available.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE: To be held on Tuesday, November 15th, at 12:15; luncheon 85 cents a plate.

Mrs. Charles E. Currey, representing the San Francisco Garden Club in their city-wide campaign to beautify San Francisco for Exposition days, will speak on "Window Boxes." Please make reservations in advance.

■ SPECIAL THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON will be served on Monday, November 21st, in both the Main Dining Room and the Cafeteria. Main Dining Room $1.00 a plate; Cafeteria service 75 cents a plate.

■ THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER to be served from 2:00 to 8:00 o'clock, $1.50 a plate. If turkey is carved at table, $1.75 a plate. Please make reservations in advance, if possible.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: French and Spanish Classes will be formed at any hour convenient to pupils. Call Information Desk, Fourth Floor, for arrangements.

Conversational classes are being held each Friday morning at 11:00 o'clock. An evening group to meet every Monday evening after 5:00 o'clock will be formed as soon as required number of six pupils have registered. Regular class rates:

12 lessons, $6.00 members.

12 lessons, $7.50 non-members.

Conversational groups, 50 cents a meeting or evening groups $6.50 for three months' period.

■ CHRISTMAS TOKENS: Make a delightful Christmas gift. May be purchased for any amount and redeemable in all departments of the Club. Procurable at Information Desk, Fourth Floor.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Individually made gloves make a perfect Christmas gift. Consult Mrs. Tanbara regarding this work. Learn to make gloves in three lessons at 50 cents a lesson. Mrs. Tanbara may be interviewed on the Second Floor every Tuesday or Thursday in the afternoon; also Friday mornings.

■ BEAUTY SALON: The many patrons of the Women's City Club Beauty Salon will undoubtedly enjoy the salon's new equipment, the soothing lighting and restful coloring. Our operators are experts in all lines and are prepared to render you a better and more complete service than ever before.

■ NEW HAIR STYLIST: The Beauty Salon announces that Mr. Duchene is now available for the latest in hair cutting — hair styling and careful handling of permanent waves.

Phone for an appointment — Garfield 8400 — Beauty Salon, Lower Main Floor.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has planned a diversified schedule for the month of November, beginning on the third with a song recital by Mr. Raymond Flanders, tenor, accompanied by Miss Ida May Thomas at the piano. On November 10th, a program has been arranged by Esther Barnes entitled "The Romance of California's Discovery and Settlement," in which religious, military and civic facts of those early days will be discussed. On November 17th there will be an address, "Libraries Today," by Miss Mabel Gillis, State Librarian. November 24th being Thanksgiving Day, the usual Thursday Evening Program will be omitted. On December 1st there will be a program furnished from Ronald Telfer Academy of Dramatic Art.

CANCELLED

The Women's City Club regrets to announce that the program of Nora Johnston with her carillon, scheduled for November, has now to be cancelled.

An Apache Dancer, by Allen Hauser

A ceremony to drive away the danger and evil of war or epidemic when the tribe is threatened.

The President's Message

The echoes of our Twenty-First Birthday Celebration are still ringing in our ears and are most gratifying for their evidence of loyalty and genuine interest. Timely too, for with the approach of Thanksgiving and its tradition of bounty — we of the National League for Woman's Service can feel more truly grateful for the spiritual bounties afforded by its program, the atmosphere of hospitality that permeates our building, and the friendly cooperation of the members in the activities of the Clubhouse.

These attributes are surely conducive to a spirit of Thankfulness and carry the promise of a continued usefulness of purpose and the maintenance of the ideals of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

How Many Miles To Babylon?

By Aurelia Henry Reinhardt

■ No one should travel whose mind is not usefully furnished with nursery rhymes. The childish wonder, always questing, never satisfied, emotionally inaccurate, fits the mood of the successful maker of far journeys. Who remembers much more about London's civil organization than Dick Whittington's cat told him, and who has answered more exactly than our infant rhyme the distance from any human yearning to the rose garden of the east and "the light there never was on land or sea"?

I thought of this as the Orient Express brought me out of hysterical Austria; brought me with appropriate stopovers at appropriate places, through tight-lipped Czechoslovakia, into devil-may-care Hungary; across one part of the south Slovak land with men bugling and drilling in every corner; by picturesque, cold, and hungry Bulgar villages, until we bumped interminably through empty Thrace, made a vacuum by the treaty that sent the Greeks into Attica in 1922, and thereby increased the land assigned to the Young Turks.

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes—and back again.

For you who care to read these lines, the journey will be no more difficult than the rhyme promises. Indeed, it will be less trouble to press a button than light a candle. A reader of travels, you will not have your modest wardrobe re-examined at every border; your visés will not need emergency renewal because of yesterday's fresh statute, nor your money recounted publicly least you be tempted to take away to your own land drachma or piastre, Kurns, penga, nemba, or coin of any other strange name and value.

One piece of advice I give you. When you enter the "City of the Golden Gate" builded by Emperor Theodosius, enter by ship from the Black Sea o from the Marmora. Then high above you will towe the dream city of poet and student, of artist anc lover of tales; above you will tower minarets anc domes, above will gleam gardens and walled orch ards. This is the city of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. Do not enter, as I did, by rail from the Danube States, especially if your soul, sick with civi war left behind, beholds war's heritage in that empty land of Thrace which once supported hundreds o thousands of earth-loving folk. King to King, this was always the back door of Constantinople; there were here no arrangements for welcoming guests. Invitec friends came always by sea to some friendly palace whose gardens trailed lilies in the shining water Man to man, this rear or landward entrance fits ex actly an ancient description of Tacitus: "They cre ated a desert and called it a peace."

This "desert" behind you, you cross and recross other desolations. They are the ruins of mighty walls that for a millenium and a half kept armed nations at bay. From the unknown date when Megara was responsible for that first walled colony, piled stone has preserved for its dwellers this sentinel point between Asia and Europe. But from the fourth century of our era, when Constantine built triple walls from the Bosphorus to the Horn, the city to which he gave his name has remained almost impregnable on the land side. These walls will disillusion you, then terrify you. These mountains of demolished gray rock and red brick you will never forget. When Greece was young, when her sons were artists, philosophers, and statesmen, she won her victories in the open field, even against Darius and Xerxes. When Greece was old, she became scientific, cramming her engineering knowledge into high and heavier walls, larger siege guns, deadly naphtha fire. After you have found your hotel and established a temporary abode, you will come back and walk along these catastrophic ranges of ruined wall, and think of many things. They fill you with a misery like that of mutilated and burned forests of primeval grandeur. Intelligence can replant a cut or burned forest and nature help to a new and living beauty. A ruined military wall cannot even serve as a quarry, it hurts the feet, turns the edges of cutting tools, stultifies the mind with its irremediable deadness.

Still, there must be some significance to a human work like the landward walls of Istanbul. They have demanded of uncounted generations intellect to plan, muscle and energy to build, courage and courage and courage to hold! Not for any ruler, Roman or Greek, Byzantine, Osmanli or Turk, do I bow in recognition. Away with all the inscriptions to the mighty that may be deciphered on the broken shards. Rather is it the lowly (Continued on page 20

Editorial

■ With the advent of November, we are conscious that the holidays are just around the corner. Before another Magazine date arrives, Thanksgiving Day will have been. What a fine thing it was for those Pilgrim Fathers to thank God for their blessings and to point the way to that budding nation for other Thanksgiving days in the years to follow. Years after they knelt in prayer in gratitude to the Omnipotent for favorable crops and the bounty of the earth, we Americans can still till the soil of a vast continent, free men, whose work can plant the seed and reap the harvest. Our minds turn to other lands where this is not so, and we thank God that we are privileged to live in this United States of ours whose mighty acres feed the millions who live within its compass.

And this year we have another "thankfulness." We live in a land at peace with other nations, and in a world which, on the brink of war, drew back with horror at the onslaught and with the hope that postponement of war might mean an averting. As we raise our prayers of thanksgiving, we pray too for humble hearts which shall seek the way to permanent peace.

And then nearer at hand, we are thankful for our twenty-one years of the National League for Woman's Service of California which has maintained a program of continuous service of, by, and for a membership brought together in days of war but which throughout the eighteen years which followed, has carried on in peace and mutual helpfulness. We are grateful for our beautiful Clubhouse, for its purpose and its ideal. We are thankful that we have come of age, that we may know the fullness of life in an organization devoted to service to the community in which it rejoices to live.

■ We have delayed going to print even at the expense of mailing the November issue on time, because we just **had** to tell the story of our twenty-first celebration, while it was "hot" (in the parlance of the newspaper world). We had to set down the history of a day vibrant with the enthusiasm of all who shared in it. To visit with one another, to enjoy the companionship born and fostered in common service, deserved a day all its own. And so it was that with no set program but with genuine interest, friends greeted one another and shared the memory of work together. It was a quiet, sole-satisfying sort of day—for all who came to the Clubhouse.

■ The Anniversary Celebration at the Club brought forth many questions which by request are answered in this column. Anyone who has been a member of the National League for Woman's Service of California in these twenty-one years just finishing, and who by force of circumstance is not so now, can return to membership by the payment of an anniversary "return fee" of five dollars plus the half-year dues. This "return fee" will not recur, for it is a coming-of-age gesture of the organization, and accordingly will be no more after March first. New members who have not previously belonged, but who feel themselves in support of our program and interested in our Clubhouse facilities can at this time join by the payment of $32.00 ($25.00 initiation, $2.50 Federal tax, $4.50 dues to March 1, 1939), which amount may, upon request, be paid in three regular installments.

Although strictly speaking this explanation does not belong on an editorial page of any magazine, we are including it at this time, recognizing the fact that the Women's City Club Magazine is the only means of reaching all the members.

Reservations for next year for functions, requests for service of varying kinds and activities of all sorts make us realize more and more that anyone who cares to be part of an exciting program next year should become a member before it may be too late. To be able to entertain guests by bringing them to a charming clubhouse will be a privilege which will be invaluable to local residents in an Exposition Year. We can think of no more delightful holiday gift for friend or daughter than membership in the National League for Woman's Service of California, with the accompanying use of the Clubhouse, the Women's City Club.

The Indian Court

Golden Gate International Exposition

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

■ On the drama of Indian cultures which will be unfolded at the Exposition much will be written. It will be approached from various points of view, according to the background or knowledge of the writer.

The present article touches only on a few points of interest.

At this Exposition, in one wing of the Federal Building, there will be told for the first time the impressive tale of the Indian, from the dim prehistoric past to the present. The story will be told with truth and beauty, made poignant and compelling by the presence of the Indians themselves. None of the usual features of an Indian village will greet the eyes of the visitor; nor will there be the conventional static exhibits of the old museum technique.

The rooms and halls of the Indians surround the Indian Court. This Court is in itself architecturally exciting, as well as being an integral part of the idea emphasized throughout the entire presentation—the contribution which the Indian has made to civilization. It has been said that his original contribution is greater than that of the Greeks.

One delightful feature of the Court will be the out-of-door market planned from a fresh approach. For instance, pottery may be bought, as it is in a pueblo, where a small modeled animal, a plate of rose red, a black bowl of ancient design, is quietly offered for sale by a silent circle of Indian women, their wares spread out before them on colored handkerchiefs.

At night the Court—with the light of fires flickering on its high walls, the call of a flute from out the shadows, the roll and throb of drum beats, the approach of dancers heralded by the rhythm of bells and the timed clank of the knee rattles—will hold the enchantment of far-away worlds.

As one passes through the hall of history and pre-history, a glimpse backward into the past will answer the inevitable questions and intrigue the awakened interest.

In moving on into other sections, one will again find an unusual approach to the history of the Indian. The exhibits will not be treated merely as such, but as an expression of the culture and spirit of their creators.

Back of the art or craft of each object lies a long and ancient trail of thought and faith. Into the thing created has gone that sense of design and form which is the inheritance of the Indian. Into the aesthetic perception and technical skill, are woven the dreams and visions of the artist—the same pattern of cultural life which flows through his dance and ceremonies, unchanged in hundreds of years.

Only recently there have been discovered in the ancient kivas in prehistoric Awatobi of the Hopis and in Kuaua near Bernalillo extremely beautiful paintings.

In his history, published in 1610, Captain de Vallegra, a soldier in Onate's army of occupation speaks of the "expert painting" he saw on the walls of the room in which they were quartered in this district in 1598. On the walls of the recently discovered kivas are painted birds and fish, the corn and bean plants, as well as masked ceremonial dancers—which may be seen today in a pueblo ceremony unchanged after some more or less four hundred years. It is just such ancient backgrounds and roots that will be seen and felt through the understanding aesthetics of the modern method of display, a method which presents the material with the dramatic shock that stimulates the imaginative interest.

THE SALMON AREA

The Fishermen of the Northwest Coast

Something of the sternness and strength of northern lands, of black forests that reach to the shore and the merciless quality of the ever-present sea, color the powerful dramatic sense that permeates the art and ritual of the Northwest Coast.

The carved totem pole, rivaling in height the tall trees against which it stands, is akin to the forest of whose brooding mass it was once a part.

The Alaskan Indian has carved a tree into a highly imaginative yet realistic conception of his world.

Sharks, the killer-whale, the raven, the eagle and the bear—the sea, the air, and the land of the North, in an ever-varying interpretation of a fantastic realism, take form on his totem pole and in the

BLACK AND WHITE CLOWNS

by Fred Kabotie

An Hopi artist of great distinction from Shungopavy, of the second Hopi Mesa, Arizona. There is a large collection of Kabotie's paintings in the Heye Museum of New York City.

strange but beautiful masks of his ceremonies.

This Eskimo poem from more northern Alaska expresses the sombre beauty of the country. No weak or unresourceful people could continue to exist in the country of storm and sea that is here described.

"I look toward the south, to great Mount Koonak,
To great Mount Koonak, there to the south;
I watch the clouds that gather round him;
I contemplate their shining brightness;
They spread abroad upon great Koonak;
They climb up his seaward flanks;
See how they shift and change;
Watch them there to the south;
How the one makes beautiful the other;
How they mount his southern slopes,
Hiding him from the stormy seas,
Each lending beauty to the other."

From "Columbus Came Late"
by Gregory Mason.

CALIFORNIA

All of California, mountain, forest, stream and desert, have contributed to the greatest art of the California Indian—the basket. The women have woven the country, with consummate craftsmanship, into their basketry. To these lovely forms they have applied the designs of cloud and leaf, the thoughts of water and wind, of storm and the stars. To relate the baskets to their environment in an original and striking setting is the objective of the California room.

The California Indian has seemingly curious connections in the past. One of his old arts was very fine feather work. On the long coast of the Americas, California and Peru, with Hawaii, seem strangely related in this particular art. Of all the ancient work in obsidian, nothing is more magnificent than the great obsidian ceremonial knives of the Californian.

Navaho legends describe caves which would seem to be those on a certain island off the coast of Santa Barbara. Old Navahos describe a country, apparently California, which knowledge they say has come down by word of mouth from "long time ago." It is an interesting fact that at a somewhat late period several Athapascan clans from the Pacific Coast were absorbed by the Navaho.

THE PLAINS' CULTURE

This culture was based on the relation of the life of the Plains' Indian to the countless herds of buffalo which roamed the vast spaces where he made his home. His was a life of freedom, of constant movement. The buffalo which he followed gave him his food, his tipi, his clothing; in fact, practically all that he needed.

His calendar of "moons" followed the growth of the buffalo calf before and after birth.

The calendar of the Kiowa "moons" or months carries the same fundamental relationship to a life lived in the open, following the changes of the seasons. As the geese begin to pass overhead on their migration southward, it is the "Geese-going" moon; the "Real goose" moon follows when the great southward migration of wild geese occurs. The "Bud" moon, the "Leaf" moon, and the "Little-moon-

of-the-deer-horns-dropping-off" continue the song of the Kiowa "moons."

THE WOODLANDS' CULTURE

The Northern Iroquoian tribes, the Five Nations as they were called, were especially wise in political organization and statecraft, and were outstanding in military prowess. The French and English found they must reckon with the astute diplomacy of their leaders. It has been said the Constitution of the United States was influenced by the famous Iroquoian League.

An interesting complex, if it may be so called, exists in this group. In their myths is the dream, the vision of peace. The poem which follows suggests life itself was made of another stuff. Here the relationship of the Iroquois to his physical environment was one of savage power, shot through with another quality of spirit.

"THE FLOATING ISLAND

"By Iroquois mythology, the earth was the thought of the Indian Ruler of a great island which floats in space. * * * Yet in the story of the creation, the Ruler bestowed universal authority upon the two Spirits, Good and Evil, who remain on the earth always.

* * * *

"This mythical island of the Iroquois is a place of eternal peace. In its abundance there are no burdens to weary; in its fruitfulness all needs are endlessly provided. To its perpetual calm death never comes, and to its tranquility no desire, no sorrow nor pain.

* * * *

"O-SO-AH, THE TALL PINE, SPEAKS

"The spirit of the pine was once a brave, a chief who led his warriors to victory till captured by his enemies.

"In the metempsychosis of the Iroquois, the liberated spirit of the chief entered the pine, where it will remain forever the forest guide of the Indian people. It is a fact that the two topmost branches of the pine point to the east and the west, thus furnishing a compass for the red man when lost in the woods. These branches also symbolize the 'deer horn,' the insignia that ranks a chief.

* * * *

"AND THE TALL PINE SAID:

" 'My spirit was strong and could not die. It led my blood on its wasting way and nourished its flow as my veins throbbed fast for the seeding roots of my branches that boast.

" 'My spirit was strong and guided each branch to the sun and winds as it lifted my tower higher and higher, and knotted my tents where wandering snows and the flying light of the summer sun halts and hides.

" 'And my spirit said when it builded me: "I will make you tall, and forever the tower and guide of your forest kin. On your topmost reach I will hang the horns that as warrior you wore, and I will set them high. When the sun sleeps and the clouds blanket low, the kin of your forest will know where the east trail winds and the west trail guides."

" 'And my spirit said as it builded me: "You were fearless and brave in your warrior life, and I will spread your arms broad against foes. Your swift running blood will never pale and creep to your feet. Grow strong, and tall as the forest guide. Grow strong, and high—the sky is not far!" '

"And the Speaking Pine said: 'My spirit has builded, and I watch the sky. When strong tempests battle, I war with their rage as, in their moaning voices return from my dead, and, as of old, I toss them back to the killing winds.

" 'When the soughing breeze passes my strong watchtower, a life stirs in me that is gentle and kind as the mother bird brooding her young, and I open my arms wide to the singing wind that tunes me to dreams.

" 'Thus forever I watch as my horns lift to the touch of the morning sun and flush to its west fire glow.

" 'I am the Pine! the guide of my forest kin! I rock the sunlight to drowse in my arms as the winds waft my fragrance afar. In my silence the night shadows dream of the day as I tower strong and high and reach to the sky!' "

From "Iroquois Myths and Legends"
by Harriet Converse.

THE PUEBLO CULTURE

Maize

The Myth of Paiyatuma and the great rain chants of the Zuni are but more elaborate forms of the old myths and this simple little prayer of ancient Greece, "rain come down, corn come up." Listen to the surge of the Zuni prayer:

"Cover my earth-mother, four times with many flowers.
Let the heavens be covered with the banked-up clouds,
Let the earth be covered with fog; cover the earth with rains.
Great waters, rains cover the earth. Lightning cover the earth.
Let thunder be heard over the six regions of the earth.

"Rain-makers come out from all roads, that great rivers may cover the earth;
That stones may be uprooted and moved by the torrents.
Great Rain-maker come out from all the roads;
Carry the sands of our earth-mother of the place.
Cover the earth with her heart, that all seeds may develop;
That my children may have all things to eat and be happy;
That we may have all kinds of seeds and all things good;
That we may inhale the sacred breath of life.
Send us the good south winds;
Send us your breath over the lakes, that our great world
May be made beautiful, and our people may live."

From a Chant of the Zuni Indians.

The thought in both prayers underlies the ancient ritual of the corn or maize; the eternal prayer of man to the sky and the earth that he may live and prosper. Kroeber states: "It is in the region of southern Mexico that a wild maize grows—teocentli—'divine maize,' the Aztecs called it. From this in a remote archaic period the cultivated plant was derived."

Around the "divine maize" the pueblo culture has developed. This is the story the exhibit will tell.

THE NAVAHO TRIBE

The Navaho, a semi-nomad of Athapascan stock, coming from the North, found cliff dwelling and pueblo peoples. With an impartial cordiality he aided where he willed, taking women and food, adopting the art, absorbing something of the cultures he found. The recent paintings discovered in the old kivas show how great is the debt of the Navaho to his more domestic brother. Today, when the air is hazy with a dust storm and visibility is low, a Pueblo Indian will say, "This is the day when the Navahos came."

The Navaho Nation is a composite, having absorbed many diverse clans. Judging from the Navaho origin legend, authority places the beginning of the tribe at less than 500 years ago. Today it numbers some 50,000.

The desert where the Navaho lives and herds his sheep and through which he rides, is a strangely beautiful country. He cultivates some corn. His women weave fine rugs, and many of the Navahos are themselves excellent silversmiths. He is an independent, bold, extremely intelligent individual, slowly making his way towards a wider and better economic contact with the great country which hedges him in.

One of the rooms in the Navaho section is devoted to sand-painting, an art of great beauty which is a part of the nine days' healing ceremonies of the great Chants. Only by driving away all evil and evil thinking from the individual and the tribe may one be healed.

To the Navaho thought is a thing; evil thinking has a life of its own, which once started may not be controlled. The one and only sin in the world is evil thought. One may walk the black trail of evil, yet ever beside it runs the white trail of truth—to which one may step across whenever one **wills** to do so.

Chants heard at night in the desert or under starlight at timber line, are an unforgettable experience. Often in summer, night after night and all night, one watches the war dances, the wide circle of dancers moving against the light of the fire and black forest shadows beyond. Steadily, rhythmically, the dancers swing to the song of the young men, led by that strangely beautiful drumming, a curious tempo with a sigh." In the light of the "white dawn" the drums become silent and the long night "is finished in beauty."

THE APACHE

The Apaches are a number of tribes forming the most southerly group of the Athapascan family. They are first mentioned as "Apaches" by Onate in 1598. There is evidence that they reached Arizona after the middle of the 16th century.

Courageous and unyielding, merciless and dangerous, the Apache fought long for his freedom before he was brought under the control of the white civilization. Today he has proved himself an excellent cattleman and if given the opportunity takes this method to improve the tribal resources.

The skepticism of the Apache lies in his legends, each sentence ending with "they say." He is somewhat of a realist, speaks an ancient and sophisticated Spanish. He has fine aesthetic perception, and his baskets may carry a design like a sand-painting or the rhythm of running water

His superb Devil Dance is of an exciting power, the magnificent bodies of the dancers moving in a quick, sharp staccato rhythm, with astounding precision of form. The haunting beat and insistent timing of the music, once heard, lingers long in the memory.

■

Above all, and as the central factor of what is described, the Indians themselves are coming to the Exposition. They are coming as Americans, as representatives of their people. They are eager to come, eager to learn and to have their children learn and understand, desiring to give of their best in every way, to send only of their finest art or craft.

When one leaves the Indian Court and the varying phases of human life and culture one has touched within its walls, one will find the time spent there has been an experience in human values — an adventure in beauty and in the social and economic possibilities which may flow from the creative imagination.

In the spirit there will be a haunting sense of something of one's self having remained behind. To discover why this should be so will be one more adventure in the exploration of the contribution which the Indian has made to civilization.

In closing it should be said that the Indian Exhibit is under the constructive and imaginative direction of Mr. Rene d'Harnoncourt.

It was made possible by the interest of the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. John Collier, and of Mr. George Creel, the United States Commissioner to the Exposition.

Coming of Age 1917-1938

■ "Under the dignified and able direction of this wise leader we move forward into the years of our womanhood—of age—and ready to take over as a mature organization in the service of the community we love."

With those words the programmed celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the National League for Woman's Service closed on the evening of Thursday, Ocotber 20.

They sounded a fitting note upon which to start the next twenty-one years of our organization, unique in the history of women's groups—born of war-time need, translating into nearly two decades of peace-time usefulness the spirit of service which is its foundation principle.

The day-long observance of the completion of twenty-one years as an organization set a new stake in the march of progress which has been National League's! Without fanfare of trumpets, and with only the rallying cry of rich memories and richer friendships, the coming of age of the National League for Woman's Service was marked. Throughout the day's rejoicing and recollection, there was still discernible for brief moments the realization of the recent world crisis through which we had come —as much an onlooker as in the momentous days of 1914 to 1917. The little silent prayers of thankfulness which were framed that day had real meaning which could not have been there, had not the days of the Defenders' Clubs and various other war-time activities been a fact.

Visitors to the Women's City Club—unacquainted with the story of its inception and achievement—sometimes ask "why the uniforms worn by your workers?"

The very uniforms themselves seemed ready to answer the question on the day of the birthday celebration. Crisp, colorful, ready for service, they were donned by members young and not so young—to whom they are and always will be a badge of distinction. And they came into their own in a new way when they were seen as part of the photographic history of the canteen service of the National League whose seven, eight and nine canteens, christened by the boys whom they served as National Defenders' Clubs, were reviewed for afternoon and evening audiences.

Luncheon time was a memorable one in the National Defenders' Room, where Miss Katharine Donohoe, president of the National League for Woman's Service this year, gathered around her the women who originally were responsible for the formation of the League—with those others who have served it well as presidents and members of the original organization committee. About the long mahogany table in that newly decorated and always beautiful room, in which hangs the plaque which adorned the first canteen in 1917, a score or more women met and heard reread the minutes of their first meeting —when all of the history of the League—in war work, in the first Club at 333 Kearny Street and in recent years at 465 Post Street, under its own vine and fig tree, so to speak—was still ahead of it.

Some of the women walk more slowly than they did in 1917—others had the help of canes—but each sat up a little straighter, shoulders back a bit farther than they stay sometimes—all with a glow in their eyes as they saw in retrospect the beginnings of the organizations whose coming of age has made history in San Francisco and throughout California.

For the membership of the League and the Women's City Club is drawn from all over the State

-as well as from distant cities and towns. It is truly cross section of America—and of California—for s membership includes women from all walks of e.

While the past presidents and original organizers f the League were meeting in the National De-nders' Room, other groups were assembling in her parts of the Third Floor—greeting co-workers f other days and from other spots. Geographical iles disappeared and boundaries were non-xistent in the happenings of that Thursday. Workers ho had served in Palo Alto and Marin, in Stockton nd in Alameda County, met together, in a renewal f loyalty and a rededication to service.

Snapshots taken over the years—glimpses into ne reading and game rooms of National Defenders' lubs, close-ups of the first birthday party at one f the clubs, where the boys from Army, Navy and Iarine Corps staged a party for the women who erved them throughout the year—the boys donning ne League uniforms for the occasion! What lumps ney brought to throats and what smiles to lips of ne large audiences who filled the Club Auditorium uring the afternoon and evening as they were ashed upon the screen—with their story read by Irs. W. B. Hamilton, who with the late Mrs. Georgi-na Sperry was co-chairman of that Monadnock nit.

But there were more than reminders of war days n the celebration. The stories were told and retold f the establishment of 333 Kearny Street and of its sefulness to the women of the city who joined its nembership. There was recounted the stunning chievement of a Membership Committee—under ne chairmanship of the late beloved Franc Pierce Iammon—whose record was measured in terms of housands over intervals of one, two and three veeks. Those present relived the thrilling moments f financing the present quarters, the ground break-ng and the corner-stone laying—pervaded with the ragrant recollection of the late Mrs. S. G. Chapman, vho played so large a part in that stage. Oh, there vas so much to live over again!

Every picture shown, every incident recalled, rought with it the sense of pride and of affection or all that there has been. And so many of those who ade the history — the dramatis personae — were here to share in what each acknowledges — and lways has — as an organization achievement — not personal one.

The coming-of-age party did something besides ecount a past — however memorable. It brought efore new members — many of them tiny folk in 317 — and some of them not yet "among those resent" at the time — a chapter out of life which ney have not known.

They were there — the young women whose service in the League is of recent years, and untinged with the shadow of world combat — wide-eyed and a bit breathless at times during the day — with the glory of it all.

They saw assembled groups of women of various ages, of various circumstances, of widely varying interests and obligations — united in one bond — that of intense loyalty and devotion to an organization which to them embodies some of the tensest moments of their lives, some of their deepest emotions, and symbolizes in this day of new tests and new trials — as well as new opportunities — the finest and best in trained womanhood — a veritable peace-time army of women, enrolled, trained — in one way or another — marshaled under the banner of volunteer service in the National League—always at attention when calls come for community or organization service.

Interesting as a sidelight of Thursday's conversation was the remark made by a director. It made one realize afresh that all of the readiness of the National League is not a matter of history. During the recent scare in Europe — when for a few brief days the world seemed once again on the brink of world war — stock taking within the League organization and the Club building disclosed that today, twenty-one years after, the Club could be turned into a perfectly equipped and smooth-running canteen with trained volunteer help in less than twenty-four hours' notice!

Somehow, that fact gave added point to a page of the historic annals, read to illustrate a glimpse of a canteen of twenty years ago—that certain chairs used then, a gift of the late Dr. Harry Tevis, are still in use in the Club — and could as readily—if necessary—with the Club's huge coffee urns and its volunteers form the nucleus of a new Defenders' Club.

Throughout the years—in 1917 as in 1927 and 1938—beauty of surrounding for service has never been lost sight of—and the coming-of-age party was no exception to the custom. For all of the day's reminiscing and rejoicing and visioning for the future was centered in rooms ablaze with autumn glory—glory of fall-tinted leaves, chrysanthemums, bright-berried shrubs, and a generous outpouring —on the Third Floor—of harvest home fruits and vegetables!

"Please register here"—so read numerous request cards set at various places throughout the building —upstairs and down. And on the blue slips which were proffered by volunteer workers for the day, there is record of 415 having "signed up" again— and of that number 118 had signed the roll in 1917 when the League was started.

Thanksgiving Luncheon

$1.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Jellied Avocado and Grapefruit Salad, French Dressing
Roast Young Tom Turkey with Chestnut Dressing
Giblet Gravy and Cranberry Sauce
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts
Creamed Hubbard Squash
Hot Rolls
Apple Cider Hot Mince Pie
Frozen Nesselrode Pudding
Orange Sherbet
Coffee

Monday, November 21st
Thanksgiving Lunch in Cafeteria 75c

Thanksgiving Dinner

$1.50

November 24th, 1938
Fruit Coupe, Supreme
or
Frozen Sea Food Salad W. C. C.
Celery Spiced Olives Pickles
Cream of Fresh Mushroom Soup
Roast Young Tom Turkey with Raisin Dressing, Giblet Gravy and Cranberry Sauce
or
Broiled New York Cut, Bernaise Sauce
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Potatoes Fresh Garden Peas
Mashed Turnips Boiled Silver Onions
Dinner Rolls
Mixed Salad Greens
Apple Cider
Pumpkin Pie
Thanksgiving Ice Cream
Pound Cake a la Mode, Apricot Sauce
Swiss Gruyere Cheese with Toasted Crackers
After-Dinner Mints
Demi Tasse

A Letter About Window Gardening

■ Dear Constance:

Your last letter was so stimulating and full of attractive plans that it was contagious. You've gotten me all stirred up about window boxes again just by telling me all your plans for your own lovely spring planting. You remember, when I last visited you, your window gardens with their glorious daffodils were in their prime and added immeasurably to the charm of your house.

Isn't it amazing what effect blooming plants, or even just green shrubs of attractive form, have on your morale when they greet you at your windows? We have lately put hand-made pots on the balustrade of the tiny balcony off the dining room. In them we planted ginesta with the fragrant double nasturtiums around the outer edges of the pots, and all summer we've had color at the windows. Humming birds love the nasturtiums, so that many a breakfast has been enlivened by their appearance at the window.

My hand-made pots may sound extravagant, but they cost so little more than the ordinary ones, are much nicer in form and have a soft warm putty color which blends well with both shingle and plaster houses. They weather attractively as well.

Here in San Francisco, window gardening had a great impetus last March when our own San Francisco Garden Club conducted a campaign for "Flowers at Your Window, Plants at Your Door." The results could be seen all over town this past summer, especially in the apartment house district and among the smaller homes. In the newer residential districts so many attractive little white houses had gay boxes of geranium, lobelia, marguerites, petunias or convolvulus, and one, I noticed, of lovely feathery schiganthus (poor man's orchid, to you) flowered for weeks, and at a northern entrance of one home, they had grown ferns and wild flowers.

Do you know of any garden adventure that holds more satisfaction than pot or window gardening? First, it is a challenge to see what thrives best in your exposure—then, the right planting lends character and interest to your house. Also, it is a comparatively easy and inexpensive hobby once your plan is established.

We of the Garden Club felt that last season's campaign was so worth while that we are now planning a fall campaign for November 14-15-16, a distribution of slips for February, 1939, and a prize to be offered in May for the best window box. As was the case in March, the Garden Club will again be ready with advice as to proper material for planting, to all who ask for it.

Couldn't your own group plan a similar campign? If you do, let me know how you get on.

Yours for more and better window planting (gardening?)!

—Eva Gray Judson.

Flowers at Your Window—Plants at Your Door

■ In connection with its campaign for window boxes early in the year, the San Francisco Garden Club issued an interesting printed bulletin entitled "Flowers at Your Window, Plants at Your Door." A comprehensive list of plant material suitable for use in different exposures is given with information on planting time, period of bloom, soil requirements, etc. We believe copies of this bulletin may still be obtained at the office of the San Francisco Garden Club, Room 133, Fairmont Hotel. Miss Clara Schaeffer has a number of copies at the Club which she will be glad to distribute to any of our members who are interested.

Under south exposure the following plants are listed: Toy Geranium, Agathea, Lantana, Plumbago Capensis, Diosma, Marguerite, Veronicas, Geraniums, Convolvulus Mauritanicus, Hypericum, Primula Malacoides, Lobelia, Candytuft, Virginia Stock, Pansies, Viscaria, Petunias, Nasturtium, and Arctotis. A notation is made that the same plants will also take a western exposure if protected from the wind. The following are listed as wind tolerant: Lobelia, Candytuft, Broom, Geranium if pinched back, Creeping Juniper, Mesembryanthemum, Statice, Hen and Chickens, Marigold, Gazanias, Sedums.

Plants for a northern exposure include: Cinerarias, Gegonias-Fibrous, Fuchsias, Campanula Isophylla, Campanula Muralis, Ferns, Azaleas, Vinca (Periwinkle), Buxus-suffructicosa (Boxwood), Mesembryanthemum, Ivy-Dwarf Varigated, Genista Racemosa (Broom), Juniperus Chinensis, Juniperus Procumbens, Mint, Forget-me-not (Annual), Calceolaria (Annual). A notation states that an eastern exposure has been found most successful for all window-box plans, including those listed for a northern exposure.

The bulletin was issued too late for spring bulb planting but there are many which could be used in window boxes: Tulips, Hyacinths, Sparaxis, Babiana, Anemone, Crocus, Narcissus, Ranunculus, in all varieties, and others.

A plant which has been used very effectively in our patio garden this summer—beginning to bloom in May and still in bloom with a northern exposure—is Browallia Speciosa Major. It should make a splendid window-box plant if protected from the wind.

Gifts UNUSUAL...

Carved Blond Wood Salad Bowls—Priced at $5.50 and $6.50. Also Salad Bowls from the mountains of Tennessee in dark finish. These bowls come in various sizes—some with convenient handles. Prices $2.75 to $5.50.

A Small Deposit
Will Hold Any Christmas Merchandise

Kangaroo with Joey—Height sixteen inches — Price $6.50. Other animal toys just received from Australia are Koala Bears, Tigers and Kookaburras.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

All gift packages are distinctively and attractively wrapped.

New Arrivals **FROM CHINA**

Pewter Ware: Two to six compartment hot water dishes in fine modern Canton pewter. A large variety of sizes, shapes and designs to choose from. New fish shaped plates and platters in pewter with brass trimmings and color glass eyes. Very attractive as a table ornament or gifts for all occasions.

Pottery Ware: For decorative purposes, a large assortment of pottery fruits, in sets or separately, priced at 25c and up. Pillow vases, shallow flower bowls and holders of all sizes, shapes and colors are also included in the shipment.

THE BOWL SHOP

953 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

— ROOS BROS —

This store is a member of San Francisco Retailers' Council, and endorses and supports the position and statements of this Council.

Mc. MULLEN SHIRTS

$5.95 $6.95

If you're fussy about details...the way a collar sets...the evenness of stitching... if you demand perfection and nothing less...then McMullen Shirts are made for you.

McMullen Shirts are exclusive with Roos.

Roos Bros

MARKET AT STOCKTON

The Red Cross House... by Adriania V. D. Marrin

It is most fitting that in this month of Thanksgiving we are privileged to tell the story of the Red Cross House —a dream come true. For years the San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross has been functioning under difficulties in its former headquarters in the Civic Auditorium and we dreamed of a time when it could carry out its widely diversified program in a home of its own. And now that desire has been fulfilled in rich measure, "pressed down and running over."

The fairy godmother of this story is Miss Julia George, who presented her family home at 1136 Eddy Street to the San Francisco Red Cross for its permanent headquarters.

The house is a four-story structure situated on a large lot extending between two streets, surrounded by garden and drive, and both within and without an atmosphere of charm and friendliness prevails.

On the street floor, with its own entrance, is a room for the Junior Red Cross which comfortably seats 125 children and grown-ups. This also serves as a workshop for our Braillists; here also are located the rooms for the automatic heating plant, a fully equipped kitchen, and a room for storage cabinets.

Ascending by wide marble steps, one enters the entrance hall on the main floor, which is spacious enough to contain a writing table and magazine shelves for the veterans who call on us for service, and an information desk presided over by one of our staff Assistance Corps in her attractive yellow uniform. A grandfather clock, which is part of some lovely old mahogany furniture given us by Miss George, adds dignity to the scene and makes of our house a real home. On this floor are also found the offices of the Caseworkers, the Executive Secretary, the Accounting Department, and the Directors of Disaster, First Aid, and Life Saving.

A stately stairway takes one to the upper hall, which also is made attractive with old mahogany, flowers, and a rare old Kuz Kilin rug, the gift of Mrs. Edward E. Goudey, Chairman of the "Gray Ladies." From this hall we may enter the sewing room, which affords a magnificent view of the San Francisco hills with Jefferson Square in the foreground, where our Production Corps is busy every Tuesday afternoon making layettes and hospital garments. Another room is devoted to classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, and a third room, large enough to seat 100 persons, is used for the many meetings our work necessitates.

The fourth floor contains a four-room apartment for the caretaker and his wife.

Our new home has made possible a wide expansion of the volunteer program which is the foundation of every Red Cross Chapter, and recently our Board of Directors appointed Mrs. P. C. Hale, a member of the Board, to serve as Chairman of all volunteer activities.

We are very happy to announce that on Tuesday, November 15, we shall observe "Open House" from 3:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon, with a more formal program for our annual meeting at 8:00 o'clock that same evening.

We are deeply indebted to the National League for Woman's Service for a large part of the work accomplished by our Hospital and Recreation Service, familiarly known as the "Gray Ladies," so we extend a most cordial invitation to you and your friends to visit us on Tuesday, November 15, to see our "dream come true."

New Women— New World

Reprint of Statements Made at Interlaken.

A message from the women of over forty countries who are a part of the World Conference for Moral Rearmament at Interlaken, Switzerland, September 1938.

■ "1918 to 1938. Twenty years of peace. And where do we stand today?

"Broken homes, personal indiscipline, collective irresponsibility are making the background for war.

"Are we women a part of this?

"There is a price for peace. It is a world war against selfishness.

"What have we women got to invest in that war?

"Our sense of details — for patiently doing the same small things over and over again.

"Our capacity for thinking with our heart and feeling with our brain and putting our thoughts and feelings into action at once.

"Our training as reconcilers — think how much time women spend daily in acting as buffers between husbands and sons!

"Our capacity for sacrifice.

"Our uncompromising caring and daring for the people we love.

"Our willingness to lose our life to create new life.

"These are the things women have ready for use in the moral and spiritual offensive in our nations.

"Controlled by God, they can be used to break down distrust, build up confidence, inspire love and give a soul to a nation.

WOMEN THE RECONCILERS OF THE NATIONS.

"WOMEN THE INSPIRERS—THE CREATORS.

"One woman can destroy a nation. One woman led by God can save a nation.

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COMMENTS BY DR. BROWN

—Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

The greatest movement for mutual advance in the nations of the world is changing from individual control of our desires to work under God Control. The need of women in this new plan of life was emphasized at Interlaken at the conference of the Oxford Group between the dates of September 3rd and 12th.

We have tested man and might as leaders; why not try out changing our living standards and measuring up our national decision by absolute honesty; absolute purity; absolute unselfishness and absolute love?

Extract from a reprint from "The Times," London, September 9, 1938.

"In a striking letter in 'The Times' last week a number of Members of Parliament, representing different political parties, emphasized the fact that in every country national security at home and abroad can only be gained through

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moral regeneration. The strength of a nation consists in the vitality of her principles. Policy, foreign as well as domestic, is for every nation ultimately determined by the character of her people and the inspiration of her leaders; by the acceptance in their lives and in their policy of honesty, faith, and love as the foundation on which a new world may be built. Without these qualities, the strongest armaments, the most elaborate pacts, only postpone the hour of reckoning."

Might, money and destruction have not settled the war problem. Can we not try this new program?

These resolutions were adopted from the International Assembly at Interlaken by the Oxford Group.

They point the way to national health. Why not adopt them?

"How Many Miles to Babylon?"

(Continued from page 8)

who deserve to be remembered, those who through the centuries builded, repaired, and guarded during attack these walls against Hun, Tartar, and countless other enemies. In the end of the tumultuous story, it is the fidelity of the meek that made possible the epoch in civilization which we call Christian, and whose end is not yet.

When you journey in reality to Constantinople, then, don't forget that you are to enter from the sea. Because I came in from the landward side, most of my original plans met unavoidable disappointment. To search for Greek treasure; to find an example of Constantine's architecture; even to gaze with proper admiration upon that mighty building of history and romance — St. Sophia — was at first a literal climbing of a hill of difficulty to find oneself breathless and but partially rewarded.

Only with a willingness to meet history with her own imperturbability and to meet time with her own patience, can a traveler enjoy the road and goal, calling nothing a disillusioning experience and seeking the significance in everything. I wanted to see something that linked Greek power to Greek beauty, at once. So away to the hill where the stolen Delphic serpents still coil themselves in a bronze trinity near the Saray. Alas, Apollo, had you so little power? At Delphi, across the sea, for eight hundred years had the brazen serpents lifted their heads at Apollo's shrine. Then a Roman emperor filched them for himself. It was sixteen hundred years ago that

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he set them up in his new eastern capital. But Mohammed the Conqueror, showed his disdain for Greek deity and Roman authority by striking off the heads of the statue. One of these three heads has been found and placed in the "Old Museum," which I at least insisted on seeing, though other visitors might not pursue it so far. It was imperative for me to make my peace and feel less inimical to both Roman and Mohammedan. Still, a twenty-four-hundred-year-old altar piece isn't seen every day, and in its state of mutilation is there still proof of an artist's skill and a priest's successful cunning.

Then, you do remember, that just as Kemal Ataturk has built an entire new city for a capital, so a Roman emperor left the Italian peninsula and the Tiber in the fourth century to build New Rome. The great metropolis had thousands of homes, all sorts of government buildings, theaters, a university, a hippodrome, a score of palaces, churches for Christian services, and all that was needed to make a capital of beauty and efficiency in an age of sophistication. Alas, the emperor's name still reminds us that Constantine the Great was the builder, but of his vast structures only one remains, the church dedicated to peace and to St. Irene. It is accident, and not the consideration of conquerors that has preserved it. It would have been blown up, or if conveniently located, it would in recent centuries have been converted into a mosque.

The venerable building, a memorial to Christian ideals of man's brotherhood, was erected on a splendid site, high on a hill. To climb takes perseverance. What dreadful penalty the Turkish victors make this ancient temple pay! It is a museum of arms and armaments! Choked with collections of chain armor, bronze cannon, stone cannon balls, guns of every sort, and knives of a million kinds, it is difficult to decide where the altar was or the choir; it is hard to remember "my house shall be a house of prayer to all people." I wonder if the permanent president of Turkey will ever visit the museum of arms, and plan for this unrivaled collection a more adequate and less ironic housing. Surely, as long as a beautiful structure, dedicated seventeen hundred years ago to peace and the making of peace, is chosen as the assembly place of munitions, both Christian history and democratic diplomacy, national and international, are met with frank cynicism in unexpected guise and discouraging emphasis.

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Of another rebuilder of New Rome after Constantine, what remains of the vast additions of the Emperor Theodosius? You will have to recross the seas to find a memento of his architectural triumphs. The bronze horses atop St. Marks in Venice were done by Lysippus for the Hippodrome of Theodosius, and centuries later were carried westward as part of the booty of the Crusaders, after their triumphs on the Golden Horn.

But it is to Justinian, his ambition, his extravagance, and his architects, Anthemius and Isodorus, the world owes the single most famous edifice, one which has drawn men of all creeds and races to its admiration, since that legal-minded emperor, gazing at the incomparable mosaics, exclaimed, "Glory be to God who has found **me** worthy to finish so great a work and to excel thee, O Solomon!" To build St. Sophia, Justinian rifled the Mediterranean world. Was it the ruined walls of the city itself that reminded me what ruthless destruction, what irreparable smashing and robbery the great Justinian had caused to create this glorious edifice? The emperor pulled down the Temple of Diana at Ephesus to get those eight incomparable serpentine columns and make the nave. From Baalbek and the Temple of the Sun he dragged the eight porphyry columns between the piers. Shades of Zenobia and Marcus Aurelius! That dozen pillars were levied upon the Delphic temple of Apollo; that group Athene yielded unwillingly from the Acropolis. Look around you, and see, not so much a memorial to Justinian as a record of his conquests. Stand under the vast and noble dome. Let your heart be less rebellious. Small wonder that Islam, aware of man's sins, calls him to prayer five times a day!

Sight-seeing for today is over. We thoughtfully leave St. Sophia. Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, and how many successors built high this world capital from the ruins of conquered peoples and overthrown religions? As if unable to endure the implications of its long history, Kemal Ataturk has left it, a vast museum for travelers, and has built himself a new capital in Anatolia. There are airplanes for defense, not walls. Hospitals for churches. Factories for museums. Men talk of tomorrow, not yesterday. We'll forget the ruined walls and Christian churches of an age of violence. There will be another day in which to follow the footsteps of Suleiman, the Magnificent, to his greatest mosque that towers in the setting sun above the Golden Horn.

"How many miles to Babylon?"

Notes of Dr. Reinhardt's Talk on the Occasion of the Firelighting

—By a Member

■ In your Club you have shown the value of sharing benefits—the value of giving time and effort to bring about comfort, happiness, and gracious living; you have taught yourselves to live a charming life, to work out a task satisfactorily. Five thousand women find delight in this friendly atmosphere near the fire that warms the hands and the heart; you have created here all the attributes of a home—you have the fraternal relationships without the parental responsibilities. Born in a difficult time you have learned a lesson; you could again, in an emergency, become agencies for good — you are sisters disciplined in service and consecrated to service; you were created for an emergency; you have enriched your own lives.

When I am challenged to give you any ideas it is difficult, for you who share and enjoy together know the meaning of service. Today our citizens are not thinking through; many are smashing and breaking instead of cementing friendships. Do that which will teach your city to know the things you know. As the Greek phrase puts it, "You are citizens of no mean city."

You have shown a willingness to think through in an emergency, teach new skills to others, sharing what the state and he city have purchased. How can we give to others the warmth of a hypothetical fireside? You have built a home with a family of five thousand sisters who have shown unselfish patience to think things through; you have met emergencies and can meet them again; your leaders shining with the light of a happy family.

Do you realize how much the home spirit is needed in the world today; how the spirit of this Women's City Club home could be sent to five million refugees that need the hearth-fire, that need the light for an intelligent mind to read by? They need the light among the shadows. Lincoln read the wisdom of the world by rush light. The homeless in the world today need your spirit. If you could let this oasis of light shine abroad, by your talents, your help to the world by greater skill of hand, greater keenness of eye, greater co-operation, and sharing that which is good and right, will build a greater hearth in city and country. Keep your hearth to warm the hands and hearts of humanity and train your light so none may stumble. The problems of the world can be solved as you have created this happy home shared by five thousand women.

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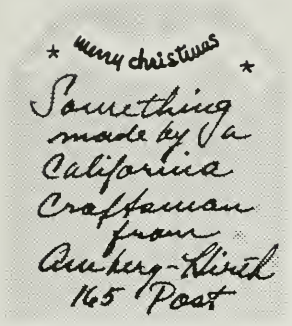

Why don't you, too, learn to make your own hand-stitched leather gloves? Lessons now available at Room 212, Women's City Club, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Also Thursday evenings and Friday mornings.

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"Shine for Thirty-Nine"

—H. E. Thelander

■ There is no time like a sunny Sunday afternoon for prowling about the unfrequented spots of San Francisco. The traffic is elsewhere and the city reveals its beauty and its debris. It is then, when lairly free from human traffic, that the imagination can supply things that are lacking. San Francisco with its fourteen hills has more retaining walls, more stairway streets, dead ends, and unique views probably than any other city in the world. But most of the walls stand bleak and bare, cold and uninteresting, when some vines or flowers spilled over the top would completely transform them. It could be so easily accomplished.

To most out-of-town visitors Joice Street is enchanting and the spiral up Lombard gives them more of a feeling for the hills of the city than any number of drives over the big highways. There are any number of stairway streets that could be equally beautiful, such as are found on the lower side of Telegraph Hill, Liberty, Lyon, Sanchez, Sunset Heights, and many more—every one of them begging for some flowers, vines, or shrubbery to scramble up the hills with them.

Dead ends can meet the hillsides with a fountain as does St. Francis boulevard, or end in cozy nooks as do the avenues reaching the Presidio wall.

Do you remember how conspicuous the window boxes were when you first returned from cities without them?

With a little more gardening of our unique spots, a little less rubbage on the streets, and a better appreciation of our possibilities, San Francisco could really shine for thirty-nine.

Such a renovation should not be impossible of accomplishment. We have a Park Commission and garden clubs. Prizes for out-door Christmas trees have been a great stimulus for this custom and the same method could be applied to flower decoration. We have unemployed who could keep streets and sidewalks clean. A uniform helps much to dignify a job. Our aged pensioners need some occupational therapy and there is no better one than gardening. WHY DON'T WE DO IT!

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A Letter

July 20th, 1938.

■ Dear Miss Editor:

You asked for it so here goes!

The most perfect fourteenth century street in England—and we were fortunate enough to be living in one of its houses! Found in a small guide book with the notation "ecstatically recommended" and we were charmed beyond words. With the "City of Bells" fresh in our minds, it was unbelievable that we were in "Vicar's Close" under the shadow of Wells Cathedral.

We arrived in the evening, tired from having driven across the southern part of England, no straight road but through dozens of small charming villages. We had seen three cathedrals that day, Salisbury, Exeter and the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, and wanted a good night's sleep before absorbing the beauty of Wells. So taking our candles, though they wouldn't be needed until after ten on these English evenings with summer's long twilight, we went up to the most comfortable beds since leaving home. We were awakened in the morning for a real Sommerset breakfast, fresh raspberries and clotted cream (I hear that in Devon the cream is eaten with scones, but in Sommerset always with berries or jam and we much prefer the latter), mushrooms and bacon on toast and tea.

At that point we decided we must stay another day and let all this beauty and comfort really sink in.

To get the atmosphere of all this read "The City of Bells" by Elizabeth Goudge. She was the daughter of a school master here and knew well the people and places of which she wrote—the swans ringing the bell when they want food, in the moat of the Bishops Palace—the Crown Inn where William Pitt preached the, what was then, new religion—the glorious Cathedral, and on and on.

Mr. Carter, for many years one of the basses in the choir and before that a soprano, took us through the ancient common hall of the Vicar's Choral—built in 1342. Up the worn stone steps we went into the dining hall. The choir lived by many and various rules—one was that there could be no talking during meals. To insure that, the Bible was read aloud from a small balcony—Bible and balcony are still there. In the reading and writing rooms were many books, some still chained to the wall, also a file with dozens of small wooden boxes and a secret room where the silver plates and other valuables were kept. When Thomas Cromwell sacked the Cathedral and surrounding buildings, he carried off most of the silver, as the table was set for dinner, so the silver that was left was a small quantity in the secret room. It is now in the bank-safe in Wells (though the British Museum would like it) and is brought out each year when the original list of rules is read to the present choir. These rules, hand illuminated in Latin, hang on the wall. A modern English translation is read.

Mr. Carver has lived in this beautiful street all of his seventy-odd years. There is something so peaceful and fascinating about this row of fifty houses, each with its flower garden, some with the original windows, and ours with its charming hostess. She has taken the time to tell us some of the things the tourist with his "45 minutes to each cathedral" entirely misses. We wish we could tarry longer and will miss our cosy sitting room with the open fire.

We are on our way to see England, Wales and Scotland in ten weeks, so with our tiny Ford piled high with surplus baggage we bid a sad and fond adieu to 26 Vicar's Close and hope to come again.

—Dorothy N. Allin.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

Now, for my news! First we're going into a season of real millinery—all sorts of manipulations to introduce novelty, as well as such trimmings as wings, feathers, quills, etc. If one wishes height, it can be in the crown or brim, such as the Doll Hats, but it must be adjusted to the wearer. When handled right they are not extreme, but very chic.

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The wave of the fall season's new books rises toward its height, and what an enticing lot they are! Colorful and vivid novels both modern and historical —mysteries thrilling and hair-raising as good mysteries should be. In non-fiction, biography, travel, current events and history are splendidly represented. Just come in with your list or if you wish a list prepared for you, ask at the Library Desk for the Librarian and she will gladly give you all the time and attention you need. Here is a brief description of a few titles now available: "My Son, My Son" by Howard Spring still stands high on the list of novels and rightfully so because it is a superb story, beautifully told. "Old Haven" by David Cornel DeJong is another novel well worth your careful consideration, for here we have the story of modern youth in an ancient setting; an old village behind dykes on the North Sea, depicted with the rich, mellow detail of a Dutch painting. "The General's Lady" by Esther Forbes is a worthy successor to her "Paradise," again with a New England setting during the stormy history of the Colonies. For a thoroughly enthralling tale, "Rebecca" by Daphne du Maurier belongs on everyone's list. The characters move through an atmosphere of brilliantly created drama, tense with suspense suggesting but never betraying the surprise ending.

Now for a glimpse at some of the promising non-fiction. "Zaca Venture" by William Beebe is the story of two months' adventures in the Gulf of California hunting the whale shark and glimpsing the dynamic beauty of worlds of life under the microscope; a scientific expedition that makes thrilling telling for everyone. "Letters of Henry Adams" completes the story of Adam's life as told by himself. This is a book that can be recommended alike to those who read for pleasure and to those who seek to find the real values behind the facade of our modern world. "The Journals of Bronson Alcott," edited by Odell Shepard, represents material chosen from fifty manuscript volumes of Alcott's journals from 1826 to 1882, which presents in a single volume the philosophy of this New England sage. "Thrice a Stranger" by Vera Brittain continues her personal story begun in "Testament of Youth." With the same candor, zest and vitality which marked her first book, she gives her experiences during three lecture tours in America and analyzes the change in the American spirit from 1925 to 1938. Lancelot Hogben's "Science for the Citizen" opens up a new world of knowledge for most of us, for he has set out to strip science, once and for all time, of its magic and mysticism.

Now for some mysteries guaranteed to thrill—"The Four of Hearts" by Ellery Queen; "The Crooked Hinge" by John Dickson Carr; "A Blunt Instrument" by Georgette Heyer, and "Terror by Night" by Lee Crosby.

It is a little early to list children's books but there are a few available that are well worth considering. "Babar and His Children" by Jean de Brunhoff must not be overlooked, for this new story in this delightful series brings us Babar and Celeste as parents. Phil Stong has given us another excellent pioneer tale of Iowa in his "Young Settler." "Animal Stories" by Rudyard Kipling are Kipling's own selection of his favorite animal stories and fortunately there is another excellent sea story by Howard Pease with the good salty title of "Captain Binnacle," for no juvenile list would be complete without a Howard Pease's tale.

Now a word about magazine subscriptions: We are in a position to give you special rates on certain combinations that include both adult and juvenile publications. For instance, with "Child Life" you may have "The Reader's Digest" or "Colliers" or "Better Homes and Gardens" at quite a saving. Another group suggestion is "Woman's Home Companion" with "Colliers" and "American Magazine" at a very appreciable saving. When you come in, we can go over our entire magazine list so that you may be able to choose at your leisure just the very periodicals you can use to best advantage.

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"We must have increases in all brackets in order to reach our $2,100,000 minimum goal.

"And we must have at least 15,000 new donors."

In these words, Chairman Lloyd Dinkelspiel of the Chest's November 16-December 2 appeal today gave notice that the campaign will be a vigorous, effective one.

"The job of attaining our goal is going to be a hard one," Dinkelspiel said. "And nobody knows it better than ourselves. But it's a job that can and must be done."

Paul T. Mackie, chairman over the "geographic" or neighborhood divisions of the campaign, announced that four divisions are now completely organized.

The campaigners will attempt to get increased subscriptions on the theory that 137,000 San Franciscans, having given last year, firmly believe in the Community Chest way of solving problems that are not being cared for by public relief and that a majority of these people, once they realize the Chest's agencies face a genuine crisis this year, will be glad to, in the words of the campaign slogan, "open their hearts" and give more generously.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1938.

State of California, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Willis Hickox, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club, San Francisco, California; Editor Pro Tem., Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco; Business Manager, Willis Hickox, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Women's City Club, San Francisco, California.
President, Miss Katharine Dooohoe, San Francisco, California.
Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Hall, Palo Alto, California.
Treasurer, Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

WILLIS HICKOX, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this fourth day of October, 1938.

(Seal) BERTHA RIESE ADLER.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires May 27, 1942.)

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For your Holiday dinner get the finest in flavor, tenderness and shapeliness by ordering Special Prime El Solyo Turkeys. They are scientifically fed from the brooder stage. From July to December they roam over our green alfalfa fields.

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Recipes of the Month

—By Our Own Catering Department

ROAST TURKEY WITH CHESTNUT STUFFING

Singe, draw, wash well and neatly dry a fine, tender turkey weighing about ten pounds. Fill with the chestnut stuffing described below and season well with salt. Cover the breast with thin slices of larding pork, if possible, to enrich its flavor. Put it to roast in a roasting pan in a moderate oven for two or two and a half hours, basting it occasionally with its own gravy. Take it out of the oven, and put on a dish or platter. Skim the fat off the gravy, add a little broth or consomme and thicken as desired. Season, let boil for a few minutes, strain into a bowl and send to the table separately.

CHESTNUT STUFFING

Take half a medium-sized onion, four good-sized shallots, chop them fine, place in a sauce pan on the stove with some bacon fat or butter and cook for a few minutes. Then add one pound of sausage meat, cook about ten minutes longer. Add about twenty-four well-pounded chestnuts, one cup consomme or broth, season with salt, pepper, one teaspoon powdered thyme and two tablespoons chopped parsley. Let come to a boil, then add one pound bread crumbs and about four dozen good-sized chestnuts cut in half. Mix well together, being careful not to break the chestnuts too much; let cool off, and then stuff the turkey with it.

FRESH VEGETABLE SALAD MACEDOINE

Take some carrots and turnips, peel and wash them well, and cut them with a vegetable scoop. Wash and string some fresh beans and prepare the same quantity of fresh peas. Cook separately in salted boiling water until done. Drain and let cool thoroughly, then cut the vegetables into small pieces. Place all in a salad bowl, add a pinch of salt, a pinch of white pepper, a mixture of two-thirds sweet oil and one-third vinegar. Mix all thoroughly together. If there be any cooked cauliflower on hand, use it for decorating the bowl, or a few asparagus tips or Brussels sprouts will do as well. Serve immediately.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS SAUTE

Pare neatly and pick off the outer dead leaves of two pounds of Brussels sprouts, wash them thoroughly, drain, and cook them in boiling salted water from seven to ten minutes. Drain and let cool in cold water; drain them once more, put into a sautiore containing some butter. Season with a little salt and white pepper; to improve the flavor add a little fresh chopped parsley. Cook slightly for four or five minutes, then serve.

Roman Meal

■ "Time Marches On" and so does Roman Meal. For over thirty years this popular breakfast and baking cereal has satisfied an increasing number of users all over the country.

One can go into most any hospital diet kitchen and find Roman Meal because it is recommended by doctors and has been used by them and the diet experts of hospitals, not only for its delightful flavor but also because it contains more nourishment and body-building essentials than most cereals.

Coaches and trainers of athletic teams have found it a valuable asset to the diet of their men and Mr. Frank J. Kavanaugh, trainer for the Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, says, "You have a fine cereal and I shall always use it on my training table." Men like Mr. Kavanaugh know what proper food means to an athlete and their advice should be followed by all of us who are in constant training for our daily battles of life.

Roman Meal was originated by a doctor who knew that whole wheat, whole rye, sterilized bran and a tasteless and odorless flax was a much needed addition to the average daily diet.

One look at the ingredients that make up Roman Meal should be enough to convince most anyone that such a cereal is what growing children, as well as grown-ups, should use to build up their bodies and give them the proper nourishment which is so necessary in the daily diet of today. There are so many foods on the market today that are delightful to eat, but seldom do we find a food that not only tastes good but is good for us and that can be used in so many ways that we won't tire of it.

The next time you go shopping, ask your grocer for a package of Roman Meal and join the happy throng of satisfied users who for over thirty years have used and recommended this popular cereal to their friends.

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Indian Posters for Exposition

The current Exhibition of Indian Posters and Designs at the San Francisco Museum of Art is the result of an Indian Poster Prize Contest of the Golden Gate International Exposition.

This prize contest was one planned long ago by the Exposition, although the results are only now being made public, the final date for the entries having been set for August 1st of this year.

The Jury of Award includes: Mrs. William Denman, Mr. Rene d'Harnoncourt, Mrs. Charles de Y. Elkus, Dr. A. L. Kroeber, Dr. Grace McCann Morley, Mr. Timothy Pfleuger.

The San Francisco Museum of Art has several times before exhibited modern Indian paintings, and some of the names included in the current showing are therefore already familiar to the San Francisco public. Three of the four prize winners, as it happens, do not belong among the better-known and well-established painters, but represent another younger group that will undoubtedly come increasingly to the fore.

The first prize, won by Vincente Mirabel of Taos, a young artist attached to the Santa Fe Indian School, depicts the Turtle Dance with the piled-up dwellings of Taos Pueblo in the background.

The second prize, "At Sa Teaches His Son to Hunt," by Narcisco Abeyta, a Navaho, is an all-over design in black on white paper, very bold and decorative.

The third prize, by Otis Polelonema, a Hopi Indian, is derived from familiar Indian motifs, but highly stylized and boldly handled in color treatment, has had clearly in mind the simplified expression required for a poster.

The fourth prize, a scene of Sioux camp life, used to produce a nicely distributed all-over pattern, by Andrew Standing Soldier, also lends itself to the decorative emphasis of poster design.

The first and second prize-winning paintings will be reproduced for the Indian Court of the Federal Building at the Exposition by the United States.

Many of the paintings submitted deserve special mention. Poster designing was a problem new to most Indian artists, for their work usually excels in rather delicate design and detail, and subtle color. Accordingly, many of the paintings sent in were fine examples of Indian painting, but not easily adapted to the purpose of the contest.

The extraordinary sensitiveness of the painting of the Black and White Clowns, by Fred Kabotie, is a case in point, for though it is one of the finest productions of this distinguished and well-recognized artist, its very qualities of fine low-keyed color and complex composition put it out of consideration for the poster.

Merina Luhan of Taos, in a delicate small-scaled all-over design in black; Acee Blue Eagle, in three excellent works; Dixon Palmer in his "Kiowa Prayer"; Ma-Pe Wi, whose name is already familiar to every lover of Indian painting, in two bold and striking designs; Joe Duran, Herrera, James Auchiah, Stephen Mopope, Solomon McCombs, Alan Hauser, Harrison Begay, are a few of the others whose work deserves careful attention. Some are well known, others are young artists still unfamiliar to the public. The general quality is excellent and the variety of technique, style and point of view is striking.

A notable comment on the Indian Exhibit is expressed by Miguel Covarrubias, the distinguished Mexican artist, now creating the murals and maps for Pacific House of the Department of the Pacific Area. Covarrubias says:

"To a Mexican who knows Indian culture untouched by Western civilization only through archeology, it was a revelation to see the Indians of the Southwest—it was like seeing the familiar pre-Columbian Maya and Aztec picture-writing come to life.

"Today the Indian artists of the Southwest are brilliantly carrying on the tradition of the highly refined religious paintings of their ancestors. In the Kiva frescoes, pottery and katchinas of the Pueblos and the sand-paintings of the Navahos, there is an elegance of style and sense of design which, while retaining ancient cultural and high artistic values, yet frees itself of strict ritualistic limitations, producing a new, living school of art of unlimited possibilities."

Equally enthusiastic and interested in the Indian painting exhibit is Frederick H. Douglas, who is the ethnological authority of the Indian Presentation in the Federal Building. Mr. Douglas came to the Exposition from Denver where he was the curator for Indian Art of the Denver Art Museum. In organizing the gallery of Indian Art at the Denver Museum he was one of the first scholars to recognize the importance of the art quality of Indian material and in displaying it he emphasized this value.

Planting Suggestions . . . By Clara M. Schaeffer

■ "San Francisco gray — Naples chromatic." So spoke Brother Leo in comparing the two cities. While we cannot lend splashes of color by draping brightly "colored petticoats" out of our windows and on our balconies, we can do much to heighten and brighten the color tone of our city by the use of window boxes. Let us make it impossible for Golden Gate International Exposition visitors to leave us next year saying San Francisco is a "gray city."

Wouldn't it, for instance, be a splendid idea if the owners of public buildings and apartment houses made a concerted effort to supply their tenants with uniform window boxes for planting? The boxes themselves could lend much color. A vivid blue box planted to golden California poppies or calendula, or a white box planted to red geraniums, if one wishes to be partisan to either California or Stanford, would illustrate.

Granted there are some districts where wind and a north or west exposure make it hard to grow many plants. With a little experimenting I am sure we would find something, if it be only the very common and much-abused genista with its fragrant yellow flowers, the white and green of the variegated ivy or the periwinkle (vinca minor variegata), with the same foliage coloring and the addition of its periwinkle blue flowers, or even the blue-green of dwarf junipers. A good way to try out experiments in window boxes is to leave your plants in pots, which can be plunged into the soil in the boxes and removed at will to make room for later plantings or removal to a different location if found unsuitable. One of the floral features of the Exposition is to be the "Persian prayer rug" of mesembryanthemums. If you have a sunny south exposure, why not link up with it Mesembryanthemums speciosum is probably one of the best, and M. brownii and M. auranticum are also very good and will be much used at the Exposition. It must also be borne in mind that in taller buildings where an effect is to be obtained from the street it will be necessary to have larger flowers and more vivid coloring than if the boxes are in first- or second-story windows.

Since soil is restricted in window boxes and usually a maximum number of plants used, it is most important to use quite a rich compost, the richness, of course, depending on the type of plant material used. In a later issue of the Magazine we may be able to publish more detailed information as to composts, plant combinations for different exposures and different seasons of the year.

As members of the Women's City Club let us do our share to the end that Exposition visitors may leave our city with memories of San Francisco as a colorful City by the Golden Gate.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our own little patio garden on the Fourth Floor is proof that the color Miss Schaeffer advocates can really be accomplished.

Exhibitions . . . San Francisco Museum of Art

■ Three new exhibitions are now on view at the San Francisco Museum of Art: Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" in a large show of the original celluloid cut-outs from which the motion picture was made; an exhibition of architecture organized by the Northern California Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and an exhibition of contemporary American Indian art.

Announcing the "Snow White" exhibition, a bulletin issued by the Museum states: "Most popular of people's arts of today, Walt Disney's animated cartoons have achieved the highest measure of public delight and affection in 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.' More than 75 of the original celluloid cut-outs are now displayed at the Museum, re-evoking the delight of the film and permitting a leisurely renewal of one's acquaintance with its characters."

The Exhibition of the American Institute of Architects, Northern California Chapter, presents through photographs, plans and models a survey of the finest recent building design by licensed architects of this region. Displayed in a novel manner, the exhibition was designed by Ernest Born, San Francisco architect.

The American Indian art exhibition includes posters made in competition for the Golden Gate Exposition.

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Club News

by

Ethel Bogardus

ETHEL BOGARDUS

✦

No publicity exploitation has made Ethel Bogardus a GREAT WRITER. She has earned that distinction by her own accomplishments. She is a specialist in her field — of sure and understanding touch in dealing with San Francisco club women.

In addition, Miss Bogardus conducts a daily column, "The Women's Angle." For this she is widely respected, her witticisms quoted and her comments remembered. She writes under a banner of independent thought and expression fostered by the policy of The News.

For complete and accurate club news and "The Women's Angle" read

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

DECEMBER 1938

VOLUME XII · NUMBER [illegible] [illegible]NTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED
MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CI[illegible] [illegible]T STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
DECEMBER...1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS

Children's Toy Tea — December 10th
Members' Christmas Party — December 15th

DECEMBER, 1938

1—**"People and Places"**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding.	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Two one-act plays presented by Ronald Telfer Academy of Dramatic Art, with monologue by Mrs. Raymond Ockernal.		
2—**French Conversational Class** — Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
8—**"People and Places"** — Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Program by San Francisco Recreation Commission. Arranged by Hester Proctor, Supervisor of Drama.		
9—**French Conversational Class** — Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
10—**Children's Christmas Party**	Auditorium	2:30 p.m.
John and Mitzi Marionettes of Carmel — "The Sea King." Tickets, including refreshments, 75c.		
14—**Spanish Round Table** — Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
Book Review — Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner, $1.00 a plate.	Nat. Defenders' Room	6:15 p.m.
To Be Reviewed: "ALL THIS, and HEAVEN TOO," by Rachael Field. "Journey of Tapiola," by Robert Nathan.		
15—**French Round Table** — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Special Christmas Luncheon with Christmas Carols		11:30 to 2:00 p.m.
Main Dining Room, $1.00; Cafeteria, 75c.		
Special Christmas Dinner — $1.25 a plate. Reservations in advance	Main Dining Room	6:30 p.m.
Program following	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
16—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
Tea in Honor of Dean William Jesse Baird, of Berea Foundation School, who will lecture on "Real Americans Nobody Knows." Tea, 35c.	Auditorium	2:30 p.m.
22—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding.	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
23—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding.	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
25—**Christmas Day Dinner**—$1.50 a plate	Main Dining Room	2 to 8 p.m.
28—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
29—**French Round Table**—Mlle Marie Lemaire presiding.	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
30—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.

JANUARY, 1939

1—**Special New Year's Day Dinner** — $1.25 a plate	Main Dining Room	5 to 8 p.m.
5—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding.	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
6—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
Twelfth Night—Dinner and Program. $1.25 a plate. Reservations in advance	Main Dining Room	6:30 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII December, 1938 Number 11

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SWIM AT THE CLUB

Tall still trees, deeply scented from the first fall rain, walk silently beside me. But a short way beyond, the trail vanishes, hidden by an immeasurable curtain of mist. Still we walk on, the trees and I. Walk on! How precious to walk on after so many weary months in bed.

I smile as I recall how impossible, how futile, how extraordinarily difficult the idea of growing strong through swimming appeared to me. Never-the-less, I, who could scarcely drag myself upstairs and to whom a swimming pool was an unknown quantity, decided to learn to swim.

During that first lesson it was most distressing to discover how hard it was to get my feet off of the bottom and then to find it was even harder to get them down again. Careful attention to instruction and persistent practise revealed to me the absolute control I had over my body and the delightful freedom of movement allowed me by the astonishing buoyancy of the water.

Not rapidly — but surely, I progressed from the shallow water to the deep. Only one who has had a similar mental and physical struggle can appreciate that exultant feeling of victory which I knew as I swam leisurely and joyously in deep water. To swim was no longer a duty. It was a very real pleasure.

As I progressed in my ability to swim, I progressed in my ability to walk. The day came when I could RUN upstairs. Today — today in the fragrance of a rain-swept countryside, the trees and I walk on.

SEE YOU AT THE POOL . . .

To bend and stretch at our open bedroom windows humming "Bend Down Sister" would be all right were it not for the fact that the Women's City Club Pool offers much more fun and entertainment while exercising.

Make it a habit to come as often as possible. Bring guests. Swimming is the SAFEST, SANEST, SUREST way for the stout girls to grow slim, and the thin ones to develop.

Remember that arrangements may be made for lessons under the supervision of our capable instructor. Start in now! Improve your technique for next summer. Make swimming your favorite Winter Sport.

SWIM TICKETS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

LEARN TO SWIM NOW SO YOU MAY BETTER ENJOY YOUR SUMMER VACATION

Holidays in the Clubhouse

CHILDREN'S TOY TEA

Saturday — December 10th — 2:30 o'clock
JOHN and MITZI EATON
Marionettes of Carmel
"THE SEA KING"
With sets by Don Blanding
Refreshments
Tickets — all inclusive — 75c
Each child is asked to bring a toy for the Christmas basket.

■

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Thursday — December 15th — Carol Singing
Main Dining Room — $1.00 a plate — Cafeteria, 75c

■

MEMBERS' CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Thursday — December 15th — Special Christmas Dinner
Main Dining Room — $1.25 a Plate
After the dinner hour
Pageant, Ballet and Christmas Carols
in the Auditorium

■

TEA

Friday — December 16th — 2:30 o'clock
in honor of
DEAN WILLIAM JESSE BAIRD
of Berea Foundation School, Kentucky
who will speak on Mountaineer Folk
"Real Americans Nobody Knows"
Tea — 35c

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ NOMINATING COMMITTEE: Appointed by the Board of Directors at its last meeting invites suggestions for Board Members. Mrs. John M. Eshleman, Chairman.

■ SPECIAL CHRISTMAS LUNCH: Will be served on Thursday, December 15th, in both Cafeteria and Main Dining Room. The girls choir, which comes to us each year, will sing a group of carols and we feel that this occasion — the choir in their brilliant red surpluses, the soft tones of the organ and the fresh young voices, brings the first real feeling of Christmas to us. Carols will be sung several times during the luncheon hour. Luncheon, Main Dining Room, $1; Cafeteria, 75c.

■ MEMBER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY: On Thursday evening, December 15th, a special Christmas dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room, followed by a Christmas program in the Auditorium. Carols will be sung and a lovely evening in true Christmas spirit is being planned.

■ TEA IN HONOR OF DEAN WILLIAM JESSE BAIRD of The Berea Foundation School, will be held on Friday, December 16th, at 2:30 in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. Dean Baird will talk of the Kentucky Mountaineer folk, whom he styles as "Real Americans Nobody Knows" and having been a mountain boy himself, born in a two-room log cabin, with a stick and clay chimney, his portrayal of the life and problems of these people is vivid and real. Tea will be 35c. Please make reservations in advance.

■ DR PAUL CADMAN will give a spring course of twelve lectures at the Club, beginning Wednesday, January 18, 1939. Course tickets are now obtainable at the Executive Office.

■ EMPLOYEES CHRISTMAS FUND: Cards have been mailed out to the membership reminding them of the Christmas bonus to employees, which each year is generously contributed. May we ask that the members respond promptly so that the bonus may be distributed before Christmas day.

■ CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY: The John and Mitzi Marionettes of Carmel, in a play "The Sea King," will be given on Saturday afternoon, December 10th, in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. There will be a Christmas tree, Santa Claus and refreshments following the play in the Cafeteria. Each child attending is asked to bring a toy for the Christmas basket, which toys will be distributed on Christmas day to under-privileged children throughout the city. Tickets, all inclusive, 75c. Please procure tickets in advance at Information Desk, Fourth Floor.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Because of Christmas holidays, there will be but two Thursday Evening Programs in December. On December 1st, two one-act plays will be given by Ronald Telfer Academy of Dramatic Art, with monologue by Mrs. Raymond Ockernal, and on December 8th, a program will be presented by the San Francisco Recreation Commission, arranged by Miss Hester Proctor. The first program in January will be held Thursday Evening, January 12th.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Offers a 10% discount on all permanent waves during December. What could make a nicer Christmas gift? Of course a merchandise order purchased before Christmas would give the donor the benefit of the 10% discount, and the recipient the benefit of a perfectly done permanent wave.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Fruit cake, plum pudding and Christmas cookies will be made to order by our Catering Department. Orders should be placed before December 20th. Fruit cakes, $1.00 a pound; plum pudding, $1.00 a pound, and Christmas cookies, 60c a pound. Remember that any one of these makes a delightful Christmas gift.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: From a galaxy of new books that tempt the reader this Christmastide, Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard has selected for review, Rachael Field's "All This, and Heaven Too," called the novel of the year, a rich dramatic story of an extraordinary woman, a story that moves forward on a tidal wave of excitement. The second book is "Journey of Tapiola," called the most delightful book of the year, a story of an extraordinary dog, warm and pulsating, written by Robert Nathan with his inimitable touch of fantasy. The time of the dinner is 6:15 on the evening of the second Wednesday, December 14th, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ MEMBERS JOINING now pay half year dues to March, 1939, which, added to the initiation fee and Federal tax, makes a total of thirty-two dollars. Membership in the National League is a delightful Christmas gift to a daughter, who will enjoy entertaining her friends during Exposition days, and to a friend who has just come to live in San Francisco.

■ CITY CLUB TOKENS: Christmas Tokens may be purchased for any amount, for use in the Library, Beauty Salon or League Shop. Tokens are on sale in all departments and offer a delightful way to let one's friends please themselves in selecting their own gift, be it a book, facial, permanent wave or some lovely objet d'art.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: Christmas Time and myriads of gifts on our shelves, ranging from the practical wool motor robes in lovely color combinations, to dainty gifts of glass and pottery, or even toys which would be the envy of any child. Visit your League Shop first when starting out with your Christmas list.

■ SWIMMING POOL: A ten-swim ticket makes a delightful Christmas gift — a gift that is at once salutary as well as being fun.

■ LIBRARY ANNOUNCEMENT: This Christmas there are books for little people and big people, for those who want to be amused and for the serious-minded. Consult the book suggestions under the title National League Book Service and you will find your list ready-made.

■ CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS: The Clubhouse will be glowing in its Christmas robes on Thursday, December 15th, the day of our special Christmas luncheon and dinner. Members are urged to bring their friends to the Clubhouse during the holiday season, so that all may enjoy the beauty of our Christmas decorations and join with us in the friendly Christmas spirit which pervades our Clubhouse.

■ TWELFTH NIGHT will be celebrated at the Clubhouse with appropriate ceremony. The program cannot yet be announced, but calendars should be marked in anticipation of an enjoyable evening.

■ THE WANA DERGE SCHOOL will begin its spring classes under Club auspices January 24th. The seven-lesson course will demonstrate color and other principles governing art—distinguished dress —home decoration—advertising. The seven lessons are prerequisite to American Flower Arrangement: a course of six lessons. Adherence to the principles brings forth unending originality and makes available to all that most thrilling of experiences, ingenious flower arrangement. An exhibit will be held on Tuesday, January 17th, from 10:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. Miss Derge will lecture at 2:00 o'clock and 8:00 o'clock. There is no admission fee and exhibit is open to the public.

The greeting on this first Christmas Card, sent in 1846, still holds today

A Merry Christmas To All!

The President's Message

Once again we find ourselves upon that bridge of days that link our national feast of "Thanksgiving" to the world's holy day of Christmas — and pausing, the spirit of both seem to fuse into the message that in this year of chaotic world events still gives hope to the human race, "Peace on earth—good will to man!" What better can we do than make this our message, our greeting, and our prayer.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Christmas Eve in San Felipe

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

■ The impulses which send a man to church and to the theater are closely akin.

The beginnings of the drama are in ancient magical rites whose concern was with men and gods—that is, with gods as the symbols of forces, unknown and incomprehensible, with which man was surrounded. To bring man into closer communion with these forces was the objective of the rite.

The essence of good drama is to move us by the realization of a more profound relationship with the emotional tides which sway humanity.

In "Ancient Art and Ritual," Jane Harrison says, "The Greek theater opened at sunrise and the day was consecrated to high and strenuous religious attention. . . . Most impressive was the ceremony that took place on the eve of the performance . . . the god Dionysos himself was brought to the theater — he came not only in human but in animal form."

Today, both the ancient rite and the emerging drama with religious significance are to be found in the rituals of the Indian.

On Christmas Eve in the old Catholic church of the pueblo of San Felipe, after the celebration of the midnight Mass, the Indians dance before the altar. As the roots of the Mass are deeply imbedded in the rich soil of the past, so the wild beauty of this dance of the horned animals reaches back some nine thousand years to that early deer dancer of the prehistoric caves of France, the Magician of the Caverne des Trois Freres.

Like the Jongleur de Notre Dame, who with boyish dancing grace played his juggler's tricks as his only offering to a Madonna who could understand, the Indian gives his dance in honor of the Christ Child.

It is cold in the church of San Felipe on Christmas Eve. Against the walls are massed the silent Indians, wrapped to the eyes in dark blankets. On the hard earthen floor are kneeling men and women and children. The little ones nestle to their parents; on the backs of the women are babies, wrapped closely against them in the gaily colored shawls all Indian women wear. Quietly the Indians move about, going up to the altar where the Christ Child waits, then stand around watching for the coming of the dancers.

Outside the open church door, beyond the circle of dim light, are black shadowy spaces. Suddenly out of the night there emerges the antlered head of a deer; there is a pause, a (Continued on Page 28

Editorial

■ The December Number of the Magazine—Christmas preparations in the air—preparations for exchange of gifts, for feasting and for play, but how about the preparations for the spirit, for the abundant life which so surely rewards the "little acts of kindness." A world filled with bitterness and misunderstanding is starving this Christmas.

Never in history was the spirit of Christmas more needed. Never were men so reviled and so persecuted—just for **being.** Travesty of civilization in great areas of the world's surface! "Merry Christmas" to such as these can but seem a mockery, but "Holy Christmas" takes on new meaning.

The motto of the National League for Woman's Service comes to mind, "For God, for Country, for Home." For the spiritual advancement of men of God, for the perpetuation of an America where the thoughts and acts of free men are dictated by conscience only, for the preservation of homes made safe by democratic principles, we approach another Christmas together, with thankful hearts that our coming-of-age this year has found us loyal to the principle for which we are bound together in a National League for Woman's Service which knows no division by political party or sectarian creed.

In a California blessed with plenty, in a city divinely patterned, as citizens we may cry "Merry Christmas!" with thankful hearts and the prayer that the Christ who was born those centuries ago will today enter the hearts of men who will sing with the angels,

"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

■ When Abbé Dimnet returned to the Women's City Club last month, he brought to his audience truly "feasts of the mind," as the title of his lecture had promised. We quote a paragraph: "The incentive which totalitarian states find or think they find in sheer force or materialistic aggrandizement, America, more than any other nation, finds in a completely different direction. Americans of all degrees want betterment of the conditions surrounding them, their own, no doubt, but other people's as well. This passion for progress is visible in the welcome they give to any noble and christian idea and in the joy with which they offer to cooperate for its achievement. They call this SERVICE and there is no finer word in the language.

■ Busy days of last-minute shopping often preclude any respite, and the visits to the Clubhouse which occur other months of the year get pushed out of the picture in December. But is this fair to the committees who have decorated the Clubrooms so attractively, or to the departments who have arranged special features for our Christmas trade?

Between hours, busy as they may be, we can entertain a bit if we will; we can remember our Club; we can smile at fellow-members who, alone this Christmas for the first time, need our friendly nod or our cordial handclasp. Let us resolve to make the effort to visit "465" this Christmas.

■ "A particularly fine woman she is." If so, she should be a member of this Club, for the type of membership is important to an organization whose purpose is service, and "particularly fine women" should be supporters of such a program. Exposition Year is a splendid introduction for new members.

■ "I never use the Club so I do not give to the Employees Fund." How much you miss, my friend. The Employees Fund is not "pay for service." Rather is it an expression of good-will toward those who stand ready to serve. They have stood ready all year and it is our fault, not theirs, if we have not given them a chance to wait upon us. Their fine spirit eagerly awaiting us is what makes our Clubhouse a home in the true sense of the word. They do not accept "tips," but they are entitled to a Christmas greeting from us, and we who carelessly forget to send our gift miss the joy which comes from having remembered the holiday season while at the same time we allow our fellow-members to carry the Christmas Fund by themselves without the help they have every right to expect from us! No contribution is too small, for it is a symbol.

Christmas in South Slavia

By Janet Peck

■ Village Christmas is nearer the ideal than the most beautified city could make it. Mountain villages above all.

Slovenia, the first province of Jugo-Slavia we enter from the west, is essentially an Alpine region. Great limestone massifs laced with eternal snow. Pine and beech forests, Alpine lakes, splendid peasant farmsteads, and clean, well-built villages.

What a background for Christmas festival!

"Wo ist das Land," outside the Arctics, where humans are not at their busiest the day before Christmas! Here in this Slovene "room-of-all-work," as big as the Town Hall, domestic science is being pushed to its limit. Aromas are fusing: rosemary, sweet basil, marjoram, from the forcemeat table. Here gay boleroed women are preparing and preserving what is considered rare bits, even in Paris (and China!)

The other side of the room, a niche is being lined with pine and fir boughs woven into a canopy for the Nativity. The pungent aroma mingles with the herbs. The Angels, Saints and Magi—even the cow and the donkey—are reverentially placed with certain regard for perspective and design. (No wonder there are so many wood-carvers in Catholic countries.) Now the composition is finished.

A call is given to the nearest group, then carried on until the entire family is assembled on its knees before the "Blessed Lady and Child."

Through the window comes a familiar sound—it is the "busy bell" in the belfry, bidding all to midnight service. A hustling for scarfs and sheepskins, a lighting of little torches, and the household descends by the path into the village church. From all directions are lines of peasants with flickering torches, trailing toward the village, until the floor of the valley seems like an invading mystic army.

Benediction timed to end at the midnight hour, when the torches again lead the faithful home to break the 36-hour fast with freshly-made and freshly-broiled sausages, hunks of brown bread, hot drinks, and home brew!

The poor Olympian gods never knew it was their insipid food that lost them their cloud banks.

THE NATIONAL BIRD

The festival's "kingpin," and rightly so. In all his proscribed life he has almost never known the humiliating restraint of a pen. He has luxuriated in clover meadows and passed over peach and prune orchards to the higher strata of beech and oak forests' nut-strewn grounds. Six weeks or so before festivals he descends to take his seasonal Strassbourg cure. High time, for his chassis needs lowering. Oh, my! How much!

This little pig never comes to market; he is home grown, and comes direct to his fate and his glory.

While in the Roman Catholic provinces the "Spirit of Christmas" is stimulated by church devotion, in Orthodox Serbia the ceremonial is expressed by symbols. There also is true devotion in the midnight mass, with its beautiful ritual, and the church hour on Christmas Day.

The bringing in of the Yule log is the first action of the Christmas. Here the sons must cut the oak logs with their own hands and wind them with ivy. The eldest enters the house first, and the mother or the oldest woman receives him with the kiss of peace on his brow and the scattering of grain over his head (prosperity), while he in turn wishes her long life in beauty. The log is placed on the fire and the Old Year is burned away. (Continued on Page 31

Christmas in Lapland

By Barbara Donohoe

"Christmas Day" is taken from letters written in Finnish Lapland during a trip with reindeer along the Arctic Highway in 1933.

Editor's Note.

■ I am writing in the main room of the log house by lamp light as, even though it is only 1:30 p. m., it is like dusk on a winter's day. The lamps and the fire give us light, and in the corner stands the Christmas tree, ready for the Lap party which is the big event of the day. A long table at one end of the room is already spread, laden with sweet breads, cakes, nuts, and candy, and cups for the coffee; and, because it is a real party, there will be sugar and milk. But it is of Christmas Eve that I must write —up here it is the family's day for the presents and the tree.

Starting early yesterday morning, we put the finishing touches to a very pretty tree, resplendent with many candles, and finished up the remaining packages. Each package must be wrapped and marked with the person's name as if it had come from a distance, in fact from Santa Claus' limitless stores, to be distributed by him. All these presents were packed in a pulkka and taken outside to await the arrival of Santa Claus.

One of the nicest moments of Christmas was after lunch. I went out for a breath of air. In the fading light I put on my skis and went down the road in search of juniper and branches of pine to decorate the big mantle at the Inn. The vast stillness and beauty of this country always impresses me, and its loneliness.

By four-thirty most of the neighbors had gathered, some twelve or fifteen children and as many grown-ups. The tree was lit, and only candle-light illuminated the room. The greetings and wishes for a Merry Christmas over, our guests were asked to sit down, and then offered coffee and cakes, maintaining all the while a silence broken from time to time by an expression of thanks and a bow or curtsey as the meal was finished. Except for the gramophone playing over and over again "Glade Jul," the room was very quiet. Then the stillness without was broken by the gay jangle of a bell and Santa Claus arrived with his pulkka laden with presents, dressed in a big fur coat, Lap hat, fur boots and mittens, with snow glistening on his beard. Such a beautiful beard, made in the stress of emergency from a piece of rope that morning! The awe and surprise of the children was a picture, not to mention the change of expression of the grown-ups, quiet, stolid people with great dignity.

What a happy memory that Christmas will always be! Santa Claus sitting on a stool in our midst, the laden pulkka at his feet, distributing the presents, calling each by name, each bowing and curtseying as the present was received, and the joy of all with the simplest remembrance.

A tramp had come by. He sat in the corner drinking his coffee, for it is Christmas and the Inn is open to all. Later he was in the kitchen—they found him in tears! He had not seen a Christmas tree since he had been a boy. A hasty inspection of our wardrobe produced a pair of socks, and cigarettes were quickly wrapped and given to him. I have seldom seen anyone raise his glass and say "Skaal" with more manner, or click his (Continued on Page 24

Christmas Treasure

By June Lucas

Scene — The City of Saint Francis.
Time — Christmas Eve — 1938.

■ The plane was a little late — every seat was taken. A tiny Christmas wreath between the sliding doors forward and a bit of holly on the stewardess' cap labeled the great winged piece of roaring mechanism the last-minute Christmas Eve plane for the Coast airport and Christmas in San Francisco. Visibility had not been good over Utah and Nevada. The pilots were hoping for a clear landing. Seeing the lights of bay and city, bridge and island always thrilled the passengers.

"We'll have luck, we have a holy father on board," the older man remarked. The younger pilot smiled, "Didn't know you were a superstitious guy."

"I'm not, but I still think it's luck to have someone on board who believes in the Christmas fairy story."

The night grew clearer and clearer, the plane caught up with its schedule, then came the moonlight and the older pilot had his wish — one of his best landings, and the disembarking passengers exclaiming over the beauty of the last ten minutes.

"Oh, my dear, it was marvelous."

"No, there is no other city in the world so lovely on a clear night, but how are the children?"

"Oh, darling, you are just wrecking my orchids — of course I wasn't afraid. We had a dear old priest on board who slept all the time with the most heavenly smile on his face! Yes, I know you paid for these lovely things, but I wanted to wear them tomorrow when we tell everybody!"

The younger pilot left the field last. He did not remember seeing the priest leave the field — in fact he did not see him near the plane — but that was easy to explain with that crowd welcoming the passengers in the happy excitement of Christmas Eve.

John Alberg's home, if his tiny high-up room in New York City could be called home, held no meaning for him yet. He had not been long in the new country and it was such a lucky chance that his splendid training and record as an air pilot in his home country had spelled work for him, work he loved. The coast-to-coast run was teaching him much and the vast country with the lovely city by the sea at the end of the run fascinated him and was helping to heal some of the deep bitterness in his heart, for John Alberg was a Jew by his lovely, talented mother and German by his scholarly father who taught philosophy and loved life. This Christmas Eve he had promised himself that if it were clear he was going to walk across the great bridge that seemed from the sky to have flung a necklace around the throat of an island, fastening it with a blaze of jewels, and then gone on with one mighty stride to the other side. His mother's last words had been to keep beauty in his life. The airlines car dropped John at the bridge entrance and it was a half hour before midnight by the clock on the tower. He counted upon his uniform to get him across the bridge and at the exit on the other side he would gladly pay a fare for the exhilaration and beauty that would be his.

He had stepped off the main bridge lane at the left where the road led down to the blaze of jewels that was "Treasure Island," when he was high above at the controls. He had noticed no one until he stopped to find a narrow ledge at the base of the wall upon which he could stand and look at the glistening night of moon and stars and myriad lights all reflected in the waters of the bay. The dark-robed figure of a man was there close to him watching too. The cowl of his robe had been blown back by the wind and his face shone clear as John Alberg touched his cap and said:

"Good evening, sir, you and I have been lucky to get this chance on such a night."

"Yes, my boy," the man replied, "if you had not been such a good pilot I might have missed it."

John was startled for a moment and then he remembered—"Oh, I beg your pardon, Father, I did not recognize you, but I wondered where you had gone and how you had left the airport so quickly—you just disappeared."

"Yes, I had to if I were to be here for you when you came."

John Alberg was puzzled. He had never seen this man before and yet he must be the priest who had been on the plane, and being a direct sort of person, he said, "I do not understand—who are you, and how did you know I was coming here?"

"I am Saint Francis of Assisi"— and waving his hand toward the lights — "that is my city."

"Oh, I get you, you are going to be in some Christmas pantomime. Well, you have a grand part, but how did you know about me?"

Saint Francis put his hand on the boy's strong arm. "No pantomime, son, but of course you do not know that each Christmas Eve I come to earth. I know neither time nor distance in my coming. Tonight the great white angel of youth said you needed me and I took your plane because I thought it would please your mother."

"My mother!" John's senses whirled—this was no longer an amusing incident—he took off his cap and drew his sleeve across his forehead where great drops of moisture had sprung from his startled being. They kept returning and the yellow bridge lights made the drops a strange color as he looked at Saint Francis with agonized bewilderment.

"Yes, my boy, I was in Munich a few hours ago and I heard your mother and father tell a neighbor of you, of your work, of your fear for them, of your loneliness and bitterness——"

By this time the boy's arms rested heavily upon the top of the ramp—his legs alone would not have held him up, and Saint Francis had his arm around him.

"They made me escape while I could; I didn't want to leave them; I am all they have. My four brothers were all killed in the last war. My mother was not young when I was born."

"I know," Saint Francis smiled; "that is why she named you John."

"Yes, and father thought I had a mission — some great thing to do for men, but I took to flying because the earth seemed so cruel, so full of horrible things. I could only bear it all when I flew right into a sunset or climbed up and up toward the moon, and now I am really afraid when I am on the ground."

Saint Francis' eyes grew dim.

"You have your arm around a Jew, Saint Francis; it's well you no longer live on earth." The boy's bitterness was deep and his proud young head dropped upon his arms. Bells were pealing in the distance and chimes from a great tower near them rang out.

"I served a Jew all my life, John. Centuries ago I used to go back to his birthplace—just a poor little town on a Palestinian road that held a cow shed. people said, dark and cold. Cattle breathed upon his head; some rough shepherds before his bed thought they saw a crown. 'It's but a wisp of hay,' his father said."

Saint Francis' arm tightened about the strong young figure as his own voice deepened with emotion. "He didn't live very long—near a Palestinian road he hung—it was the custom of Imperial Rome when agitators threatened loss of power for emperors at home—soldiers laughed at the bloody crown. 'It's but a wreath of thorns,' his mother said."

"I know, Saint Francis, I know all that, but it does not help us now that centuries ago there were brave men of my race. Tell me of my mother; is her smile still sweet or is she always sad? I know she is brave."

Saint Francis' lips quivered, "She is more than brave, my son, she is like the one I served. She has the courage to forgive and her smile is sweet and strong."

"And my father, is he holding on? I used to believe in goodness when my father talked to me."

"Yes, and he believes still in your mission. He said, 'My son takes bravery into the clouds—he will bring from the heavens the courage of the God of our fathers.' "

The young man and Saint Francis stood quietly watching the silent stars go by. The clocks had struck the midnight hour, but the lights on the shores had not dimmed. The great bridge continually flashed with the headlights of many cars.

The young pilot spoke first, "I don't know who you are, but somehow I believe you are Saint Francis. You are not a ghost—your arm is warm around me and I saw real tears in your eyes. I am tired from the trip—I may be dreaming because it is Christmas Eve and I have been thinking of my mother and father and longing for the old Christmas at home. If they must live on in misery and sorrow or die from starvation I don't want to live. Do you believe in miracles, Saint Francis?" turning his eager young face to the older man, but before Saint Francis could answer, John went on, "I used to dig for treasures in my grandfather's garden when I was a little boy. Mother always said I'd find one some day, but I never did; just a small, rusty cross was all I ever found."

"What did you do with it, my son?"

"Well, that's the strange part. Father cleaned it carefully and mother always wears it about her neck. She calls it her greatest treasure because she believes as father does that that Jew's life will some day work a miracle, that a cross means life, not death. But there was no figure on the cross. Mother's lovely, didn't you think? If only I could make a miracle happen for them, I'd do anything."

Saint Francis made no effort to hide the tears on his face. "I know, son, I know—the world I lived in on earth had great cruelty in it. Men of wicked power over life and death of others and tonight in my own land and yours I heard the sharp tread of nailed boots — saw men with fierce eyes, and on the Palestinian road I met no one wearing the Sandals of Peace. Our hearts' (Continued on Page 23

HOLIDAYS

By Paula DeLuca

■ Holidays! How monotonous life would be without them. Human beings cannot well live on matter-of-fact food alone. It's quite logical that calendar makers mark our holidays in red; they are bright spots that add zest to the march of ordinary time. In the countries surrounding the Pacific, holidays form a long procession — they are political, religious and agricultural. The spirit of playing is based on the idea that it must involve some time; if not, it is over before it is started. The most exciting days of the year are not universal celebrations. The people that create holidays have it in their power to forget them. In Pacific countries, however, each occasion surpasses the highest expectation.

JAPAN

October seventeenth! Harvest Thanksgiving Day! Much of the old order has been swept away but in holiday time there is fun and gaiety. In late October there is the festival of the rice harvest. The best of the harvested grain is presented at thousands of village altars. Nearby on stages a pantomime dance is performed for the guardian divinity. Thousands of Japanese gather from near and far along the streets to see the processions. The width of the road is decreased too by gaily decorated booths. These are erected in front of shops. There are displays of souvenirs, toys, staple products and gadgets common to fairs the world over.

After being cut by hand in late October, the ripened grain is hung on poles to dry and is threshed later. November twenty-third! Harvest Festival! The Emperor tastes the new rice that has been presented at Ise. This is the holiest of all shrines in Japan.

These holidays have grown out of the agricultural life. Of the national celebrations, two are at the harvest season. The people in gay kimonos and sandals celebrate them with zest and enjoyment. Frequently neighboring villages hold their celebrations on different days. Then they share in their mutual rejoicings and there is friendly good feeling.

SIAM

The Tot Kathin is outstanding on the Buddhist calendar in Siam. Each year in late October or early November His Majesty visits the yellow-robed priests in the chief temples. These fantastic wats give Siamese cities the air of fairyland; on the corners of the eaves gilded serpents raise their heads.

The King gives the priests gifts and the usual order is reversed. All Bangkok turns out in festive array. One day His Highness goes by motor; another time in the royal carriage; he travels too on a palanquin.

The procession by water is most striking. Dozens of ancient barges line the river and canals. In the center of the serpent-shaped state ship sits the King. Sixty red-clad oarsmen row the craft to the strains of an ancient chant. The temple wats and palace roofs in the background are exotic with bands of blue, red and green tiling.

Siam has maintained its individuality. Today it is the purest Buddhist country. Most of the Siamese men enter the priesthood as a temporary training place. On the other hand, few devote their lives to the calling. Before the educational system was established the Siamese were schooled in the three "R's" in monastries.

MEXICO

Land of the posada! By December sixteenth every Mexican home must be decorated. The nacimiento, the crib of the Christ child, is presented to suit individual taste. Mary, Joseph, the Angel and other figures are used in the manger scene. These miniatures are made of wood, terra cotta and paper.

Families go to each other's homes. They re-enact the posada. When guests arrive the merrymakers divide into two groups—one the Cruel Hearted Innkeepers, the other the Holy Pilgrims. The journey of Mary and Joseph is commemorated. Each evening after the posada from December sixteenth to the twenty-fourth there are dances. The whole country

Overlooking a placid lagoon on Treasure Island will be "Pacific House," pictured above. Visitors to the Pageant of the Pacific will find re-creations of civilizations of many Pacific nations in this exotic temple. Cross-shaped, the structure is 135 feet by 135 feet over all, including its spectacular 30-foot-high elliptical windows

dressed in formal and informal clothes, joins at homes, at clubs, cabarets, in celebrating the nativity. Sometimes, too, they have the piñata. An earthen pot chuck full of sweets, fruits, toys is covered with ruffled paper as decoration to represent a doll. The doll is suspended by a rope. The guests are blindfolded, given a club and each one has three chances to break the piñata.

Later, for Epiphany, the children put their shoes in the window. The three Wise Men, those that brought gold, frankincense and myrrh according to legend, stir the fancy of the Mexican children and bring toys!

Mexico is influenced by the early Spanish traditions. The holiest of birthdays is celebrated by our next-door neighbors in a fashion similar to Southern Europe. The nacimiento was originally inspired by St. Francis of Assisi seven hundred years ago. He wished to increase the religious fervor. Our southern friends, on the other hand, are replacing the Christmas crib of the Latins with the Christmas tree of the Anglo-Saxons. The posadas, nacimientos and piñatas are being discarded; the radio silences the many bells that were the voices of the cities.

UNITED STATES

December twenty-fifth! Christmas Day! America and its dependencies have a bit of a monopoly on their borrowed Santa Claus in the Pacific area. The pattern of the day reflects European traditions. Santa seemingly entered our realm from Holland, his predessor was St. Nicholas. From another European country, Germany, came our traditional Christmas tree. Christmas hymns seemingly originated in the Holy Land itself with added choruses by the English and the Italians. To England, too, we owe our Christmas cards and greetings, our plum puddings and mince pies.

The day has become fanciful and fantastic. When Christmas was first celebrated it was a purely spiritual festival, it had little of the gaiety it now possesses.

CHINA

New Year's Day! The old is cast off to the tune of firecrackers. For more than four thousand years the Chinese people have used the Lunar calendar. Thus the first day of the Lunar year, New Year's Day, never comes before January twentieth or after February twentieth.

Time is not the treasured thing it is in the West. During the half-month celebration of the Lunar New Year, tens of thousands attend the temple fairs; the bazaars which are the cen- (Continued on Page 26

Modern Trends

in head dress are not extreme —

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To The Mountains by Mary Curry Tresidder

■ With a fine early fall of snow at Badger Pass in mid-November, perhaps I shouldn't be harking back to the spring, but our last ski-tour in May was such an unusual one and so thrilling that I have been living on the memory of it all summer.

We have a snow-sled that we call the "Red Devil." Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't, but in spring snow which has frozen and thawed and frozen over and over again it goes along pretty well for a while. We made several excursions with it last spring, and the crowning one was an expedition to the base of Horse Ridge.

The Red Devil ran merrily eastward along the Glacier Point Road from the end of the clearing at Badger Pass, with four of us — Jules and Ralph, my husband and myself — hanging on ropes behind for a good ski-joring run, and Fred at the wheel. A mile or so beyond Bridalveil Creek we left the road to start our cross-country pull, and then it was a different story, for the sled won't take a side-hill climb. We twisted and turned among the trees, with a good deal of man-power required at times, and some very expert maneuvering by Fred, but finally made our destination at the foot of Horizon Hill.

We were lucky enough to find a place where the snow had melted away from the roots of a big Jeffrey pine, an open area about twenty feet square, not far from a small stream, and there we made camp amid walls of snow six or eight feet in height. We had a good big load of blankets and sleeping-bags, and I don't think anyone "slept cold." Making camp in this way gave us a base for several days of exploration.

We cooked steaks and made coffee for dinner, to the accompaniment of an alpenglow on distant peaks. We had a little camp fire skiing after dinner, of course, with talk of ski trips past and future, but turned in early and woke at the veritable crack of dawn to a fine day. Breakfast in the mountain air tempted us to linger, but the slopes we could see through the trees held a stronger lure, and soon we shouldered our skis and were off.

We made the lower hump beside Horizon Hill on foot, then donned our skis for the brief descent into the gully, and wore them from then on, daubing a hasty coat of wax on for climbing. We were heading first for Ostrander Lake, at 8600 feet elevation. Our way led through thickets of lodgepole pine and sombre forests of red fir, across high, open ridges where scattered mountain pines made delicate patterns of shadow on the snow, where our feet itched to be running down instead of climbing to the mountain-tops.

After climbing a couple of hours from camp we dropped over a low escarpment to Ostrander Lake. In summer it is all smiling blue water in a granite cup, but in early May it was a sheet of snow-covered ice beyond which on the south rose sheer cliffs crowned with snow, with glittering slopes sweeping into its basin at the sides.

We paused for a brief reconnaissance, broke through the ice at the outlet for a refreshing drink of water, and started on. Ostrander Lake itself was not our goal;

we had been there on skis several times before, and this time we aspired to the summit of Horse Ridge, a thousand feet higher.

We turned eastward from the lake; over the first hill lay a small tarn, ice-encased. We climbed the steep shoulder above it, and another, and another, up into the magic of high mountains. At our feet open ridges fell away into the dip before Horizon Hill, now a mere knob. We could make out Sentinel Dome, above the dark shadow that indicated Yosemite Valley itself; Half Dome was almost lost in a maze of cliffs.

We still had one short climb for our goal. Horse Ridge has a long, curving line of cliff with overhanging cornices except at a couple of points, one of them just above us at its eastern end. Jules looked it over carefully for signs of avalanche danger, a very present thing in high, rocky country where there is no brush to hold the snow. One by one we followed him up the way he chose, without mishap. As we reached the top, more mountains came into view, stretching away to the south. At our left was Buena Vista Peak, where the ill-fated TWA air-liner was found a few weeks later; then the South Fork of the Merced cut a deep gash toward Wawona and its meadows, and beyond that the sunlight gleamed from a heaped-up mass of mountains, blue and indistinct.

At last came the run down, and oh, those slopes! Slopes of the skier's dream world. We would have liked to run them a dozen times at once, trying this exposure and that, this connection and the other one. Races, downhill courses, cross-country tours — there is room for all of them, for every kind of skier.

First came the wide and unbroken treeless slopes of an alpine region, curving into the basin of the old glacial cirque, shadowed by the encircling westward wall. On the east, the ridge drops abruptly to Heart Lake, on the west is a splendid, undulating run toward Ostrander Lake. We kept on a middle course, through hills and valleys where a few pines here and there emphasized the angle of descent. There was one heavily wooded bit, then a plateau from which we looked down a steep hill to Mono Creek. A short climb brought us out on the top of Horizon Hill, where we paused to look back. High above us in the morning had been unbroken snow; now we could see the faintly darker line of our tracks, as the sunset began to flame along the snowy heights. Reluctantly we took the last run down the open north slope of the hill to our camp.

Gifts FOR CHRISTMAS...

Toy Trailer, aluminum finish — rubber wheels — side door and tonneau open with five windows — tongue removable or can be attached to toy automobile, bicycle or tricycle. Trailer equipped with cots, dinette table and chairs, and kitchen cabinet. Price, $13.50.

Kangaroo with Joey, made of soft grey plush in three sizes, 18 inch, 14 inch, and 11 inches. Joey comes out of the pocket and is a complete toy in itself. Prices, $6.50, $4.50 and $3.00. There are other animals from Australia. The Koala Bear comes in various sizes and is priced from 50c to $5.00. The large size bear moves his head and legs and is just as cunning as a child could want. The Koocaburra bird is soft, tan and blue plush and is priced at only $3.00. Another interesting toy for Christmas is a child's blackboard, gaily decorated, which would inspire anyone to study their lessons. Prices, $7.50. The young man of the family would be thrilled to own a most modern filling station. Priced $3.50. Or a dump cart, for which he will find many uses. Price, $4.50. There are bright painted chairs for the little girl priced from $2.50, and dolls of various sizes. A gaily painted Noah's Ark, with really durable animals, costs $12.50, and a real hand organ sells for $6.00. These and many small toys to put in stockings, priced from 15c, are all in stock.

Gifts For One Dollar or Less. Christmas pillar light candles in red or white. Price, $1.00. Copper watering pots. Priced, $1.00. Decorative hearth brooms $1.00 and 85c. Egyptian metal vases and ash trays. Price, 85c. Colored wool dusters from Australia. Price, 75c. Chintz covered letter and receipt files. Price, 65c.

Wood Carvings from Bali in exotic tropical woods. Be your color scheme dark or light you may find it expressed in Banyan or Mango wood to suit your taste. The figures represent Balinese gods. One exquisite carving of a bird in dark Banyan wood is priced at $6.00. The figures representing gods range in price from $2.50 to $27.50. There are boxes in four different sizes with beautiful bas-relief carvings of conventionalized animals and plants, priced from $2.00 to $6.00. A pair of fish which could be used to advantage in certain table decorations or over a mantle piece, cost $6.00 each, and a wall placque in dark wood depicting the monkey god, is $5.00. There is a solution for that difficult problem of what to give to a gentleman, a saucy-looking bird which is really a stopper for a bottle. This is priced reasonably at $2.00 and would make any man happy.

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I Have Been Reading

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; by Carl Van Doren; Viking Press. $3.75. Reviewed by Mary O. Carmody.

THE REDISCOVERY OF MAN; by Henry Charles Link. $1.75. New York, The Macmillan Co. 1938. Reviewed by Helen Breuner.

"CANDLEDAY ART;" written and illustrated by Marion Nicholl Rawson; E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. $5.00. Reviewed by Winona W. Sands.

■ It is fortunate for those who read biographies, and for those even who do not read them, that at intervals the lives of our great world-citizens are rewritten. Frequently these new volumes are inspired by the discovery of important documents but, regardless of added information, a new author creates a new man. He rescues a spirit from an unsympathetic past or the narrow school room and brings him to us as a brilliant contemporary. Mr. Van Doren prefaces his life of Franklin with the statement, "This is a long book." Measured by pages, perhaps, but certainly not by the reading of it. "Not for three-quarters of a century has a biographer undertaken to bring the whole of Franklin's life, with all the precise details essential to it, into one single narrative large enough to do it justice."

So here it is, all those stories, quotations, facts well known, material entirely new, all those different Franklins that have been given to us piecemeal under various titles, all in one magnificent volume of which you dare not miss a word. Mr. Franklin speaks for himself through his voluminous letters and his delightful biography and Mr. Van Doren keeps the narrative running smoothly, sympathetically and most agreeably.

Franklin's youth is the story of early American printing. At twelve he was apprenticed to his brother, at sixteen he ran away from home. Ten years later he was the head of a family and in easy circumstances. By the time he was forty-two, he was able to give up the printing business and retire. He said, "I am in a fair way of having no other tasks than such as I shall like to give myself . . . leisure to study, read, make experiments. . . ." His interests were without limit, religion, science, economics and politics but public affairs and his devotion to his country claimed most of his long life.

In 1757 he went to England as the Agent of the Assembly. He lived handsomely in London and was received everywhere as a man of science, but his welcome in his political capacity was not so warm. "He believed that England misunderstood America and the true relations between them, but that the misunderstanding could be cleared up by the reasonable arguments he had to offer. He was actually an ambassador to England before America had a right to send one. The English colonists had ceased to be British before they realized it."

The story of the diplomatic tangle and the international intrigue between the Colonies, England and France is very neatly laid before the reader. Mr. Franklin is kept convincingly at the center of the stage. It is not easy to put the book down.

When finally Franklin received permission from Congress to return to America, he left behind him many most devoted friends both in France and in England.

In spite of his great age, he continued to the very end of his life to take an active interest in governmental affairs.

Mr. Van Doren says, "The death of a great man begins another history, of his continuing influence, his changing renown, the legend which takes the place of fact."

■ Are we too prone nowadays to blame some force outside ourselves for failure? Do we lay any success or lack of success, charm of personality, weakness of character, temper — to environment, heredity, glands, anything

over which we think we have no control — and let it go at that? Shall we let someone else take full responsibility for our lives and future? Are we really only infinitesimal beings in the immensity of the universe to be regimented into a general pattern or form?

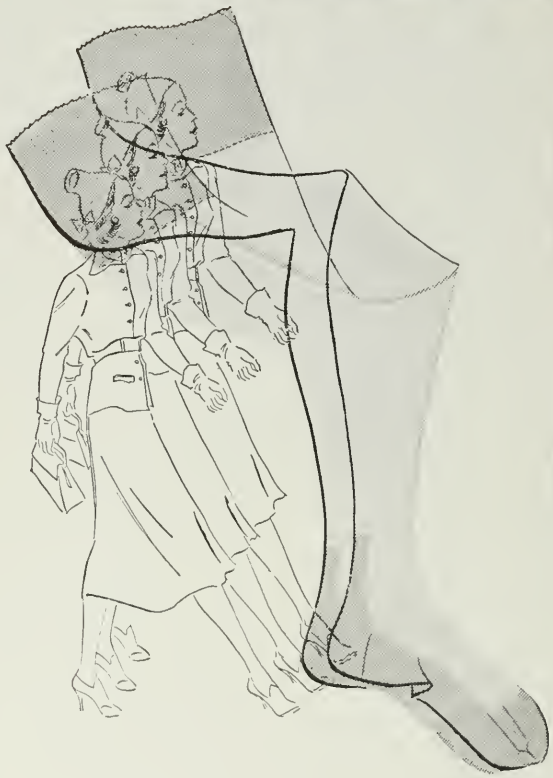
Questions like these come to us when we read Dr. Henry C. Link's new book on the "Rediscovery of Man." Dr. Link is the director of the Psychological Service Center of New York City. Although still a young man his reputation among psychologists and scientists is international. Experiments constantly being carried on under his direction often lead to conclusions very definite but directly opposite to the accepted ones. His ideas and opinions are always subjects for widespread discussion and controversy.

In this book chapters on fears and worries, habits, sportsmanship, security, all in relation to personality, not only explain these things to us but give constructive answers to our questions about ourselves. For instance taking a dog for a walk is suggested as a quick and easy way for making new and friendly contacts and for forgetting one's own inability to talk with strangers easily. Group activities in games quickly break down complexes and teach us to work with others harmoniously. Too often we let our energy consume us mentally with fears and worries instead of working off this energy with physical exertion. A planned social security may take care of an outward fear of the future but does it do so at the expense of an inner building up of character and the strengthening and enlarging of personality?

Personality tests are explained. Psychiatry and psychoanalysis are discussed as are complexes, the subconscious and many other terms which we use so glibly these days. Scientific psychology itself is defined and its uses demonstrated with practical examples and suggestions. In this rapidly changing and often bewildering world today perhaps it is well for someone to state again for us positively the fundamental principles of religion and morals that have been man's from the beginning of things.

■ This delightful book will prove itself invaluable as a reference work to all who are interested in Americana. It is full of odd and fascinating subjects; a resume of all the art expressions which grew out of life in America from its earliest history through actual "candle days" until the coming of kerosene about 1853. Mrs. Rawson's style will appeal to those seeking entertainment

City of Paris



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as well as to the more seriously inclined; full of amusing anecdotes and quaint forms of speech.

She shows an excellent understanding of art principles and an appreciation of the meaning of "functionalism," a word applicable not only to modern art but to that of the early days. "When life and equipment were simple, our art was simple and good. When life became less simple and functional by means of the new machinery, simplicity was forgotten in the joy of seeing the new wheels go round."

Fine arts receive their due but not to the exclusion of that art found in the native crafts, including wood carving, stone cutting, pottery forms and decorations, wax sculpture, whittling, block printing, mural designs, glass, silver, shadow pictures, the finer cabinet work. Great detail is given to processes and the artists who developed them.

Art and ingenuity, or near-art as Mrs. Rawson terms it, are found side by side throughout the book, but the author distinguishes clearly between the two. Many crafts, hardly to fall under the heading of art, but certainly of interest, are described. "Music courted and won through a cornstalk," natural, root animals, scare stones, carved stone rabbits in lettuce patches, scrimshaw pie wheels and stays for their sweethearts' corsets carved from whale teeth and jawbones by the sailors on their long trips around the Horn; Victorian accomplishments such as spatter work; wreaths of fish scales, shells, hair and leaves; wax fruit, and pellis work with its molds of iron and pressed leather.

Bits of odd speech add greatly to the humor of the book. "My pappy made this y'here cheer, made one for me and one for Liz, out of sugar-tree wood. . . . Pappy, he'd just take his jackknife and split off the splits, scrape 'em down, the thicks and the thins, and weave in the bottoms of the cheers."

So many of the arts grew out of the real needs of the people. Economy of space brought economy of line to much of the early furniture. Architecture "grew naturally from the need of more room to prove there is a strong affinity between beauty and necessity. . . . " " . . . and beautiful because the need behind it was simple. And beauty like happiness is oftenest found when unsought."

The reader's interest is easily held throughout this charming book. It is history, craftsmanship, art appreciation and narrative all in one.

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Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce
Frozen Egg Nog
Creme de Menthe Parfait
Toasted Crackers with Cheese
After-Dinner Mints
Coffee

Christmas Treasure

(Continued from Page 15)

desires are the greatest treasures. My city here has learning — books that, piled on each other, might reach the stars. And there is religion here so deep that no man knows what it means and so shallow any fool may say he is God."

"Do you think God is anywhere in this awful world?" and the young pilot's arm went around the old Saint's shoulders.

The carillon of bells in the white tower was playing a Christmas song.

"My heart is old, son, but in my heart is all I know of God—Beauty, Truth, Life and Love, forgiveness and no bitterness. I am still God's troubadour and it is of these things I sing under the stars. Do not be afraid. The whole world will lift your fear, if you will lift your eyes. The Lord shall preserve you from all evil because he shall preserve your soul. I learned that long ago. David sang great songs. Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, yet they have not prevailed against me. You shall have a sign, my son, that you shall understand and treasure."

The great bells were now growing softer, reverberations echoed from the hills, night winds blew from the north the fragrance of misty pastures. John Alberg turned to watch the lights of the distant city grow dim, and when he started to speak once more, he knew he was alone. Somehow he was not surprised. He was chilly from the wind. "But I am wide awake, I have not dreamed this. He was on the plane and he must have seen my mother but I wish I had some proof, something to make others believe this was real."

As he stepped down from the ramp something gleamed just at his feet. He stooped and picked up the small cross. Hurrying to the nearest bridge light, he examined it. It had been a crucifix once but the figure was gone—just the tiny marks where the Jew had hung were left—and some engraved words. John pulled his electric torch from his pocket and looked more closely. On the side where the figure had been he read these words, "Lift up your heart," and on the other side, "These are they which came out of great tribulation"—and John Alberg understood.

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Christmas in Lapland

(Continued from Page 13)

heels in a smarter bowl He was a type of the North, of anywhere, a man of good family and education, who never could make good.

That evening we had a big dinner, the whole staff sitting down together — an ex-lumberman who was a Lituanian peasant, escaped in the revolution of '05 or '08, the tramp, and ourselves. Greetings and good wishes were drunk to all, and then followed such a meal!

It began with the Christmas fish, a sort of Cod, that had been soaked for two weeks, then boiled until it had the consistency of jelly, served with a white cream sauce and drawn butter, and boiled potatoes. This was followed by a huge cold ham, salted but not smoked, apple sauce, spiced beets, wild cranberries, mashed potatoes browned in the oven, mashed turnips, also browned, and mashed carrots with rice. These various dishes, peculiar to different parts of the country, were served that each one might have a Christmas dish as in his or her home. Then came the boiled "porrige," the plum pudding of the North — a large bowl of boiled rice cooked until it has the consistency of mush, flavored with cinnamon, and eaten with milk and sugar, and a little cinnamon sprinkled over it. The milk is passed, and either poured into one's glass and drunk after spoonfuls of porrige, or poured directly into one's plate. Once again the plates were changed, and we were served delicious little tarts. During dinner we drank "schnapps" and a very mild beer; some finished with milk. We rose from the table at 11 P. M.

Later we gather around the fire, enjoying the first quiet moments after the activity of the day. My mind wandered over all that has occurred since our arrival on the twentieth. Actually, we were off the beaten track and yet cables had come through from California. There is the post running regularly, and always people traveling by.

The incidents that have occurred since our arrival will give you an idea of life in far-away Lapland.

At supper the other evening word was received that a man had broken his leg in a lumber camp. The sleigh went in to get him and he was brought out to the main road and sent down to the nearest doctor, who, by the way, is a woman, some 35 kilometers away.

During our Christmas Eve party the travelers on the bus came in to have their coffee, and warm themselves. Among them one man, being taken down, had suddenly become insane. He was quite lucid at moments and enjoyed the tree, yet when they prepared to continue their journey and we all shook hands, it seemed such a tragic thing to say "Merry Christmas!" After the party last night a note came, yes, a note was sent explaining the absence of one family. A baby was expected, somewhere out in a little log cabin.

Then there was the tramp, passing by in search of work in a lumber camp. In winter the Inns are open to all and, it being Christmas, one and all are welcome to stay.

At midnight our revery was broken by the tinkle of glasses and the pop of a champagne cork. The staff filed in, the glasses were passed, and the health of everyone was drunk, a Merry Christmas wished to each and all. Gradually the candles went out one by one, and in the fading light a final "Skaal." And so to bed.

Today, as we sat at lunch, two pulkkas drew up — the silence with which they travel is phantom like. Two figures stood up, fur clad from head to foot. One came to the Inn, while the other unhitched the reindeer and led them into the forest to graze under the deep snow; they are never sheltered. It turned out to be the woman doctor, a Finn, who had been

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sleighing through the country for several days, caring for people, her instruments and medicines lashed to the bow of her pulkka. She and her Lap guide joined us for lunch.

Soon after a horse-drawn sleigh arrived filled with a Lap family. The party was about to begin for the Laps. In they filed, wearing their native dress of heavy feltish cloth, trimmed with bands of the same material in red, green, or yellow, and fur shoes and leggings bound at the ankle with bright bands of woven wool; the women wore bright kerchiefs over their heads and gay shawls over their shoulders.

Each one came up to shake hands, with a curtsey or bow, and their Merry Christmas, though spoken in a strange tongue, left no doubt as to the warmth of their welcome. Then they were asked to sit down, doing so in solemn silence in a row along the wall — the women on one side the men along another, and the Master of Paksuvouno, one of the big reindeer owners, and his wife sitting with us. As at the party on the previous evening, the meal progressed in silence, broken only by the Christmas music. Gradually came the low murmur of conversation, but the formality and utter dignity never relaxed.

After the second cup of coffee was finished and the cakes eaten, the women stood up and bowed their thanks and the men did likewise. From three o'clock until five they sat. The gramophone played on. The children, so quiet, were fascinated with the tree, particularly when a sparkler was lighted; to them it was unbelievably beautiful. Two tiny dolls were given to two little girls . . . they were so pleased. Then more bows, more handshaking, and with wishes for the New Year our guests took their departure.

From the Master of Paksuvouno came an invitation to visit them on the morrow. We were anxious to see a Lap home and taste their salted coffee.

Now we are sitting around the fire, glad of the quiet after two busy days. It could be "anywhere" except for the language. One hears Finnish and Swedish all through here and Lappish, which to my great regret is utterly incomprehensible to me. In the towns English is quite generally understood; French is quite useless except among the more traveled Finns.

Tomorrow — or maybe the day after, depending on the weather — we go north again. And so, good night. I hope your Christmas has been as happy as my Lapland experience.

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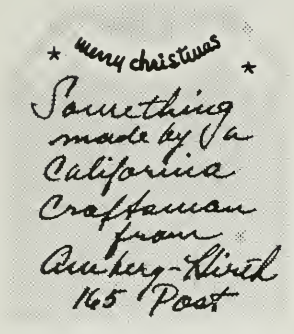

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Holidays

(Continued from Page 17)

ters of prayer; and take part in the varied entertainment.

Fully three weeks before the Lunar New Year the first stages of the celebration commence. Gifts are presented and on the night of the thirtieth preparations are finished. Those with heavy purses have elaborate plans, those with light purses have simpler ones. The family in new clothes enjoys a banquet. The courtyards are carpeted with sesame stalks, for the crackling sounds frighten off evil spirits. Illuminated lanterns of many forms are hung. All gods are worshiped at a decorated altar. Firecrackers announce the departure of the Old Year and welcome the Gods of Wealth, Happiness, Longevity and others. There follows a gay period. The fifteenth marks the great Lantern Festival's peak. Then certain temples and large shops offer the public beautiful displays of glass, silk and fine paper lanterns.

Today the Chinese worship a host of divinities. The Buddhist and Taoist groups are the strongest, while China's Mohammedans number from fifteen to twenty millions. Christians are estimated at between three and four millions and the Christmas festival has gradually penetrated. In China it is known as the Holy Birth Festival and the Chinese call the Christmas tree decorated with paper flowers the Tree of Light.

Holidays exist for man, not man for holidays. Treasure Island presents a Pageant of the Pacific. This will act as a freshener, an invigorator to the visitor. As time is one of our dieties and the Pacific Ocean covers one-third of the earth's surface, through the Golden Gate International Exposition long journeys on the Pacific may be postponed. We may make a first-hand acquaintance with our neighbors on Treasure Island. From February 18 to December 2, 1939, on San Francisco Bay we will be on the inside. Holiday hours in other Pacific countries will be portrayed in their glamorous setting. A unique opporunity is about to punctuate the march of ordinary time. For Californians and others, two hundred and eighty-eight days encircled in red, shine from our calendar.

■

The snows of yesteryear
Lie in drifts on the highway of our memory;
Ever erasing the dark blots of past regrets
And lighting our pathway before us.
—Edith May Stidger.

Make Someone Happy

. . . by sending flowers today instead of waiting for an "occasion." It's the unexpected floral gift that truly thrills!

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

WHITE FRUIT CAKE

White Fruit Cake, made from a Pennsylvania family recipe. An unusual delicacy suitable for all seasons and occasions.

2-lb. Cake $2.50
3-lb. Cake $3.75
5-lb. Cake $6.25

ROBERTA HOLLAND
p. o. Box 61, Yonkers, N. Y.
(Postage Prepaid in U. S. A.)

White Fruit Cake

—Roberta Holland

■ Making White Fruit Cake is really quite a function. To a casual observer it might seem to be merely fruits, nuts, and other ingredients, properly combined and baked. However, that is only part of it.

In working out a problem in mathamatics one must apply the rules in order to have a perfect answer. There can be no mistakes. This is true of any kind of work, including the making of fruit cakes. The rules must be followed carefully and exactly; no deviation, no substitution, no carelessness, can be tolerated, if the finished product is to measure up to the highest standard of excellence.

Great care must be exercised in the selection of ingredients, and only the finest quality can be used. A visit to the wholesaler who carries these products, is filled with interest. There one learns much of value pertaining to kinds, sizes, qualities of necessary ingredients, and also the proper time to purchase them.

When everything is in readiness, the fruits and nuts are prepared for the cakes. A rather slow process, as all are cut by hand. Machine cutting does not bring out the proper result. Of course, in these progressive times one can, and must, measure up to the present, in the use of modern appliances.

For the fruit cakes these can be used only for such part as would not offend one's ancestors, by changing results. After all, the recipe belongs to them.

So, the work goes on. When the measuring and mixing is finished, the cakes are ready for baking. This is most important, and is quite a serious business. Once again the rule applies. Start aright, finish correctly, with patient watchfulness along the way.

Wrapping and packing for shipment is a joyous work. Each cake has its mission to perform, and must be properly dressed for the occasion. If it is a gift order it has a trifle gayer garb, but none goes on its journey without due care and loving preparation. Perhaps it journeys to an old friend, perhaps to one unknown before, but to each it carries a message of good-will, a friendly greeting to a friend.

As to the results of all this work, you question. It seems the greatest one of all is in the contacts made with others. New friends from far and near, old friendships renewed, and through it all the knowledge that one's greatest asset is the ability to share with others, something which has seemed worth while to us.

For Christmas

See's CANDIES

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY
TRY A BOX

SHOPS IN SAN FRANCISCO

172 Geary — 1519 Polk
217 Powell — 5408 Geary
1018 Market — 2128 Chestnut
2534 Mission

Give Him
BRIDLE LEATHER
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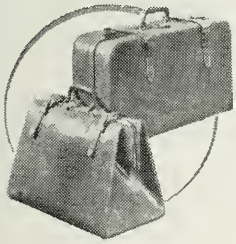

THE SET
$35

26-inch Gladstone Bag . $20
Country Club ZIP-er Bag $15
Exclusive with Roos

ROOS BROS
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PALO ALTO SAN JOSE FRESNO

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

RHODA'S TIES ARE HERE AGAIN
I am showing all-silk, hand-made men's neckties for your Christmas Gifts, especially priced at $1.00 for my customers.

HATS
Also a hat of yesterday redesigned into a last-word creation.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET , DOuglas 8476

Gifts
UNUSUAL

Make a bold notation at the top of your Christmas list to "visit Madame Butterfly!" . . . Shipments have just arrived . . . and this shop of lovely gifts is brimming full of new and unusual things.

Men's Yarn Dyed Peau De Silk Sleeping Pajamas in stripes and plain colors at $8.50. Also striped and figured Jacquards. Brocade Lounging Pajamas for men, $13.50 up.

Fur Lined Bedroom Jackets afford an added touch of luxury for milady's boudoir . . . or Beautifully tailored Butterfly Jackets ranging in price from $2.95 to $25.00. Jackets and Bolaros of Obi Cloth add the final touch of smartness for evening wear.

New arrivals include such an unusual selection of Pewter, Ivory Figurines, Colored Cloisonne and . . . oh, just everything! So make it a point to visit the shop of Madame Butterfly at 430 Grant Avenue and make gift shopping this Christmas a pleasure.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

NOTHING ELSE LIKE SPEED-I-MIX!

You just can't imagine how easy it is to make delicious pie crust until you try SPEED-I-MIX. It's already-prepared, containing every necessary ingredient in correct proportions. Just add water, mix, and bake! Thousands of housewives always insist upon SPEED-I-MIX by name!

GOOD IN 2 WAYS!
ROMAN MEAL
The Double-Duty Cereal

ROMAN MEAL

1. GOOD as a breakfast dish . . . never loses its taste-thrill!
2. GOOD as a baking ingredient! . . . It makes the grandest muffins, biscuits, and other delicacies!

You'll like its delicious, nut-like flavor!

For Speed-I-Mix or Roman Meal
Ask Your Grocer
or Call

PARROTT and CO.
320 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
DOuglas 2400

Christmas Eve in San Felipe

(Continued from Page 10)

a quick turn of the horns, sensitive and aware—then a spring, a leap, and he is within the church. An antelope follows, a buffalo, then the mountain sheep. Into the church with great sideways leaps and bounds crowd the animals and with then comes the hunter. The walls echo and reverberate with the stirring beat of the music, the fast pulsing rhythm of the chant quickens the heart beat as it surges about one. Up through the center of the church come the swinging animals. As the masked and painted figures pass before the altar, every dancer pauses a moment and drops to his knees. The heavy horned head of the deer, the shaggy massive one of the buffalo, are lowered before the Child. Then, with a quick lift of the body — the spring of an animal — they leap back into the dance. The pause before the altar was timed within its rhythm. The passion of the dance, the power and life of the lithe young bodies, is in itself a prayer. A rare and beautiful moment of ritual and drama has passed before one.

Towards the open door the animals move, out into the dim light of the church yard, back into the shadows of the night from whence they came.

All through the night the dancers come and go. Colder and colder grows the church, until just before dawn, in silence, the Indians themselves follow their dancers out into the night, back to the pueblo.

One might as well try to "catch a falling star" or to "tell where past years are" as to attempt to tell just wherein lies the poignant quality of the midnight dance of the Indians before the Christ Child on Christmas Eve in the old church at San Felipe. Possibly, some chalice wrought from memory may be filled with words perfect enough to hold the essence of its strange beauty. Perhaps it lies in the simple words of an Indian friend, "If we lost our ceremonies we would no longer be Indians."

Fill the Chest

■ "Up to this point we have had a spirited and determined campaign. "If we close it with a sprint finish we will have done a job that we can be proud of."

With the end of the Community Chest's appeal for $2,100,000 nearing, Campaign Chairman Lloyd W. Dinkelspiel last week made this plea.

"If you have not given, because of absence from the city or for any other reason, don't feel that it's too late," Dinkelspiel said.

"Call the Community Chest, Garfield 8600, and a volunteer will be sent to pick up your pledge.

"On the other hand, if you have given but feel that you will be able to make a supplemental 'pinch hit' contribution, you can be assured that it will not only be welcomed but that it will be urgently needed."

In reviewing progress of the campaign, which opened November 16, Dinkelspiel pointed out again that many of the Chest's 87 agencies find themselves living a "hand-to-mouth" existence because they have been forced to dissipate their reserve and capital funds during the depression.

Dinkelspiel called attention to a statement from Mrs. Harold Paige, executive secretary of the Infant Shelter, in which it was pointed out that:

"Using capital funds does . . . throw an additional burden on the Chest because it reduces our income from interest on investments. We have decided, however, that we will have to use our capital funds to keep up the quality of our work. If and when we have no further funds and are unable to secure enough from the Chest to maintain our standards, we will assume there is no further need for our work and close our doors. As long as we run a home for babies, however, it will be run well."

SIMON BROTHERS PRESENT THE

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NEW, SMALL, COMPACT, WITH UNBREAKABLE CRYSTAL
IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT — $3.95

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RICKLEE ASKS—

WHAT WILL YOU GET?

■ In your home on Christmas Day will you find among your gifts:

(1) The gift you ought to want. But you probably don't, and find it hard to be grateful.

(2) The gift that Aunt Louisa bought at the Charity Bazaar because she had to buy something. And then she had to give it to someone — so why not you?

(3) The gift that Uncle Henry bought when he suddenly remembered that Christmas was day after tomorrow.

(4) The gift that dear sister Ellen got for you because it was just exactly what SHE wanted herself.

(5) The gift purchased because the advertisement said it was "gorgeously glamorous and glitteringly gay, a galaxy of glories — and only $1.98!"

And won't you be lucky if, along with these, you find one gift selected by someone who knows your tastes and considers them, and who buys where a salesman has had the will and the time to help intelligently in the selection!

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

to the friend who has everything . . .
to the friend who needs everything.

C reature comforts that bring
H earthstone cheer — fireside chair and lamps that glow,
R omance of violin and voice summoned at will from a tiny box,
I ncandescence of daring form, satisfaction in traditional line,
S inging colors of vase and fabric caught in
T win beauty by
M irrors suave and deep,
A ndirons, snuffers, pottery, pictures —
S imple gifts — luxuries all, if selected with imagination and bestowed in sincere goodwill.

WATCH FOR YOUR BALLOT IN THE JANUARY ISSUE

Children need

BELL-BROOK FRESH MILK

Rich IN HEALTH VITAMINS!

BELL-BROOK DAIRIES, Inc.

8th and Howard

SOLD ONLY AT INDEPENDENT STORES

GUARDED SO CAREFULLY

. . . TO INSURE ITS FAMOUS QUALITY

The same *extra goodness* wherever you buy it

Edy's GRAND ICE CREAM

Edy's Grand Ice Cream is served exclusively in the Dining Room and Cafeteria of the Women's City Club.

Christmas Gifts for Eastern Friends

Ask for McLean's illustrated booklet:

"Gifts from California"

We pay transportation costs to any point on the U. S. mainland.

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Glass and Dish Towels
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Coats and Gowns
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Eighth and Folsom Streets
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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To our faithful old friends, our cherished new friends, and to those whose friendship we strive to deserve — we tender hearty CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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SUPERIOR
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National League Book Service

ADULT

FLINT SPEARS; by Will James. $2.50. The whole story of the rodeo is told in this story of Flint Spears, cowboy.

THE SILK ROAD; Sven Hedin. $5.00. The Silk Road was the ancient camel track used to transport silk from China to the West. Here the noted explorer tells how he surveyed it for a modern motor highway.

MY HUSBAND GABRILOWITSCH; Clara Clemens. $4.00. The daughter of Mark Twain tells the story of her life with the famous pianist and musical genius.

TWO ON THE AISLE; John Mason Brown. $2.50. The critic of the New York Post reviews the theater of "first nights" — notable plays, actors and actresses, musicals and his fellow critics.

DITHERS AND JITTERS; Cornelia Otis Skinner. $2.00. A gay, hilarious book of indignations and enthusiasms, with penetrating satire between peals of laughter. A few autographed copies will be available for early orders.

FLOWERS: EAST - WEST; by J. Gregory Conway. $5.00. The art of flower arrangement with color chart showing twelve basic colors.

FIRST THE BLADE; May Merrill Miller. $3.00. This well written novel, although following the conventional pattern, introduces quite a bit of new background, notably the San Joaquin Valley and the fight of its settlers for water and legal ownership of the land

JOURNEY OF TAPIOLA; Robert Nathan. $1.75. This story of a Yorkshire terrier who left his Manhattan home to become a hero is in Robert Nathan's most delicious vein.

GRANDMA CALLED IT CARNAL; Bertha Damon. $2.00. Grandma Griswold, who fought the twentieth century and all its innovations singlehanded, is a character to take her place beside "Father Day" as one of the most lovable and exasperating characters in American literature.

TRIBUTE TO BALLET; John Masefield and Edward Seago. $7.50. In poems and pictures, two fine artists give tribute to their artists in another sphere.

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO; Rachel Field. $2.50. A grand tale that will keep you devouring chapter after chapter.

THIS MAN LA GUARDIA; Burr Leyson and Lowell M. Limpus. $3.00. A straightforward, rapid-fire journalistic narrative of the famous little Mayor of New York.

PERRI; Felix Salten. $2.50. Another beautiful tale from the Austrian woods by the author of "Bambi."

THAT'S MY STORY: Douglas Corrigan. $1.50. The thrilling autobiography of the youth who made the most amazing flight in history.

CHRISTMAS DAYS; Joseph C. Lincoln. $1.50. A Cape Cod Christmas story by this popular New England author—a "must" book for the holidays.

CHINA, POTTERY AND PORCELAIN; Warren E. Cox, Jr. $3.00. Profusely illustrated with color plates and halftones; comprehensive tables of identifying marks. Detailed history and analysis of the ceramic art, the great workers and their work.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAUGHTERS; E. F. Benson. $3.00. One of England's leading authors tells the interesting story of Victoria's five daughters and their varied and colorful careers.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. $15.00. Definitive translation of Leonardo's notebooks, bringing together in two volumes for the first time in the English language the famous reflections and speculations of this great mind of the Renaissance.

LAUGHING DIPLOMAT; Daniele Varé. $3.00. An Italian diplomat, best known in this country as a novelist, describes his diplomatic career beginning in the pre-war splendor of Berlin and concluding unexpectedly on the edge of the Arctic Circle.

JUVENILE

FOLK SONGS WE LOVE TO SING; Hendrik Willem Van Loon and Grace Castagnetta. $2.00. Another volume of well-loved songs with an introduction and a series of charming pictures in color by the author.

FRISKY FINDING A HOME; Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan. 50 cents. Another dog story by this popular author and artist, creators of the irresistible "Michael" and "Tammie."

PATRICK WAS HIS NAME; Esther Brann. $1.00. You couldn't tell from looking at him just what kind of dog

Patrick was—with a shaggy coat much too large for him, whiskers like a billy goat's, bushy eyebrows and a big tail. His two little masters, however, did not care and called him a prize dog.

NOODLE; Munro Leaf. $1.50. The author of "Ferdinand" has written this time a humorous story of a wise little dachshund.

FIVE LITTLE KITTENS; Lena Towsley. $1.50. Adorable photographs of live kittens and their mother, with clever captions.

ORLANDO, THE MARMALADE CAT; Kathleen Hale. $2.50. A gay and hilarious book, mostly pictures, about a yellow cat whose stripes were like marmalade.

BABAR AND HIS CHILDREN; Jean de Brunhoff. $3.00. The highly amusing story of Babar, the elephant, and his triplets.

THE PIG THAT DANCED A JIG; Katharine D. Morse. $1.00. Patrick, the little pig, grew jealous and ran away. But no one was interested in his dancing so he returned home and lived happily ever after.

FOREST FRIENDS; illustrated by Walt Disney. 50 cents. All the irresistible animals of the "Snow White" movie—the chipmunks, the raccoons, the birds and the deer—plan a surprise party for Red Squirrel.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. $1.00. Story and pictures in color from the famous Walt Disney movie.

MY CUT AND PASTE STORY BOOK; Marion Merrill. $1.25. A novelty book which the child completes for himself and the gay-colored paper gives the pages greater interest.

MR. POPPER'S PENGUINS; Richard and Florence Atwater. $1.50. Engagingly absurd book which children are sure to enjoy for its surface fun, but which will be chuckled over and quoted by adults for a long time.

CRICKET; Berta and Elmer Hader. $2.00. A little black Shetland pony has a varied life which moves from circus to theater, to farm and at last to even more colorful adventures.

BANANA TREE HOUSE; Phillis Garrard. $2.00. Susanna Dardanella Jones with her two brothers, their pets and their toys, have a rollicking time in their native Bermuda Islands.

THE DUTCH TWINS AND LITTLE BROTHER; Lucy Fitch Perkins. $1.25. More adventures of Kit and Kat who are left in charge of Little Brother in their spick-and-span house.

The Candle-Stars of Christmas Time

By Mary Ogden Vaughan

The candle-stars of Christmas Time
Are shining o'er the earth,
As shone the Star of Bethlehem
At our Dear Savior's birth.

They twinkle on the Christmas trees,
And glow on altars dim,
Where worshippers, upon their knees
Lift prayerful hearts to Him—

The Babe—who in the manger lay
On that far Christmas Morn,
When, ere the breaking of the day,
The Christ—Our Lord—was born.

A jeweled chain of sparkling flame,
They gird the world with light;
'Peace and Good Will to Man" proclaim,
As on that Hallowed Night

When angels, chanting in the skies,
The listening shepherds heard,
And, seeking out the place He lay,
Knew and revered their Lord.

Christmas in South Slavia

(Continued from Page 12)

He then speaks his solicitude for his younger brothers and sisters. Then follow the other sons with logs graded according to age, until the youngest may even carry a twig.

After church the neighbors gather and greet each other with Christmas goodwill. The family feast begins at midday. In the kitchen the law of procedure in preparing the national dishes is as fixed as that of heaven. There is something touchingly national about it all. A country that by its own effort threw off the 600-year yoke of Turkey does not pray for strength but for opportunity.

The esthetic moment is when the browned emblems appear be-garlaned with, and almost smothered in, broiled apples and other accessories.

As the festival is kept up three days, when villages exchange good-will visits sheep and fowl are being turned on the spit, while the women fabricate all kinds of Slatki "sweets," some of which are the best mementoes of the Turkish submission.

Now, in their exuberance, the Serbs must fire off guns, not only Christmas Day, but any day permissible, even at a marriage feast. We feel for them in our Fourth of July fervor.

Make This Christmas Electrical

Christmas season is with us. The old, old question is on every lip and being constantly repeated — what shall I give this Christmas? Whether to mother, wife, sweetheart, sister, daughter or friend, solve your shopping problems with electrical gifts.

Electrical gifts are practical. They combine utility with lasting service and beauty. They are gifts in which the pleasure of receiving lingers through the years. And you have a wide assortment of small and convenient appliances from which to make your selection.

How about one of the new radios with the latest tuning device? Or a new and beautiful lamp for the living room? Or one of the new electric roasters, a casserole, an automatic toaster, a waffle iron, a coffee set, an electric clock?

Visit your nearest dealer's display room and make your choice *now*. Then on Christmas Day you will understand how right you were in making this an electrical Christmas.

See Your Dealer

P·G·and E·

PACIFIC GAS *and* ELECTRIC COMPANY

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An Idea Brings Pageant of Beauty

Five years ago an editorial writer for The News sat in his office carefully composing a 'piece' for the next day's paper. Not far away, a staff artist hunched over his board. They were working on the same story.

The next day, on March 1, 1933, The News appeared with an editorial and companion cartoon. Together, they said:

"Let's have a World's Fair to celebrate completion of our two great bridges."

Thus was born the first suggestion, the first idea for what has become the Golden Gate International Exposition.

No idle proposal, it was not "printed and forgotten." Instead, The News organized sentiment of business leaders, working men, financers, engineers; campaigned single-handed for months to bring plans to a head.

HOW IT STARTED

Here is a reproduction of the first suggestion of an exposition to celebrate completion of our two bridges. It was an editorial, illustrated with a cartoon, published in The News on March 1, 1933.

Objections were met and overcome—and soon all San Francisco plunged wholeheartedly into the task of building a world-alluring exposition.

Today, Treasure Island stands as a beautiful tribute to the men and women who so unselfishly and energetically pioneered for "an impossible task."

Sponsorship of the World's Fair idea was but another marker in The News program of public service; another evidence of The News desire to do more than publish a good newspaper.

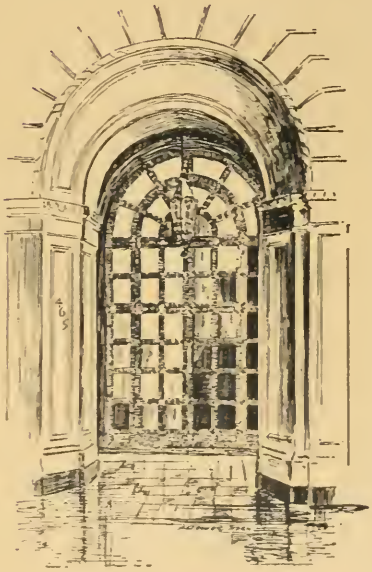
The News has been amply rewarded for its effort. The part it played and is playing in developing the 1939 Exposition serves as another reason why more people in San Francisco read The News than any other daily newspaper.

The San Francisco News

San Francisco's Favorite Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO



JANUARY 1939

VOLUME XII · NUMBER 12 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
JANUARY . . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

ELECTION DAY — JANUARY NINTH

JANUARY, 1939

1—**Special New Year's Day Dinner**—$1.25 a plate. — **Main Dining Room 5:00 to 8:00 p.m**

5—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding. — **Mural Room 12:15 p.m**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding. — **Mural Room 6:15 p.m**

6—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 230 11:00 a.m**
Twelfth Night—Christmas Customs in the Pacific Area. Dinner, $1.25 a plate. Reservations in advance. — **Main Dining Room 6:30 p.m**

9—**Annual Election—Board of Directors** — **Clubhouse 9:00 to 6:00 p.m**

10—**Symphony Tea** in honor of Mon. Pierre Monteux and S. F. Symphony Orchestra. Tea, 35c. — **Lounge 3:30 p.m**

11—**Book Review**—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1.00 a plate — **Nat. Def Room 6:15 p.m**
TO BE REVIEWED:
"This Peace" by Thomas Mann. "History of an Autumn" by Christopher Morley. "Neville Chamberlain: The Man Who Made Peace," by Stuart Hodgson.
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding — **Mural Room 12:15 p.m**

12—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room 12:15 p.m**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room 6:15 p.m**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium 8:00 p.m**
A Trip on the Colorado River. Illustrated with motion pictures. Mr. W. C. Gibson.

13—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 230 11:00 a.m**

17—**Wana Derge**—Exhibit of Pictures Painted with Objects — **Auditorium 10:00 to 9:00 p.m**
Lecture by Miss Derge, 2:00 p. m. and 7:15 p. m. No charge.
Garden Round Table—Subject: "The Horticultural Program of the Exposition" Luncheon, 85c a plate. — **Nat. Def. Room 12:15 p.m**

18—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman — **Auditorium 12:00 noo**
Course of 12 Lectures. Members $5.50; Non-Members $6.60. Tax included.
Single Admission—Members 55 cents; Non-Members 66 cents. Tax included.

19—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room 12:15 p.m**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room 6:15 p.m**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium 8:00 p.m**
Mining and Agricultural Activities of Northern California. Illustrated with colored motion pictures. Courtesy of Alta California, Inc.

20—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 230 11:00 a.m**

24—**Exposition Pictures and Tea**—Mr. Frank Peterson, speaker. 35 cents — **Auditorium 2:30 p.m**
Color Class—Wana Derge—Course of 7 lessons $12.00 — **Room 209 1:00 and 7:00 p.m.**

25—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman — **Auditorium 12:00 noo**
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding — **Mural Room 12:15 p.m**

26—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room 12:15 p.m**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room 6:15 p.m**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium 8:00 p.m**
World History in Coins—with exhibition of rare coins. Presented by Mr. Weston H. Settlemier.

27—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 230 11:00 a.m**

FEBRUARY, 1939

1—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman — **Auditorium 12:00 noo**

2—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room 12:15 p.m**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room 6:15 p.m**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium 8:00 p.m**
Experiences in Germany by Mr. and Mrs. George Berner.

3—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — **Room 230 11:00 a.m**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XII January, 1939 Number 12

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SPRING COURSE of TWELVE LECTURES by Dr. Paul F. Cadman "Current Economic Events"

Beginning Wednesday, January 18, 12 o'clock.

■ ■ ■

A newly constituted Congress which convenes January 3rd; a rapidly developing foreign policy for the United States as evidenced at Lima; the growing intensity of the struggle on the European and world horizons — promise fertile field for a challenging Spring Course in Current Events. Dr. Cadman will have the added stimulation of a trip across the continent; conferences in New York, Boston and Chicago with prominent columnists, commentators and students in the field of social politics; and participation in the National Association of Manufacturers Congress, at which Anthony Eden, Senator O'Mahoney, Charles Hook, Leo Wolman, Rose Wilder Lane and many outstanding leaders in the American industrial, educational and political world were heard.

■ ■ ■

Course Tickets — Members, $5.50
Non-Members, $6.60. Fees Tax Included.
Single Admissions: Members, 55c; Non-Members, 66c.
(Tax Included)

ELECTION DAY

Monday, January 9th

•

ELECTION OF CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE
NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE
OF CALIFORNIA
1939 - 1942

The Annual Election for the Board of Directors by the League Membership will be held between the hours of 9:00 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. Monday, January 9, 1939.

The Nominating Committee of the National League for Woman's Service (founder of the Women's City Club of San Francisco) submits the following names as candidates for the Board of Directors, to be voted upon at the Annual Election, Monday, January 9th:

Those not voting in person may mail ballot in sealed envelope with name on outside, in time to reach the office on or before January 9th.

Article 8, Constitution and By-Laws: "There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the annual election."

BALLOT

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

Return this ballot on or before January 9, 1939.

VOTE FOR ELEVEN

MRS. GEORGE BOYD ☐
MRS. MILTON ESBERG ☐
MRS. PERRY EYRE ☐
MRS. C. J. GOODELL ☐
MRS. GARFIELD MERNER ☐
MISS ALICIA MOSGROVE ☐
DR. ETHEL D. OWEN ☐
MISS ESTHER PHILLIPS ☐
MRS. STANLEY POWELL ☐
MRS. J. P. RETTENMAYER ☐
MRS. PAUL SHOUP ☐
☐
☐
☐

MEMBERS ATTENTION!

Special Guest Privileges

at the

Women's City Club of San Francisco

for Exposition Year

For your friends living fifty miles or more from San Francisco who will be visiting the Exposition

❖ ❖ ❖

A special guest privilege for Exposition Year is announced by the Board of Directors. ■ By payment now of the nominal fee of $1.00, a member is entitled to an unlimited number of guest cards for visiting friends who live fifty miles or more from San Francisco. Your $1.00 privilege eliminates all other guest card fees and allows each guest unlimited use of the Clubhouse from January, 1939, to March, 1940. ■ With the issuance of each guest card the visitor will have use of the Clubhouse exactly as a member does. All facilities of the building are at her command. The use of the Bedroom Department must be restricted to the order in which reservations are received. All other departments are unlimited in capacity—the Beauty Salon, Swimming Pool, League Shop, Dining Room and Cafeteria, Lounge, with its afternoon tea, Library, Check Room and Dressing Room. ■ Every member should immediately avail herself of this pleasurable way of extending Californian hospitality by giving the privilege of her own Clubhouse to visiting friends. A $1.00 fee paid now means a privilege for as many friends as you wish to entertain.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ TWELFTH NIGHT: The celebration of twelfth night in the Clubhouse, which has grown into an annual custom, will be held as usual on January 6th. This year Christmas customs in the Pacific Area will be the theme of the evening, and members who have lived in many of these fascinating countries will relate the varied traditions and observances of Christmas time. Dinner at $1.25 a plate will be served at 6:30. Reservations to be made in advance.

■ EXPOSITION PICTURES AND TEA: January 24th at 2:30 o'clock. As a preamble to the fast approaching Exposition days, Mr. Frank Peterson will present and explain his beautiful arrangement of colored slides of the Exposition grounds and buildings. Tea will be served in the Auditorium — tickets 35 cents.

■ SYMPHONY TEA in honor of Monsieur Pierre Monteux and the members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be held at 3:30 in the Lounge of the Clubhouse, on January 10th. Tea, 35 cents.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Mrs. T. A. Stoddard has selected the following books to be reviewed at the Book Review Dinner to be held on the second Wednesday evening, January 11th, at 6:15 o'clock — "This Peace," by Thomas Mann, "History of an Autumn," by Christopher Morley, and "Neville Chamberlain: The Man Who Made Peace," by Stuart Hodgson.

■ THE LIBRARY wishes not only to extend New Year's Greetings to all its borrowers but also to extend its service to them. Beginning January 1st, borrowers may take one seven- or ten-day book as usual on his pocket and three fourteen-day books.

■ BOOK MART: And that means all the books and magazines you can spare and some you can't. If it is a question of transportation, just call the Executive Office and your donation will be called for.

■ ANNUAL ELECTION: Monday, January 9th, members may cast their ballot in the Clubhouse, or vote by mail. The ballot will be found on page 4. If mailing, check each name in the space designated, place in an envelope with name and address of member plainly marked on outside and send or bring to the Clubhouse before 6 o'clock, January 9th. If voting in the Clubhouse, members will find Volunteers in attendance to accept ballots.

■ PAST AND PRESENT BOARD MEMBERS' LUNCHEON: An annual function held every year in January to welcome our newly elected Board Members — to honor Board Members who have served through past years, and to express our gratitude to those who continue to give their service in directing the onward march of the National League. Miss Donohoe will preside.

■ BEAUTY SALON: On each Monday during January there will be a 10% reduction on all work done in the Beauty Salon.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Under the chairmanship of Mrs. A. P. Black there has been arranged a program on January 12th entitled "A Trip on the Colorado River," illustrated with motion pictures by Mr. W. C. Gibson. On January 19th the mining and agricultural activities of Northern California will be presented through the courtesy of Alta California Incorporated, illustrated with colored motion pictures. World History in Coins is the subject for January 26th, with an exhibition of rare coins presented by Mr. Weston H. Settlemier, and on February 2nd Mr. and Mrs. George Berner will relate their experiences in Germany.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Classes in French, Spanish and Italian are available. Call or write in for information so that classes may be formed at hours convenient to all pupils.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: Announces an "After Christmas Sale." Discounts from 10 to 50 per cent.

■ EXHIBIT OF PICTURES PAINTED WITH OBJECTS: Wana Derge Alumnae — will be held in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse on January 17th. Exhibit will be open from 11:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m. with talks by Miss Derge at 2:00 p. m. and 7:15 p. m. This exhibit is open to the public and there is no admission charge.

■ COLOR AND COMPOSITION CLASSES under the direction of Miss Wana Derge will start on Tuesday, January 24th, at 1:00 p. m. See page 19 for details.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Beginning January 7th and every Saturday morning from 10:30 to 11:30 during January and February, a Coaching Class for Girls, ten years to fifteen years of age, will be held for intermediate and advanced swimmers. Races and water games will be featured in this course.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES under the direction of Mrs. Earl Tanbara will be held every Tuesday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock and Thursdays at 1:00 and 7:00 p. m. during January. Fee is $1.50 for three lessons — material extra.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Anticipating a very busy year, during Exposition days, we urge all members who possibly can to enter their names for Volunteer Service. We shall need extra Volunteers in all departments.

■ "I prefer to wait until March before I join." Very well then, March first will soon be here, and if your thirty-six dollars and fifty-cents ($25.00 initiation fee, plus $2.50 Federal tax, plus $9.00 dues) is to be paid in three instalments as allowable, January is the time to begin to pay. By March you can then sign the Constitution of the National League for Woman's Service with the feeling that you are ready as hostess to your friends who will descend upon you during Exposition Year.

(Further Announcements on Page 18)

Always Be Sure Your Out - Of - Town Guests See

Gump's

The world's most famous jade collection ℂ America's finest Cambodian collection ℂ Bronzes, porcelains, paintings, lacquers, jewelry ℂ Apparel and bags of imperial silks, metal brocades, antique obis.

From all over the world they come to Gump's — to purchase some unusual memento of San Francisco — or just to look.

250 POST STREET

GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

A Pageant of the Pacific as dramatized in the Pacific Area.

The sweep of the world's greatest ocean covers more than half the peoples and lands of the earth. These peoples are in almost unlimited variety, and these lands run from the tips of extinct volcanoes jutting out of the deep sea to the greatest of all continents. In this Pacific Area lies the future of the human race.

Our aim in the Pacific Area of the Golden Gate International Exposition is to present something of the scope of the Pacific and of the life and cultures of the various races and nationalities embraced therein. Primarily it is the human side of the Pacific that is the germinal center of the Exposition, and to emphasize the human side, culturally, historically, emotionally, and intellectually, is the aim of the Department responsible for the Pacific Area.

—RAY LYMAN WILBUR,
Chairman of the Department of the Pacific Area.

The President's Message

Two tests have been met and happily survived this past year, the soundness of our refinancing scheme, and the attaining of our majority. Therefore it is with confidence and not a little optimism that we look forward to the year Nineteen Hundred Thirty-Nine. ■ To this outlook is added the glamour of an Exposition Year, and it is a matter of genuine pride that the women of our community are playing such outstanding parts in this tremendous undertaking. We are particularly happy to present in this Number, four facets of the many aspects contributed by women whose vision has been largely responsible for maintaining the ideal of the approaching Exposition. ■ It is indeed a privilege to be a part of this scheme, and all may assist by maintaining a spirit of cooperation, for this spirit (so much a part of our own program) is that which spells Volunteer Service! ■ Once again Volunteer Service is the dominate note for the new year — may we all play our part for our National League, our City, and the Golden Gate International Exposition.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

COMING EVENTS

January 6...

TWELFTH NIGHT

Christmas Customs in the Pacific Area — 6:30 o'clock. Dinner, $1.25 a plate. Reservations in advance.

January 10...

SYMPHONY TEA

In honor of Pierre Monteux and members of San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Wood Armsby, chairman. Lounge, 3:30 o'clock. Tea, 35c.

January 24...

EXPOSITION PICTURES AND TEA

Mr. Frank Peterson, speaker. Auditorium, 2:30 o'clock. Tea, 35c.

Dr. Paul F. Cadman's first lecture of the Spring Course, January 18

Editorial

■ A Happy New Year to you!

The President's message strikes the keynote of our greeting.

The pursuit of happiness is right and proper for us all. Into hearts prepared, this happiness is poured, and into this season which follows the Christmastide, the National League enters with the glad thought that in this year 1939 it will welcome to its house many who, coming as strangers, will go forth as friends.

■ The story of the findings of the committee which investigated the authenticity of the Sir Francis Drake "tablet of brasse," coming as it does from the California Historical Association, is of signal interest, for this Association has for years pursued the study of Drake's voyage to this New World.

The Sir Francis Drake Association of California has done what its Honorary President, the late Bishop Nichols bespoke for it, that is, to "place and keep the Great Navigator's name on our California niche of fame" and at its annual meetings on Drake's Bay each year this Association has renewed the hope that some day the historical plaque would be found which would prove the Marin Shore to be the landing spot of that Elizabethan pioneer, wherewith "the Pioneering of that tongue (the English) in our California annals."

The California Historical Association has now such proof. In its trust is now not only a "brasse plaque," but a symbol of deep significance in these days, when as perhaps never before, the English-speaking peoples of the world need to know and to understand each other, while each such nation shall be called upon to help preserve for mankind the democracy of opportunity for which this United States was founded.

■ Deviating from our plan to build each number of the Magazine around a central theme, we find our January Number setting a pace for the New Year — a variety of interest, perhaps sybolical of our forthcoming Exposition with its cosmopolitan world exhibits.

In this January issue, four stories are by leaders of Exposition activities for women, by Mrs. George T. Cameron, Chairman of the Women's Board; Mrs. Julius Kahn, Vice-Chairman of the Women's Committee of the California Commission, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Chairman of the Yerba Buena Clubhouse Association; Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Vice-Chairman of the Department of the Pacific Area.

One article brings us the first news of the Home Economics and the Medical Exhibits of the University of California.

On another page, Mrs. Trigueroz shares with us her recent travels in Finland and next month will take us to Lapland.

And because of the Editorial in the American Women's Club Magazine of London for November, we have reprinted part of a series entitled "The Last Week in September." We are sorry space would not allow the entire series, but the London Magazine itself will be on our Library table for those who may care to read further. The Frontispiece of this London Magazine shows "the new American Embassy" and it is because of the neighborliness of the Embassy and the Club that the Club across Grosvenor Street could be of such immediate use.

We thank Miss Daniells for giving us permission to reprint this dramatic story when, she says, "the Editor is conscious that the variety usually aimed at in the Magazine is not to be found this month. We have all lived through something so tremendous that it was felt that a normally planned Magazine would not be a true reflection of the minds of us all during the past weeks. This number is especially addressed to our members and friends and families in America, in an attempt to give an informal personal picture of the last week in September, through the eyes of their London friends. We tried to avoid expressing opinions, but where these have inevitably crept in they are to be taken as only personal to the writers."

"MARE NOSTRUM"

by Jean Howard McDuffie

For ages this was the proudly spoken name of the Mediterranean—proudly spoken by one nation, although many other races and national groups bordered it. ♦ But the great old earth has slowly turned during the centuries, and is bringing now into full light another area of her surface, the Pacific Ocean, its lands and its people—the "Mare Nostrum" of the Future. ♦ As the earth presents a new focus, so do the minds of men; no longer does any one nation say "our sea" — this Pacific Ocean is the common property of all those whose lands are touched by its waters. To the great island continents, to the tiny atols, to the Eastern and Western mainlands, it is the medium that unites them. ♦ The Pacific Area of the Exposition suggests in crowded miniature this Ocean. Reflected in the waters of two lagoons are the pavilions of the countries of the Pacific, representing more than half the lands and peoples of the world. ♦ Just as in the enjoyment of the Exposition members of all nations will brush shoulders with one another, so these buildings keep close and interesting company. Jahore adjoins Peru; Central and South America surround the same court; Hawaii, Netherlands East Indies and Japan greet one another across the waters. ♦ And in the center of these varied buildings, each presenting its deep and ancient culture, stands Pacific House, the meeting place of all; the symbol of common humanity, origins, interests, of common destiny. ♦ I close with a quotation from Mr. Langdon Warner: ". . . The visitor to the Exposition can do no better than first to visit Pacific House. For in this house, ingeniously spread on the walls, he finds charts of such a colossal mould and conceived with such ingenuity and art that the rim of the Pacific Ocean, its peoples, its climates, its flora and fauna are for the first time a unit. Here is an ample conception of it all." ♦ In Pacific House the stage is set and the theme announced for the drama that has its magnificent climax in the exhibits of Pacific Cultures in the nearby Palace of Fine Arts.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING

by Florence P. Kahn

The California State Building at the Golden Gate Exposition is not to be an exhibition palace, but rather a concrete expression of the spirit of the State of California, a place of welcome for all, where the gracious hospitality called truly Californian will prevail. ♦ There all who enter will find attractive lounges, rest rooms, meeting places and halls at their disposal. The hostesses of the building are a group of women (some of whom will be present every day), seventy-five in number, from all parts of California, appointed by the Governor, whose hospitality committee, headed by Mrs. Frederick Bradley, will greet our visitors, from home or abroad. ♦ Its decorations and murals tell of California, and its book and art displays will add enjoyment and distinction. ♦ Its attractively furnished lounges will invite the visitor to rest and relax. The children's room, where the little ones may rest, will, we feel sure, prove to be a real boon to mothers. ♦ There also organizations may hold their meetings in halls provided for that purpose and friendships renewed in congenial surroundings. The great ballroom will be one of the most beautiful in the United States, and here will be featured many of the more formal social activities of the Exposition. ♦ Flowers and trees, patios and courts will all be typically Californian. We hope in this building friendships will be cemented based on mutual understanding that will redound to the benefit of all—individuals as well as nations; engender a spirit of trust, tolerance and kindliness so strong in our early California life; here may the traditions of our past and the spirit of the future join to make this Exposition, not only in fact, but in spirit, and its influence based on a better understanding of each other, extend around the world.

WOMEN'S BOARD

by Helen Cameron

In little more than a month the gates of the Golden Gate International Exposition will swing wide to welcome the world to our Pageant of the Pacific. ♦ The story of Treasure Island, its growth and development, has been told countless times, with shifting emphasis, and will be iterated and reiterated during the months to come. ♦ But what is not so generally known is the part that the Women's Board of the Exposition has played in helping make that story a living, pulsing saga of achievement. ♦ Inspiration for the Yerba Buena Club came from the Women's Board. Creation of the Decorative Arts Department and the Department of the Pacific Area were the results of feminine foresight and enthusiasm. ♦ Because of an early interest expressed by the Women's Board, visitors to the Exposition will see a rare collection of fine printing, to be featured in the California Building as well as the extended provision for a Floricultural Building and exhibits to be shown throughout the entire Exposition period. ♦ Deeply interested in American Indian ritual and lore and conscious of the contribution made by the Indians to our modern civilization, one member of the Women's Board suggested plans for an Indian exhibit. ♦ This suggestion was enthusiastically received by the Exposition, and as the result, a unique Indian display will be a feature of the United States exhibit in the Federal Building, and its enclosed courts. ♦ Aware that Expositions invariably bring in their wake all sorts of social problems, both pleasant and unpleasant, the Women's Board early suggested the wisdom of the creation of a Welfare Committee, with a trained and experienced director in charge. Selection of such a director is anticipated soon. ♦ Functioning actively under direction of the Women's Board are committees in every county in California and in the eleven Western states. Responsibility for State hospitality and publicity programs is thus being shared by cooperating groups throughout the West. Formation of (Continued on page 19

THE YERBA BUENA CLUB

by Helen Crocker Russell

With hospitality looming large on the horizon of Exposition activities, the Yerba Buena Club takes its place in the Treasure Island picture, not only as an architectural entity of major importance, but as an entertainment center symbolizing the spirit of California, whenever there are strangers within her gates. ♦ Occupying an attractive site at the southern end of the Exposition grounds, overlooking the lagoon, the clubhouse, fashioned largely of glass, and nestling among glossy green olive trees, and gardens blazing with color, was designed as a "frame" for ten months of joyous living. Within, gay chintzes, pale rugs, the glint of gold and silver, in stylized decor establish a mood of gaiety and good cheer, and stimulate a desire to dress up and dine and to foregather with friends under its roof, as often as possible. Because of the predominance of glass as a structural material the feeling prevails of not being in a house at all. With indoor plants and outdoor flowers separated only by huge windows, it seems rather like a great garden. ♦ The silver tone of the club's exterior is continued into the main hall. Along the walls are large silver chests and settees covered in gold. In key with the metallic doors and the shining sculpture outside, everything shimmers. Thick hedges and exotic plants grow on buttresses. The walls of the spacious dining room are hung in rich yellow velvet. Curtains of the same fabric are at the windows, shaded with blue and white striped blinds. White chairs cushioned in crimson, and table cloths and china of pale pink provide an artistic contrast. The lighting comes from large white plaster bowls, designed by Giocometti, and mounted on tall yellow columns with garlands of plaster leaves. ♦ While the Yerba Buena Clubhouse was built for and by the women of California, one room has been set aside for the use of men. A masculine sanctum, stressing comfort as its prime essential and done in vivid reds and quiet grays, with deep chairs and roomy sofas, has been especially designed (Continued on page 19

Touring in Finland

by Aguilar-Trigueros

■ Of the four interesting countries on the Scandinavian Peninsula, Finland is the least known to tourists, yet for the traveler who likes to visit places "off the beaten track" while they are still so, there is much to see and experience there, amidst beautiful scenery (60,000 lakes and 80,000 islands), and a hospitable, progressive, yet unspoilt people. Suomi (as the Finnish call their country) may not yet have all the modern conveniences the American tourists expect, but the enterprising Finns are of the very few who pay their financial debts to Uncle Sam.

To appreciate a country, it is advisable to have an idea of its cultural, geographical and historical background before visiting it. There is a mixture of races and languages in Suomi, probably because the Swedes and Russians invaded it; the Finns pushed the Lapps up into the Arctic regions. In 1918 the Finns won their independence from Russia and now Finland is a prosperous country, progressing steadily. The Finnish composer Sibelius' music is played all over the world; Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish champion runner, has won trophies on the athletic field; also in the various arts, many Finnish names stand out internationally.

We left Stockholm on the immaculately clean ship "Wellamo," passing dozens of islands that night and arriving in Turku early the next morning. This is the second port, the third town in size and also the oldest in Finland. The cathedral, in Scandinavian Gothic style, houses monuments of noble families of the Swedish period; also the sarcophagus of Karin Mansdotter, the soldier's daughter who became Eric XIV's queen. The castle (Abo Slott), reached by tram, is the oldest fortress in Finland. On the Turku-Helsinki express train it took us about four hours to arrive at the capital—a distance of some 120 miles. We had read that one can travel quite cheaply in Finland and found out that it is true; also that the Finns are most accommodating and do not take advantage of nor rob the tourist, as happens in some countries. For the dollar we got about 45 Finnmarks and from the boat to our hotel we got our first ride in a Finnish taxi; there are taxis for first and for second class (it is not customary to tip the driver) and we found both classes clean and efficient. At the Hotelli Kamp, we got a large room for about $4; it is the most central of Helsinki's best hotels. Our room had a high ceiling and two beds, tucked away in a sort of alcove, behind a curtain. Several of the hotel's employees spoke English and the food and service were excellent; a charge of 15% is put on your bill and only the baggage porter may be tipped. The passports are used by the receiving clerk to fill out the usual information regarding foreigners in Europe, but apart from this, we found no "red tape" in Finland. There are many lovely "ruokasali" (restaurants) in and near Helsinki, serving good food with excellent music; the "kahvi" (coffee) is exceptionally good, much of it they import all the way from El Salvador. "Aamiainen" means breakfast, "lounas" lunch, "paivallinen" is dinner (served between 5 and 7; after that time you are offered a lighter meal called "illallinen"). At the hotels, in the lobby entrance, the flags denoting the various nationalities of the guests stopping, are placed, so that anyone may see if there is a countryman. A charming custom, I think.

The Helsinkans are gay, pleasant and cultured; they have one of the largest bookstores in the world and more books are bought and read, in proportion to the population, than in any other country. Finland was the first in Europe to (Continued on page 26

Indian Gardens

Golden Gate International Exposition

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

■ It is said that we are all indebted to the green plants for our existence and furthermore that the great civilizations of the world have been based upon crop plants. There has been the wheat civilization, the rice civilization, and the corn civilization —the latter of American origin.

The presentation of Indian cultures at the Exposition is based upon the contribution the Indian has made and is continuing to make to the human race. It would not be complete without a demonstration of the plants which the aboriginal inhabitants of this country discovered in nature, adapted to their requirements, and passed on to the world.

In addition, his tribal ritual, primitive medicine, the decorative arts, are all directly or indirectly related to the basic plant environment of the Indian.

Among those which Wissler lists as originally cultivated by the Indian of the Americas are: the potato, corn, tobacco, the pumpkin, beans, the tomato and sweet potato, the pineapple, peanuts, cocao, quinine and coca or cocaine.

Miller (1754) says "the common name of the potato seems to be a corruption of the Indian name Batatas."

Outstanding is maize or corn, around which there has developed a ritual of great beauty, one which defines a pattern of life.

Tobacco, which was grown in both the Americas and in the West Indies, was an important factor in Indian rites.

Corn, tobacco, the squash and the bean, in exquisite designs, are a basic element in Navaho sandpainting.

Below the high mesa where the Hopi pueblo of Hotevilla stands, and below the spring of fresh water in the cliff, are Indian gardens, terraced as they were in older times. In early summer, the various crops of corn, beans, squash and other plants are grown here; peach trees, brought in by the Spaniards, have been added. Today, the color of a ritual becomes a part of the gardens when, after the ceremonies at the spring, the Flute dancers, chanting as they come, wend their way along the terraces up the steep trail back to Hotevilla.

And so the story runs—from the wandering aboriginal, closely bound physically, as well as in rites and art, with his plant environment, to the great civilizations equally dependent upon theirs.

Today the Indian's original contribution in plants is a part of the Exposition planting exhibits.

The columns of the forty-eight states stand tall and slender in the center of the courts and gardens of the Federal Building. Light and shadow play through their dark mass as in the sugar pines high in the Sierras.

Like a meadow in the heart of a mountain forest, whose summer bloom fades all too quickly, the gardens of the Federal Building, lying at the feet of its man-made forest, will die with the passing of the Exposition.

The Indian gardens will in the meantime have made known to us this ancient heritage of the Indian, one of his many gifts to civilization.

The Last Week in September

(Reprinted from the American Women's Club Magazine, London, November, 1938)

I.

AT THE CLUB

■ As from "this nettle, danger," has been plucked "this flower, safety," members not in London may be interested to hear how the Club passed through the dark hours before the dawn.

To those of us who were here during the four long years of the last war, it was a time of almost unbearable tension, and at the end of it one realized how great the strain had been.

Perhaps, fortunately, there were so many things to see to, so many problems to solve, that there was no room in one's mind for personal apprehension. First, there were gas masks to be obtained for a staff of forty, when we were short-handed, as already one or two had been called up, and the queues at the distributing centers grew longer and longer. Then came the problem of the Air Raid shelter in our very pregnable house with its many windows. The wine cellar was decided upon as it was in the sub-basement with only one door and no possibility of draughts. The articles with which it must be furnished seemed endless, from mattresses, blankets, first aid appliances, candles and matches, to chairs and tables, and cards and games with which to pass the time. Sand for the putting out of fires had to be ordered, and buckets to hold it; cellophane to prevent the shattering of windows, lamp black for the sky-lights, accommodation to be found for those of the Staff who "sleep out," and then the great problem of how much extra provisions we could get in without being accused of hoarding. As I sat in the Committee Room calmly and quietly discussing these incredible questions with our Secretary, Miss MacKinnon, it seemed like some fantastic nightmare.

At the back of my mind was the query as to how best the Club could give its help and be of the most service. For the moment, at any rate, this was answered by a request from the American Embassy across the street for the use of our ballroom as an annex to the Chancery and Consulate, where the officials were overwhelmed by the flood of people trying to find out how they could get back to America, and this was increased after the Ambassador had broadcast a message advising all who could to go home.

Consent was gladly given to the request; an American Committee had already been formed, and when I got to the Club on the Wednesday morning I found a splendid organization in being. A telephone system had been installed, stenographers were at their typewriters; there was a financial bureau, a general information desk, a transportation section in charge of an agent of the American Express Company; Miss Jones of the American Relief Society was advising in cases of distress, and the whole concern was being supervised by Mr. Pell, who had been sent over by the State Department to assist the Ambassador.

Mr. Clarence Graff, Chairman of the newly formed Committee of American business men, kindly invited Mrs. Huntington and myself to join the Executive Committee, and I was asked to form a Women's Section if necessity arose. A meeting of the Committee was called for Wednesday evening, by which time the news of the proposed Munich Conference had been published, so there was not a great deal of business to be done, but I want to say here how impressed I was by the amount that had already been accomplished, and the great efficiency of this organization so suddenly and quickly set up. Mr. Pell, who was an Honorary Member, told us that the Ambassador had been talking that morning to Mr Cordell Hull, and somehow it made one feel that one's country was very near.

Every bedroom in the Club was filled, and as some left, others took their places, among them passengers for the Europa, who were sent back to town when she did not sail, and also arrivals by the Queen Mary straight from New York. How strange must have been their sensations as they drove through a London calm but trenched and sandbagged, the tall anti-aircraft guns in Hyde Park in grim contrast to the beds of glowing autumn flowers!

The Club Staff worked at high pressure without a sign of panic or nervousness during days when there was excuse for apprehension.

With the "flower, safety," firmly in our grasp, I feel that our winter activities will go forward with special zest, made all the keener by remembrance of the "nettle, danger," so painfully clutched for a few days.

I cannot close this account without paying tribute to the Prime Minister, whose picture we published last month, and to whom, under God, we owe the possibility of "Peace in our Time."

—Helen French.

(Continued on page 22)

University Exhibits on Treasure Island

■ Visitors to the Golden Gate International Exposition will have a unique opportunity to see what happens when the university goes to the farm. Farms have come to universities for scores of years for help and guidance. What has happened in recent years, through cooperation of the Division of Home Economics of the College of Agriculture at Berkeley and at Davis makes enough to fill a giant-size book.

Such a "book" (which will be three by seven feet) will occupy a pivotal point in the Exhibit of the Home Economics Division in the Agricultural Building on Treasure Island.

In it will be told the story of what is being done through research to provide certain vitamin B factors (a finding which may prove of intense interest to men and women who fear gray hair). This research is being carried on in the laboratory of Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, chairman of the Home Economics Division of the University of California.

The relation of the University to the families of the State through the home demonstration nutrition program will be illustrated with life-size pictures of boys and girls who have cooperated with the Agricultural Extension Division in its nutrition program. Factors that contribute to good growth and development will be emphasized and foods to meet these needs in a day's meals will be displayed.

Two dish cupboards—one old and one new, but the same size—will be the means for demonstrating a small but important contribution of the department of Home Management and economics of the family. Every woman who has ever "stacked" dishes in her cupboard will be impressed with the new way to dispose of her china—without stacking. While this exhibit will illustrate particularly work being done in cooperation with rural homes, it applies equally well to the city apartment.

The story of the development of children as unfolded in classes in the Child Development and Parent Education extension service, will be included in another "chapter" in the book.

Clothing—economic, esthetic, health and construction aspects—will form the subject of the exhibit in clothing and textiles. By the mere pressing of a button three phases of each aspect will be illuminated, so that the spectator may see (1) the material or substance from which the textile is made; (2) folds of cloth made from this textile; (3) a figure clothed in garments made from the textile. "Know the Fabrics You Buy" will be the heading for the "chapter" of the clothing exhibit's story.

Home furnishing service to farm families will be shown in another part of the exhibit. Color plans for farm homes—materials for background, floor coverings, draperies and upholstery with still-life objects illustrating accents and accessories, are to be included.

Materials in block prints, batik, and stencil—in abstract design derived from still life and other sources—will make up the household arts display, where a constant play of lights will be centered.

Through this series of exhibits, the University of California hopes to show effectively some ways in which it is meeting its obligation in home economics through research, college teaching and extension service. It hopes to inform the world what happens when the university goes to the farm.

U. C. COOPERATING IN MEDICAL EXHIBIT

Financed by a special $300,000 grant from the State of California and with the cooperation of a dozen nationally famous universities, research institutes and museums, the University of California is sponsoring the largest exhibit in the Hall of Science on Treasure Island, and one of the largest in the Exposition.

Part of this great display is devoted entirely to medicine, and in addition considerable space is given to subjects which are closely related to the battle against disease. One of the most interesting exhibits will be the section devoted to the "March of Life"—the progress of a human being from conception to death. In this exhibit workers at Stanford, U. C. L. A., the Rosenwald Museum, Buffalo Museum, Harvard University and the University of Cambridge are cooperating with University of California scientists.

Contrasting their place in the great scheme of things, there will be displayed exhibits illustrating the plants and animals which cause or carry disease, and the plants and animals which can fight disease.

Interesting and appropriate will be a display of the history of medicine in the United States and in the countries bordering on the Pacific. Visitors will see what these countries have contributed to international health, as exemplified by the work of such men as Ephriam McDowell in surgery, William Beautmont in physiology, (Continued on page 25

Announcements

■ The work of a nominating committee is difficult at best, but it is still more exacting when to the ordinary responsibilities of finding leadership is added the task of analysis of a Board of Directors of a League which must be democratic in the perfect sense, non-sectarian and non-political. To the Nominating Committee presenting a ticket for our vote on January ninth go our thanks for their care in our behalf. By this care, we can have the feeling of confidence that Exposition Year will find a Board of thirty-one members representative of our many interests. There will be a representative from Santa Clara, Sacramento, Marin, Alameda, and San Francisco Counties; a representative of business, professional and non-business groups; representation varying in age and personal contacts — in short, a Board of Directors worthy of whole-hearted endorsement on January ninth.

There are those who in other years have asked, "why no choice of tickets?" Answer: The years that such a choice was given a trial threw the balance of representation into one direction. There are those who ask, "why a fine for not voting when there is no choice?" Answer: The fine is nominal, is avoidable by personal or mailed voting, and is a definite means of making the 5,000 membership conscious of a new club year and of new leadership.

Let us cast our vote with the feeling that we owe a debt of gratitude to a painstaking committee who has conscientiously acted in our behalf and with knowledge at their command which we individually could not possibly assemble.

■ CHRISTMAS PROGRAM: We extend our thanks to the San Francisco Recreation Commission for the lovely Christmas program which they brought to us on December 15th. The well-trained group under the guidance of Miss Hester Procter and the carolers of Mrs. Foster, together with our Clubhouse in gala array, were harbingers of the very happy Christmas which we all enjoyed.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: On January 18th Dr. Paul Cadman will enter his fifth course of lectures on Current Economic Events at the Club. This spring course will include twelve lectures and will be held on Wednesdays at the noon hour. Those who have not yet attended these lectures will be delighted with Dr. Cadman's clear-cut presentation of facts.

■ MARCH FIRST is the beginning of another fiscal year. On February fifteenth first bills will be sent. Begin now to budget and thereby save your club the expense of sending you a second notice.

■ CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS: tie in as usual with our Volunteer Service. The beauty of our Christmas decorations this year was due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. E. A. Wilcox, Miss Lillian Richardson, Mrs. A. A. Catton, Miss Virginia Mysell, Miss Emily Michels and Miss Donohoe. True to a time-honored custom, Mrs. Perry Eyre presented the massive Christmas tree in the Lounge and as usual Mrs. W. B. Hamilton supervised the trimming.

■ GUEST CARD PRIVILEGES: Starting on the first day of January and extending to March 1940, the Women's City Club offers its members unlimited guest card privileges upon payment of $1.00. Each member may have an unlimited number of guest cards, each card to entitle a guest use of the Clubhouse during the entire period. The Board of Directors voted this privilege as a special Exposition year gesture. Guest cards may be given only to persons living fifty miles beyond San Francisco.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: As January brings in the New Year, the most tremendous question in modern civilization demands an answer. This question: "Is the Peace of Munich a real peace?" The whole world, democracies and dictatorships alike, watches, works and differs concerning that answer. The real cleavage of opinion in the democracies is not between people who wanted peace and people who wanted war, but between peace-lovers who believe that the capitulation of England and France prevented war, and peace-lovers who believe that the surrender of the democracies to savage force, only slightly postponed, at best, a war which it made more terrible, or, at worst, threw away our present world's last chance for civilized and unterrified peace. This question cannot be settled by argument but writers can express what they honestly believe. Mrs. T. A. Stoddard has selected the books of three such writers, for review at the Book Review Dinner on the second Wednesday evening, January 11th, at 6:15 o'clock. The books are: "This Peace," by Thomas Mann; "History of an Autumn," by Christopher Morley, and "Neville Chamberlain: The Man Who Made Peace," by Stuart Hodgson.

Women's Board

(Continued from page 13)

an available speakers' bureau under the Board, coupled with responses to frequent requests from women's clubs for program materials, have enabled the Board to publicize in increasing degree the beauties and wonders of our Exposition. ◆ In another field the Women's Board has done much to stimulate interest in the Exposition among high school and junior college students by sponsoring an essay competition on subjects pertaining to the contribution of Pacific Area countries to contemporary civilization. In this connection the Board has made available to schools sets of illustrated mounts containing reproductions of the finest Oriental and American art (both North and South), along with photographic illustrations of modes of life and racial groups. ◆ Finally the Women's Board has taken the initiative in selecting an entertainment committee whose members will assist in the entertainment of special official guests as well as of distinguished women whom the Board is inviting as guests to the Exposition.

The Yerba Buena Club

(Continued from page 13)

for weary husbands. ◆ The interior design, furnishings and decorative accessories of the entire clubhouse follow the same tone of modern artistry, in combination with comfort and utility. ◆ But more than the artistic achievement represented by the Yerba Buena Clubhouse as a hospitality center is what it stands for in terms of accomplishment by the women of California. Developed as a major project of the Women's Board of the Exposition, by the women of the entire state, it was financed and built under the direction of the Women's Club House Association, by whom it will be operated as a non-profit organization for the duration of the Exposition. Its membershop includes women from practically every one of the fifty eight counties. Its hospitality will be extended to the friends of these members, and to the distinguished guests of the Exposition. And its activities, whether gay and informal, or dignified and official, will become treasured memories after the closing of the Elephant Gates on December 2, 1939.

Opening Day at the Exposition
February 18, 1939

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I Have Been Reading

"BABIES ARE HUMAN BEINGS"
—Dr. Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

"Babies Are Human Beings"; by C. Anderson Aldrich, M. D., and Mary M. Aldrich. Published by Macmillan & Company.

DRAKE'S PLATE OF BRASS AUTHENTICATED; illustrated and with an introduction by Allen L. Chickering. California Historical Society. $2.75, or the two volumes in cloth $5.00. Reviewed by Stella Huntington.

■ It is most stimulating to find parents, one a pediatrician and one a mother, unite to consider and put out a book on psychology of living as a baby in this world of ours.

The routine of regimented growth is put to one side and the weight and height tables are kept up. Rest, sleep, exercise in the baby's routine are all mentioned, but the place of happiness, a sunny approach to living, is the goal emphasized as above all to be attained. A way of life that thwarts a child when its searchings in play are harmless, is frowned upon. The child's toys and employments must all lead to successful accomplishment. What he makes spontaneously out-values the most expensive toy. The place for different types of toys is explained and how they fit the educational needs of the child is emphasized. At every phase of the baby's and young child's life the new experiences are expertly presented and the growth under the grasping and adapting of this new experience is analyzed.

The careful analysis of the contribution of the sympathetic understanding of the intelligent parent is shown up and appreciation of the problem the child faces with the sympathetic backing of the parent guides and assists the child through the various developmental problems. It is not the compilation of theories in book form that develops the parent. The child needs the understanding of the parent and only by this steady and faithful comprehension of the growth forces can the unique position of the parent be comprehended and utilized by the child.

This book deserves careful study and application of its studies to develop the helpful and sympathetic parent every child deserves. This is THE home atmosphere to grow up in. How few get it!

The spiritual side of "Babies Are Human Beings" is certainly well written and can help parents to realize the "soul" side of the baby and how their possibilities, as parents, can be developed.

PARENTS' MAGAZINE

"The future of the race marches forward on the feet of little children."—Phillips Brooks.

"What a lot we have to learn about children!" said a young father in my practice. I had given this family Parents' Magazine, which has an article carefully labeled for every age, from which daddy and mother can see what problems other parents are worrying about.

The staff of this magazine is most able and the most modern lines are laid down for health and happiness and character of childhood. Pre-school development can be done for every child by a little study and discussion of the articles introduced in this book. The editor is Mrs. Clara Savage Littledale. Parents' Magazine "On Rearing Children from Crib to College." The advisory editors are on the roll of educators, pediatricians, hygiene experts and psychologists — covering the country from the Children's Bureau in Washington to Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the physician of the Dionne quintuplets. The Educational Centers of Minnesota, Iowa, Yale and Teachers' Colleges are all contributors.

At $2.00 a year the I. Q. of a family towards their offspring is lifted to reach a higher level. As a reference book in all the augmentative questions aiming towards nature and nurture of children, this magazine is indispensable. It is a sound, wholesome book of advice and the questions it answers become permanently parts of your own outfit in working out similar problems for yourself with your own children.

■ At a large and enthusiastic luncheon meeting of the California Historical Society the president, Mr. Allen L. Chickering, announced the publication of "Drake's Plate of Brass Authenticated" and behind that announcement is a real story.

Long, long ago as the story tellers say, June, 1579, to be exact, Francis Drake landed in California for the purpose of reconditioning his ship, the Golden Hinde. Before he continued his journey he put up a post to which was nailed a brass plate with an inscription and a hole in the plate contained a sixpence of English money with the picture of Queen Elizabeth upon it.

In 1936 a young man from Oakland while on a picnic found a piece of metal and thought he could use it to cover a hole in the floor of his automobile. Later he discovered that it seemed to bear an inscription, he was curious and showed it to some friends and the suggestion was made that it be taken to Dr. Bolton of the University of California. Dr. Bolton thought at once that it was the plate left by Drake and described in the book, "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," published in 1628. Dr. Bolton took the plate to Mr. Allen L. Chickering, president of the California Historical Society, and a group of members of the Society was organized to purchase the plate and present it to the University of California.

In 1937 the California Historical Society published "Drake's Plate of Brass" listed above, giving an account of the plate and of its discovery. And then came the question: Was it really the plate that Drake had erected more than three hundred and fifty years ago?

The committee from the California Historical Society had collected money which with the plate was delivered to the University of California, the money to be used to discover whether or not the plate was genuine. There were many doubters, so Dr. Robert G. Sproul, president of the University, appointed a committee to have tests made. Many people thought it would be a very simple matter to have tests made and very easy to decide whether the plate was ancient brass or not, but the committee thought otherwise and decided to call in an expert, and Dr. Colin G. Fink of Columbia University, New York, was selected. Dr. Fink has made an exhaustive and most interesting report and gives many reasons to prove that the plate is the genuine Drake plate. Both books are exceedingly interesting to all students of early California history.

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(Continued from page 16)

II

IN A LONDON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

■ My first intimation that there was any scheme afoot lor the evacuation of school children had come on September 16th, when I was summoned to a Head Teachers' meeting to hear the plans then under consideration. We were pledged to secrecy outside school walls. Probably most of us spent that week-end bracing ourselves to face the terrible implications of the proposals.

Our schools were to be closed if war broke out—or, as the memorandum less starkly put it, "if a state of national emergency arose"—and we were to help to carry out the task of moving over half a million children to safety zones, mainly in the Home Counties. The matter was too pressing for argument and debate—all that we could do was to report to our colleagues and wait.

Late in the afternoon of September 23rd, an urgent message came through that parents must now be consulted without delay, and that teachers must take certain decisive steps. We felt that this incredible exodus was really going to be set in motion.

A Saturday morning meeting at school: the staffs of all three departments working tensely over registers—eager boys called off the football field to distribute notices to parents of a meeting on Monday evening—exchange of information about our various whereabouts for what was left of the week-end—a general feeling that we must "stand by."

On Monday evening the parents came; over six hundred of them, patient, anxious folk listening in an awful silence to the proposal that they should give their children into our keeping for we could not say how long, to take into comparative safety to we could not say where. The children were to take with them food supply for one day, a change of underclothing and a blanket. Billeting arrangements would very likely be rough and ready at first, we warned them, but their children would be boarded out with foster-parents as soon as possible.

We begged them to agree not to see their children off, but to let them step out to the station with us in a spirit of high adventure. Could they, for the sake of their children, face the issue?

Personally, I found coming into contact with these troubled men and women one of the most moving experiences of the whole week They hung on every word. Here was someone speaking with the voice of authority—was War really coming?

We assured them that they knew all that we knew about the answer to that awful question. All the same, I felt that had we dared to make pronouncements on the gravest issues, they would have accepted our judgments.

Their questions were mostly so humble that they wrung our hearts. When would they know where their children were? Would they be allowed to visit them? Could they go together, brothers and sisters and perhaps cousins? Did we really mean that the teachers would leave their own homes and go with the children?

We reassured them on all these points, and told them that the schoolkeeper would be notified of our whereabouts by telegram a day or two after our departure and would post information on the school gate. I would not allow myself to think of their anxiety during that interval.

They went home through the rain to think it over.

On Tuesday the answers came in: nearly seven hundred acceptances from the combined departments. The children's ages would range from three to fifteen.

The parents' faith in us was almost frightening. One mother came to see me three times before she finally decided to give her only child into our keeping.

"You see, Miss," she said, "what I says is this. You're educated folk here, and you wouldn't ask us poor folk to do this if you didn't think it was right."

One poor soul, who was almost hourly expecting the birth of another child, toiled up to the top floor to interview the Headmaster, and when gently reprimanded, said: "Yes, I knew you would have come down to see me, but you must be so terribly busy." Their sympathy with us, even in the midst of their own terrible anxiety, was infinitely moving.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the school assumed further importance as a distributing centre for gas masks, and all day long the queue shuffled up to the entrance out of the rain. The masks were delivered in bright tins rather like biscuit tins without the coloured labels. I imagine the little ones, who stood agape at all these new sights, thought these contained our holiday rations. They were going into the country with teacher. For them, it was all very lively and exciting.

Ordinary lessons were carried on as far as possible, but lists of names and addresses had to be prepared, family

groups arranged, a plan agreed upon for the safe and rapid conduct through the streets of over ten thousand children in our area. "Yes," someone pointed out, "and don't forget the pace will have to be that of your three-year-olds."

There were many little jobs the children could do, and every one of these became heightened into an important service. I can see now the absorbed backs of six little girls who were fixing string in labels, busy winning the war before ever it started.

Head Teachers had to listen for emergency notices over the wireless, especially for the broadcast of the code warning "Pied Piper to-day," or "Pied Piper to-morrow," which would mean immediate action. To me it seemed utterly fantastic to be tuning in to pick up this password.

We were glad there was so much to do as the shadow of war grew darker, and as we became more aware of the sorrow of these people. There was the mother who gave her consent but did wish the children had had some better clothes to go in; there was the little eight-year-old who declared flatly she would not leave her mother behind, "'Cos if I go who'll look after my Mum?" and the mother who came with her children clinging to her hand, to tell me: "It's no use, Miss. I can't do it."

We had our comic relief, of course. There was the Cockney who replied to his playmate's inquiry about musical instruments: "Yeah, bring yer pianner!" Among the girls we had an earnest economist who was so appalled when she heard that the precautionary measures had cost five million pounds that she promptly suggested we should each bring a penny a week until Christmas and give the London City Council a present. And there was Mrs. S——, who with streaming eyes exclaimed fervently: "Didn't the Canterbury of What-ser-name speak lovely, Miss?"

And after all, I am rather grateful to the A. R. P. assistant distributing gas masks who assured me that "anyone with an ordinary face like yours" would take a medium size. It was a comfort to know that it still looked ordinary.

My last task on the joyful, sunny Friday was to demobilize several pounds of wool packed ready for despatch to our new quarters; material for present nerves and future socks. As I crossed the playground I admonished two small children who were settling a difference over a ball by methods that did not look quite like peaceful negotiation. I checked the whirling fists with the sad comment: "Oh, Mary and Winnie, I thought no one was ever going to fight

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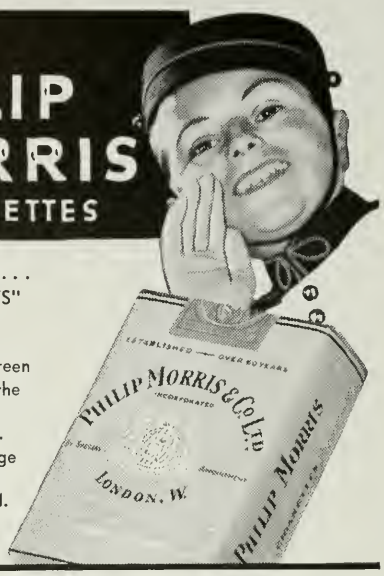

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WOMEN'S
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any more!" The analogy was quite irresistible.

And now we are gradually coming to believe once more in the importance of everyday activities. The netballs that were deflated ready to be carried into exile have become round and bouncy again. We can take peaceful excursions to the swimming-baths. It seems worth while once more to attack the multiplication-table with vigour.

But there remains the deep impression that we have all been very near to something terrible and great.

Millicent Hales.

III

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

■ On a day when the whole world's thoughts were centred on the Crisis, and one almost feared the worst, I went to Westminster Abbey, which was open all the time for prayers; and it is almost beyond me to express my feelings there.

The space around the Unknown Warrior's grave in the Abbey was reserved for silent intercession during the Crisis. All sorts of people were there, old and young, many on their way from offices and shops (it was the lunch hour); and there was a solemnity over all which I only experienced once in my life before, when a few years ago at twilight, with two friends, I visited the Garden of Gethsemane.

The week of suspense has left an indelible mark on all of us, and surely the united prayers of thousands of people have brought us hope and, one feels, a better world.

Surely God answered our prayers and our hope for an everlasting peace.

Jennie Gallup.

IV

SEEING THE CRISIS IN GERMANY AND FRANCE

■ I was in Germany in May during the days of the first Czechoslovakian crisis and, in September during the weeks of the second crisis, I motored from the extreme southwest of France to the extreme northeast. The two countries presented strikingly different pictures during these periods of tension. In Germany there was no news, no real information. The foreign radio stations were blanketed, the newspapers told the people nothing — or what was worse than nothing, for they gave forth only the garbled accounts which the Ministry of Propaganda authorized. One sensed a feeling of fear everywhere. The people were calm and life apparently went on as usual, but rumors were rife, and since no one dared express his thoughts openly there was a constant undertone of hushed but apprehensive comment. Indeed, there was so much of this that my recollection of those days in Germany is that of a buzz of anxious whispering which sounded ever above the tramp of soldiers' feet.

In France, on the contrary, every radio station in Europe was heard and knots of people gathered to listen to the news from the various capitals, generally one or two in the group translating to those about them. The daily papers, too, unhampered by censorship or Government restraint, gave the people the news in detail as it happened. Consequently in France there was no whispering, but in the cafés and on the sidewalks in front of the news bulletins, Frenchmen discussed the latest tidings with a calmness which was a revelation to me.

Almost all of the people to whom I spoke believed that war was inevitable, but they accepted this terrible conclusion and were quietly making ready. My recollection of France during those weeks of tension was that of a country where there was a freedom almost rare in the world to-day — freedom of the Press, freedom of speech, freedom of action—and of a people who justified this freedom by their steadiness and courage.

Alice Hoyt Coutant.

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University Exhibits on Treasure Island

(Continued from page 17)

Crawford Long in anesthesia, Oliver Wendell Holmes in puerperal fever, J. Marion Sims in surgery, William H. Welch in gas gangrene, Theobald Smith in tick fever, Walter Reed in yellow fever, William C. Gorgas in sanitation, and Howard Ricketts in Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

The American Medical Association pays homage to a number of great western men of medicine; the California Indians who introduced Spanish explorers to cascara and other native drugs; Petro Prat and his hospital at San Diego; Marcus Whitman, first physician in the Pacific Northwest; the San Francisco pioneers; H. H. Toland. Levi Cooper Lane, Elias Cooper, Richard Cole and James Blake; the Japanese bacteriologists, Kitsata and Shiga; and to Hua T'o—a surgeon who lived in the second century A. D.; and Pien Ch'iao, who studied anesthetics seven centuries before the birth of Christ and twenty-five centuries before the discovery of ether.

Visitors to Treasure Island will certainly see Medicine on Parade!

Order Reflects Efficiency

■ Let us get down to putting the outward appearance of our city into ship-shape order. One of the first impressions a visitor gets of a city is the appearance of its streets, and the general condition of its streets is reflected in a city's organization as a whole. The coordinating parts of a city are not seen by the visitor, but once a clean city is impressed upon him by the orderly condition of its streets, naturally this orderliness is reflected in all other functional parts.

We have to speed up and properly equip ourselves to take care of tourist travel and make it evident to them that we are in the habit of having a clean city. The necessary conveniences which call this fact to their attention will be adequately placed where they can be particularly noticed. We can not expect our guests to help us keep our city clean. That is our duty. WE MUST FIRST TRAIN OURSELVES in this habit of keeping our city clean, so we can let our guests know what is expected of them.

It is remarkable the cooperation the people interested in this subject have given and the reasons as to where this trash accumulates and its causes together with suggestions for remedying conditions are proving very valuable.

Where repairing is an art

Send the marred furniture, the chair with loose joints, the spotted table, the broken carving, the antique desk . . . to this shop where skilled craftsmen do fine refinishing and repairing at surprisingly moderate cost.

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Guide to Shops

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(Continued from page 14)

pass alcoholic prohibition laws (which were repealed in 1932. The sale of alcohol for home consumption is in the hands of a State-controlled monopoly), and to grant equal suffrage and elective rights to men and women. There are several "sauna" establishments in Helsinki, for men, women and children take the cleansing and invigorating typical Finnish steam-baths; the bather is enveloped in steam, produced by pouring water over heated stones, then rubbed with leaves and the blood made to circulate with birch twigs. English is spoken most everywhere in this picturesque port of about 280,000 inhabitants, and the many modern shops have much to tempt the tourist. Among the many interesting places we visited were: the harbor; the market-square, animated mornings by rows of horse-carts from the country, and vendors' stands, alongside of the fishing-boats selling fresh fish; the Supreme Court; the Presidential Palace; the Suurkirkko (Lutheran Church) built on granite, in the form of a Greek cross; the University; the State Council; the University Library which contains about half a million volumes; the beautiful sculpture group by Cedercreutz, called "Mother Love"; the Kallio Church, world-famous work of the Finnish architect Lars Sonck (Sibelius composed the carillion); the Atheneum, which houses the most important art collection in Finland; the Diet House (work of another Finnish architect, Sirén), and its interior decorated throughout in modern style—there are electrical voting devices and a lovely lounge for the exclusive use of the feminine members of the House, which was inaugurated in 1931; the National Museum (1910) illustrating, by means of archaeological discoveries, costumes, implements and furniture, the development of Finnish culture from the Stone Age to recent times. We enjoyed a marine drive, visited the modern residential section with its pretty homes, returning to the center of the city on the "Bulevardi," a wide thoroughfare with beautifully kept trees all along it. At No. 40 is the Sinebrychoffin, Kokoelmat, housing what is said to be the largest collection of miniatures in the north; among the foreign masters of painting represented are Velasquez, Van Dyck, Frans Hals, Rembrandt and Rubens.

There is so much to see in and near Helsinki that our week's stay was too short, but we had planned to go way up into Finnish Lappland and the Polar Circle and our fellow-traveler, Mrs. Abbey, had to fly over to Stockholm, so we regretfully left the charming Finnish capital next morning, all set for our adventurous Lapland holiday.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

Real Americans Nobody Knows

■ "Hits got good sense, but hits got to larn how to use it. Hit lerns up to hits chance, but hit's got a pore chance.

"Hits worse to be soul hungry than to be body hungry."

Three statements—voiced by a Kentucky mountaineer—sum up the reason for and the guiding principle of one of America's unique educational institutions — Berea Foundation School and College, located at Berea, Kentucky.

An interested company of club members, with a generous sprinkling of men, made the acquaintance in mid-December of some "Real Americans Nobody Knows."

Sponsor of these "nearly ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths pure" Anglo-Saxon stock Americans was Dean William Jesse Baird, of the Berea Foundation Schools, himself one of their number and a thrilling example of what he termed "mountaineers of Rural Applachia."

With a reminder that "cabin dwellers built America," Dean Baird said his mountain people do not mind being called "cabin dwellers," since the cabin to him is the symbol of America's growth and strength.

Claiming for his people the possession of a "patriotism in terms of their traditions," of the sanctity of home, school and state, he stressed their always-eager readiness to fight for liberty and independence, "not to make the world safe for democracy, but to make democracy safe for civilization."

While acknowledging that the highest percentage of persons on relief in the United States at present is in his mountain districts, Dean Baird deplored the fact that so much which is being done is undermining the three hundred year traditions of independence and self-reliance which have characterized the mountaineers. A cow, a hen and a plow are far more helpful contributions to relief than cash payments, he stated, adding that "a lawn mower and a bath tub are great refining influences."

In the Berea schools students range from seventh grade through college—"our teaching covers the field from the ABC's to the A.B. degree," the speaker said.

And in the most delightful and stimulating talk of the season he recounted experiences of boys and girls, men and women who come from the one-room schools of the "hollers" and hills, to learn the practical subjects which will make life richer for them.

There is a great difference between illiteracy and ignorance, Dean Baird reminded his audience, adding that before the Civil War the mountain country of which he was speaking had the highest percentage of literacy and culture in the United States, but that since the war between the states it had the highest percentage of illiteracy because of the response of its men to the call of the army.

Dean Baird described the routine of school life at Berea, where each student must do at least two hours' work a day, and where the majority of them do four hours' work. One hundred and fifty dollars a year per student covers all costs and when the speaker—delightful in his humorous touches, and thrilling in his poetic description of setting and opportunities—listed just a few of the achievements of Berea graduates — men and women from out of the hills—it left one with the conviction that nowhere could even the most avid bargain hunter get a higher or surer return for money invested in education and human happiness than in a scholarship in Berea Foundation Schools.

Charlas de Pascuas

Billy: Ya tengo lista mi cartita para "Santa Claus" y seré el primero en colocarlo en la chimenea.

Pepe: Yo también. Escribí al Niño Diós y será la primera que llegue al Nacimiento.

Billy: Nacimiento dices?

Pepe: Si. Como no?

Billy: Que no tienen Uds. arbolito, con muchas luces y la estrella en la copa y cubierto de oropel, rodeado de aguinaldos para la familia y amigos?

Pepe: Buenol No tienen Uds. Nacimiento con el precioso portal de Belén y la Sagrada Familia? El nuestro lo trajo papá del exterior. Es grande, completo y muy linda. Hay mas de veinte pastores y cincuenta ovejas.

Billy: Donde cuelgan las medias y donde están los alguinaldos del día veinticinco?

Pepe: Los Reyes Magos que vienen el seis de enero nos los dejan en los zapatos que ponemos en el balcón.

Billy: Qué raro, Hasta el seis de enero? Esperar tanto?

Pepe: Si. Nuestras pascuas duran desde el dieciseis de diciembre hasta el seis de enero.

Billy: Ya me acuerdo. Fueron los reyes los que le trajeron regalos al Niño Dios en Belén.

Pepe: Mamá me llama — Te espero mañana en el recreo.

Billy: Si. Te contaré lo que pedí a "Santa Claus."

Pepe Y yo todo lo que pedí a los Reyes Magos.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

New Spring Hats Start Coming In This Month

Also a hat of yesterday redesigned into a last-word creation.

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Museum of Art Exhibitions in January

■ Paintings, sculpture, drawings and prints from the Albert M. Bender Collection; through January.

Drawings by Charles Stafford Duncan from the Albert M. Bender Collection; through January.

American Indian Art and Modern Life —a demonstration of the exhibition method to be used in the Indian Court of the Exposition; January 15 through January 29.

Third Annual Watercolor Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association; January 24 through February 28. (Preview and reception open to members of the San Francisco Art Association and their guests, exhibiting artists and members of the Society of the San Francisco Museum of Art—Tuesday evening, January 24 from 8:30 to 11 o'clock.)

SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION GALLERY: Exhibitors for January will be posted at the Museum.

DANCE RECITAL: Marian Van Tuyl and her group will give a dance recital at the Museum Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, January 17. Free to the public.

Announcement of a Lecture Series for members of the Society of the San Francisco Museum of Art will be made next month. Information on membership in the Society will gladly be sent on request.

The Museum will close at 4:00 p. m. New Year's Eve. It will be closed all day January 1 and 2.

The Museum is open daily from noon until 10 o'clock in the evening on week days and from 1 until 5 on Sundays. There is no admission charge.

This monthly bulletin will be mailed regularly to all who leave their names and addresses at the Information Desk of the Museum with 25 cents to cover mailing costs until January, 1940. It is a regular privilege of Museum members.

LECTURES IN JANUARY

To acquaint San Franciscans with the nature of the cultural exhibitions of the Exposition a series of free lectures will be given at the Museum on Sundays, beginning January 15. This month Eugen Neuhaus, Walter Goldschmidt and Rene d' Harnoncourt will tell of the outdoor art, primitive cultures and the American Indian art of the Exposition.

On Wednesday evenings a series of talks will be given pointing out sources of modern art in periods and aspects seldom developed in art histories. The comparison will make clearer the art ideals of today.

January 8, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: IMPRESSIONISM — Candid Camera of the 19th Century; Ellen Bransten.

January 11, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: 1. SOURCES OF MODERN ART: Modern Sculptors Re-evaluate Greek Art; Walter Gordon.

January 15, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: EXPOSITION SERIES: Out-of-Door Art at Treasure Island (preview of the sculpture and decorations on the Exposition grounds); Eugen Neuhaus.

January 18, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: 2. SOURCES OF MODERN ART: Byzantine Symbolism and Modern Abstract Art; Charles Lindstrom.

January 22, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: EXPOSITION SERIES: Primitive Cultures; Walter Goldschmidt.

January 25, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: 3. SOURCES OF MODERN ART: Expressionism in Medieval Art; Walter Gordon.

January 29, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: EXPOSITION SERIES: American Indian Court of the Exposition and the Indian Contribution to Contemporary Art; Rene d' Harnoncourt.

1607 - 1937

You leaned your musket against the wall,
Knelt in the pew and bowed your head,
"From battle and murder and sudden death,
And Powhatan's scalping knife," you said,
"Good Lord, deliver Thy people all!"
And your musket waited against the wall.

Three hundred years—and still we pray
Weapons at hand: while ghost-like, Fear
Rides on the wings of the bombing plane,
Or springs from a submarine lurking near.
"From battle and murder, Good Lord, today
Deliver us!" Armed as of old, we pray.

—Anna Louise Barney.

A New Course
to be given
at the Club
by Clarence W. W. Mayhew
Architect
Enquire Information Desk

Fantasy

—Jessie Shuler Gregory

■ Whistles tooting. Outrageous noises adding to our usual quota of sounds. Bedlam let loose. Greetings to the New Year.

I snap on my reading lamp. Bury myself in "This Is My Life" to shut out the clamor with the recital of a too limited, sheltered existence changing to citizenship of the world. Was that a rap? At this hour? This night? I unlocked my inhospitable door and there he was, that chubby, innocent personage, wearing the wreath and top hat that ever distinguishes him.

"May I come in? I am newly arrived. The streets confused me. Your light came on. I saw your white hair. Would like to question one who might have years of experience. May I do this?"

"Surely, if you can imagine that each year has added to the difficulty of deciding significance. Time flows, in orderly measure, day by day, over space, yet seems to create confusion. I wonder why this should be?"

"I have three hundred and sixty-five days at my command. What has become of my predecessors?"

"One by one I have seen them go over the earth's round—old, thin; sythe over shoulder, hour glass in hand, clutching scanty robe, dying. It saddens me. Why must we invariably treat thus the years, the years that come to us new, fresh, filled with promise?"

"Must this be my fate? Surely a year of promise should become a promised year. Was there not a Promised Land?"

"Temporarily. But it is said to be true that man has grown through the years from a once ape-like creature. There is tradition that he is Son of God. Through future ages he may learn what this means."

"Lady, you comfort me. If this be so why need I hesitate to add my three hundred and sixty-five days to this process?"

As I looked he was no more there. The New Year was on his way.

CHRISTMAS 1938

"Unto us a son is born."
But knowledge of the bloody thorn,
The mob's shrill cry, the soldier's spear,
Truth in bonds and dumb from fear,
These make us falter while we sing
"Alleluia to the king!"

Our song becomes a requiem;
Blood flows in gray Jerusalem,
Crosses rise on Calvary
In China, Spain and Germany.
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
God help us find His star again.

—Anna Louise Barney.

THIS BUSINESS OF GOING ON RECORD . . .

With Our Clients

May 25th we "went on record" with clients that the market turn was nearing, that a buying point, in our opinion, had been reached.

The market turn actually took place June 20th.

July first we "recorded our opinion," with clients, that Rails, the good ones, were cheap and should be bought.

Since that time the Rails have advanced into new high ground.

Now we are about to "go on record, with clients" that, in our opinion, further devaluation of your Dollar will probably occur within the next 12 to 18 months.

Should this be the case, you should have every Dollar you own at work where it will grow, not shrink.

(Signed) HAZEL ZIMMERMAN.

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Get acquainted with the excellent material in your Club Library, dealing with the ever-fascinating subject: California.

Mistress of Monterey; Virginia Stivers Bartlett.

Tortilla Flat; John Steinbeck.

We Lived as Children; Kathryn Hulme.

San Francisco: A Pageant; Charles Caldwell Dobie.

Old Monterey; Laura Bride Power.

Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons; Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes.

Under the Sky in California; Charles Francis Saunders.

Ralston's Ring; George D. Lyman.

The Mountains; Stewart Edward White.

A Western Wind; Charles S. Brooks.

San Francisco and the Golden Empire; Basil Woon.

Laughter Out of the Ground; Robin Lampson.

First the Blade; May Merrill Miller.

The Californians; Gertrude Atherton.

Big Trees

—Walter Fry, United States Commissioner, and John R. White, Superintendent of Sequoia National Park

■ This is the classic book about the largest trees in the world. It answers all your questions about the Sequoia gigantea, the California Big Trees—their size, their age, where and why they grow best, their discovery, and the difference between the big sequoias that grow on the coast of California and those found in the Sierra Nevada.

The first edition, reprinted three times, was praised as the most important book on the Big Trees, and for the enthusiasm, warmth, and scientific appreciation with which it was written.

Here is a revised and enlarged edition with three new chapters of additional up-to-date information — one on the largest tree in the world, the General Sherman in the Sequoia National Park.

Striking new photographs, and a more convenient shape help to make this new edition a book that every lover of trees and of our national parks should possess

End-sheet maps show the location of every grove of the giant Sequoia.

"It is written with an enthusiasm, a scientific appreciation, and a warmth of affection that leave nothing to be desired."—Sierra Club Bulletin.

xvi + 126 pages. 5½ × 8½ inches. Illustrated. August, $1.50.

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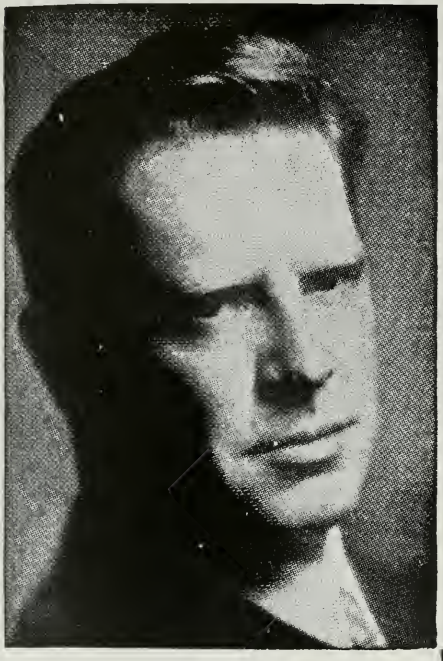

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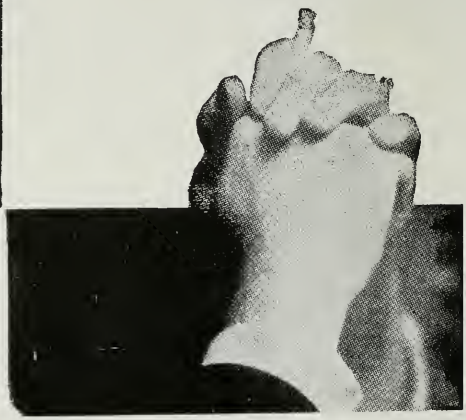

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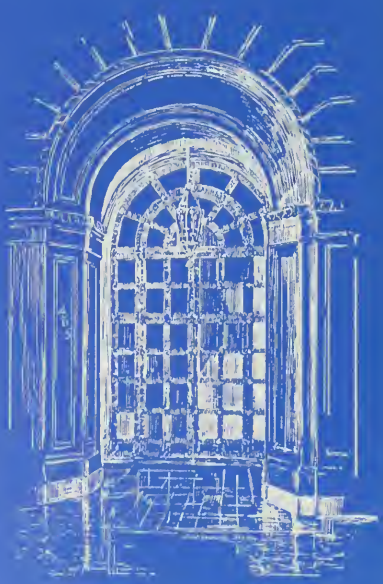

FEBRUARY
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
FEBRUARY . . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

FEBRUARY, 1939

Cafeteria will be open Friday, Feb. 17th and Saturday, Feb. 18th, at the dinner hour.

1—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 Noon
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Experiences in Germany by Mr. and Mrs. George Berner		
3—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
6—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorfi presiding	Annex	6:00 p.m.
8—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 Noon
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thos. A Stoddard. Dinner $1.00 a plate.	Natl. Def. Room	6:15 p.m.
See Announcement Page.		
9—**Home Planning Class**—Mrs. Clarence W. W. Mayhew.	Auditorium	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding.	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Song recital by Maude Amelia Tollesson, Contralto		
Accompanied by Gladys Steele		
10—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
15—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 Noon
16—**Tea Honoring the Commissioners to the Golden Gate International Exposition**	Lounge	4:00 to 6:00 p.m.
Tea, 35c.		
Home Planning Class—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew.	Auditorium	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
An illustrated address on the Exposition by Mr. Francis Tallman		
17—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
20—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorfi presiding	Annex	6:00 p.m.
21—**Garden Round Table**—To be announced later.	Natl. Def. Rm.	12:00 Noon
22—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding.	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
23—**Home Planning Class**—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew.	Auditorium	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding.	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "How China Takes Her Stand Today."		
Speaker: Dr. Kalfred Dit Lum, member of the Central Executive Committee of the National Chinese Government and Professor of Public Administration at the Chiao Tung University at Shanghai, China.		
24—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding.	Room 230	11:00 a.m.

MARCH, 1939

1—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 Noon
2—**Home Planning Class**—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew.	Auditorium	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding.	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding.	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Motion Pictures of Alaska and Jasper National Park in heart of the Canadian Rockies. Presented by Mr. Robert Simmons.		
By courtesy of Canadian National Railways.		
3—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding.	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
6—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorfi presiding	Annex	6:00 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII February, 1939 Number 1

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CLUBS ABROAD

Berlin, Germany; American Women's Club; No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia; Brisbane Women's Club; National Mutual Bldgs., Queen St.
Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark; c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodroffsvej 2-A.
Dunedin, New Zealand; Otago Women's Club; Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland; The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland; The Lady Artists' Club; No. 5 Blytheswood Square
The Hague, Holland; Amer. Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.
Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club, c/o American Consulate.
London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.
London, England; The Pioneer Club; 12 Cavendish Sq., W. 1
London, England; The Halcyon Club; 13-14 Cork Street.
Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.
Mexico City, D. F.; Internacional De Myjeres; Calle Humboldt No. 47.
Montreal, Canada; The Themis Club; 1336 Sherbrook St., W.
Nelson, New Zealand; Nelson Women's Club.
Rome, Italy; Anglo-American Club, Via Piemonte 127.
Shanghai, China; The American Women's Club; 577 Bubbling Well Road.
Stockholm, Sweden; The American Women's Club; Floragatan 17.
Sydney, Australia; Women's Club; 77 King St.
Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.
Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club; Lambton Quay, Wellington.
Zurich, Switzerland; The American Women's Club; 65 Laverterstrasse. (Hotel Baur-au-Lac.)

CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES

Akron, Ohio; Women's City Club; 30 South High St.
Boston, Massachusetts; Women's City Club; 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club, 72 E. 11th St.
Chicago, Illinois; Women's City Club; 410 S. Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; Bulkey Bldg., Euclid Av.
Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Michigan; Women's City Club; 254 E. Fulton St.
Indianapolis, Indiana; Indianapolis Propylaeum; 1410 North Delaware St.
Kansas City, Mo.; Women's City Club; 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb.; Women's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas; Little Rock Women's City Club.
Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; Empire Bldg.
New York City, N. Y.; Women's City Club, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center, 20 W. 51st St.
New York City, N. Y.; American Women's Assn.; 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.
Philadelphia Pa.; Women's City Club; 1622 Locust Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Women's City Club; William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I.; Providence Plantations Club; 77 Franklin St.
St. Paul, Minn.; Women's City Club; 345 Minnesota Street.
Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 736 Jackson Place.

CLASSES, COURSES AND ROUND TABLES

LANGUAGE CLASSES:

French: Mlle. Marie Lemaire and Mme. Rose P. Olivier, Instructors.

Spanish: Senorita Angela Montiel, Instructor.

Italian: Miss Louise Gasperetti, Instructor.

Day and evening classes. Hours arranged to suit convenience of pupils. 12 Lessons: Members, $6.00 Non-members, $7.50.

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS:

Dr. Paul Cadman, Course of 12 lectures, every Wednesday at the noon hour. Course Tickets—Members, $5.50; Non-members, $6.60. Single admission: Members, 55c; Non-members, 66c, including tax.

HOME PLANNING:

Course of 9 lectures. Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew, architect. Every Thursday at 10:30 a. m. Round Table following. Course Tickets, Members, $4.40; Non-members, $5.50. Single admission: Members, 55c; Non-members, 66c, including tax.

GLOVE MAKING CLASSES:

Mrs. Earl Tanbara. Every Tuesday — 1:00 p. m. Every Thursday — 1:00 p. m. and 7:00 p. m. Complete class instruction, $2.00. Material extra.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER:

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Every second Wednesday of month, 6:15 p. m. Dinner — $1.00 a plate.

ROUND TABLES:

French: Every Thursday at 12:15 p. m. Every Thursday at 6:15 p. m.

German: First and Third Monday at 6:00 p. m.

Spanish: Second and Fourth Wednesday, at noon.

Garden: Every third Tuesday at noon. Luncheon, 85c a plate.

TEA

HONORING THE COMMISSIONERS

TO THE

GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

AND THEIR WIVES

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-NINE

FOUR TO SIX O'CLOCK

AT

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

465 POST STREET

■

DURING THE EXPOSITION PERIOD THIS YEAR THERE WILL BE RESIDENT IN SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVES OF VARIOUS STATE AND FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS — COMMISSIONERS TO THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION — AND THEIR WIVES TO COMPLIMENT THESE OFFICIAL VISITORS AND WELCOME THEM, THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB IS ENTERTAINING AT TEA ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, FROM 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ ANNUAL MEETING: According to custom, the annual meeting which alternates between noon and evening, this year will be held on the evening of March 14th in the Cafeteria. Cafeteria Service from 5:30 to 7:00 o'clock. Reports will be read at 7:30.

■ BOOK MART: To be held March 14th, 15th, and 16th. We shall be in need of books and white elephants for this annual affair. Articles may be left at the main desk, or if members cannot deliver their things we shall be glad to send for them. Please make arrangements for pick-up through the Executive Office.

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN: Current Economic Events —Course of twelve lectures opened on January 18th. However, one may purchase course tickets at any time—discount being allowed for preceding lectures. Single admission 55c members, 66c non-members, including tax.

■ LIBRARY: Members may now take four books on their Library pockets. Only one may be a seven or 10 day book. This increased Library service became effective January 1st.

■ HOME MODELING: Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew will open a course of nine lectures on February 9th at 10:30 a. m. in the Auditorium. Mr. Mayhew allows the class to plan a proposed home under his direction, after considering location of lot, type of home suitable, amount to be expended, "must have's" and "don't want's" et cetera—a miniature of the house is made, interior decoration is discussed, landscaping planned. A most fascinating course, one that has interested hundreds of women in other communities and is now to be given for the first time in San Francisco. Course tickets are $4.40 members, and $5.50 non-members, single admission 55c members, 66c non-members, including tax.

■ DUES: Bills for dues will be mailed on February 1st. Prompt payment will relieve the club of the expense of second notices. The Clubhouse will be a necessity during Exposition year, be sure not to allow your membership to lapse.

■ NEW MEMBERSHIPS: Will be sought this year as the trend now indicates, with applications being filed daily in the Executive Office. Members who have friends they would like to sponsor should do so now, as our membership is limited by the Constitution.

■ CHRISTMAS BONUS: The staff of the Women's City Club wishes to express its gratitude to those of the membership who graciously contributed to the Employee's Fund.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: With busy days approaching and many visitors at our threshhold, we shall need Volunteers in every department. All members who possibly can should plan to spend part of their time in service at the Clubhouse. Our reputation for hospitality is world renowned. Exposition days bring us the opportunity to maintain that reputation.

■ LAST CALL! On March 1st, the coming-of-age privilege which the Club allowed for the Twenty-First Birthday of the National League for Woman's Service will be no more. This privilege will never return. It behooves each one who has it in mind to rejoin, to make haste now before it is too late. For this month only, the return fee is still five dollars. Dues are nine dollars, so the total cost is fourteen dollars. On and after March 1st, the regular initiation fee will again be exacted from all who join,—old members as well as new.

■ ANNUAL ELECTION: By vote of the Membership on January 9th, the following Board Members were elected to the Board of Directors to serve for the term 1939-1942: Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. C. J. Goodell, Mrs. Garfield Merner, Miss Alicia Mosgrove, Dr. Ethel D. Owen, Miss Esther Phillips, Mrs. Stanley Powell, Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, Mrs. Paul Shoup.

■ TEA IN THE LOUNGE: A delightful way to end a busy day; a place to meet your friends and bring your guests the very hearthstone of the National League. Plan to use this privilege during Exposition days.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Do you know that a special children's plate is served in the Main Dining Room at the luncheon and dinner hours? Your child may have a carefully selected meal at as low a cost as 50c.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Classes are being held each Saturday morning from 10:30 to 12:00 for Girl Scouts, also a Coaching Class for girls between the ages of 10 years and 15 years. Please register as soon as possible at Pool Office as these classes are now in progress. Members planning to sign up for LESSONS are offered one preliminary LESSON without cost in order to acquaint themselves with our method of instruction.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: With Spring approaching, we have just what you will need for the picnic lunches which you will soon be taking to the country—the most attractive hand-made Picnic Baskets from China now being featured by the League Shop. They have compartments for sandwiches, two or three thermos bottles, and all the rest at $3.75 and $4.95. Dont fail to see them! At the same time ask to see the hand-decorated wooden buckets which range in price from $1.75 to $10.00.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Personality—how to obtain it, how to keep it, its benefits, its power,—is perhaps the most popular non-political topic of today. A well-known book on Personality topped all other non-fiction books as the best-seller for 1938. What has personality to do with companionship, friendship, love or marriage? Can one's personality disappear? Is personality mankind's most precious possession? Two novels that deal with this subtle thing, Personality,—its power in marriage, its benefits in love and in war—will be reviewed by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard at the Book Review Dinner at 6:15 o'clock on the evening of the second Wednesday, February 8th. The books are:

"Dr. Norton's Wife" by Mildred Walker.

"After the Death of Don Juan" by Sylvia Townsend Warner.

■ NEEDLEWORK GUILD: On the first and third Thursday of each month, the Club Section of the Needlework Guild meets in Room 212 to sew in preparation for the Fall-In-gathering of the Guild. Members who sew and members who by contribution help to buy the materials are cordially invited to join this group.

■ COLOR AND COMPOSITION CLASS: The Wana Derge School has withdrawn its exhibits and classes for the current season in order to work out other things of importance to the movement.

■ GLOVE MAKING CLASSES: Continue on each Tuesday afternoon and Thursday afternoon and evening. Fee $2.00 for instructions—material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, Instructor.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French Round Tables—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, director, are held every Thursday at the noon hour. French Round Tables, Mlle. Le Brun de Surville, director, every Thursday at the dinner hour. Spanish Round Tables —Senorita Angela Montiel every first and third Wednesday at the noon hour. German Round Tables—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff, every first and third Monday evening at the dinner hour.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: There are now classes in French, Spanish and Italian. Fee $6.00 twelve lessons members, and $7.50 non-members. Mlle. Marie Lemaire and Mme. Rose Olivier—French Instructors; Senorita Angela Montiel, Spanish Instructor, and Signorina Louise Gasperetti, Italian Instructor. Hours may be arranged to suit convenience of pupils—make arrangements through Executive Office for lessons.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has arranged for February 2nd a program by Mr. and Mrs. George Berner of their experiences in Germany. On February 9th there will be a song recital by Maude Amelia Tollelson, contralto, accompanied by Gladys Steele. On February 16th, "A World's Fair at Your Doorstep" illustrated with colored slides will be presented by Mr. Francis G. Tallman of the Golden Gate International Exposition. On February 23rd, Dr. Kalfred Dit Lum, Member of the Central Executive Committee of the Chinese National Government and Professor of Public Administration at Chiaotung University, Shanghai, China, will present a talk on "How China Takes Her Stand Today." On March 2nd, there will be motion pictures of Alaska and Jasper National Park in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, presented by Mr. Robert Simmons through the courtesy of the Canadian National Railway.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Doorway to the North American Hall, California Academy of Science, Golden Gate Park The Academy Buildings also include the Steinhart Aquarium and the Simson African Hall. Two distinguished members of the Academy, Miss Alice Eastwood and Miss Louise Boyd, are featured in this issue.

The President's Message

Only a matter of days, and the Golden Gate International Exposition will open to the world.

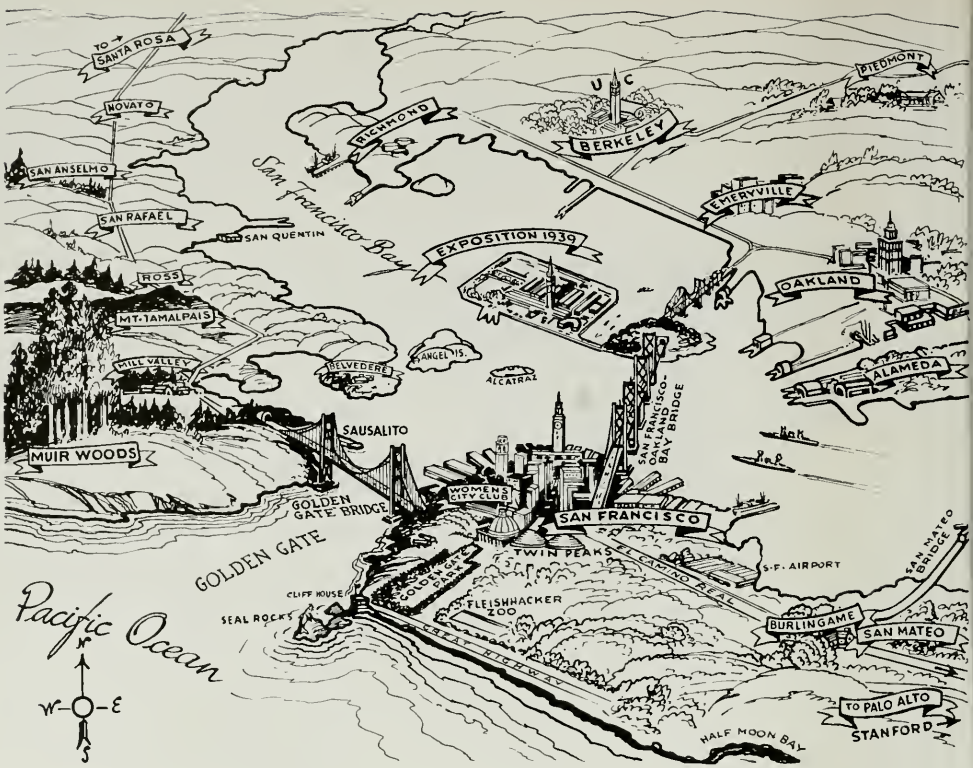
Rising from an Island, man made, shielded by two bridges, magnificent, modern, it is the epitome of man's genius. Wide in its scope of presenting a Pageant of the Pacific, it also engenders in its program the spirit of Peace.

All this will focus the world's attention to our shores and we will all share in the tremendous part San Francisco will play these coming months. A sense of responsibility as well as pride impresses us at the prospect and for this very reason we would emphasize again the assistance your Club can give each member.

The new guest privilege for the year 1939 enables you to extend the courtesies to visitors whether you yourself are at home or abroad. The Magazine will carry all the information we can gather as well as our own calendar.

In order that all the facilities we provide are enjoyed by guests, it is necessary that members also familiarize themselves with them, understand the schedules, house rules, and feel each one herself, a hostess. With this cooperation, we feel confident we can render the various services of the building and spread the atmosphere of cordial hospitality which has always been the distinction of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE



"Have you anything that will tell me in a few words about the Club? How it was founded, what it provides?"

So many times have these questions been asked of late that in answer the Executive Committee has compiled a folder which will soon be ready for distribution. This folder will be helpful to members and interesting to visitors.

Folded, this four-leafed blurb fits conveniently into purse or personal envelope. On one of its miniature pages is an outline of the history of the National League for Woman's Service, a sketch brief but comprehensive, telling of the organization's growth and success in the twenty-one years of its life in California. On another page is a simple listing of the facilities available at the Clubhouse, the seven-story building which houses every department of which a modern club can boast. Here also are the details of membership, how to join and at what financial cost.

Illustrating the story appear two maps, the one showing the convenient location of the Women's City Club in the heart of the down-town district of San Francisco, the other the down-town district in relation to the Bay Area with the Exposition Grounds as the center of all.

Coming as it does at the beginning of Exposition year, this pamphlet will have particular value for our members at home and make friends abroad.

Editorial

■ With this issue we open a new volume of the Women's City Club Magazine, Volume XIII. Twelve have now been written and bound for our archives. They trace the history of the National League for Woman's Service of California since its home, the Women's City Clubhouse, was builded; trace it not through statistical facts of accomplishment (which in themselves would be a story) but by the setting-down each month of what is considered important to the membership, important at the moment to read and to know about.

In light of this, it is interesting to record that Volume XII has shown a lively interest in the Exposition and has prepared us for a fuller enjoyment of Treasure Island when exhibits shall be in place and we shall be allowed to see what we have been told to expect.

With a long vision, the Women's City Club Magazine began January, 1936, to talk about the American Indian Art and later that same year to carry a series of articles on Indian Symbolism by Herbert J. Spinden, followed by stories from the pen of Mrs. William Denman—"Indian Ritual," "Indian Painters," "Inter-Tribal Ceremonial and Its Backgrounds," with finally a suggested plan for a presentation of Indian cultures and their arts at the Golden Gate International Exposition. Other articles were, "Pueblo Women as Historians" by Alice Prescott Goodwin, an outline of the Report of the Committee on Indian Arts and Crafts, and a sketch of Mrs. Denman's visits to the museums of the East with emphasis on the Indian Exhibits. Last, we were taken in imagination into the Indian Court and through the Indian Gardens for which the preliminary sketches had prepared our minds. Altogether, in the three volumes just finished the equivalent of one whole magazine has been devoted to an educational theme, the American Indian, and we hope and believe that these pages have been favorably received.

Generously, the Chairman and Executives of the Exposition itself have responded to our request for stories, and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Kahn, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. McDuffie, Mr. Youtz and Mrs. Faulkner added to their already busy program the writing of stories for the Women's City Club Magazine, authoritative descriptions of Exposition places and personalities. Altogether, an analysis of the past twelve issues of the Women's City Club Magazine shows a conscious effort to prepare for the Exposition which opens this month.

Beside these Exposition chapters, the Magazine has had a theme-of-the-month—February, stories on Printing and Book Collecting; March, the out-of-doors with Birds and Flowers; April, Easter; May, the Advertisers' Show and a letter from Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas from London; June, vacation stories; July and August, travel-treks; September, Homecoming with happy summer holiday memories; October and November, the history of the National League for Woman's Service on the occasion of its twenty-first birthday; December, Christmas customs in other lands; and January, the Golden Gate International Exposition with special emphasis on the units which women had sponsored and carried out. It has brought us books in review, and has listed bibliography for gift selection, for special study of the Pacific Area and for education in World Economic Events. It has carried each month Health Articles under the personal supervision of Dr. Adelaide Brown, has given club news on poster and calendar and on announcement pages each month. The wise words of our leader have given us a President's Message of inspiration for Service, for which the National League for Woman's Service exists and by which it lives.

We bind Volume XII with the hope that our efforts to bring the membership of the National League for Woman's Service what the membership really wants, have been in some small measure successful.

■ Number 1 of Volume XIII of the Women's City Club Magazine features four who have achieved fame in his or her particular field—Mr. Covarrubias and Dr. Warner, Miss Alice Eastwood and Miss Louise Boyd. The two former are associated with the Exposition, the two latter are distinguished members of the California Academy of Sciences.

It is especially pleasing that Miss Louise Boyd's work should be discussed by Miss Alice Eastwood, who, after forty-seven years as Curator of Botany in the Academy, is peculiarly able to appreciate the scientific value of Miss Boyd's explorations. It is also of interest that one of our own members, Mrs. Alice Chittenden designed the book plate reproduced with Mrs. Sutliffe's story of Miss Eastwood.

■ Two travel stories into far lands and the announcements of the courses and classes also in this issue bring to the attention of the membership the activities of a new calendar year.

Langdon Warner

Explorer, Discoverer, Archaeologist, Author and America's Recognized Authority On Oriental Art

by Jean Howard McDuffie

■ The Golden Gate Exposition is making a fine contribution to the enjoyment of life by presenting a superb exhibit of masterpieces from the cultures that surround the Pacific Ocean; South America, Middle America, North America, China, Japan, South East Asia (including Siam, Cambodia, and Annam), and the Islands. The threads of all these arts are in the hands of Langdon Warner, and it is worth while to consider a moment the man responsible for gathering this material together.

Mr. Warner was born and brought up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated from Harvard College in 1903. He had his first archeological experience on the Raphael Pumpelly expedition to the Near East, and the excavations made by this expedition in Anau are still referred to as of prime importance in the history of the development of those early civilizations.

After a hazardous trip to Khiva,—then unfriendly to all foreigners and particularly to those whom the Khivans suspected of being English,—he returned to the United States and tried his hand at a variety of occupations, mostly literary.

In 1906 he took the first step along the road he never subsequently neglected—the study of the art of the Far East. He was sent that year to Japan where he became a pupil of Okakura Kakuzo. It was an unforgettable experience; the sage and witty older man had gathered around him a group of young men whose names were soon on every tongue; a lacquerer, two painters, a sculptor, and the young American, Langdon Warner.

The serious study of this period resulted in a mastery of the spoken language, as well as a deep understanding of the national culture.

On his return to the United States he joined the staff of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Okakura Kakuzo was still his mentor; indeed it was in Boston that Mr. Okakura wrote his "Book of Tea," the subtlest and yet most understandable essay on Japanese thought that has ever been published.

Since 1906 Mr. Warner has spent about one year out of every three in the Far East. Sometimes in Japan, gathering material for his first book, "Japanese Sculpture of the SUIKO Period," (published by the Yale University Press); sometimes back and forth across China; and once, during the war, as Consul-at-large in Siberia trying to extract the Czech armies from the clutch of the Bolsheviks.

The Chinese trips resulted in more books; "The Long Old Road in China," which the reviewer in the journal of the Royal Geographic Society put on a level with Kinglake's "Eothen"; a book on the Buddhist wall-paintings at WAN FO HSIA; another, published about a year ago in New York by Ward & MacFarlane, called "The Craft of the Japanese Sculptor."

After a few years in the Boston Museum, Mr. Warner resigned and was sent by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington to consult foreign scholars as to the advisability of founding an American School of Archaeology in the Far East. The war overtook him before his return, and put an end to the plans for such a school.

His next position was as Director of the Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia, to which he went in 1917. A few years later (1923) he accepted the position he has held ever since in Harvard University; the title, invented by the ingenious directors, is "Fellow of the Fogg Museum for Research in Asia." This permits trips to Asia for any important piece of research. When he is at home (Continued on Page 27

Miguel Covarrubias

Maps of the Pacific Area
Murals of the Migrations of Men

by Leslie Van Ness Denman

■ "For the Mexican artist, history and art, politics, education and economics, are all parts of a single life story."

Nothing that the distinguished artist, Miguel Covarrubias, has done hitherto has the epic sweep of these maps.

From the long treks of early man on foot along the shores of the Pacific and in canoes across its vast waters, to the modern voyage of the airways, the story is told.

It is peculiarly appropriate that the painter whose imagination is creating these murals should have in his veins the blood of the first bold adventurers from both Asia and Europe; of the Indian whose Asiatic ancestors came across Siberia, down the coast of the Americas; of the Spaniard who crossed the Atlantic and blended the Asiatic and European races.

For the making of the maps a knowledge of archaeology and ethnology was indispensable. Mr. Covarrubias has also a wide experience of the peoples of the Pacific Area, a comprehension of their languages, their arts and their governments. The Orient is as familiar to him as is Europe. Being a Latin American, he has keen understanding of the governments and politics of the countries south of us.

The determining quality which infuses all that this poised and smiling man touches in life, is a fundamental integrity of spirit.

Through his maps runs a penetrating insight into the underlying character of the thing he paints, be it of the earth, the land, or the sea. His highly sensitive interpretation of the multicolored kaleidoscope of life around the shores of the Pacific is shot through with a subtle play of witty fantasy and of humor. At times this humor is but a veil across the tragedy in life, often unconscious of itself.

A school of vividly colored fish flees through the sea where swims a shark, but beyond in waters of deepest blue a devil fish lurks. A cluster of tropical fruits of haunting loveliness in form and color may bring a nostalgia for the unknown.

One scarcely realizes the depths of the story being told, the truths suggested, the fantasy which reveals, so brilliantly presented are the peoples of the Pacific Area, their economy, their art and architecture, the plant life which surrounds them, the animals which live on continent or island and in the sea.

Mr. Covarrubias paints the Indian of the ancient Americas; above is the girl from the beaches of Southern California.

Around luminous coral colored islands swirl seas of sapphire blue; a Maori warrior lifts from the purple depths.

Elsewhere, a girl pauses in her dance, held for all time in a moment of moving beauty. The Esquimo and Laplander face one another across the top of the world.

Provocative, compelling of thought are these maps of man relating him to his environment.

In extending the knowledge of the peoples of the Pacific, in creating a desire to understand more fully the realties and problems of their lives and interrelationships the murals of Covarrubias will have their part in the future destiny of the Pacific.

' To increase the sum of hu- (Continued on Page 21

Louise Boyd

by Alice Eastwood

■ In this brief account of the achievements of Miss Louise A. Boyd, I shall not stress the honors that have been so deservedly bestowed upon her, since they are known to the world.

To me she is more than an explorer of little known northern lands, whose unique achievements have won her such distinctions as that of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, France, the order of St. Olaf of Norway (she was the first foreign woman to receive this decoration), the Andree Plaque of the Swedish Anthropological and Geographical Society, and most recently, the Cullum Geographical Medal of the American Geographical Society.

To me she is a vivid personality whom I first met when she returned from the first expedition to Franz Josef Land. She had been able to hastily grab some of the few plants growing and blooming on that far northern shore. As I remember her account she stuffed them in her pocket and later straightened them out and mounted them with a covering of cellophane. They were very interesting and different from the same species as I knew them from the polar regions of western North America.

Photographing and mapping these shores was the chief purpose of these expeditions. In order to secure the best results, Miss Boyd consulted the most eminent experts and was guided by their advice in the choice of equipment and methods of work. No such photographs had ever before been take in these little known regions and, supplemented by the maps, they were of the greatest importance in the added geographical knowledge they brought out.

However, collecting plants, taking photographs, and making maps was too great a task for one person, so on the next expedition in 1931, Mr. Robert H. Menzies and his wife went along to collect the plants. Miss Boyd realized the importance of a botanical survey.

On Franz Josef Fiord on the eastern coast of Greenland, Mr. Menzies collected 75 species, 70 flowering plants and the rest vascular cryptogams. They were identified by Dr. Johannes Lid of the botanical museum, Oslo, Norway.

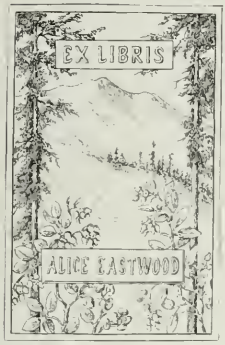
In 1932 Miss Boyd again visited this region and herself collected the plants on Jan Mayen Island.

It is considered unlikely by authorities that Jan Mayen Island was ever connected with either Greenland or Iceland; therefore it is believed that all the species of plants have been brought on the feet of wading birds. Of the 89 species recorded from East Greenland, she collected 60 in a single visit on Jan Mayen Island, six species not before known on the island and one new to science, a Taraxacum or dandelion. The dandelions are represented by many species in the Arctic regions. These specimens were named at The Royal Herbarium at Kew and a set of both Mr. Menzies' collection and her own were given to Kew and one to the California Academy of Sciences. We are certainly proud to possess these valuable specimens and are very grateful to Miss Boyd for them.

On the Boyd place in San (Continued on Page 23

Alice Eastwood

by Dorothy Sutliffe



■ Miss Alice Eastwood was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1859, but spent her early life in Denver, Colorado, where she was educated and later taught Botany and other subjects in the Denver High School. She soon began making collecting trips all over Colorado and in Southeastern Utah, until she had obtained such a knowledge of the flora of the Rocky Mountains that she was commissioned by Bergen to write for his well known textbook on Botany the section on the Flora of the Rocky Mountains.

From Colorado she came to San Francisco in 1892 to take, at first, a position as Assistant Curator in the Botanical Department at the California Academy of Sciences, in which institution she has remained ever since as Curator of that department. As in Colorado, she soon began making long trips, often alone, into all sorts of places in California in quest of plants, known and unknown, early gaining such a knowledge of our state's flora that she was commissioned once again by Bergen to write a section for his Botany, this time on the Flora of California.

Not long after undertaking her work at the Academy of Sciences, she became associated with Prof. Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, doing field work for him in this state in connection with California Oaks and was in 1914 requested by him to go to Alaska in search of knowledge concerning the Willows of that region for his famous book on the Sylva of North America. Alone and on horseback she visited all sorts of out-of-the-way places in the wild Yukon country, to come back with a rich lot of specimens and much knowledge concerning the flora of that land.

Her advice and knowledge have long been sought by those in charge of the botanical work at the New York Botanical Garden, the Gray Herbarium and the National Herbarium at Washington. Having been requested by the latter institution to do some work in San Francisco's Chinatown on Chinese vegetables, they were so well satisfied with her accomplishments and keen understanding of their requirements that she was asked if she would go to China to do some collecting but refused to leave her duties at the Academy for the time necessary for such a piece of work.

After the fire of 1906, when the Academy collections had been destroyed, she went to England for research work. It should be stated here that at the time of the earthquake Miss Eastwood, neglecting her own possessions, worked as the fire threatened Academy Building on Market Street until driven out by the authorities and succeeded in saving over a thousand valuable type specimens. The present Herbarium of the California Academy of Sciences, consisting of over 250,000 specimens, has been built up since about 1910 — a most remarkable accomplishment on Miss Eastwood's part. During her stay in England after our fire and the destruction of the Academy, she worked at Kew Gardens and in the British Museum of Natural History, becoming a close friend of Sir Joseph Hooker. At that time Kew offered her a tempting position but she preferred to return to her (Continued on Page 26

Excerpts from a Travel-Journal

by Daisy F. Reed

■ Two days at sea, just beginning to leave my land marks. It seems difficult to shed one's land habits all at once. . . . Nothing on the horizon. Only the sea on which we travel.

* * *

Tournaments in full swing. We refuse to be organized. The sea is one place where we reserve our right to be complete individualists. The moonlight is so alluring that we find ourselves very reluctant to go to bed. A path of gold leading out and out. . . .

* * *

Because of the war the Spanish coast unlighted. Our stars and stripes are brilliantly illuminated and the U. S. (we are traveling on the American Exporter Line) on our funnel is in large letters freshly painted. This morning a French plane went over so close to the ship that the officer on the bridge said, "So near I could shake hands with him."

* * *

Marseilles yesterday. Spent the day on a motor trip up the Rhone Valley. Arles: Van Gogh cypresses and poplars bordering fields and lining roads. I saw Van Gogh's southern France; every cell, every nerve, my integrated self was absorbed in the seeing. Sheer joy to have felt it. I moved all day as in a trance. I was I and still not I.

To the tower built by the Saracens over the entrance gate of the Arles Coliseum. It was not the magnificently proportioned Roman ruins that stirred me most deeply, although Imperial Rome in the days of her greatest reach and power is significantly revealed by these relics; it was the color of the roofs of Arles and later of Avignon, from the upper windows of the Pope's palace, that delighted me. Old weather-worn tiles with the sun shining on them! Patterns of roofs under which people have lived for generations. Cezannes design and color, making one aware of dynamic form.

Back by way of Aix-en-Provence, one can understand something of the reason why such beauty of valley and hill inspired and nurtured what Gerald Heard in his "Sources of Civilization" called the "first modern European culture." A culture that had a joyousness and sensitiveness quite unknown in Catholic Europe, a culture which the church so feared that it was exterminated in the early part of the inquisition.

Southern France has almost no wooden buildings, everything of stone or plaster. Many of them crude and primitive but with a beauty and simplicity that makes them fit into the landscape. The American landscape, except perhaps in New England and New Mexico, seems to be inharmonious in comparison.

The roads are shaded by large plane trees, roads that in America would be considered too narrow for motor traffic. But the trees were there before the motor car came into existence and the French do not cut the trees. The motorist makes use of the roads that existed; the traffic hazards seem appalling to us. However, the French driver seems to have a psychic sense that prevents disaster and gives the passengers a feeling of security.

* * *

Pompeii: Walking once again in the streets of a city that did not exist, for man, for a period of seventeen centuries. Granite worn by chariot wheels, fountains worn by hands resting on the rim, wine jars still unbroken.

The ride from Amalfi to Sorrento was a breath taking experience of color. Color of sea, of fishing boats drawn up on tiny beaches in deeply indented coves, of tiled roofs and church domes, of walls (the soft pink wall belongs in this Mediterranean setting) of door and window frames. The green of olives, of lemons and oranges grown on trellises on steep slopes, of banked vineyards. Colors as harmonious as a great symphony. On the headlands gray ruins of old stone fortresses built by the Saracens as a means of protection against the pirates.

* * *

Alexandria to Cairo by rail: green fields level to the horizon, intersected by a net-work of irrigation canals; water wheels turned by water buffalo, camel, donkey or man; men, women and children in long gowns working in the fields or walking on the narrow roads along the canal bank; men sitting far back astride diminutive donkeys or mounted on ungainly camels; flat roofed mud villages with a towering minaret. Egypt is a land of contrasts; the Nile Valley and the desert, the very rich and the very poor, the palace and the mud hut. Every thing moves slowly. There is very little color, except for our eyes in the life itself; most of the native women wear black. One still sees many veiled women on the streets, however the veils are very thin and actually hide nothing.

* * *

Cairo: The native streets are a never-ending pageant. The curious thing about this country is that in

spite of dirt and poverty the people seem to enjoy life. I wonder if universal education and sanitation are the answer to as many questions as we sometimes assume them to be. The Moslem masses appear to get more out of the process of living (perhaps it is that they put more into it) than do the masses in America who have at least a modicum of both sanitation and education.

* * *

Baalbeck, one of the "Seven Wonders of the World." Such vast and harmonious proportions, such restraint in decoration and finely executed detail. The size of these ruins alone conveys something of the grandeur that was Rome in the beginning of the Christian Era, but there is an integrated and harmonious development of plan and execution throughout the whole that is astonishing, considering the fact that three centuries elapsed during its building. Imperial Rome seems, to have been motivated by other ideas than mere extension of possessions.

A broad flight of steps hewn in its entirety from one block of stone. Great shafts of red granite brought from Assuan in Egypt. Stone columns seven feet in diameter placed high, one above another. The imagination is baffled by the mere physical labor involved in the task of quarrying, transporting and erecting. The temples have been a vast quarry for Arab exploitation. The town of Baalbeck is largely built of stones taken from the ruins. We saw a field of corn growing between rows of magnificent columns.

Baalbeck as one sees it today is a cross-section of the historic process. I have tried to convey some of this dynamic quality in these lines which I wrote as I sat alone in front of the Temple of Bacchus:

Sixteen centuries ago other hands
wielded the tools
That wrought these delicate leaves—
Leaves that Time cannot wither.

Other hands traced the subtle veins
And cut and shaped the perfect form—
Hands long since gone thither.

Hands that wrought eternal Spring,
Dust to dust, and life to life,
You have brought Life hither.

* * *

Damascus: We spent the morning walking with Mahdi our guide-chauffeur through the Souk (Bazaars) crowded, narrow, roofed-over streets. Smells, colors, sounds, people carrying on the business of living. Silks being woven by hand, a "sweets" factory, wood carving, a bakery not too clean but fascinating to watch the skillful way in which their native loaves were shaped and baked. An old, old caravanserai now used as a warehouse—ghosts of the past among bales of cotton and clutter of merchandise.

The Mosque El Amawi, the largest in Damascus, is built over the Crusader's church, its great floor is carpeted with gay turkish rugs loosely sewn together. Mahdi said, "The people pray here and the women up there," pointing to a small balcony.

Damascus is the oldest known city in the world still inhabited on the same location. It is a real oasis in the desert. Ancient writers always spoke of it as "Paradise" and desert dwellers must have always felt that it was so. Into the valley in which the city lies, two rivers flow from the Lebanon mountains. These rivers are lost in the sand on the edge of the oasis. Water runs in the streets of the city and fountains bubble forth in the court yards.

There are three Emirs from Irak with four gray-flannel clad small boys staying here at our hotel. The Emirs wear the long white silk robe and white head dress with gold cord. These are the type of desert rulers whom Lawrence describes in his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

* * *

To the site of ancient Memphis an hour's drive from Cairo. This city in the valley of the Nile was in its glory about five thousand years ago. Today only two colossal statues of Ramases II (the Pharoah of the Israelite bondage) and an alabaster sphinx mark the site. Above the city on the edge of the desert is the burying ground for Memphis known as Sakkara. The tombs were built solidly of stone; after life was eternal but life was temporary. In Sakkara is the "step pyramid," the oldest stone structure in existence. Just to the left of this pyramid has recently been excavated a tomb with fluted columns which from inscriptions is dated three thousand years before Christ. It has been assumed that the Greeks originated the fluted column and that those in Egypt were of Greek influence, today antiquarians are convinced that the form for the Doric Column originated in Egypt.

* * *

On board the S.S. Rodi among the islands of the Ionian Sea: One feels something of the thrill that the primitive Greeks must have felt when they learned to sail from isle to isle so that finally they dared to venture as far as Egypt. Perhaps our civilization depends, in a measure, on the fact that these peoples lived on islands near enough together so that they could reach out from one to another and enlarge their known world.

On the coast of Attica on a hill top near the shore we can see with the glasses the Temple of Poseidon —a magnificent row of columns even from this distance. It was here that Byron wrote his "Isles of Greece." His name is carved on one of the pillars. It must have been largely (Continued on Page 24

Touring Finland

(Part 2. LAPLAND HOLIDAY)

by A. Aguilar-Trigueros

■ Last July, we were on the Helsinki-Rovaniemi express; the heat was uncomfortable and all the windows tightly shut. Soon we knew why. Finland is (after Russia) the greatest timber producer in Europe and their trains burn wood, which gives off a penetrating dust that settles in thick layers everywhere. At the stations, women dust the windows outside and the woodwork inside. Towards evening we were very hungry and searched for the dining car; there was none. Our Finnish friend told us that "one had to snatch a bite" at the station-restaurants during the few minutes the train stopped, adding that there would be only one more stop that night. When that occurred, we all rushed but could not buy anything to eat as the train started off and we barely managed to jump on again! Later that night we were moved to the sleeper-car, carrying our baggage ourselves.

Next morning we arrived at Rovaniemi, where the railway ends; from there up, only motor-coaches are available. Everybody carried his own baggage and we all wished we had only brought our toothbrushes, when we perspiringly got our suitcases, etc. into the waiting bus. Then only two seats were left, but as we all wanted to sit together, the six of us piled into the end section (where baggage, etc. is carried), along with two soldiers, some Lapps, tins of gasoline, rolls of ammunition and many mail-bags. About five miles later we were bouncing along the great Arctic Highway, the only motor-road in the world leading to and from the Arctic Ocean. It is of great commercial and strategic importance, being the only means of communication with the Arctic ports and villages. On the left, a sign marked the Arctic Circle in four languages. The Lapps who shared the "comforts" of our "compartment" did not understand English and we only a few words of their interesting language; the "conversation" was carried on by gestures, and drawings, aided by an atlas. We stopped frequently, often merely to hand a letter or magazine to some Lapp waiting along the highway. Towards evening we arrived at Ivalo, where the Tourist Association operates the only two buildings. Our friends had reserved their rooms days ahead but were told that there was not even a bed available! After borrowing soap and standing in line to get to the only washbasin, we had our first meal since leaving Helsinki about thirty-six hours ago. The maid gave us each a pillow and blanket, and after the guests had retired, Hilda, Florence and I tried to get a few hours sleep on the only three wooden benches in the lounge. About 6 a. m. the guests came down to breakfast; I awoke on the floor, as the "bed" was only about fourteen inches wide (and I, alas, much wider!). We cheerfully (though sleepily and achingly got on the bus again and rode a couple of hours. We had lunch at the nice, rustic inn at Virtaniemi, a beautiful camp by the Patsjoki River, near its outlet on Lake Inari. We decided to stay overnight, as they had accommodations. Four young girls attended to us; they spoke English and looked so pretty in their native dresses of wide flaring blue skirts with red hems, their loose white blouses embroidered in colours, their sleeves cut just above the elbows. We took pictures of a jolly old Lapp woman in her quaint attire.

Supper was served about 11 p. m. and we meandered down to the water's edge, filling our lungs with the invigorating air. That night in Virtaniemi, we saw our first Midnight Sun and grasped the true meaning of "the limpid Nordic nights," which cannot be described adequately: one must experience them to fully realize their beauty! On (Continued on Page 29

"Flowers at Your Window and Plants at Your Door"

by Caroline L. Esberg

■ What are the five thousand members of the Women's City Club doing to make San Francisco more attractive to the flower loving people visiting the city and the Golden Gate International Exposition? If each and every one would co-operate a wee bit, we could have our retail shopping district as colorful as most of the residential districts are now.

Stop to think of how beautiful the principal store windows are during the Easter holidays. How we have all admired the wealth of spring flowers artistically arranged amongst draperies, silver, china, glass, wearing apparel, in fact, just every variety of merchandise. Surely, people attracted by good looking windows are tempted to look inside those shop windows and once inside, to indulge their fancies. Why not further the plan, if you approve, by discussing it with the retail executives, managers and clerks in the establishments you patronize?

During the Christmas holidays we saw trees in tubs on Grant Avenue between Geary and O'Farrell Streets. There was much favorable comment about them and could the idea be continued, it would definitely improve the appearance of blocks on Grant Avenue, Stockton, Post and Geary Streets, Union Square and the Civic Center. A suggestion, the trees should be larger than the ones used.

Gay awnings would make many buildings brighter. Try to induce owners to use them wherever possible.

Naturally the nurserymen and florists will be enthusiastic about this scheme. But, they will not be the only ones to benefit by this dressing-up party. All of San Francisco, with a new, brilliant trousseau would look and act as if it had drunk from the fountain of youth, recapturing its old reputation of a fun loving, fascinating, vital city; a city with a true personality.

The San Francisco Garden Club has had its share in encouraging the replanting of window boxes, potted plants in doorways and helping with gardens in general. There is a campaign on now to start different kinds of plants in pots and tins, which will be collected and then distributed from 15 Arguello Boulevard on February 28th of this year.

The cut flower industry is the second largest industry in the State of California. Cut flowers from the Bay Area are sent from the Oakland Pier and the Third Street Depot in refrigerated cars. Oakland Pier, from which the East-bound trains depart, presented an unusual spectacle during September and October of this year. Fourteen trainloads of cut flowers, with an average of eleven cars per train, pulled out from there destined for points east of Salt Lake City, chiefly, however for mid-Western and Eastern cities. During this same period 1,985 packages of cut flowers were shipped by air and, at one time it was necessary to reserve a plane for the exclusive use of air express flower shipments to Chicago and New York. Then too, of course, great quantities of our blooms find their way to the Southern parts of our state and as far away as New Orleans.

When others are willing to indulge themselves in appreciation of California flowers, we, who are privileged to live where they grow in profusion should make every effort to surround ourselves with them. Visitors certainly expect to see (Continued on Page 25

Yesterday—Today —and Tomorrow

by Clarence W. W. Mayhew

■ For more than 5,000 years man has been building his home, has been at work, thinking, restlessly searching out ideas and materials to improve his living. Nomads, in the dawn of history built rude shelters of mud with thick windowless walls, poles giving support to the mud roof. Progress was slow; Assyrians having carts and rollers were able to build with large stone. Persians, substituted wooden posts for stone walls, increased the ceiling height, initiated the open plan. The Greeks applied the principal of this wooden construction and developed a great architecture in stone. Romans perfected the masonry arch to gain free floor space. Glass spanned the voids between the stone piers of Early Christian churches. Europeans, home from the Crusades, developed the Gothic arch. The small home problem of the Elizabethans was solved by means of a timber frame filled in with cheap masonry. The Pilgrims whipsawed planks to sheath their houses, introduced the all-wood home. Our Colonial forefathers had the buzz-saw to produce lumber economically and standardized the wood frame. As for the homes of today, the traditional design plus modern equipment is still the favored formula. However, the modern design, involving new materials and technics is fast gaining popularity. Tomorrows designers may attain the ultimate in streamlined homes, using new plaster materials that will be light-of-weight, pliable, strong, and produced at a low cost. Labor-saving equipment will become more efficient, compact, intergrated and automatic. Faster than any other building factor equipment is being revolutionized by new ideas.

What kind of man is this who is capable of building up such a complex civilization? Will his home become equally complex? Your guess is as good as mine. Man's inventive genius is never at rest. Mechanical inventions are being reflected in the homes. He has been led to expect even higher standards of comfort and convenience. But yesterday, today and tomorrow a home must satisfy three basic needs:

Protection—against extremes of climate and the encroachment of nature and his fellow man.

Privacy—for recreation and relaxation, a more civilized form of protection.

Sanitation—cleansing and feeding the human body.

From the Nomads to the present day, home forms have been determined in part by the material available, and in part by the physical and cultural surroundings in which the home is situated. I have no doubt but what the home forms of tomorrow will be influenced by the same factors. To provide the protection and privacy which he desired, man first made use of natural materials in their elemental states. Soon mud was turned into bricks, trees into boards, rocks into building stone. Today invention has made it possible to create new and different materials, which are more uniform, lighter, and stronger than the elements from which they were formed. This has been done to the extent that man now dominates space.

This same inventive genius has set new highs in comfort and convenience. We have today automatic laundry equipment which is (Continued on Page 21

doing such a good job that we may soon expect a small machine which will not only wash and dry the clothes, but iron and stack them as well. It is practical to design a machine with the use of live steam as well as hot and cold water, which will not only dispose of the garbage, but wash, sterilize and shine dishes and utensils. The same machine will act as their storage compartment.

And what about the Home of Tomorrow? I think there still will be individual homes satisfying the three basic needs of protection, privacy and sanitation. I believe, also, that with more complete mechanization, those needs will be satisfied more efficiently and at less cost and with less waste space. New plastic materials will greatly influence design and will be reflected in the appearance of the home. In all, the House of Tomorrow will grow and develop with the people that live in it, their hopes and aspirations.

(Continued from Page 13)

man knowledge, to create more understanding social relations, to stimulate the imagination and release its creative powers through a deeper and wider comprehension of social values, the sciences and the arts. To present opportunities for development of trade; to lay the foundation for economic good" It was the thought of these possibilities which underlay the suggestion to make of "A Pageant of the Pacific" something more than an alliterative name. The Holland Report embodies the ideas presented by the Committee of the Department of the Pacific Area

Mr. Philip N. Youtz, the Director, is not only carrying out the project but is organizing at Pacific House a center of interest, activities and knowledge.

The dominant binding factor of the many diverse interests and creative activities of human beings is that quickening of spirit which informs all human endeavor. This is the tale, told with great beauty and interpretive thought in the murals of the migrations of men.

In the prehistoric caves of France and Spain, in maps of his world, as far as he knew and understood it, the artist communicated its meaning to his fellow man. Those murals aid us in understanding that unknown world across the lapse of years. The maps of Miguel Covarrubias will communicate a knowledge of the world today.

Over and above the facts presented in these prehistoric paintings of the caves, stirring us strangely across the ages, is the timeless quality of beauty. In this, the unknown artists of the caves, and the painter of the murals in Pacific House, are one.

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I Have Been Reading

MONEY RAISING—HOW TO DO IT; by Irene Hazard Gerlinger, Vice President of Pacific College, Oregon. Sutton House. 1938. $3.00. Reviewed by Emma L. Noonan.

■ Sounds clear and cold and forbidding—a treatise one would have to wade through with the same grim determination one faces a fund raising campaign. What a delightful surprise awaits the reader! Out of her rich experience in varied fields the writer has produced a clear logical handbook, alive and interesting, based on consultations with specialists in each field as well as her own experience in raising a million dollars for education and charity.

The treatise opens with a general survey of financing enterprises, from the time when such was the privilege as well as the responsibility of the rich and the powerful, to the present day when large fortunes are being so rapidly eliminated by the government that the few wealthy in each city can no longer carry the cost of private agencies. The ineffectual visitor is now replaced by the well-trained professional worker; the pre-war boards whose members were chosen largely because of their ability to raise funds have been succeeded by full time financial secretaries. Individual money-raising has been merged in Community Chest. "Out of early haphazard, impulsive personal charity has come the present-day constructive social service agencies familiar to all of us." Government bureaus carry more of the work of outright relief, but it is still necessary to raise millions of dollars for other organizations.

Although during the war individuals of small means learned the joy of giving, raising money still requires not only courage and faith but a careful technique. The author gives sound advice concerning the preliminary steps to a campaign, and shows, in detail, the right approach, even enclosing effective forms. Throughout the book, she discusses the problems facing each type of agency and suggests solutions, showing how to lay the groundwork for intensive effort and to build up a large constituency. She cites typical cases and indicates causes of failure in different methods.

This enlightening volume, which leaves nothing to chance, elevates and stabilizes fund-raising. It should prove invaluable to leaders, and exceedingly interesting to laymen for it not only formulates effective organization and stimulates effort, but creates good will and the desire to give.

NATIONAL LEAGUE LIBRARY Service

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY; Irwin Edman. $2.75. Here is the author's own description of his book. "These are impressions of persons and places, many of them obscure, about which I have occasionally told my friends over a glass of sherry."

HEROD AND MARIAMNE; Clemence Dane. $1.75. The new play in which Katharine Cornell is appearing. It is the tragic story of King Herod of Judea and Mariamne, last of the Maccabees.

THE SWORD IN THE STONE; T. H. White. $2.50. This is a mixture of phantasy and realism edged with satire and beautifully blended by a humorous imagination.

WILLIAM KEITH; Eugen Neuhaus. $1.50. One should know Keith's work, for his best will insure him a lasting place not only in the art of the West but also in that of America at large. To really appreciate his very real talent you need the picture this biography gives you of this strong, dynamic personality.

THE FABULOUS INVALID; Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman. $2.00. A play about the theater that is as wise, as clever, as sentimental, as true, as glamorous and as full of hokum as the theater itself.

BEHOLD OUR LAND; Russell Lord. $3.00. The vast topographical differences of the various regions of the United States translated into human terms. A new way but a wise way of looking at our country.

COLIN LOWRIE; Norah Lofts. $2.50. The "London Observer" has called Norah Loft's new novel "a novel as exciting as any we have had for years. It is vividly, violently felt and imagined, lives in character and incident with a clear and brilliant integrity."

POMFRET TOWERS; Angela Thirkell. $2.50. The author's wit is so delightful one is tempted to quote a hundred artful simplicities. This surely is a novel that will be welcomed as priceless relaxation.

UNFORGOTTEN YEARS; Logan Pearsall Smith. $2.50. These memories of the author are delicious but they are also important for their picture of an important passage in the intellectual history of America.

Louise Boyd

(Continued from Page 15)

Rafael, some notable exotic trees are to be seen. They are notable because they are rare, beautiful, and old. One from South America Bellota miersii, belonging to the Laurel Family is the only one that I know of in California. It has even produced ripe fruit resembling a plum like our own California laurel. Miss Boyd especially loves camellias and lilies-of-the-valley. The finest bed of these delicate and fragrant lilies I saw on her place.

Miss Boyd's considerateness of her employees, and their loyalty to her, are worthy of special remark. For years and years she had the same Chinese gardener, who is now dead. Her chauffeur used to be her coachman before the days of automobiles.

Her many friends will tell what a delightful hostess she is and what a devoted friend.

Appended is a list of the expeditions she has made:

1926—Franz Josef Land.
1928—Search for Amundsen around Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen.
1931—East Greenland and Jan Mayen Island.
1933—East Greenland and Jan Mayen Island.
1937—East Greenland and the waters around Spitzbergen and between Spitzbergen and Greenland.
1938—Same as 1937.

She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menzies in 1931.

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Excerpts from a Travel Journal

(Continued from Page 17)

the things that sprang from the mind of the Greeks that the poets have always loved for surely she has little physical beauty, except island, sea and sky. It is barren, rugged at least along the shore. A Greek with whom we have been talking says there are few cultivated districts, but it has a "tradition of freedom, of democracy." It is this that the poets have found in Greece.

We were to have had a day ashore in Pyraens and Athens but our ship was delayed so we did not dock until after dark. The first passengers ashore, we hired a car and drove the seven miles from the harbour at Pyraens to the Acropolis. We climbed the hill to the main gate, which was closed, and saw in the moonlight the Temple of the Winged Victory and the outline of the Propylaea and spread at our feet the city of Athens. And looking up after descending the hill, was the Parthenon magically beautiful in the moonlight.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower of quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing."

The Party

■ "Mommy, am I going to have a party? Next week's my Valentine birthday." I already told the fellows I was going to have one."

"I see. Of course you may have one but how will you entertain your friiends? It's much too wet and cold to play outside."

"Don't worry. We'll find plenty to do. Danny knows some new wrestling holds he said he'd show us and we gotta learn how to do nip-ups before we have our circus next month." And Perry went blithely off to school.

Mommy was not so joyous. Twelve lively boys are not so easily entertained when there are twelve sets of parents to whom they must be returned.

The day and hour arrived. Before long, the boys were shouting with excitement as they ran off balloon races, candle races and obstacle races. They battled excitedly in a boisterous game of ball. Noise! Laughter!

Danny stopped playing long enough to shout to his mother, "Gee, Mommy, this is a lot more fun than a party at home." Mommy thought to herself, "And it's a lot more fun for me to have the coach take this party off my hands, and much safer. Thank goodness the Club has a swimming pool."

Flowers at Your Windows and Plants at Your Doors

(Continued from Page 19)

blossoms of all kinds, and at all times, on our streets and at our windows.

Will you help to accomplish this dream? In doing so let us hope that the splendid and unselfish efforts of so many men and women devoted to the success of the Exposition will leave a definite and lasting impression on the colorful and cultural life of San Francisco.

The Shine Up

■ The Down Town Association as one of its activities is much interested in keeping the streets of San Francisco clean. They are conducting a campaign along the lines of obtaining the cooperation of the general public in this matter.

On the down-town streets you have no doubt noted how discarded newspapers and other litter accumulate. A great deal of this is due to the carelessness of people throwing rubbish, cigarette, cigar, chewing gum wrappers, etc., on the streets instead of placing them in the cans provided for that purpose.

No doubt you have heard the radio announcements and noticed the billboard advertisements asking the general public to cooperate. The Association also expects to place an attractive permanent sign at street intersections down town to "Help Keep the City Clean" idea before the public. They have also made suggestions to the Department of Public Works asking it to put a similar request on the street trash cans, and repaint them green and white, the sanitation colors.

The Make Up

■ One of the most restful spots in town where there is an answer to every beauty need is the Beauty Salon of our Club.

There is no excuse for being "plain." San Francisco women are noted for their smart appearance. They are quick to adopt the latest in hair styles as well as cosmetics and clothes. Our newly-decorated Beauty Salon is equipped with the latest. One is assured of comfort, and special attention is given to individual needs. Expert operators specialize in hair styling, hair tinting, permanent waves, facials, hair dyeing, and manicuring.

For fourteen years a consistent leader in its field, the Salon is now open Friday evenings by appointment, as an added convenience to its patrons during Exposition year.

Where repairing is an art

Send the marred furniture, the chair with loose joints, the spotted table, the broken carving, the antique desk . . . to this shop where skilled craftsmen do fine refinishing and repairing at surprisingly moderate cost.

RICKLEE 907 Post St. GRaystone 7050

"Jewelry WITH A PAST"

Wide Egyptian bands with raised braided motif of barbaric simplicity —for street and sports wear.

An unusual selection of hand blocked Valentine cards for children and grown ups. Also a wide selection of the typically old fashioned lacy Valentine cards.

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Guide to Shops

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165 POST STREET

COME . . . . HERE ARE DISTINCTIVE GIFTS BY CALIFORNIA CRAFTSMEN, INTERPRETED IN TERMS OF PRESENT DAY LIVING . . . .

FIFTH FLOOR

Why don't you, too, learn to make your own hand-stitched leather gloves? Lessons now available at Women's City Club, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Also Thursday evenings.

RUTH TANBARA

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SCHNEIDER BROS.

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Mary G. Kalsh SPORT CLOTHES EXCLUSIVELY

453 Post Street — San Francisco

(Continued from Page 15)

beloved California. She is frequently consulted by famous botanists not only of this country but in many other countries as well and is constantly exchanging valuable collections of plants with leading herbaria of the United States and foreign countries.

Miss Eastwood is widely known for her interest in and knowledge of the exotics grown in California gardens and parks. The Horticultural Section of the Herbarium of the Academy of Sciences is the largest of its kind in Western America, as result of her interest in this subject.

A complete list of Miss Eastwood's writings has probably never been made but she has to her credit perhaps more than a hundred contributions to the literature of Systematic Botany, including her papers for the Academy of Sciences and for leading botanical journals.

Owing to Miss Eastwood's long and active botanical experience, she is the foremost woman botanist in America, if not in the world, and is known as "The Dean of American Women Botanists."

Classroom Teachers' Announcement

■ Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas is giving a course of seven lectures on "Current Affairs and Their World Backgrounds," under the auspices of the San Francisco Classroom Teachers Association. The lectures are to be given semi-monthly at 4:15 p. m., in the Association Club Rooms, beginning on Monday, January 30.

Moral Rearmament

Quoted by Adelaide Brown
Health Editor

■ M. R. A.—as this is a day for initials — is moral rearmament. Under this title absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love are the key stones for new individual and national rebuilding. "This plan of God can be found for the moral and spiritual uplift of the nation."

M. R. A. means the power to change people, our enemies as well as our friends, the other fellow and the other nation.

M. R. A. is good for every one, but necessary for us. It will help other nations, but most of all our own and ourselves.

M. R. A. must go into every heart and home throughout the world.

M. R. A. will make people and nations free to remake the world.

M. R. A. will usher in the thousand years of peace.

Issued by the Press Assn a British news agency.

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. . . by sending flowers today instead of waiting for an "occasion." It's the unexpected floral gift that truly thrills!

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White Fruit Cake, made from a Pennsylvania family recipe. An unusual delicacy suitable for all seasons and occasions.

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3-lb Cake $3.75
5-lb Cake $6.25

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217 Powell
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2534 Mission

Langdon Warner

(Continued from Page 12)

he lectures at Harvard.

His attitude toward his subject is as far as possible from the pedantic German one, and yet his judgment is so good that he has become an authority on certain branches of Oriental art. And in his thirty years of association with museums he has always refused to countenance the idea that these institutions should be rivals. The result of this is that he has a wide range of friends in museums the world over, and the Golden Gate Exposition is profiting from this; probably no one but Langdon Warner would have been able to secure some of the loans that are now in this city waiting to be set up.

The Exposition is particularly fortunate in having these superb collections and also in having them presented by Mr Warner, as Director of Pacific Culture in the Department of Fine Arts.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

New Spring Hats Start Coming In This Month

Also a hat of yesterday redesigned into a last-word creation.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET , DOuglas 8476

CALENDAR OF SPECIAL EVENTS

Partial List

GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

Saturday, February 18:
Opening Day Ceremony;
Ski Jump.
Sunday, February 19.
Ski Jump.
Monday, February 20:
Cattlemen's Day;
Polo;
Pageant of Jewels.
Tuesday, February 21:
Masonic Lodge, Richmond No. 375;
Ski Jump;
Polo;
Pageant of Jewels.
Wednesday, February 22:
Ski Jump;
(Washington's Birthday)
Sons of the American Revolution;
Pageant of Jewels;
Daughters of American Revolution State Convention.
Thursday, February 23:
G. G. I. E. Invitational Indoor Track Meet;
Ski Jump;
Daughters of American Revolution State Convention.
Friday, February 24.
Esthonia-Latvia—Baltic Republic Day;
Divisional Fencing Championship;
D. A. R.
Saturday, February 25:
Junior League Day;
California League of Women Voters. State Convention.
Sunday, February 26:
Speedboat Races.
Monday, February 27:
Dominican Republic Day.
Tuesday, February 28:
Polo.
Pro-America
Wednesday, March 1:
Soccer.
Badminton
Thursday, March 2:
Polo
Badminton
Friday, March 3:
Festival of the Dolls (Japan)
Saturday, March 4:
Welsh Day.
Sunday, March 5:
Malta Day
Polo
Outboard Races.
Monday, March 6:
Children's Day
Tuesday, March 7 (Luther Burbank's Birthday):
Arbor Day.
Polo.
Wednesday, March 8
Soccer.
Thursday, March 9.
Polo.
Fencing.
Friday, March 10
Order of Hadassah
Badminton.

WHERE TO GO
WHAT TO SEE

INTERESTING SPOTS AT THE EXPOSITION . . . INTERESTING PLACES IN SAN FRANCISCO

These are the questions which will be asked by your visiting friends Anticipating the interest in Chinatown the shop of Madame Butterfly is literally filled with exquisite luxury merchandise . . beautiful silk lounging robes, hostess jackets for cocktail parties, silk coats for men, ravishing negligees, luxurious pajamas — and all kinds of silk creations. Also objects of art carefully selected from the Orient Colored cloisonne, ivory figurines, pewter and Oh! Just every thing interesting So make it a point to have your visiting friends look and see the colorful shop of Madame Butterfly

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue—San Francisco

SPEED-I-MIX PIES DELIGHT YOU!

You'll find pies far easier to make . . . and more luscious too . . . the simple SPEED-I-MIX way! No work, no trouble, no failures! SPEED-I-MIX contains every needed ingredient! Just add water . . . mix . . . bake. You'll be delighted with the results! Try it now!

THE PERFECT ALREADY PREPARED PIE CRUST

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FEBRUARY SUGGESTIONS
From the Club Restaurant

For a Sunday Breakfast

MENU

CRANBERRIED PEARS
EGGS BAKED IN BACON NESTS
TOAST COFFEE
RASPBERRY JAM

CRANBERRIED PEARS

Pare and quarter 8 large winter pears. Arrange in a baking dish; add 1 cupful of picked-over and washed cranberries, 1 cupful of brown sugar, and 1 cupful of water. Cover and bake slowly (250° to 350°) until pears are tender, an hour or more, usually. Serve cold for breakfast fruit or dinner dessert.

For a Bridge Luncheon

MENU

RED CHERRY JELL HOT CLOVER-LEAF ROLLS
CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE
or
SWEETHEARTS DELIGHT
TEA

RED CHERRY JELL

1 pint pitted pie cherries (canned)
1 package of lemon flavored gelatine
1 cupful of chopped celery
1 small bottle of stuffed olives
½ cupful of broken black walnut kernels or pecans

Drain the cherries, add enough water to the juice to make 1 pint, and heat until hot but not boiling. Dissolve the prepared gelatine in this, stirring well. Set into a pan of ice water to hasten chilling, if desired. When it begins to thicken, fold in the cherries, sliced olives, celery, and nuts. Mold in heart shaped molds and chill. Serve turned out in lettuce cups and top with fruit dressing.

For a Buffet Supper

MENU

ICED TOMATO JUICE AND PINEAPPLE JUICE
CORN CHIPS POTATO CHIPS
RIPE AND STUFFED OLIVES CELERY STICKS
CLUB SHRIMP SALAD IN BIG WOODEN BOWL
VEGETABLE CASSEROLE . . . HOT
HOT ROLLS BUTTER JAM
INDIVIDUAL CHERRY PIES
COFFEE CHEESE

SALAD BOWL

2 packages of salad macaroni, cooked
1 lb. of shrimps, diced
1 cupful of diced celery
½ onion diced
½ a red pepper or pimiento diced
2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
Salt and pepper to taste

Make a dressing of equal parts of salad dressing and ketchup. Mix thoroughly and place in bowl on crisp lettuce leaves.

(Continued from Page 18)

the river's left is the Norwegian frontier towards the east lies Russia and way up the North Pole. In the distance was a fishing boat and in front of us were some Lapp canoes; the mild breeze brought us strains of native songs across the lake whose waters were scarcely moved by the soft waves. Two reindeer with their baby came down to drink a Lapp followed in high leather boots with upturned toes leading them on a thin rope; he bent down near them and drank too. A few mosquitoes hummed around us but went away when we lit our cigarettes and pipes.

Someone mentioned it was long past midnight and the magic spell was broken; we took pictures and then went to bed in the little huts by the lake's edge. . . . Next morning we got on the bus again and crossed a river on a primitive ferry operated by the arm-power of the native chauffeurs. At Salmijarvi another driver took charge of us and shortly afterwards we were told to walk a bit, to see a lovely waterfall. Then we drove on for about two hours and told to walk again this time right down to another big lake where a motor launch (much too small to hold the twelve people it did) awaited us. Its hiccoughing motor carried us on the blue water for about half an hour and just before some swiftly moving rapids we were adroitly put ashore. Here we got a real treat all our baggage was carried on a horsecart while we walked uphill for about twenty minutes arriving tired from the heat and dust but happy to see our destination — a gorgeous bit of scenery. Kolttakongas is beautifully situated right by the water and we were received by a young woman in native dress, who spoke good English. Her name is Pirkko Yule and she did her best to make us comfortable succeeding in spite of the scant facilities and provisions at her disposal.

The days we stayed in this charming camp would have been paradise but for two things the mosquitoes (which are not germ-carrying) and the inadequate monotonous meals! The mosquitoes bothered us continually; they got into our hair our eyes and food. The first day we were served a good meal but the next five days we got (thrice daily) boiled or fried potatoes and salmon boiled raw smoked salted or fried. Yet when we went fishing for some it was elusive and we didn't even get as much as a nibble on our lines! No one seems to need sleep up there in the Arctic regions; we were told that a few hours now and then during the two months of sunshine (day and night) is all one seems to require. It certainly was very difficult to get used to sleeping nights with sunshine in our bedrooms.

We left on the sixth day. Our return journey took about sixteen hours as we drove through the Rovaniemi where we welcomed with ecstasy the running water and hot shower baths of the recently built Hotel Pohjanhovi.

Looking across the terrace to the river we enjoyed a beautiful view while waiting for our dinner. When salmon was brought in we nearly screamed! But fortunately the menu was varied and abundant. We remembered that the express train would have no dining car and we did honor to the excellent Pohjanhovi cuisine. If you do not mind mosquitoes (billions of them) and can tolerate salmon (tons of it) you are eligible to fully enjoy a Lapland vacation in beautiful Suomi. It is no secret that one can get along most economically in Finland. I found it the cheapest country to travel in. For instance this entire holiday only cost us about $15.00 each! One may travel in many lands yet not meet a nicer more progressive more accommodating and hospitable charming people than the Finns.

Children need

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Rich IN HEALTH VITAMINS!

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The Day-Off

—Cora Bjornstrom

■ We have cultivated the custom recently of bringing the children to the Women's City Club for dinner on our cook's night off. This is not only because Mother, being an indifferent cook, dreads these weekly orgies in the kitchen, which double up in time with baths, stories and the regular round of bedtime ceremony. It is also because our children have reached the age where the experience of eating out, away from their own little table with their own dishes and silver is part of their education. It is so easy now to use this day for hair cuts, doctor's visits, new shoes, topping it off with "dinner at the Club." There is a feeling of family solidarity in all going out together for a "party."

When we realized this need and that the children were old enough to take out and so turn the cook's day off into a treat for all, the first question naturally was where to go. The City Club happened to have the only kitchen of which I personally had first hand knowledge and I felt sure that on that score the Club couldn't be surpassed. Accordingly we initiated our experiment at the Club and have been so delighted that we have gone back there each time. I have never seen any mention of the fact and so I was agreeably surprised to find that the Club serves a children's plate which cannot be improved—a little soup or salad, a lamb chop, vegetable and potato, with dessert and milk.

The other element which contributed so much to the success of our party—and which is almost as important as the kitchen and the food was the gracious welcome extended to the children by the dining-room personnel. A cushion was hurriedly supplied for Jack who is not quite tall enough yet for a "grown up" table. Barbara was handed a menu, which is very important to her dignity as she can read now. From the soup to the ice cream the service was characterized by considerate understanding

It is remarkable what a different interpretation the words "day off" have taken in our family. To our cook it is still her holiday but to the Family it means necessary errands accomplished a quiet dinner, a real "party." To little tots whose life is necessarily a very steady routine it means a break in that routine —our children now have a "day off."

The Season's Hit — Good Lighting

Outstanding in 1938 were the efforts of appliance dealers and electric utility companies to make people *light* conscious. The public was taught:

1. GOOD LIGHTING is no longer guesswork but is an exact science. To light a home properly requires consultation with a specialist. The services of well trained lighting men can be had by a telephone call to this company.
2. GOOD LIGHTING definitely protects against eyestrains and lends strength to weak eyes.
3. GOOD LIGHTING does not mean large wattage, unshaded lamps which produce a striking glare. Glare produces squints and scowls. Each room has definite requirements for balanced lighting. Modern lighting flatters personal appearance and enhances the beauty of room furnishings.

Talk to your neighborhood appliance dealer, or one of this company's lighting men, and see how more enjoyable your home can be made with GOOD LIGHTING.

See Your Dealer

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PACIFIC GAS *and* ELECTRIC COMPANY
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WCC—102-239

MEMBERS ATTENTION!

Special Guest Privileges

at the

Women's City Club of San Francisco

for Exposition Year

For your friends living fifty miles or more from San Francisco who will be visiting the Exposition

❖ ❖ ❖

A special guest privilege for Exposition Year is announced by the Board of Directors. ■ By payment now of the nominal fee of $1.00, a member is entitled to an unlimited number of guest cards for visiting friends who live fifty miles or more from San Francisco. Your $1.00 privilege eliminates all other guest card fees and allows each guest unlimited use of the Clubhouse from January, 1939, to March, 1940. ■ With the issuance of each guest card the visitor will have use of the Clubhouse exactly as a member does. All families of the building are at her command. The use of the Bedroom Department must be restricted to the order in which reservations are received. All other departments are unlimited in capacity—the Beauty Salon, Swimming Pool, League Shop, Dining Room and Cafeteria, Lounge, with its afternoon tea, Library, Check Room and Dressing Room. ■ Every member should immediately avail herself of this pleasurable way of extending Californian hospitality by giving the privilege of her own Clubhouse to visiting friends. A $1.00 fee paid now means a privilege for as many friends as you wish to entertain.

(Postage charged for all cards mailed)

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The magic and beauty of Treasure Island, scene of California's 1939 Exposition, will be portrayed in a special edition to be published by The San Francisco News February 15.

Hundreds of recent photographs will record the scenic wonders, the educational and scientific exhibits, the entertainment and cultural features which will lure millions of spectators to beauteous Treasure Island in the Golden Gate this year.

This edition, covered in an attractive colored rotogravure section, will be mailed to any point in California for 10c; other states, 15c; foreign, 25c; including postage.

Order your copies now!

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The San Francisco News

San Francisco's complete, white, Home Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

MARCH
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 2

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
MARCH . . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR — MARCH 14 - 15 - 16

ANNUAL MEETING — MARCH 14

MARCH, 1939

1—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 noon
2—**Home Planning Class**—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew	Chinese Room	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Motion pictures of Alaska and Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies. Presented by Mr. Robert Simmons, by courtesy of Canadian National Railway.		
3—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
6—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	Annex	6:00 p.m.
8—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 noon
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1.00 a plate. See Announcement Page.	Nat. Defenders' Room	6:00 p.m.
9—**Home Planning Class**—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew	Chinese Room	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Colorful South America in new motion pictures, and dancing. Presented by Mrs. Kaj Theill. Miss Louise Kaufmann, premiere danseuse, interpreting the spirited dances of Latin-America. Mrs. Eugenia Snow, accompanist.		
10—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
14—**BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR**	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.
ANNUAL MEETING	Dinner—Cafeteria	5:30 to 7:00 p.m.
	Reports—Cafeteria	7:30 p.m.
15—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Lounge	12:00 noon
BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.
16—**BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR**	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.
Home Planning Class—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew	Chinese Room	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Address by Hazel Chase West of Evanston, Illinois. "The Villas and Gardens of Italy," illustrated with colored slides.		
17—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
Blossom Ramble to Saratoga. (See Announcement Page).	Leave Clubhouse	9:30 a.m.
20—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	Annex	6:00 p.m.
22—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
23—**Home Planning Class**—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew	Chinese Room	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Three years' exploration of the Alaskan Range and the ascent of Mt. McKinley. Illustrated lecture by Mr. Belmore Browne.		
24—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.
29—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 noon
30—**Home Planning Class**—Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew	Chinese Room	10:30 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Program presented by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.		
31—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.

APRIL, 1939

3—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	Annex	6:00 p.m.
5—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium	12:00 noon
6—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Mural Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
The Lima-American International Conference. By Miss Edith E. Pence.		
7—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 230	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII March, 1939 Number 2

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OFFICERS OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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SIMPLY STUNNING

That's the keynote of Spring chic. Simple clothes . . . but very elegant . . . and much more feminine than we've been for years. Every woman loves this type of costume . . . good for every day wear . . . everywhere.

Stockton at O'Farrell

Annual Meeting

Tuesday, March 14

Dinner-Cafeteria, 5:30 to 7 o'clock

Reports Promptly 7:30 o'clock

■

DUES

Prompt Attention to your dues will save your Club the necessity of sending a second bill

Book Mart and Rag Fair

■

The Date . . . March 14, 15, 16, 1939
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

The Hour . . . Eleven to Nine Each Day

The Place . . . The Auditorium of the Women's City Club of San Francisco

■

Miss Alicia Mosgrove, Chairman Book Mart

■

Miss Marion Burr, Chairman Rag Fair

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ ANNUAL MEETING: Will be held this year at the dinner hour in the Cafeteria; the date, March 14th. Cafeteria will be available for service from 5:30 to 7 o'clock. Reports will be read promptly at 7:30 o'clock.

■ HOME MODELING: This course of nine lectures has just started—it is not too late to catch up with the class. Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew, architect, guides the prospective home builder safely through the maize of uncertainty; his advice and direction is expert. The course runs the whole gamut of home planning, even to interior decoration and the planting of the garden. Course tickets, $4.40 members; $5.50 non-members; single admission, 40 cents and 50 cents, plus tax.

■ LIP-READING PRACTICE CLASSES: Meets every Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Classes will continue through April. Those interested may enter the class any time during the course. Single lessons 50 cents, twelve lessons $5.00. Miss Kate Morphy, instructor.

■ BEDROOMS: Out-of-town members who may be planning to stay at the Clubhouse while attending the Exposition various times during the year are requested to make their reservations well in advance, as there is great demand for accommodations.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Do your bit to help earn and keep our reputation for hospitality by registering for Volunteer Service during Exposition year. We shall need extra Volunteers in all departments. May we call on you?

■ GUEST CARDS: Again we carry a page telling of them, but this time we have an addendum which the experience of the past two months has taught us is necessary. Please read the last lines of the last page of this issue of the Magazine.

■ BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR: March 14th, 15th and 16th. Miss Alicia Mosgrove, Chairman. Books and articles to be disposed of at the Rag Fair may be left at the Clubhouse. If this is not possible, a telephone call to the Executive Office will assure their being called for. We shall need a great many books to fill the demand, and we urge each member to contribute as generously as possible—both books and white elephants.

■ CURRENT ECONOMICS EVENTS: Dr. Paul Cadman lectures are held each Wednesday at the noon hour. Single admission may be had for 50 cents members and 60 cents non-members, plus tax.

■ DUES: First notices for dues were mailed in February. It will greatly facilitate the work of preparing second notices if members will send in their checks promptly.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French: Every Thursday at 12:15 p. m.; every Thursday at 6:15 p. m. German: First and third Monday at 6 p. m. Spanish: Second and fourth Wednesday, at noon.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Meet each Tuesday at 2 and 7 p. m. and Thursday at 2 p. m. Mrs. Earl Tanbara directs classes. Instruction $2.00; material extra.

■ THE ADVERTISERS' SHOW: Can you not persuade one new advertiser to make himself eligible for the Show by advertising for six months or more in the Club Magazine? You can safely promise him an interested audience and an unparalleled setting for his exhibit.

■ BLOSSOM RAMBLE: Blossom Ramble to Saratoga and Los Gatos—luncheon at the Saratoga Inn. Friday, March 17th. $3.50, all inclusive. Leave Clubhouse 9:30 a. m.—return 5:00 p. m. Please make reservations as soon as possible.

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: "The Cricket on the Hearth." A unique hearth broom representing a cricket made of gay-colored grasses. An ideal bridge prize or gift for the week-end hostess.

Hand-made California pottery bowls and vases in unusual shapes and interesting new spring colors.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Greater attendance is being noted in all of our language classes, and we are wondering if the Exposition stimulated interest. We now have classes in French, Spanish and Italian, and hope within a few months to continue our German classes. Lessons are: members, $6 for twelve lessons, and non-members, $7.50. Appointments may be arranged. Please call Executive Office.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Out of the whirl of words that spin and sail around in the air day by day about the reader, five words, lately, come to a stop for a moment. These words are: Lincoln, Jews, Spain, baffled people. In the wake of the word Lincoln come the words: America's peculiar treasure of democracy and freedom. In the wake of the word Jews come: pride of race and ability. In the wake of the word Spain come: suffering and compassion. In the wake of the words baffled people come the words: average person's quest for what to think, and what to do, to get the best out of life. Five new books illumine these five words. Why did John Wilkes Booth kill Lincoln? Philip Van Doren Stern answers this persistent question in his psychological novel, "The Man Who Killed Lincoln." Edna Ferber, in "A Peculiar Treasure," portrays dramatically ability and pride of race in her own life-story of the success of an American Jewish woman writer. Ralph Bates, with poignant power, writes of modern Spain in "Sirocco and Other Stories." Eric Lowe, in his novel, "Salute to Freedom," also James Hill in his book, "No Victory for the Soldier," throw a brilliant light on baffled modern viewpoints.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard has selected these five books for review at the Book Review Dinner on the evening of the second Wednesday, March 8th, at 6:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: "From your Club Kitchen to your home." Have you ever tried this service? Our Catering Department will prepare your roast with gravy and all, creamed chicken with rice ring; in fact, a variety of prepared dishes are always available to members if orders are placed with the Restaurant Department before 10 a. m. Call upon Mrs. Ashbrook, Manager, for details.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Become beauty conscious. Make yourself as attractive and beautiful as possible for your own self-respect as well as your family and friends. This is the age when we should look our best. Our Beauty Salon is prepared to give you expert service and individual attention. Our operators are the best. Let Mr. Duchene give you your next permanent. Telephone the Club for an appointment—GArfield 8400.

■ SWIMMING POOL—Spring Swimming Classes: Beginning week of March 13th. The following schedule is tentative. If you are interested in class lessons and none of these hours are convenient, leave your name with the swimming office and if possible extra classes (including elementary) will be formed. Instruction fee: members $1.50; guests $3 (admission extra). Classes will meet nine times; registrants may attend any six lessons.

Day Classes — Beginning Intermediate: Tuesday, March 14th, 11:15 a. m. Advanced: Thursday, 10:45 a. m.

Evening Classes—Intermediate: Tuesday, 5:30 p. m. beginning March 14th. Advanced: Monday, 5:30 p. m.

Register in advance.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs has arranged for your pleasure an March 2nd motion pictures of Alaska and Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies, to be presented by Mr. Robert Simmons through the courtesy of the Canadian National Railways. On March 9th colorful South America in new motion pictures and dancing will be presented by Kaj Theill, Miss Louise Kaufmann, premiere danseuse, interpreting the spirited dances of Latin-America. On March 16th there will be a program presented by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. On March 23rd there will be an illustrated lecture by Mr. Belmore Browne on Three Years' Exploration of the Alaskan Range and the Ascent of Mt. McKinley. On March 30th there will be a concert by students of San Francisco high schools, and the subject for April 6th will be "The Lima International Conference" by Miss Edith E. Pence.

The High Mightinesses, the Redwoods

by Aubrey Drury

(Author of
"California: An Intimate Guide")

■ The redwood belt of Northwestern California has been acclaimed by far-travelers "the world's finest forest." Certainly it is entirely distinctive and unique. Only in the Coast Range, and nowhere else in the world, flourish the primeval redwoods, the Sequoia sempervirens.

In the southern reaches of the redwood region the groves now are somewhat isolated, though when the pioneers came they were far more extensive; but in Mendocino, Humboldt and Del Norte counties, traversed by the Redwood Highway, these noble trees form a deep and unbroken forest, sometimes twenty miles in width. On upland ridges, in canyons and on the "flats" of rivers approaching the sea, the redwood forest sweeps away, a magnificent mantle of dense green.

The first of the important groves seen on a northward drive along the Redwood Highway is Richardson Grove, 199 miles north of the Golden Gate. The resort-places of Benbow and Garberville are a few miles beyond, and faring farther the motorist penetrates the magnificent forest along the South Fork of the Eel River, embracing many memorial groves which, like Richardson Grove, are part of the State Park system.

One of the most appealing of memorials is the Children's Forest, beautiful woodland on Kerr Creek, dedicated to the memory of beloved children who have died. Another extensive grove, on Canoe Creek, is that preserved by the Garden Club of America. In the California Federation of Women's Clubs Grove on South Dyerville Flat is a striking monument, the Federation Hearthstone, a high four-faced fireplace constructed of native stone and redwood logs.

Nearby, on North Dyerville Flat, is the tallest known standing tree, 364 feet high. It is called the Founders' Tree, in honor of the founders of the Save-the-Redwoods League — John Campbell Merriam, Madison Grant and Henry Fairfield Osborn.

At the confluence of the main Eel River and its South Fork, 238 miles north of San Francisco, is the giant forest which is the most famous in all the Redwood Empire. This area, holding Dyerville Flats and most of the watershed of Bull Creek, is part of Humboldt State Redwood Park.

Those who tour this region marvel at once at the size and majesty of the trees, and come soon under the spell of the wilderness, for pervading the typical redwood forest is a mystic calm unlike the atmosphere of other woodlands. Standing in the midst of these forests, one gazes through curving aisles of trees: a panoramic perspective strange and unusual. On every side the russet fluted trunks rise in sheer straightness, perfectly poised — ponderous columns often devoid of foliage for a hundred feet from the forest-floor. Abovehead, the branches interlace in ever-shifting tracery against the blue. By many these redwood forests, with their colonnades and their lofty arches of foliage, have been compared to vast cathedrals; and especially does this fancy arise in Bull Creek Flat and the Dyerville Flats.

Native flowers bloom in profusion during spring and early summer—lily-like trilliums, oxalis, rhododendrons and azaleas—flourishing in this fragrant natural garden of the underwood. In the sylvan depths is a lush, jungle-like growth of bracken and sword-ferns.

The mystery of this forest is not alone in its sanctuary stillness, nor in the titanic stature of the trees. There is an all-pervading sense of antiquity. In the presence of their high mightinesses, the redwoods, mere man feels duly humbled in Humboldt.

It is to be deplored that all of the fine upstanding redwoods along our Great North Road are not yet assured of safety from the woodsman's axe and saw. Just north of Dyerville is "The Avenue of the Giants," traversing a forest tract which is privately owned, and now in the path of lumbering operations. The

lumber company is co-operating in the plan for preservation of this splendid forest which the State and the Save-the-Redwoods League hope to save for three miles north of Dyerville on the Redwood Highway.

In this, good progress has been made. An option has been secured. The California State Park Commission has approved the program, which includes half the cost of this project from state funds, subject to ratification by the State Legislature. Substantial contributions from private individuals and groups have been received—and more are in prospect—toward the remaining half. It is realized that if these superb trees are to be rescued they must be acquired soon, or it will be too late.

Assuredly they are among the finest stands seen on the drive to Eureka and the northwoods.

Eureka, metropolis of the Redwood Empire, is an interesting community 282 miles north of San Francisco. It is the westernmost city of the United States, and has the added distinction of being the coolest summer city in the country. With theaters, shops, a famous inn, and Sequoia Park—a picturesque little redwood wilderness on the outskirts—Eureka is a pleasant place to visit.

Continuing northward along the Redwood Highway, beyond Arcata—where Bret Harte lived as a young man—the route crosses the Mad River and soon reaches the ocean. From here to Crescent City, a distance of about seventy miles, the way is along or near the shore—often skirting mountainsides far above the shimmering expanse of the Pacific. This part of the tour reveals some of the most dramatic coast scenery in America.

Beyond Little River and Moonstone Beach, the highway leads on to historic Trinidad, a seacoast town in the shelter of Trinidad Head, with its white lighthouse outstanding. North of Trinidad and Patrick's Point State Park, the route is remarkable for its views of land-locked lagoons—Big Lagoon, Stone Lagoon and Freshwater Lagoon. These ancient bays, now separated from the ocean by long narrow sandbars, often have been compared to the lochs of Scotland.

Now for many miles the highway traverses a densely-forested redwood region. Just beyond Orick are the forests of giant trees along Redwood Creek and Prairie Creek. The highway emerges on open bluffs facing the sea, and crosses the boundary line from Humboldt into Del Norte County—as its name indicates, the northernmost of California's coast counties.

Now the route traverses the famous Klamath River region, and soon crosses this broad river—the third largest in California. Tumultuous rapids are only a few miles up the stream, which is renowned among sportsmen, who come from afar to lure its leaping steelhead and salmon.

How one of the Great California Redwoods would look beside the 27-story Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Building, San Francisco.

Beyond the Klamath country is the Henry Solon Graves Grove, forming an element in the Del Norte Coast State Park. The special charm of this spectacular redwood region, as contrasted with groves such as those in the Bull Creek-Dyerville region, lies in the rugged character of its coast, for here the redwood belt runs down to meet the sea, and some hardy, wind-twisted veterans of the ancient Sequoian race cling to the very cliff's edge. The rhododendrons are profuse in this scenic coastland during May and June.

Neighboring the Graves Grove are the notable Grant Groves—those preserved through the generosity of Madison Grant and Joseph D. Grant. A few miles beyond is Crescent City, the principal town and county seat of Del Norte County. It faces a long semi-circular beach. (Continued on page 23

Ideas Have Wings

by Leslie Van Ness Denman

■ Leonardo da Vinci, the first of the moderns to conceive of mechanical flight, wrote: "When flying high . . . would be better protected against air currents and eddies than when flying low; the flier would have less difficulty in maintaining equilibrium." Leonardo's imaginative genius undoubtedly realized that the same is true of the flight of an idea.

This article is concerned with the truth and growth of two ideas which took a flight above the air currents and eddies of the disturbed atmosphere of the formative period of a great exposition—the Indian Court and the Pacific Area. It is also concerned with the persons who studied the air currents, exerted an upward pressure, and steadied the flight.

Yesterday, on leaving the Exposition Island, about half after five, one looked back upon an enchanted city, still and silent under the magic of a haunting beauty. In the darkening waters of the lagoon were reflected the brilliant murals on the walls of the Federal Building. The deeper tones of the California Building were mirrored in the reflections, while across colors and shadows were flung the golden columns of the California portico, glittering in the last rays of the setting sun.

We had passed the great airships at rest in the Port of Trade Winds. The quiet waters of the bay slowly rose and fell in waves of yellow and the deepest blue.

Years of work lay back of the creation of this island city. It had developed from the vision and imagination, had absorbed the time and energy, of many people.

From that thought and effort a significant entity had emerged, had been given form. Today, it lives in its own right to bring a quickening of life itself to all who may be drawn within its lure.

THE INDIAN COURT

The first one of these Ideas with Wings was the Indian Presentation, now called The Indian Court. Its initial lift from the ground came as a response to many years spent in the Indian country. The first persons concerned with its flight are the Indians themselves and the richness of their cultural background.

In the first wobbly flight, it was not easy for the wings to lift it from the ground. Mr. Cutler, the president of the Exposition, lent a helping hand. General Gillmore, now head of Governmental Participation, an aviator of experience, gave professional advice.

Mr. Timothy Pflueger, the architect, in order to envisage a hangar for this Indian airship, spent a part of one summer in Indian country. The red heights of desert canyons, the curve of a kiva wall, are in the mood and "feel" of the powerful architectural construction of the Court.

To the brilliant planning of Mr. Rene d'Harnoncourt we owe the beautiful arrangements of the exhibits, modern, yet timeless. Their relation to the cultures and environment of the makers is the story of man himself. With Mr. d'Harnoncourt is Mr. Frederick Douglas, an archaeologist as well as an ethnological authority.

THE PACIFIC AREA

The Department of the Pacific Area has a slightly shorter history. Its flight had a quicker start. Two years ago, in Washington, the title of the Exposition, "A Pageant of the Pacific," was discussed. The Americas, the North American Indian, the Indian Court, were a part of the Pacific. Since that idea was off on its long flight to the landing field in the Exposition, it was felt the Exposition would be richer if the "Pageant of the Pacific" became a living reality. The compelling interest of the theme and the idea of an integrated unit of the cultures of the Pacific was urged. The possibility of tangible values for the future being developed—the belief that an Exposition should have ideas which would live after its gates were closed—were all part of the discussion.

The idea of the Pacific Area first taxied around in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. One night, during the following week, in New York, Miguel Covarrubias, Rene d'Harnoncourt, Mrs. Charles Henderson and the writer talked over this idea of an integrated unit of the Pacific Area exhibits at the Exposition.

Mr. Covarrubias was intrigued with the suggestion. He spoke of the charm and excitement there would be in a lagoon, surrounded with the Pacific Area buildings, their fascinating roof lines clean-cut against the clear blue of the California sky.

Shortly after returning to California, as acting chairman of the Women's Central Committee, I requested a report from (Continued on page 28

Magic Hour

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

■ Late stars are fading then disappearing as the 6 o'clock morning ferry pushes away from the slip — bound for the magic isle. The early morning darkness has not given place to even a ray of light save that made by the reflections of boat lamps as they glisten on the water.

A brief trip, a whistle sounding, and the ferry is landing at Treasure Island. Ripples of laughter and wonder pass over the boatload of early passengers, employees of the Exposition—men and women who worked late into the night just ending—some until well along toward morning—making ready for Opening Day.

Camera bulbs flash, hurrying feet tramp through clicking turnstiles, and in a moment the crowds is through the gate.

Deep tones of an organ, familiar strains of music, come out of the darkness across the air, from invisible instruments played by unknown artists.

Involuntarily one pauses—breath deep drawn and chin lifted high. The sounds of conversation die away —a momentary fleeting hush shuts out all else. Daybreak is still held back by the ridge of transbay hills—the dawn is partner in the spell. Straight sentinels—the palms stand out along the roadway, no breeze moving through their leaves. The music from the towers silences the lapping of the waters of the Bay.

One moves along the roadway. Here and there a light frames an exhibit palace doorway, silhouetting the figures of men busy with last-minute clearing away, or others gliding through with bits of construction material.

Calm quiet gives way to an exclamation of joy. The morning star alone remains in the sky. Mellow gold, it lingers above the fairy scene, benign and beautiful, a celestial talisman toward which an army of privileged pilgrims advances.

One swallows the lump in her throat and tries vainly to catch the tear of realization which splashes down her cheek. The "day of glory" has come!

A curve in the roadway—a few steps along the edge of a magic carpet whose pattern of color night still blurs, an upward look—and the Morning Star is gone!

Across the waters of the bay the first faint rays of dawn are spilling over the edges of the Berkeley hills—fingers of color reaching out to touch the bay-bridge into silver. A tiny breeze, slipped from behind night's curtain, ruffles the waters of the fountain in the South Garden—clearing the path for the sun's first rays.

The scarf of mauve and rose which has enveloped the hills bursts into flame—Saturday's sun is up—and Opening Day is here!

Why Conservation in California?

by Pearl Chase

Chairman, California Conservation Week Committee
and California Representative, Garden Club
of America

■ California still has more beauty to enjoy and a greater variety of natural resources suitable for human use than most of the populated areas of the world. It is in an accessible location and has a climate which makes it possible for people to live here and use, enjoy or destroy without hardship. The very availability of all these riches marks them for earlier and quicker destruction or depletion than the orchids and mahogany of Central America and the wildlife and gold fields of Alaska.

We white men have not been wise. We cut down the forests, burned out the soil of the cutover land, ploughed up the land where only grass should grow, pumped out the underground water supply, speeded up floods, killed off the birds and beasts, wasted the oil and gas of our underground storehouses, poisoned rivers and harbors with sewage, and destroyed the fish which lived in them, until now, we are told, three hundred and twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims one half of the fertility of the United States has vanished.

Authorities agree that the waste of natural resources has been going on at an astonishingly rapid rate in California since 1850, and if our standard of living and production is to be maintained, and if we are to properly provide for our growing population, there must be a widespread and continuous program of conservation activity and education.

It is essential that Californians should become Conservationists. The campaign to promote conservation education underlies and supports any and every campaign to preserve, protect or properly use our natural resources. It cannot be a campaign of slogans only; it cannot be the effort of a day or a week; it must be a year round, an unceasing activity.

California Conservation Week, which has been observed for five years, begins March 7th. Named by the Legislature years ago, California Conservation Bird and Arbor Day in honor of Luther Burbank's birthday, this week is only one phase of an important and rapidly developing program of Conservation Education in California, which aims to develop an attitude of mind and way of living that is constructive and not destructive.

The members of the California Conservation Council, which sponsors Conservation Week, March 7-14, are officials of Government Departments, Educators and Leaders of Organizations concerned with one or more phases of our conservation problem. They have pledged and in turn, have asked each participating agency (1) to increase their year-round programs of conservation education; (2) to cooperate with other agencies of similar aims, and (3) to actively participate in California Conservation Week by using every available means to tell what they are doing, why it is worth while and how the people can help. As all types of organizations are invited to take part, there has been a more widespread cooperation in the observance than has been secured in any of the other twenty-five states which have a conservation week.

The garden clubs, women's clubs, educational and the conservation societies which have a large percentage of women members, have been most helpful. Because they are politically and to a degree economically independent their influence in support of well-rounded educational program is of great importance.

More and more individuals and organizations are happily becoming conscious that Conservation begins at home and are taking steps to preserve and plant trees, to create plant and animal sanctuaries, to protect roadside beauty and to preserve and enhance the beauty spots in their own counties or communities. They are becoming more conscious of the responsibility of local government and of the need for cooperating in the activities of federal and state agencies and encouraging the varied efforts to promote conservation education in and out of school.

Only a few unfortunates cannot appreciate natural beauty, just as only a few are color blind. But apparently a good many are selfishly indifferent to the need for sharing and saving our natural resources. For these little can be done but we need to protect ourselves against those who drive against the signals and cause damage and loss.

For most of our citizens, both children and grown-ups, the conservation movement has a special interest.

The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring

by Muriel Janet Lewis

"Springtime in Saratoga" — Painting by Theodore Wares

■ Where are the earliest wild flowers to be seen? How often do we hear this and similar queries from Eastern friends? Simple is the answer, as it is always spring among the California wild flowers; never a month passes but some variety is covered with bloom.

For weeks many of the endless Manzanita, Arctostaphylos, have swung myriad lily bells sheltering under thick, shiny, pale-green leaves on reddish stems that help to form many miles of chaparrall on countless hillsides. The towering Madrona tree, Arbutus, may lift its head a hundred feet swathed in a sheet of creamy panicles; by fall they turn to orange berries. Great flocks of robins know where the finest grow, and feast until there are no more.

Let us spend a day in Marin traveling through Point Reyes country. On the Corte Madera hills great masses of yellow Acacia have taken the land for their own, though planted by soldiers from the Presidio in the fifties. Trailing over old fences, or sprawling over low shrubs, dead vines give one of the earliest surprises; neither vine nor leaf is dead, but funny fat little brown-green flowers swing jauntily, with the very apt name of Dutch Man's Pipe, Aristolochia, that all too soon will be covered with oval green leaves, the faded flower hidden away.

Such a fearsome nick-name is given to the Scoliopus, Foetid Adders Tongue. In deep shade will be spied pairs of heavy, broad green leaves, mottled with brown. From the center rise several thread-like stems ending in transparent greenish purple flowers, as exquisitely lined as an Orchis. Pick it not; the odor is anything but friendly.

Dentaria, Toothwort, early carpets with misty white; do not confuse it with close cousins such as Cresses or Radishes.

Countless acres of Iris cover wind-swept hillsides with colors from palest cream to a midnight blue or purple, varying in height from a few inches to over two feet. When Iris grow tired, tiny blue Violets vie with Strawberries to leave not an inch of uncovered ground.

In more sheltered places compact little rosettes of bright green leaves wander after retreating moisture. Up has poppd a scape maybe fourteen inches tall topped with an umbel of tiny cyclamen, only it is called Shooting Star, Dodecatheon.

Another moisture-loving plant is Dicentra, Bleeding Heart. The stiff stems have coarse lace-cut foliage terminated, at maybe two feet, by rosy purple and white heart-shaped flowers. Still in the shade is Cynoglossum or Hounds Tongue. This is a stiff hairy-leaved plant, branched, with Forget-Me-Not-like flowers sprinkling the tips. The graceful Fritillaria soon takes over, the stiff stalks far out-stripping the leaves are hung with greenish bronze bells, whence the familiar name, Mission Bells. Some think the number of flowers tells the age; at times an oldster is found with twenty, but a dozen is average.

After a wet spring when ponds abound, the flat pads of the Pond Lily, Nymphae, offer resting spots to many a lusty-throated frog. The great golden flowers are a shining treat. Water grasses and sedges lead to firmer ground where breath-taking flats of gold and blue stretch away to rising slopes. Meadow Foam, Floerkea, sprawls fourteen or more inches covered with creamy to yellow flowers. The shades are deepened by (Continued on page 25

Spring in San Francisco

by Marie Hicks Davidson

■ Not in a burst of glory does spring come to San Francisco.

No dazzling panoply of color suddenly burgeons over Twin Peaks, moving arrogantly down Market Street to the now all-but-obsolete Ferry Building to beleaguer Russian Hill, Telegraph Hill, Rincon Hill and all the delightful boulevards between.

Nothing so dramatic as that heralds the vernal solstice.

Primavera comes shyly, coyly, like a bashful, beautiful girl, drawing her wisps of filmy white fog about her young shoulders when she finds that the February sunshine hasn't meant a word he said in the ardent wooing whispered in that mad moment which so confused her adolescence. He played her false, and now she has no confidence in sunshine.

After that first disillusion, she hides her tears for a few days in the not-too-sympathetic bosom of winter.

Then she gallantly takes heart again and, with a sprig of daphne in her hair she steps — but with maidenly hesitation—into Golden Gate Park, and finds welcome.

It's time now to lay aside debutante airs.

She makes little sallies and sorties into the window boxes and latticed lees where no icy breath can reach.

Aha, the coast is clear!

No philandering February ever again will mislead her.

She will show the city of San Francisco that, though her affections were once trifled with—she can and will hold her head high as anyone—that she will even, if she chooses, end her sentences with prepositions.

And so begins the triumphal stroll up Grant Avenue.

Stopping to chat a bit with the girls buying boutonnieres at the corner flowerstands, she queens it so royally as she passes toward Old Saint Mary's that all the merchants bring out their brightest silks and jades and pearls.

Shop windows flaunt hats of straw and blue, blue violets. Sables and chinchilla go back to their camphor chests. Dimities and muslins take over.

The transformation is done behind drawn curtains on a week-end when everybody is away at the Saratoga Blossom Festival or driving across Golden Gate Bridge to see the poppies and iris mark gold and blue patterns on the hillsides. And all the while the Chinese lilies have bloomed in ten thousand bowls of cerulean blue or cloissone.

"How could I ever have been downhearted?" she says, blowing a kiss toward the Coit Tower, so straight and lofty, where eucalyptus sentinels stand guard on the perimeter of Telegraph Hill. "It was really but a flirtation and no harm done. Although the white lilacs came near to blight, the whole episode was but a character strengthener."

And to show that even white lilacs—and purple, too—can laugh in the face (Continued on page 27

Spring Migration of Shore Birds

by Junea W. Kelly

■ Spring is the restless season of the year. Nature's great pageant is moving along at top speed. Trees, flowers, insects and birds all have important parts to play in this passing show. I shall confine myself to just one contingent of this spectacular annual parade—the migration of shore birds. There is no other place in the United States comparable with the San Francisco Bay region for the observation and study of these particular birds by people living in a large metropolitan area.

It is rather difficult to define just what is meant by the term shore birds. The order contains a varied assemblage of ten very dissimilar families. Roughly speaking, the plover-snipe groups are thought of when the words shore birds are used. They are waders varying in size from the Least Sandpiper, which is only about five and a half inches long to the Long-billed Curlew, some twenty-four inches in length. Many have long legs and as for shape and length of bill there is no end of variety. The Long-billed Curlew manages nicely with a tool seven inches long, sickle shaped and curved downward. The Marbled Godwit handles one five inches in length that turns upward at the tip, while the Dowitcher's bill measures three inches, and so on down, until we get to the Least Sandpiper with a bill less than an inch long. Furthermore, most of the birds belonging to the snipe group have rather slender bills with a more or less sensitive tip in contrast with the plover group that have rather hard-tipped short bills. In this way all the species can feed together and not be in direct competition for food.

These birds are usually found along our beaches, on the mud flats, on shores of lakes, ponds and rain pools in the interior of the state as well as along the coast. Most of them are transients in the Bay Region, stopping merely to refuel on the way to and from their northern breeding grounds. A few species, however, winter here in fair numbers, while the Snowy Plover and Killdeer rest locally. During most of their stay with us they wear somber grays and browns, but toward the end of the spring migration period many appear in breeding plumage. It is striking what a large percentage of the snipe-sandpiper division show considerable areas of bright chestnut or cinnamon brown at this time. The plovers have more ruptive color patterns of black and white.

Shore birds are among the most cosmopolitan of birds in the world, being found wherever birds can live. They are great travelers, and as a group have the longest migration routes of any birds. Nineteen species breed north of the Arctic Circle, every one of which winters in South America, six species not being satisfied until they reach Patagonia, a distance of eight thousand miles from their nesting grounds. Some fly over large stretches of open sea. The Golden Plover is probably the champion, flying from the Aleutian Islands to the Hawaiian Islands in a single flight, a distance of over two thousand miles. No matter what storms they encounter, they must continue or perish.

When thinking of such flights, the question, "Why do birds migrate?" always comes to mind. Among the different theories there are two outstanding and opposing ones. Some contend that birds originated in the north, were driven south by the ice age and return yearly to the place of their origin. Others contend that they originated in the south and because competition for nesting sites and food becomes too keen, travel north to rear their families. Although the hazards are many, migration must be an economic success in the lives of birds or else it would have ceased long ago. On the other hand, there are many species that work out their life cycles without migrating.

Most of the shore birds migrate during the night and often on quiet evenings one can hear their calls overhead. In April definite waves of these birds pass through this region. The best time to observe them is while they are feeding on a receding tide. The height of migration usually taks place during the last two weeks in April and possibly the first week in May. With the building of bridges, more regions have been made accessible for shore birding. Some of the favorite spots are the approaches to the Dumbarton and San Mateo Bridges, in the Bayshore Highway approach to the Bay Bridge, the Mountain View marshes along the Bayshore Highway near Sunnyvale, Sears Point Cut-off and the shores of Alameda and Bay Farm Island.

Among the commonest migratory species of shore birds seen in this vicinity are Least, Western and Red-backed Sandpipers; Sanderlings, Semipalmated and Black-bellied Plovers; Long-billed Dowitchers; Western Willets; Marbled Godwits; Hudsonian Curlews. I like to think of migrating birds as good-will messengers bringing greetings from far-off lands.

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I Have Been Reading

THE WORLD IS MY GARDEN; by David Fairchild. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938, New York and London. Reviewed by Helen M. Bruner.

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY; by Irwin Edman. Viking; $2.75. Reviewed by Jessie D. Ashley.

A PECULIAR TREASURE; by Edna Ferber. Reviewed by Virginia Chilton.

■ It is hard for us to realize, particularly those of us who live in California, that many of the fruits and vegetables and flowers which we have in such abundance these days, summer and winter, were, only fifty years ago, unknown or of great rarity. Nor do we realize that the United States Department of Agriculture has grown in these fifty years from a handful of men housed in a small, old building in an out-of-the-way part of Washington, to the huge organization it is now. Fifty years ago, too, the relation of insects to many diseases of plant and man was unknown.

The introduction of trees and plants from one part of the world to another is always a fascinating subject. Sir Joseph Banks was trying to introduce the breadfruit tree into the Sandwich Islands in 1789, when the crew of the ship, the Bounty, carrying the plants mutinied. In the United States our Department of Agriculture less than fifty years ago began to systematically study and experiment with new plants from other lands or better varieties of things already here.

In 1889 David Fairchild, a youth from Kansas, just out of college, began his connection with the United States Department of Agriculture. Here he found a small group of men pioneering in the study of plant diseases like pear blight, potato rot and mildew. With his cooperation, sprays for grapes were developed. The enthusiasm of this group of young scientists was boundless and their work never-ending.

Mr. Fairchild dreamed of trips to far countries and when opportunity offered he went to Europe for further study and experiment. And on ship board he met Barbour Lathrop, who was to be his companion on many trips and who was to instigate and help finance most of them. Mr. Lathrop was a restless person and a great traveler. He and Mr. Fairchild would find themselves one week in Java, then in China, through the Indian Ocean back to Europe, to Egypt or South America, in a short space of time. Not stopping long anywhere but everywhere visiting other botanists, picking up seeds or plants new to America, packing them carefully for shipment to the United States, Mr. Fairchild always kept in mind various climates, altitudes and conditions in our country so that he could recommend to the Department of Agriculture where best each new thing might grow or be of use.

A son-in-law of Alexander Graham Bell, Mr. Fairchild also was in close touch with the development of aviation and knew well many inventors and their inventions. His friends and acquaintances were legion and are all delightfully interesting people. Mr. Fairchild's manner of telling of his travels and of his everyday life is simple and charming. A great photographer, the book itself is beautifully illustrated with many photographs taken by the author.

■ In spite of all that is being said and written of the youth of today, they are no different from the youth of other generations. It is with their struggle to find Truth and to adjust themselves to

the changing social, political and economical conditions in the chaotic world of today that Irwin Edman writes in the first chapters of his book, "Philosopher's Holiday." He is something of a poet and has taught philosophy in American colleges for twenty years. His experiences seem to have mellowed him and made him most understanding and sympathetic. He writes sometimes humorously, always interestingly of the people he makes live for the reader in the pages of his book.

There is M. Platon, the little French doctor of Autun, France, who says he is a "humanist" and suggests to the professor that they two form a Society of Itinerant Humanists which should have as its object the communion of minds, claiming "there are those who are friends in Spirit even though they have never met."

The story of Jewell V. Jones, able seaman, with no education or background, is both pathetic and humorous. Jewell longs for the higher things of life. In his groping he has read Will Durant, John Erskine and Mencken. It is not until he read Dr. Edman's "Richard Kane Looks at Life," that he sees a light. He writes to the author telling him of his discovery, and concludes by writing, "clearly you are America's master of alliteration." This is told not in jest but with deep feeling for the underprivileged.

In his twenty years of teaching and travel the professor comes in contact with students of many nations, finds they run true to type in most instances and writes delightfully of some experiences with them. His answers to their questions, his advice, seldom given, his efforts to awaken their minds, show him a lover of humanity and a teacher of great insight.

The picture drawn of New York in the nineteen-tens will bring a smile and a touch of nostalgia to one who remembers when——

And Marie, the Irish maid, "who does not over-do religion," is delightful.

In sharp contrast is the chapter on "Coteries of Mind," a scholarly recital of meetings and conversations with John Dewey, George Santayana and other noted philosophers.

In ending, the author says, "Philosophy itself is a kind of caviar. It is a luxury of understanding."

■ In this, her autobiography, Miss Ferber tells of her youth in the Midwest, of her years as a reporter, which began when she was only seventeen,

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and of how, while still in her early twenties, she began to write fiction. She tells what inspired her various novels and freely criticizes them. "The Girls," she thinks, is perhaps her best. "I have never written a line except to please myself," she says. "The words I have put on paper were the best words I could summon at the time to express the thing I wanted more than anything else to say."

Love of the theater was a family characteristic and it is natural, therefore, that Miss Ferber should find much enjoyment in the production of the plays in which she had collaborated. She practically never missed a rehearsal of them. "Stage-struck as always, I never tired of it," Miss Ferber writes. "Perhaps one unfortunate day I may be blasé enough not to have a feeling of high excitement and anticipation at the rehearsal of a play in which I am actively concerned I don't think so."

Miss Ferber is deeply stirred by the persecution of the Jews in Germany and the death of Freedom in so many lands She prays that America will guard its "peculiar treasure" that it may serve to lead the world again to sanity.

To the telling of her tale Miss Ferber has brought her easy, flowing style, making it an interesting and readable book.

Pacific House Book Talks

■ Pacific House at the Exposition and all the activities planned to take place there are entirely devoted to education and information. A display of several thousand books on the countries and peoples of the Pacific . . . and on their contributions to world civilization . . . is one of the principal features of Pacific House at the Golden Gate International Exposition. Distinguished authors and bookmen have been invited to appear in a series of informal book conversations to be held in the conference room at Pacific House on Friday evenings at 8:30 o'clock. Each will introduce some particular aspect of the general theme to which Pacific House and the book exhibit are devoted.

Admission to these meetings is free of charge.

OPENING SERIES — FEBRUARY TO APRIL

February 24 — Phyllis Bentley, noted English novelist: "Fiction and International Relations."

March 3 — Charles Caldwell Dobie: "Some of San Francisco's Personal Links with China."

March 10 — Dane Coolidge and Mary Roberts Coolidge: "Our Indian Friends in Baja California."

March 17 — Sydney B. Mitchell: "A California Gardener's Debt to the Pacific."

March 24 — Victor Wolfgang von Hagen: "Galapagos . . . One Hundred Years After Darwin."

March 31 — Quail Hawkins: "Children's Books on China and Japan."

April 7 — Mrs. Fremont Older: "Some Spanish Women in California's Past."

April 14 — Gertrude Atherton: "Strange Worlds . . . Bound and Unbound"

National League Library Service

WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE; Hamilton Fish Armstrong. $1.75. The author of "We or They" surveys world events prior and subsequent to Munich and shows their world significance.

DISPUTED PASSAGE; Lloyd C. Douglas. $2.50. The latest novel by the author of "Magnificent Obsession."

ADDRESS UNKNOWN; Pressman Taylor. $1.00. This brief but powerful story tells, in unusual form, one episode of Nazi persecution and an American Jew's revenge.

FROST FLOWER; Helen Hull. $2.50. From the characterizations of this American family emerges a novel of thrilling peril.

SONG OF YEARS; Bess Streeter Aldrich. $2.50. A tender love story is unfolded against the dramatic background of the struggles of the pioneers of Iowa.

MURDER FOR CHRISTMAS; Agatha Christie. $2.00. "A new Agatha Christie" is always good news for mystery fans.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR FUN AND MONEY; A. Frederick Collins. $3.00. A complete guide to profitable and successful photography.

EDINBURGH; Sacheverell Sitwell and Francis Bamford. $4.00. Bringing to life a romantic old city, with its whole pageant of colorful characters who have made it what it is, from ancient times to today.

DAYS OF OUR YEARS; Pierre van Paassen. $3.50. The vitally interesting autobiography of a newspaper correspondent who has viewed national and international events from a ringside seat.

FEUDAL ISLAND; Desmond Holdridge. $2.50. Another zestful and colorful travel narrative about the South American island of Marajo.

(Continued from page 13)

From here one may proceed northward along the Oregon Coast Highway, or turn inland along the Redwood Highway, visiting the Mill Creek and Smith River groves. These redwoods, of gigantic size, are remarkable for the luxuriance of their undergrowth.

So the redwood belt of northwestern California may be reviewed, on a leisurely tour. Worldwide attention is directed to California because of these, its treasured possessions, the redwoods. One of the finest tributes of all has just recently appeared in the National Geographic Magazine, the vividly descriptive, color-illustrated article by J. R. Hildebrand, "California's Coastal Redwood Realm."

More than ever, we realize what we have when world-travelers comment in such manner. And paradoxically they recall to us that our giant redwoods, though among the oldest of living things, are symbols of eternal youth.

Garden Books Public Library

■ The Public Library in San Francisco is amply equipped to provide ready reference for Western garden information. A few examples are here listed.

ANGIER, BELLE S. The Garden Book of California.

BOYD, MARGARET K. Reminiscences of Early Marin County Gardens.

BRAUNTON, ERNEST. Garden Beautiful in California.

BUTTERFIELD, HARRY M. Home Floriculture in California.

CORNELL, R. D.—Conspicuous California Flowers.

DOBYNS, MRS. WINIFRED. California Gardens.

McLAREN, JOHN. Gardening in California, Landscape and Flower.

MITCHELL, SYDNEY B. From a Sunset Garden.

MITCHELL, SYDNEY B. Gardening in California.

MURMAN, E. O. W. California Gardens.

ROWNTREE, LESTER. Hardy Californians.

SHINN, CHARLES H. Pacific Rural Handbook.

WICKSON, EDWARD J. California Garden Flowers.

CLOCK, MRS. EMMA G. Wild Flowers from the Mountains, Canyons and Valleys of California.

HASKIN, LESLIE L. Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast.

PARSONS, MARY E. The Wild Flowers of California.

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Excerpt from Bulletin of The Garden Club of America, January, 1939

■ Reprinted through the courtesy of Mrs. T. H. B. McKnight of the Garden Club of America and by permission of Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes, President, of the Woodside-Atherton Club.

From the Woodside-Atherton Club Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes has sent me the following word: "We thought that visitors coming to the Exposition might like to know a little about what they were looking at as they rode through the country and so we have prepared this book list hoping that it may be of very real help." Here is their list, and a splendid, comprehensive one it is!

A MANUAL OF THE FLOWERING PLANTS OF CALIFORNIA; by Willis Linn Jepson. Illustrated with 1,023 original drawings. Associated Students Store, University of California, Berkeley, California. $5.00.

THE TREES OF CALIFORNIA; by Willis Linn Jepson. California School Book Depository, 149 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. $3.50.

AN ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF PACIFIC COAST TREES (of California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, including the native and about 400 introduced species); by Howard E. McMinn and Evelyn Maino. University of California Press, Berkeley, California. $3.50.

FOREST TREES OF THE PACIFIC COAST (including a brief account of the outstanding characters, distribution and habitat of the trees native to Alaska, British Columbia, Washington and Oregon; most of which are also found in Idaho and N. California eastward to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains); by Willard Ayers Eliot, assisted by G. B. McLean. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1938. $5.00.

BIG TREES OF THE GIANT FOREST SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK IN THE SIERRA NEVADA OF CALIFORNIA; Their Life Story from the Blossom Onward. By George W. Stewart. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. $1.50.

TREES OF YOSEMITE. A Popular Account by Mary Curry Tresseder, with 34 Linoleum Block Prints by Della Taylor Hoss. Stanford University Press, Stanford, California. $2.00.

WESTERN WILD FLOWERS. Field Book of Western Wild Flowers, with 500 illustrations in black and white, and 48 plates in color, drawn from nature by the author. By Margaret Armstrong in collaboration with J. J. Thurber, A.M., L. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press, New York and London. $3.00.

THE WESTERN FLOWERING GUIDE. A Pocket Manual of Wild Flowers of the Rockies and West to the Pacific; by Charles F. Saunders. 250 illustrations in color. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York. $1.75.

FLOWERS OF THE COAST AND SIERRA. 32 plates in color; by Edith S. Wilson, Ph.D. The H. W. Wilson Co., New York, 1928. $3.00.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA, THEIR NAMES, HAUNTS AND HABITS; by Mary Elizabeth Parsons. Illustrated by Margaret Warriner Buck. California School Book Depository, San Francisco. $3.50.

HARDY CALIFORNIANS; by Lester Rowntree. Macmillan Co. $3.50.

WESTERN WILD FLOWERS AND THEIR STORIES; by Charles Francis Saunders. The histories and myths of the most familiar flowers and flowering shrubs of the Pacific Slope. Doubleday, Doran. $3.00.

WESTERN AMERICAN ALPINES; by Ira N. Gabrielsen. Chapter I: Land of Alpines; Chapter II: Growing of Western Alpines; Chapter III: Western Alpines. The Macmillan Co., 1932, New York. $3.00.

A YOSEMITE FLORA. A descriptive account of the ferns and flowering plants including the trees of the Yosemite National Park. By Harvey Monroe Hall, Assistant Professor of Botany, University of California, and Carlotta Case Hall. Paul Elder & Company, Publishers, San Francisco, 1912. $3.00.

A Request from Holiday Fellowship

"Friend, when you stray, or sit and take your ease,
On moor, or fell, or under spreading trees,
Pray leave no traces of your wayside meal,
No paper bag or scattered orange peel,
Nor daily journal littered on the grass.
Others may view these with distaste and pass.
Let no one say, and say it to your shame,
That all was beauty here until you came."

Note: This sign stands on Wrotham Hill (short distance from London on road to Canterbury).

The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring

(Continued from page 17)

contrast with Baby Blue Eyes, Nemophila, which will not be denied its place in the sun. In turn it gives way to Fields of Gold, Baeria, that dazzle the eyes, so closely do the little flowers grow. Before heavy grassy pasture land begins, sheets of rosy purple Owl's Clover, Orthocarpus, paint the ground, its tiny sac-like flowers growing densely on sturdy stems, with finely cut leaves. Suddenly they turn to yellow, another variety. The hill slopes become, thanks to sea breezes, brown and gold with exquisite Johnny-Jump-Ups, Viola Pedunculata, nodding pansy faces among heart-shaped leaves.

On dry rocky soil one stands among Indian Paint Brush, Castillea, stiff grayish herbage displays ascending bracts whose shades deepen to fiery red or brilliant orange; these may grow three feet in especially favored locations. At the edge of the shade again Chinese Houses, Collinsia, throw up brittle leafy stems whorled with delicate lavender to purple flowers; maybe the lower lip is white.

You straighten up and gaze across the valley; can that blue haze be smoke? No. Wild Lilac, Ceanothus, forms dense cover, topped by a blue cloud of bloom.

In redwood litter creeps Vancouveria, a coarse maiden hair fern-like plant, with tiny panicles of white flowers. This has grown scarce as it is in great demand among Eastern florists. Redwood Sorrel, Oxalis, with three foliate leaves, usually one flowered, is found in white, pink or rose-colored flowers; the acrid juice brings back memories of childhood and sour grass. Miners Lettuce, Montia, stands erect, the top leaves round, clasping short peduncles with tiny white flowers. Clintonia has a few oblong pointed leaves with a single tall peduncle topped with a terminal umble bearing many rose-red flowers. The berries in fall are indigo blue, resembling old-fashioned blueing balls.

Another path down again leads through uncountable Brodiaea, blue as the sky, midnight or dawn, from nestlers to proudly waving umbles three feet high. This is one of the largest groups we have of the lily family, running close to Calochortus, several species being familiar here. A dainty satiny one, lavender, hugs the ground, while taller, globe-like ones, white, creamy, pink or yellow, resemble tulips and are found in either sun or shade.

The long shadows warn another day is passing, but many flower days lie ahead.

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Guide to Shops

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"Historical Coinings Album"

At a recent Thursday Evening Program, Mr. Weston Settlemier presented to the members of the Women's City Club a preview of his "Historical Coinings Album"—a coin-outline of history, which will later be available for school children. This album, the first of its kind, is illustrated by one of the Club members, Mrs. Lowery Hammond. The coin drawings alone represent months of actual drawing, because of the great accuracy required both in the inscriptions and the designs. The coins shown represent the loveliest known, from an artist's choice, and the most interesting from the viewpoint of the historian and numismatist. The coins would equal a value of over $50,000 were they available as collector's items in such an array. They give a complete history-pageant from the earliest coins of Lydia in 495 B. C., down through our colonial period.

Each page coins the obverse and reverse of fifteen coins, a sketch showing a scene of historic importance, in accurate historic detail as well as another showing an architectural wonder of the era.

No coins more beautiful than the Greek have ever been minted. Commerce, art, politics and religion are chronicled on these coins. Plants, animals, birds, fish, grains, and domestic articles are also represented. Simple, but bold in design, fascinating as to subject, these ancient bits of money show a rich dignity.

The Macedonian, Syrian, Egypt and Carthage, Persian and Roman pages form an excellent portrait gallery of the kings, queens, warriors and leaders of yesterday.

The Jewish page is doubly interesting because of the "Bible coins" shown, including the tribute penny of Tiberius and the widow's mite.

Portraits of Christ appear on many of the Byzantine coins along with the doll-like "wooden" faces of the rulers, their families and saints. The crusader-medieval page is fairly peppered with names, rich in meaning—Alfred the Great, Richard Coeur de Lion, Charlemagne, Saladin and many others. The coins of Far Asia show coins of many shapes with lacy inscriptions rather than portraits. One, a square hole cash of the Tang dynasty, bears the dainty fingernail print of the Empress!

After the long survey of the ancients, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Catherine the Great and others on the Latter Age page, seem like old friends. The Colonial page gives a quick resume of the Discovery Voyages when the countries of Europe vied with each other for the New World

With this comprehensive album, Mr. Settlemier presents a fine educational plan—whereas lovely metal-foil replicas of these coins will be available to children to collect and paste-in like stamps.

The steel dies, used in making the replicas, are engraved with copies of Mrs. Hammond's drawings. These metal-foil replicas are called "Mintoseals." They unlock for everyone a hobby that heretofore only the rich could afford and the scholar understand — as coin collection in proportion to cost has always been the world's first hobby.

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Spring in San Francisco

(Continued from page 18)

of an importunate, but patently false, wooer, they shake the dew from their lacy branches and open their myriad eyes.

"It's time now to awaken the jonquils and daffodils," she muses. "They've been sleeping long enough. And freesias and forget-me-nots. I wish I could think of the name of that plant which grows under the snow in New England. Oh yes, arbutus! But then, we have no snow, so what good would it do to bring it here?"

By this time she is skipping and dancing up one street and down the other. Happier than ever before, she finds that the tulips also are bestirring themselves.

The procession then is joined by the cherry blossoms. They swing in just behind the bands and everybody gives them a hey-nony-heigho, for they are just that democratic blending of beauty and jolly camaraderie which makes for that kind of a greeting. Especially at the Japanese Garden at Golden Gate Park do they love to congregate. They drip their petals over the landscape and laugh gaily with the whole world.

Soon green is on the tip of every bough in the city. Out along the aristocratic avenues, Pacific, Broadway and such, where the high and mighty live, there are plane trees—sometimes called sycamore—shedding dappled shadows on the pavements gray. They love to whisper among themselves about their good fortune in finding such pleasant habitat, and the sibilance of their chit chat is a kind of rune which bestirs other umbrageous activity—among poplars, acacia, eucalyptus, the fruit trees and the bushes with snowballs flinging white petals like rice at a wedding.

Now it's all over as far as the flowers and trees are concerned. The magic carpet is woven.

Can human beings be less mindful of the goodness of God?

And so the streets take on new color and life. San Francisco shop windows are more beautifully caparisoned than any in the world say travelers. Grant Avenue, Post and Geary and Market become style conscious and preen like coquettes. A walk along Stockton between O'Farrell and Geary is like sauntering under a kaleidoscope. The landscape smiles and the people laugh. "We're going to Fisherman's Wharf for crabs and prawns. Come along."

There Tony and Little Joe and all the Neapolitans are sitting on the docks waiting for the boats to come in. They went out last night and soon they'll spill their loads of silver fish from nets filled to the last straining cord.

In the Russian section, out at the end of Fillmore Street, the Rite of Spring goes on until summer. Window boxes filled with pansies and geranium, purple and cerise, pink and yellow, lean out from cornices and say goodmorning to palm and palmetto, pine and redwood.

On the waterfront, which circles the city like a blue satin cincture, the ships and transports paint their funnels and fly fresh flags. Yacht Harbor, at the end of Scott Street, under the left arm of Mount Tamalpais, seethes with activity. The little yawls and yachts dart hither and yon through the spume which breaks from a million waves and in every hold is a springtime picnic party.

That's how springtime comes to San Francisco, shyly, slyly, like a game of hide-and-seek.

Daphne and acacia stay but a little while, but the others bring their tatting and stay all summer . . . and summer stays until the zinnias say it's autumn.

As a matter of fact, it's springtime nearly all the year . . . in our hearts, anyway.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

We're excited . . . the early spring collections of hats are ready. And so will you be, when you see them. Extreme hats and conservative ones . . . but all wearable. Ribbons in every kind of a trim, low or reaching to the sky, if need be, and flowers, the new fuschia shades and veils put on in a new way. Your hats also skillfully remodeled.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

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TELL YOUR VISITING FRIENDS

. . . ABOUT San Francisco's smartest shops, or better yet, arrange a shopping tour—and don't forget to include the colorful shop of Madame Butterfly, for it is literally filled with the unusually beautiful gifts of the Orient. Beautiful silks of all kinds, exquisitely fashioned into luxurious creations: Lounging Robes, Pajamas, Ravishing Negligees, Hostess Jackets for cocktail parties, Silk Coats for men and just everything in silk for those who demand the finest.

Also select Objects of Art: Colored Cloisonne, Pewter, Flower Bowls, Vases and Hand-Carved Ivory Figurines that would satisfy the most exacting collector, and Oh! Just everything . . . So be sure your Out-of-Town Friends look and see the colorful shop of Madame Butterfly.

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Ideas Have Wings

(Continued from page 14)

Mrs. Duncan McDuffie on the possibilities and potentialities of an integrated plan for a unit of the Pacific counties coming to the Exposition, one that our committee might present to the Board of Management. Mrs. McDuffie made a thoughtful and understanding outline for the project which was presented to the Board of Management, who received it with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin of the Institute of Pacific Relations brought in a proposal from Mr. Holland, also of the Institute, for a permanent organization along the lines then being considered by the Committee. Since it embodied many of the ideas under discussion, Mrs. McDuffie used it as a part of her recommendations to the Board of Management.

The Board accepted her recommendations. A committee was formed, with Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur as chairman. Meetings followed between the Board of Management and the committee. Things "hummed," and the Pacific Area had a good takeoff under a permanent committee.

Mr. Philip N. Yontz of the Brooklyn Museum was appointed Director.

While others have aided the flight of the Pacific Area idea, a very great part of its development is due to the far-seeing and untiring efforts of Mrs. McDuffie. She has given of her time and energy, of a creative imagination, and of her faith in the idea, in order to make, through the the Department of the Pacific Area, a valuable and lasting contribution to the Exposition and to the future.

As one looks backwards and realizes how inexperienced one of us at least was, one wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Harrison Bottorff, the Financial Administrator to the Exposition, whose patience and practical advice were unfailing.

One can laugh over the past, now that the Pacific Area, with the display of its diverse cultures, with the beauty and color of the buildings, filled with gaiety, music and dance, is an accomplished fact. Pacific House, with its sunny East and West Lounges, the Covarrubias maps, its plants, its books and programs, centers the idea.

From the Pacific Area there also emanates a fascinating plan for children. It will start at Pacific House. The program will be organized so as to include interests and activities that will feed their minds and stimulate the imagination. It will include talks and travels through the Pacific Area cultures on the maps and in the great library of Pacific House, and through the foreign buildings; adventure, interest and fun in the Indian Court; adventures in science, explorations in the arts; games and play, and delightful "theater." On the Island are the Children's Theater and the Federal Theater programs for children.

Under the able leadership of its chairman, Mrs. George Cameron, the Eassay Contest on the peoples of the Pacific Area for schools and junior colleges was launched by the Women's Board. The results have been intriguing, at times rather moving.

From a small school in Trinity County, with but a handful of pupils, came the request for books or magazines—they had nothing, no library—and one youngster wanted to compete in the contest and to write on Indian dances. A number of copies of magazines on Indians was sent. A prize-winning essay on "Why Indians Dance" came out of that little school in an isolated mountain county. It showed a thoughtful consideration of material facts and an insight into underlying values, as well as an appreciation of truths which are not always apparent in a factual presentation.

It is the children as well as the grownups, that many who have toiled to create this Fair have had in mind.

A large ground crew was necessary to launch the Exposition airship, laden with its cargo of ideas, entertainment and fun.

It took expert handling of the controls to keep it on its course, to at times avoid a tailspin, and to bring it finally to its landing field on the Island which lies between the two bridges, the building of which the Exposition celebrates.

"Ideas Have Wings" that carry them to their destination. This time that destination is a city of "dreams come true" over which, as we left, the gray wings of dusk were folding down.

One of the ideas started its flight long ago in the mind of a man called Leonardo da Vinci. Today the great clipper ships rest in the hangar on the Island we were leaving.

Ahead there stretched a gleaming silver bridge; to the west, across space, lifting as lightly as the wings of a bird, a bridge of lacquer red took its flight.

Beyond lay the Pacific, around whose shores are the countries of the Pacific Basin.

We of the Americas, the Indian race as well as those of other blood, are a part of its future.

Far-reaching possibilities of adventure and increased understanding lie ahead of one at this "Pageant of the Pacific."

Recreation Department of San Francisco

MARCH—
7-8 Badminton Tournament
17 Folk Festival
18 Table Tennis Tournament
25 Marble Tournament
25 Basketball Pentathlon

APRIL—
1-2-3-4 Drama Festival
6 Checker Tournament
15 Softball Demonstration
22 Doll Show
29 Softball Demonstration

MAY—
10-11-12-13 Volley Ball Tournament
20 May Festival
27 Tri-City Novice Track Meet

JUNE—
17 S. F. Camp Reunion
24 International Play Day
27 Wheel Day
Blind Baseball Demonstration

JULY—
12 Folk Festival
15 Junior Model Sail Contest
19 Pet Parade
22 Canoe Day
28 Joseph Lee Day
Blind Baseball Demonstration

AUGUST—
9 Circus with Parade
19 Doll Buggy Parade
Blind Baseball Demonstration
26 Candid Camera Contest
(Recreational Subjects)

SEPTEMBER—
2 Drum and Tom-Tom Festival
9 Adult Horseshoe Pitching Tourney
16 S. F. Song Festival
23 Athletic Test Festival
Blind Baseball Demonstration

Motion pictures, marionettes and pup pets, Little Theater group productions, craft demonstrations, hobby displays, junior museum and a general playground activities program will be conducted daily throughout the entire period of the Exposition.

The Children's Theater Association has been asked to produce their plays on Treasure Island. "The Lost Treasure," written by Mrs. William Gussini and based on early California Mission history, will be presented in Festival Hall, Food Products Building, Sunday, March 19, at 11:00 a.m., 1:00, 3:00 and 5:00 p.m.

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3 Then, turn each bottle upside down to mix in the cream. Pour each brand of milk into separate glasses. Taste all three, critically, nibbling a cracker in between to "neutralize" your taste.

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Bed Chamber of the Fairy Prince

■ A world of dreams come true will open to children and adults of San Francisco when Colleen Moore's famous doll house is put on display in the O'Connor, Moffatt & Company Building, March 13th to April 4th.

Seven hundred skilled artisans took part in creating this marvel, and it took Colleen Moore nine years to complete it at a cost of $435,000. Like a vision of Fairyland, it rises on the summit of a rugged precipice. Nine feet square, with turrets that rise to twelve feet, the magnificent creation has eleven gorgeous and complete rooms, a great entrance hall with a floating staircase, and a miracle garden where a weeping willow sheds tears of joy into a crystal fountain, a feathered nightingale sings in trees of glass and silver.

The crystal chandelier set with tiny real diamonds and illuminated by bulbs no larger than a grain of wheat is a source of wonder to all. A library of miniature volumes of first and only editions by Conan Doyle, Edna Ferber, Booth Tarkington, and many others is the delight of book collectors. In fact, the hobby that has been almost a lifetime interest to Colleen Moore is so fascinating it embraces practically all the other hobbies. Fine tapestries, murals, intricate and infinitesimal pieces of blown glass, stained and etched windows, gold and silver inlaid floors . . . all are included in the fantastic palace that has contributed so generously to the joy of unfortunate children. Admission for adults 25 cents, children 10 cents.

Flowers at Your Window

—Clara M. Schaeffer

■ Just a few suggestions for window box combinations for San Francisco for the spring months.

For a north or northeast exposure this combination for an early spring effect requires little or no sun and will stand quite a bit of cold — Juniper or ferns, Vinca major variegata or Vinca minor and Cinerarias. A little later Fibrous Begonias and Cinerarias with the Vinca for a spill could be used.

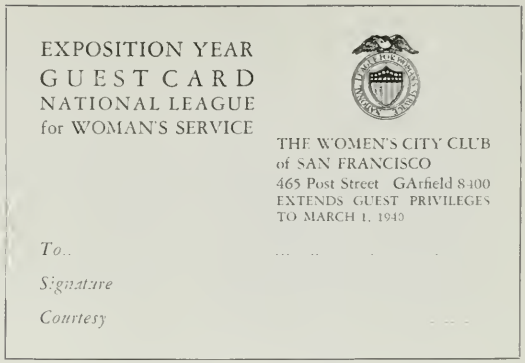
For an east or southeast exposure with not too much sun the following might be used—Muscari, Hyacinths, and Narcissus. A box of Nemesia might be very effective and this might be followed by a mass of Bellis perenne with a spill of Trailing Lobelia.

For the south there is much plant material which can be used. A solid box of Ranunculus would be most striking. Where only low plants can be used the following are suggested: Dianthus plumarius, Iberis sempervirens, with Aubretia, Alyssum saxatile or Convolvulus mauritanica as a spill. And of course Geraniums can always be used in a south exposure.

For the west, where the wind is not too strong, Calendulas, Geraniums, Pansies, Virginia Stock and Agathea or a combination of White Stock with the pink Ivy Geranium would be colorful.

These are only a few suggestions and we would welcome hearing from any of our members who have tried out other happy combinations, which we could publish in the next Club Magazine.

Women's City Club Special Guest Privileges for Exposition Year!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of SAN FRANCISCO
465 Post Street GArfield 8400
EXTENDS GUEST PRIVILEGES
TO MARCH 1, 1940

To

Signature

Courtesy

A special guest privilege for Exposition Year is announced by the Board of Directors. By payment now of the nominal fee of $1.00, a member is entitled to an unlimited number of guest cards for visiting friends who live fifty miles or more from San Francisco. Your $1.00 privilege eliminates all other guest card fees and allows each guest unlimited use of the Clubhouse from March, 1939, to March, 1940. With the issuance of each guest card, the visitor will have use of the Clubhouse exactly as a member does. All facilities of the building are at her command. The use of the Bedroom Department must be restricted to the order in which reservations are received All other departments are unlimited in capacity—the Beauty Salon, Swimming Pool, League Shop, Dining Room and Cafeteria, Lounge, with its afternoon tea, Library, Check Room and Dressing Room. Every member should immediately avail herself of this pleasurable way of extending Californian hospitality by giving the privilege of her own Clubhouse to visiting friends A $1.00 fee paid now means a privilege for as many friends as you wish to entertain. Each guest card must be validated when first presented for use. No one under eighteen years of age is eligible for a guest card but she may be given a one-time pass upon request of a member. Members are urged to request cards for those friends **only** who are reasonably sure of visiting San Francisco during Exposition Year. The Club prefers to hold cards until visiting guests arrive. However, where guest cards must be mailed, postage will be charged and should be prepaid.

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CLAPPER
"Washington Comment"

The document—signed by Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop—[illegible] on the spot [illegible] Kellogg [illegible] and de[illegible] fe[illegible] I [illegible] will den[illegible] an[illegible] ge[illegible]

[illegible] the Par[illegible] pri- vate [illegible] it by tunnel [illegible] nists northern [illegible] used Invalide[illegible] across from the[illegible]

By Gov[illegible] were halted Ribbentrop[illegible] at [illegible]

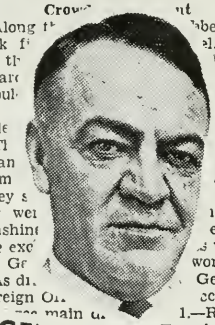
[illegible] ... [illegible] helmeted carbines lined st[illegible] ... [illegible] closed bridges over the Se[illegible] for half a mile from the station.

Crow[illegible] nt

Along t[illegible] bbentrop took f[illegible] el, then to th[illegible] Mobile Guard[illegible] ler to shoul[illegible] treet on [illegible] the silde[illegible]

Th[illegible] the Chan[illegible] tance from[illegible] atrop. They s[illegible] con- voy wer[illegible] ig-like sunshine[illegible] e vis- ible exc[illegible] s which the Ge[illegible] wore.

As di[illegible] German Foreign O[illegible] ccord is [illegible] main u[illegible] 1.—Recog- French-Ger- [illegible] tween them, instead of force. 3.—A declaration that there are no new territorial claims be-



GEN. JOHNSON
"One Man's Opinion"

Oscar Hahn, her son, was called to [illegible] ... attor- ney[illegible] the gov- ern[illegible] Oscar [illegible]. Wh[illegible] will sh[illegible] do? [illegible] Oscar [illegible] t[illegible] prison mo[illegible] he ha[illegible] wor[illegible] He ha[illegible] Int[illegible] her

The state, permitted to offer testimony during her trial co[illegible] deaths other than M[illegible], [illegible] prove Mrs. He[illegible] [illegible] Ou[illegible] told [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

APRIL
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
APRIL 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

ADVERTISERS' SHOW — APRIL 17th and 18th

APRIL, 1939

3—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	**Annex**	**6:00 p.m.**
5—**Italian Round Table**—Louise Gasperetti presiding	**Main Dining Room**	**6:00 p. m.**
6—**Home Planning Class** — Mr. Clarence W. W. Mayhew	**Chinese Room**	**10:30 p.m.**
Needlework Guild	**Room 212**	**10:30 to 3:00 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorum**	**8:00 p.m.**
The Lima-American International Conference by Miss Edith E. Pence.		
7—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a. m.**
12—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12 noon**
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Annex**	**12:15 p.m.**
Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. Dinner $1.00 a plate	**Nat. Def. Rm.**	**6:15 p.m.**
To be reviewed: "The Tree of Liberty" by Elizabeth Page.		
13—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
Mr. J. Whitcomb Nash presents Mr. Allan Louw, Baritone, in a song recital.		
14—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.m.**
17—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	**Clubhouse**	**11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.**
Garden Round Table — Technical Advice on Gardening. Miss Clara Schaeffer, Chairman		
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	**Annex**	**6:00 p.m.**
18—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	**Clubhouse**	**11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.**
Garden Round Table — Technical Advice on Gardening. Miss Clara Schaeffer, Chairman		
19—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12:00 noon**
Italian Round Table	**Main Dining Room**	**6:00 p.m.**
20—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 212**	**10:30 to 3:00 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "Those Awful Victorians." Speaker: Mr. Gerald Cullinan.		
21—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Oliver presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.m.**
26—**Current Economic Events** — Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12 Noon**
27—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "The State of Johore." Speaker: Euchek Onn Jaafar, Commissioner for Johore at the Golden Gate International Exposition.		
28—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.m.**

MAY, 1939

1—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Annex**	**6:00 p.m.**
3—**Current Economic Events** — Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**	**12 Noon**
Italian Round Table—Louise Gasperetti presiding	**Main Dining Room**	**6:00 p.m.**
4—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 212**	**10:30 to 3:00 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "Vacation Adventureland" in colored motion pictures of Glacier Park. Presented by: Mr. Roy A. Murray through the courtesy of the Great Northern Railway.		
5—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 230**	**11:00 a.m.**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII April, 1939 Number 3

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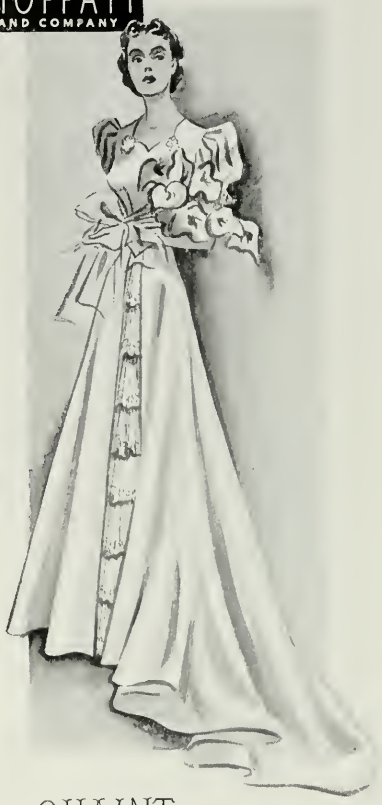

QUAINT

In her Wedding Gown . . .

But very modern in her views on life! This year's bride may look as grandmother did many years ago, but she does so deliberately, knowing it's smart to look feminine and fragile on this day of all days!

Bridal Salon—Third Floor

Stockton at O'Farrell . . . SUtter 1800

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ GUEST CARDS: Special Exposition-year privilege—an unlimited number of guest cards will be issued to each member upon payment of $1.00. Each card allows guest use of Clubhouse facilities for entire year. See last page February Magazine.

■ AD SHOW: The fifth, and from preliminary plans by far the most outstanding, will open its doors on April 17th and 18th. The entire Third and Fourth Floors will be given over to our Magazine advertisers. Remembering the beauty and interest of past exhibits, we anticipate crowded and busy days. Passes for guests to be filled out by members and distributed will be found on page 31. Additional passes will be issued upon request.

■ DUES: Second notices have been mailed. If members have not already sent in their checks, we ask that they do so immediately, as a definite delinquent date is to be set and the old ruling of repayment of initiation fee will be in order.

■ As we go to press one month before the Advertisers' Show itself, we cannot announce the special programs, but bulletins in the Clubhouse will tell of the fashion shows, etc. Read them carefully.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Visitors from afar never fail to comment on our Volunteer Service and find it to be one of the most interesting and unique features of our organzation. As each Volunteer is of necessity a hostess, we feel that more of our members should now be in uniform to help us extend the hospitality of our Clubhouse to our visiting guests. We therefore urge all members who possibly can to register with the Executive Office. Names will be given to Mrs. Henry Alves, Chairman of Volunteers.

■ FLOWERS: We would be most grateful if members who have gardens will think of us, and send or bring in flowers and greens whenever possible. The task of keeping our Clubhouse decorated has been the burden of a very few during past years and now with Exposition days bringing visitors from afar, we do want our decorations to be outstanding and shall need even more flowers than formerly.

■ Show-cases in the Foyer are especially valuable this year with Exposition guests coming and with increased use of the Clubhouse. Please sell the idea to someone who needs such a case for display. Rental of a case means the privilege of participation in the Advertisers' Show.

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: From the Virgin Islands—bright-colored garden, picnic and sewing baskets, handmade by natives. Prices $1.00 to $9.00.

Handblown glass flower bowls. Attractive shapes and beautiful colors. Ideal bridge prizes—80 cents to $2.00.

A practical door holder — a necessity in every home—holds door in any position with no damage to floors or coverings. Price 60 cents.

■ SWIMMING POOL: More and more readers of our Magazine are inquiring about the Spring Swimming Classes which we have been advertising and which are now in progress. If you are interested and wish to join one of these classes, there is still time to do so. Following is a schedule of some of them:

Morning Classes—Intermediate: Monday and Tuesday, 11:15 a. m. Advanced: Thursday, 10:45 a. m.

Evening Classes—Intermediate: Tuesday, 5:30 p. m. Advanced: Monday, 5:30 p. m.

Please register in advance.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Distinctive hair cutting for every style of permanent waving. Specializing in hair dyeing, tinting, shampoos, finger waves, and all lines of beauty culture. Each operator a trained specialist. Open Friday evening by appointment. Lower Main Floor: GArfield 8400.

■ BEDROOMS: Members are again reminded to make reservations for bedrooms well in advance, as this department is finding Expostion days busy ones.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has arranged for your entertainment for April 6th an address by Miss Edith E. Pence on "The Lima-American International Conference." On April 13th, Mr. J. Whitcomb Nash presents Mr. Allan Louw, baritone, in a song recital. On April 20th there will be an address by Mr. Gerald Cullinan and his subject, "Those Awful Victorians." On April 27th an address by Enchek Onn Jaafar on "The State of Johore." Mr. Jaafar is a commissioner for Johore at the Golden Gate International Exposition. The introductory program for May will be "Vacation Adventureland" in colored motion pictures of Glacier Park, presented by Mr. Roy A. Murray through the courtesy of the Great Northern Railway.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: Dr. Paul Cadman's lectures during April will be held at the noon hour on April 12th, 19th and 26th. Single admissions: members 50 cents, non-members 60 cents, plus tax.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French, German, Italian and Spanish held regularly in the Club house:

French every Thursday at 12:15 p. m.—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, director.

French every Thursday at 6:15 p. m. — Mlle. Le Brun de Surville, director.

Spanish every first and third Wednesday at 12:15 p. m.—Senorita Angela Montiel, director.

German every first and third Monday evening at 6:00 o'clock—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff, director.

Italian every first and third Wednesday evening at 6:00 o'clock—Miss Louise Gasperetti, director.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "The Tree of Liberty," by Elizabeth Page, at the Book Review Dinner to be held on April 12, 1939, at 6:00 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

■ LIP-READING CLASSES: Will continue through April and will meet every Thursday morning at 10:30. Miss Kate Morphy, instructor. Single meeting 50 cents each.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Mrs. Earl Tanbara in charge, meets each Tuesday at 2:00 p. m. and 7:00 p. m. and each Thursday at 2:00 p. m. Instructions $2.00, materials extra.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: French, Italian and Spanish language classes are held regularly. Fee for twelve lessons $6.00 for members, $7.50 for non-members. Appointments may be arranged through Executive Office.

■ RESERVATIONS: You plan to entertain at the Advertisers' Show, we know. You will help the Restaurant Department and those who also would entertain, if you will make your reservations early for luncheon or dinner, and keep the appointed time.

■ CHILDREN'S HOUR—SWIMMING POOL: There will be a play hour for children in the Swimming Pool every day during Easter vacation from April 3rd to 8th — 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock — competitive games, races, prizes, etc.

THE FIRST SHOW
Ultra-modern then, modern today, this exhibit of W & J Sloane.

The President's Message

The heralds of spring gather swiftly through March days leading us to a joyous April Eastertide—a most heartening combination, casting its rainbow of hope around a struggling world. For the Women's City Club the Annual Meeting was a particularly happy harbinger—confidence in a renewed vision and the loyal strength of its assembled members proved the value of its constant program of service. Encouraged, we look forward to the continued cooperation of our Membership and to the development of a program valuable to the Community we are ever proud to serve.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

THE BIGGEST SHOW OF ALL TIM

THE FIFTH ADVERTISERS SHOW

TWO DAYS OF UNUSUAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CLUBHOUSE CAREFULLY PLANNED BY THE ADVERTISERS IN THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

APRIL-17-18

FASHION REVIEWS » MUSIC » WORKING DISPLAYS » PREVIEWS » EXHIBITS OF ALL KINDS » TEAS » DINNERS DOOR PRIZES » MORE INTERESTING, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER BEFORE

COME TO THE CLUB—BRING YOUR FRIEND

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As The Magazine goes to print one month before the Show, this list can be given only in part at this time.

Advertising A World's Fair

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

■ In his well-known work Noah Webster defines "advertise" as "to make known by public notice" and offers as synonyms "announce; inform." On any one of those three counts—and in truth on all of them—the Women's Board of the Golden Gate International Exposition has done a considerable job of advertising the Golden Gate International Exposition. For in the two years and a quarter since its appointment to the official post as advisors to the Exposition management and directors of affairs of interest to women, it has carried on a continuous service of informing, announcing and making known by public notices various phases and plans of the 1939 Fair.

One of the requests made of the Board when it was invited to serve as a part of the Exposition organization was that it "interest the women of California and the West in the forthcoming Exposition." And it has been in line with that assignment that it has carried out its work through these many months.

How successfully it has performed its task will be told in months to come by the clicking of Treasure Island turnstiles. To date the promise is great, for as a result of the well-laid plans of the group of nine women who have borne a responsibility of interesting the women of the west in the Exposition, literally hundreds of questions regarding the Fair come over the desk of the Women's Board office.

How has this piece of advertising been accomplished? There are several answers, but probably the chief is through the means of a definite state and county organization plan which extends to every county of California and reaches out to specially appointed hand-picked groups of women in the ten states which are California's nearest neighbors. To these county chairmen and these state representatives, each of whom has named a special Exposition Committee in her state, has gone at frequent intervals through past months, stories touching World's Fair features of special interest to women, releases mentioning the attractions which fall within the fields of major interests of the many women's organizations, whether they function in Wyoming, Arizona, Washington, or California. These have a common bond—art, drama, music, social welfare, education, recreation. These are topics in which every group of women has specific interest—not all in every group, but enough in each to make the topics live ones.

With due recognition of the fact that printed words frequently need to be "touched off" with a personality behind them, the Women's Board has had the services of individual members who have gone into the field to carry the word of what is to be seen on Treasure Island. Flying over the Rockies or to the south have gone Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, State chairman of the County Organization plan for the Women's Board, Mrs. George Creel, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell and the chairman, Mrs. George T. Cameron. Other members of the Board, Mrs. William Denman, vice chairman, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Mrs. John F. Forbes, have answered the call for "personal appearances" to help spread the news of what is to be enjoyed and enjoyed again at the Exposition. Volunteer speakers' groups have rendered valuable service in informing eager listeners.

The Women's Board has known that to make advertising or announcing the Fair effective, the message concerning it must be localized to meet community needs. It has realized that—in advertising terms—it isn't much use to advertise ice-boxes in Matanuska, or circulating heaters in the Imperial Valley in summer. So through its publicity head it has given to the various counties in California items of particular interest to those counties—it has tied in with local committee members its news. And in placing its news it has had the assistance of capable publicity chairmen in the various counties, working with county chairmen who knew their way.

The Women's Board went afield considerably in its campaign to make known the Exposition and invited to San Francisco such distinguished women as Mlle. Eve Curie, daughter of the famous scientists, Marie and Pierre Curie (the first of a group of similarly notable women), as guests of the Women's Board. These distinguished guests are thus enabled to see the glorious Pageant of the Pacific and Treasure Island, at the same time they are focussing attention upon it.

The high schools and junior colleges of California were centers of advertising effort—in the sense in which the Women's Board (Continued on page 27

Editorial

■ In the good old days of "word analysis," we were prone to notice the literal meaning of words. Were that true today, we would shout the one word "advertisement" and you would know instantly that we were "turning attention to" something of importance, as is our Advertisers' Show to all of us. For two days of April, be they sunshine or shower, we are invited to come to the Women's City Club to see what our very own family circle of advertisers spreads forth for our enjoyment and our education. This year an Executive Committee of the Advertisers themselves have planned the set-up. They have decided that the exhibitors will stay together on the Third and Fourth Floors. These rooms will be festive and gay. If by any turn of fate, the Fifth Show, planned weeks ahead, should be clouded by adverse world conditions, let us be especially conscientious about our attendance, for honest endeavor deserves our cooperation, and the personal meeting of advertiser and reader is the promotional opportunity which we owe those who, by their patronage, give to us our Women's City Club Magazine month after month.

■ A magazine, unlike a newspaper, sometimes suffers from the handicap of being "stale news." So with us, as we go to press this month. This morning we listened to Dr. Benes when he broke his silence of the past five months. By the time this reaches our readers, the world will have gone through two weeks of thoughtful contemplation. But whatever the outcome, whatever the plan of action, whatever the fate ahead of us, we can know that Dr. Benes was right when he said today, "There can be no peace in the world until there is respect for the given word." He did not say the written word. He said "given word." Yes, we in the National League for Woman's Service give our word. We need no contracts, we stand together ready to serve, come what may. Our lamps are trimmed and burning.

■ The Annual Meeting was as always a meeting of interest—a mixture of formal and informal. Of itself, parliamentary procedure demands a certain dignity, and an Annual Meeting must be parliamentary, but of choice our President cloaked the evening of March fourteenth with an atmosphere of "homely" warmth. After the reports which set forth the official record of a year of achievement, Miss Donohoe voiced the meaning behind the work—the spiritual spring from which every program of service waters its roots. We are sorry for every member who by necessity or choice was elsewhere. The twenty-second chapter of the history of the National League for Woman's Service was written into the records as we would ideally have it.

■ There was a time in the history of the National League for Woman's Service of California when the name of Maude Wetmore was known to each one of us. As first President of the national organization, she it was who sent us orders in those days of long ago, and who sometimes, as well, rebuked us a bit for being obstreperous Westerners when the California unit pushed ahead just a little bit too fast.

This month Miss Wetmore dropped in unannounced to pay us a visit. Her thoughts of late have been elsewhere, for California alone has carried on and the National Board has not been active for some time past. Yet she could not pass through San Francisco without a glimpse at her League. When she called that Tuesday morning at the Clubhouse, she found the National League in its stride even without rehearsal. Volunteers were busy everywhere—Shop, Book Mart, collection of dues, Third Floor, Library. Wherever she turned, the familiar uniform, cap and pin met her eye, and all the sentiment of twenty years ago tempered her words as she told of "the long ago" and we showed her "the later on." We are glad Miss Wetmore came to us to pat us on the back and give us the little extra spurt which comes from a bit of praise honestly expressed.

■ "New Deal"—here and there the expression persists. Not only is it new deal in politics, but also in apartment houses, in furnishings, in social relief, in this and that human experience. But Life isn't like the pack of cards this metaphor insinuates. There are not just fifty-two units, limited by their combinations manifold though they be. New cards themselves are introduced with every hour; new discoveries bring to the game new factors for the play. This the critic of the old order sometimes forgets as he builds on the fallacy that HE has discovered something that his predecessor was stupid not to have known. He forgets that he has been given some new cards from which he is to deal. Let him be less critical of the past and more intent on his own game.

Four Shows

by Marion Leale

"The Bride" standing before the mirror in the Library—a work of art by O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. The beauty and splendor of this exhibit with its simplicity and grace will long be remembered by the thousands who visited the Show.

■ "Whichever way you look at it—from the point of view of the Club member and her guests—the nearly five thousand potential buyers who visited the Show—or from the viewpoint of the exhibitor, who had a hand-picked audience to which to show his merchandise and service, it was a huge success." So a spectator wrote of the Show last year, echoing the unanimous sentiments of the other visitors to all four shows, past and present. Each of these—in 1935, 1936, 1937 and 1938—has had its own success, and so in writing of them, as a unit in perspective, one is rather stalled—where to begin?

Every woman loves a home, so we start there. We recall immediately the W. J. Sloane Exhibit in the First Show, when the familiar card-room on the Fourth Floor of the Clubhouse was converted into the most modern of sitting-and-bedroom, and the niche in the hall, the telephone room, which another year Maurice Sands transformed into a cozy boy's-room. Podesta and Baldocchi have been versatile and always breathtaking—one year a bridal altar when

Maurice Sands Interiors lent a particular charm to the Telephone Nook on the Fourth Floor. The comfort and warmth of this display with its background of fine fabrics was a "congregating" place for home lovers.

Podesta & Baldocchi table setting and flower arrangement in the American Room — the cause of breath-taking Ohs! and Ahs!—Isn't it gorgeous? Isn't it beautiful? And it certainly was.

the carving of the fireplace formed the background, another, a table in the American Room when no detail of elegance was left out.

We remember well, too, the smart Fashion Shows of City of Paris and O'Connor, Moffatt and the bride who for three years has been reflected in the Library mirror. We recall Dirk Van Erp's lovely hand craft, the envy of every bride and every housewife alike, and Roos Brothers' smart luggage for those who travel by air, land or sea. We think, too, of the many facets of merchandise which the White House has brought to the Shows—shoe models, bathing costumes, hand-woven rugs, corsetier. One is curious to know what phase this reliable house will next introduce in the 1939 Show. And we also recall how Sherman, Clay and Company brought us the "last word" in recordings.

And so we wander on in memory past the Chinese art of the Bowl Shop, the antiques of Mabel Kendall, the wall papers of Hollycraft Wallpaper Corporation, the jewel designing of Ethel Hoffman, the color combinations of Elizabeth Banning, the hand embroidery

A point of particular interest in the Dirk Van Erp Exhibit was a beautiful table fountain with refreshing tinkle of water. The hand-made flat copper and silver from this same Studio was especially made for exhibit at the Fourth Advertisers' Show.

McLean's Exhibit on the Third Floor where dainty tidbits and California wines were served. The central unit shown in cut graphically told the story of McLean's wide variety of food products.

of Lena Goldbaum, the dress models and millinery of the Greb-Bie Shop, the service of The Frank Werner Co. which designed shoes to match our costume, the exhibits of our own clubhouse tenants (May Walsh, the Sea Captain's Chest and Schneider Brothers), the exclusive merchandise of I. Magnin Company, Maison Mendessolle and Nelly Gaffney. And no Show at the Women's City Club could have been complete without the splendid working exhibit of our members, Miss Lee and Miss Merritt, in Ricklee. The Board Room has never failed to attract us as we wander down the hall to see the latest work from this firm.

Travel companies, N. Y. K., Dollar Line, Panama-Pacific Steamship Co., Yosemite Park and Curry Co. have brought us interesting graphs, and the P. G. & E. has shown us what proper lighting in a home can mean to all of us of whatever age. Shell Oil and Associated, too, have brought us poster displays, while the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company has educated us in the early California history that we all should know and has sugar-coated our adult education. In other fields of education, Montezuma School and Miss Miller's School for Private Secretaries, explained their services. In other corners professional advice was there for the asking—investment counsellor, insurance representative, trained nursing in a Nursing Home, investment broker. Hallawell and Blind Craft have transformed our Roof Garden with things of beauty, and Roberts

Three Little Girls in White who generously gave samples of luscious See's Candies to the thousands who attended the Show. This exhibit on the Third Floor was a replica of one of this firm's many stores.

Verdier's Cellars, one of the City of Paris Exhibits, brought to the attention of thousands the care and selection of the finest imported wines. The map in the background and the seven little wax dolls in the foreground lent a touch of warmth and gaiety to this educational exhibit.

Company has kept our garden from pests, while Ansel W. Robison has made the auditorium sweet with the spring song of birds. Yellow Cab exhibited its new rolling-stock, and Earle C. Anthony displayed its Packard, and Chrysler Co. its latest model, driving in our very own front door to Foyer and Auditorium, where Byington displayed their radios, and Superior Blanket and Curtain Cleaning Works displayed samples of their service.

As we arrive at the Third Floor — food delights our appetites, and the list of these firms is too long to do more than mention them here—Simon Brothers with "tasting" the motto; Bell Brook, Samarkand, Sees' Candies, McLean Brothers, Fontana, Golden States Milk Products, Shasta Water, Italian Swiss Colony, Monterey Beer, Philip Morris, Jean Burton's Canape Kitchen, Roman Meal with "Speed-I-Mix," Casperson & Sons, and last year, City of Paris, with delightful costume dolls leading us to imported French wines.

From the first and second year we carried away as souvenirs the N.L.W.S. "Special Edition" of the San Francisco News.

And so memory sees them—the march of past advertisers. Most of them will be with us again on April 17 and 18. They have much to live up to, and they set a high standard for the "first-time" exhibitors who will be with us this year. They invite us now to come and see fashion, furnishings, cuisine, health, income and investment, travel, education, flowers. Every thing for the pleasure and use of the American women will be here, they promise.

Once again did Philip Morris score its supremacy as "America's Finest." The little packages of twos distributed by "Johnny" undoubtedly have influenced many new friends to "Call for Philip Morris."

World Wide Buying

by D. E. Newell
of S. & G. Gump Co.

■ To quote from an Oriental buyer on his first trip: "It is great fun buying in China. But I must confess I hardly knew what was in store for me when I landed at Shanghai for the first time. My first dealer looked me over carefully. I was somewhat perturbed. But when he quoted a vase at $40.00 I could hardly restrain a smile. I mentioned that the vase was worth $2.00. The dealer nodded his head, "can do." From then on it was clear sailing. I realized I had passed my first test, for in the Far East the purchaser must constantly beware! Certain types of merchandise it is true are sold at rather standard prices, but if the buyer is new, or is buying wares for which there are no standard rates, most anything can happen, and that to John Chinaman is the fun of it."

The Chinese have a different point of view about business than we have. To them trading is the most entertaining of all pursuits. It would be a very dull business indeed if it were merely a matter of quoting prices and writing orders. Time is unimportant. Matching wits, the sport of bantering and bargaining is what gives life and zest to the curio trade in the Far East. It naturally follows that the buyer must be on a par in knowledge with the seller. The Chinese merchant wastes no time in taking your measure. He will deliberately overprice some items and not infrequently will underprice others in order to determine whether or not the purchaser really knows values. What is more the buyer is always on trial. There is no time when you can safely relax. To outsmart a smart buyer is even more of an achievement than to dupe a stupid one. And many a laugh will be had at a buyer's expense when the dealers get together over a cup of tea or relax in the soothing warmth of their favorite bath house.

In such a case the buyer has only one defense — he must laugh with them. John Chinaman loves a good joke even at his own expense. In fact a good joke will get a price reduction much more readily than an angry argument — for first and last John Chinaman wants fun in business.

Buying in the Occident, in contrast to buying in the Orient, is comparatively simple as practically all manufacturers maintain fixed prices and the success of a buyer in this country depends largely upon his taste and the public needs of the particular locality in which the buyer is located.

Buying in this country is on a strictly commercial basis and the buyer must have a thorough knowledge of merchandise in order to be successful.

Years ago it was a comparatively simple matter to buy as styles underwent few changes, but at present style plays a large part in buying as every article, which is purchased, ultimately finds its place in a home and the type of houses that are being built and the type of decorating enter very largely into the buyers selection. The buyer must be thoroughly up to the minute as at the present time there is a state of transition between the traditional and extreme modern and the buyer in this case must be a keen judge of what is best at the present moment.

In Europe there is a somewhat similar situation as in the Orient. That is there must be bargaining and haggling over prices and each nationality must be handled with a different technique.

The buying of antiques is extremely difficult as remarkable forgeries are made which only an expert can tell from the true piece. There is hardly a chance for an amateur, unless he is an expert, to pick up antiques of real worth except at very high prices. It may be interesting to note that over ninety percent of the antique furniture which is brought into the Port of San Francisco is faked. The only guarantee for the purchaser is to buy from a reputable dealer.

The Beauty of Flowers Plays a Part in Every Life

by N. F. Baldocchi

■ Perhaps it is not so much the flower as the spirit of the flower that has brought so much enduring joy into the world. The spirit of floral beauty that brings spontaneous smiles to the wan face of the sick . . . the spirit of harmony and color that brings distinction to the dining table, the spirit of peace and serenity which pervades the solemn atmosphere and brings sacred beauty to attend last rites. When one stops to consider how dark corners may be made to come radiantly alive with flowers . . . how jaded souls can be revived and imbued with new courage, by flowers . . . how troubled hearts may be quieted by the tranquil beauty of flowers, one sees, with greater clarity, their true importance to humanity. These things are of the soul . . . just as flowers are "the stuff that dreams are made of." Flowers appeal to the best in all natures. We have often thought of flowers as the Maker's reminder that in a world ravaged by intolerance and seared with threats of greedy conflict, beauty, serenity and tranquillity still exist.

Yes, flowers have their place, their very definite place, in the lives of all. Their subtle influence for good in the home . . . their cheering presence in the office . . . their smiling faces in the sick room . . . and their happy faculty for adequately saying the things mere words cannot. Flowers have always been the gracious way to say "thank you." The cherished way to say "I have not forgotten our anniversary." The merry way to say "bon voyage" or "a happy birthday." The thoughtful way to express sympathy. Flowers, always welcome . . . always the gift of perfect taste! These may be some of the reasons why Podesta and Baldocchi, 224 Grant Avenue, in downtown San Francisco, has become a mecca for travelers from all parts of the world. Why one globetrotter tells another "you haven't seen San Francisco until you have seen the artistic windows of Podesta and Baldocchi . . . for indeed, these Grant Avenue windows have, for decades, been a showplace of changing delight. In these windows, imported flower containers display exquisite flowers in the most distinctive fashion. A lady's head, perhaps adorned by a flip-tilted bonnet which suddenly comes alive with a crown of lovely cut flowers. Madame Butterfly, sheltered beneath a spray of brilliant cherry blossoms! Figurines for all occasions . . . nautical motifs for bon voyage tributes, amusing creations for birthday remembrances . . . all distinctively designed to enhance the loveliness of Podesta and Baldocchi flowers, and remain as a lasting reminder of the donor's good taste and thoughtfulness. Not long since, one of Podesta and Baldocchi's customers ordered table decorations for a special dinner occasion, and table decorations, as she desired them, cost in the neighborhood of $150. The actual amount of money represented by this bill did not disturb her equanimity in the slightest, but fear of being criticized for her extravagance did! However, after explanation had been made of the ultimate distribution of the money, this customer felt more like a good philanthropist than one who spent unwisely. For that $150 put money into circulation through many sources. The growers profited, the wholesalers profited, the workers profited; that money helped many individuals who, as employees earning money were then able to spend their share in turn, the age-old cycle which ever increases prosperity in a natural, healthy fashion.

(Continued on page 30

"Youth" The Fashion Cue

by Theodocia Stavrum

■ Comes the dawn of a new fashion era, an era of romance in clothes and frivolity in accessories and a large crop of new ideas in under-fitting and cosmetics to provide glamour for women of all types and all ages.

Paris has set the stage for youth, and youth is the keynote of everything important that has been done in the opening collections this season from functional sports clothes to evening wraps.

"Youth" is the reason for the important new basque-bodice, flared-skirt silhouette which is sponsored by practically every couturier in one form or another. "Youth" is the reason for shorter skirts, little girl necklines, widened shoulders, frills and ruffles, petticoats and lingerie trimmings and all the vertical tuckings and dartings that go generally into bodices from the waistline north to the bustline. "Youth" is the reason for the importance of baby pink and baby blue, this season, for the predominance of sheer media in evening clothes, and for the general emphasis on white evening costumes.

"Youth" is, of course, the reason for the extension of frivolity in hats, for veils, ribbon streamers, flowers and debonair brim lines, and "youth" is the reason for all the mad costume jewelry, button-hole gadgets, clips and bracelets, gay new hand-bags, unconventional gloves and shoes which the shops are offering this season.

In other words, "youth" is the fashion-cue this season . . . and where is the woman who wants to argue against it?

Letter From a Disappointed Book

■ My dear

The 1939 Book Mart is over and "they say" it was a grand success notwithstanding the keen competition of glorious weather and beautiful Treasure Island. Yet here am I with a few of my companions, much disappointed and chagrined at still being unclaimed and homeless! Not such a bad fate after all though if what I hear is true. It is said that we are to be carefully put away to form the nucleus of the next Book Mart which I would say is our honor

We had four days of smoothly running activities; things just seemed to run themselves. I being one of the first books brought in, know what went on behind the scenes. I can still see the room in which we were stored each day the number growing until finally there were over two thousand of us covering almost every subject under the sun all jumbled together, to say nothing of the thousands of magazines. Could it be possible to ever bring any semblance of order out of this mess! The answer was yes! Some faithful workers came every day for days—they sorted dusted examined, classified, priced and piled us. A few I noticed were given a special table and several times a nice man came in and looked them over; later I was told they were first editions and unusual things. That may be true but you know how books gossip. One day I felt something was going to happen and it did. We were all loaded into boxes and trucked down to the Auditorium where all was in readiness for us; there we were sorted again and placed in the cutest stalls, which somehow made me think of the old bookstalls on the Left Bank of the Seine. Here again as if by magic perfect order came out of chaos and we were all ready for whatever was to happen to us

The next morning women in gay-colored crisp uniforms came and stood by our booths; it was a pretty sight quiet and peaceful. All at once the doors flew open and such a crowd surged in that I was terrified. I soon realized however that there was really nothing to fear although some of us were rather roughly handled at times. It was lots of fun to stand in our stalls in the attractively decorated Auditorium and watch the eager interested faces of the crowd of buyers as they searched for a bargain a treasure or a companion for some book or magazine already possessed. The strange thing is they very often found just what they were hunting then how

(Continued on page 28)

FOOT SAVER *Skuffies*

ARE OFF TO THE FAIR!

WESTBURY—
Open toe Tie in black Bucko or Japonica
$9.95

No feet at the Fair will be more comfortable—or a whit smarter—than the ones in Foot Saver Skuffies. And nothing could induce dozens of our customers to go through a summer without at least one pair of these classic casual shoes. Whether you're heading for the Fair at New York or San Francisco — or spending your summer right here at home — you'll wear your Skuffies day in and day out and love the heel-hugging, toe-comforting Skuffie fit you'll find in every single pair. Because all of them are made over exclusive Shortback* Lasts.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NORTHMOOR—*Bucko with reptile trim in Black, Blue, White and Brown*—
$9.95

EXCLUSIVE WITH

Since 1850 City of Paris

Special tours that are *special opportunities* for that long-awaited trip to the Far East—with all its glamour and promise of strange adventure! They are personally escorted and cover every phase of life in charming Nippon.

Buddhas amazingly large and gardens enticingly lovely and fragrant; kimono-clad matrons and Hollywood-modeled misses; the tumult of modern industry breaking the silence of ageless Shinto shrines . . . every hour explodes a new surprise on a summer tour of Japan.

Typical itineraries allow 16, 19 or 25 days in Japan, or 8 days in Japan with Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila as added attractions.

TOUR SAILINGS	*From Los Angeles*	*From San Francisco*
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Kamakura Maru	June 21	June 24
Taiyo Maru	June 26	June 29
Asama Maru	July 7	July 10

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California Dehydrated Fruits

Gail Sheridan, Home Food Specialist, El Solyo Ranch, Vernalis, Calif.

Drying and canning fruit for world commercial distribution started in Santa Clara County as far back as 1867 when the first California-grown dried prunes were sold in San Francisco and 500 pounds were shipped around the Horn.

In 1871, Dr. James Dawson of that county made the first pack of canned goods over a cookstove in a 12 x 16 woodshed.

Growth of these new industries was tremendous and since 1890 California has led the world in the production and distribution of dried and canned fruits.

All California dried fruits were originally sun-dried and at first this was largely confined to prunes and raisins, but as the industry and areas developed, peaches, plums, apricots and pears were added items. Not only has a wide distribution for dried fruits been developed throughout the United States but great markets have been built in Northern Europe — particularly in England and the Scandinavian countries.

For some years prior to 1920 the need for some means of artificially drying California fruits was recognized. There were many districts producing fine quality fruits but, because of late maturity, weather conditions were a threat to sun-drying. After some years of research and experimentation, the first practical dehydraters were made available to growers.

To distinguish this process from the ordinary sun-drying method, the word "dehydration" was used so that today the common acceptance of the term "dehydrated fruits" in California means merely fruit that has not been dried in the sun, although the word "dehydration" properly means "free from water" whether by sun-drying or mechanical processes.

Artificial drying rather than sun-drying insures perfect control of the temperature and humidity at which the fruit is dehydrated and this condition can be maintained throughout the season, thus insuring uniformity of the completed product.

On some large ranches, producers will dry part of their crops by sun and part in dehydraters. The distinction "sun-dried" or "dehydrated" is always made when such fruits are marketed.

The advantages of dehydrated fruits are found to be:

First: The producers are free from the risk of inclement weather or poor drying weather. It takes from four to ten days to sun-dry fruits. During this time temperatures may vary from 125° in the sun accompanied with drying winds, to as low as 60° at night with heavy dew. This tends to break down the cell structure and as a result the sun-dried fruit loses the ability to reabsorb moisture and when cooked is not as attractive on the table as is dehydrated fruit.

Second: Absence from contamination during the drying process by insects, wind-borne dust, straw, etc. While producers of sun-dried fruits take every precaution to eliminate this, the usual dry-yard is generally located out in the country, occupying from one to ten acres, and it is practically an impossibility to control this to the extent desired

Third: The necessary sulphuring to retain color and the maintenance of vitamins are frequently better controlled in the dehydrating process than in the sun-drying process.

One of the most interesting things noted is that when a given quantity of fresh fruit is dehydrated it produces more pounds of finished fruit than when an equal quantity of the same quality is sun-dried, yet the moisture remaining in the finished product is the same in both cases. The reason for this is not yet fully understood but preliminary research indicates that sun-drying removes more than just water, whereas dehydration retains all the properties of the fresh fruit.

El Solyo Ranch is an agricultural property of 4500 acres located on the west side of the San Joaquin River and produces peaches, apricots, grapes, plums and other products. It was one of the first to realize the importance of dehydration and installed its first dehydrating unit in 1924, shortly after the introduction of the first successful machines.

At first El Solyo Ranch dehydrated only Thompson Seedless Raisins and was a pioneer in this field, producing what is known as the Golden Bleached Raisin for distribution in the export field. It was found that this raisin was similar to and competed favorably with the Smyrna and Greek raisin and therefore the principal outlet was and still is Europe.

Impressed with the desirability of producing dehydrated apricots and peaches, both of the Cling and Freestone varieties, El Solyo Ranch developed a method for the proper dehydration of these fruits and the technique is quite different from that employed for raisins and prunes. Today El Solyo Ranch is the largest producer of Dehydrated Peaches and Apricots in California. These fruits are known throughout the United States and Europe under the trade-name "Calgolds."

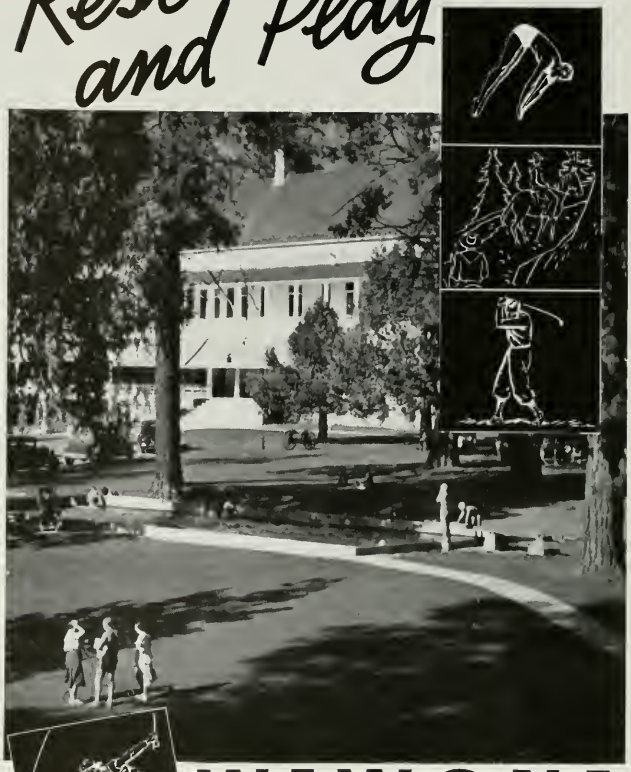
As we try to think back to 1867 when J. A. Q. Ballou sold the first California-grown dried prunes to the commission merchant, Mr. Lusk of San Francisco, and in that year also shipped 500 pounds around the Horn; and to 1871 when Dr. Dawson made the first pack of canned goods over a cookstove in a 12 x 16 woodshed in Santa Clara County, it is difficult to grasp that today California is the greatest of all shippers of dried and canned fruits.

Is it any wonder that California is called the Fruit Garden of the World!

• • •

Come to the Advertisers' Show and bring your friends, April 17th and 18th.

Rest and Play



WAWONA

IF YOU were building your own country retreat you would try to find a site like Wawona...a green valley surrounded by pine-clad mountains...clear air filled with "high-country" ozone...tennis, trout fishing, swimming, miles of trails to ride or hike...and best of all, a rolling nine-hole golf course, kept in real country club shape—one that you won't tire of no matter how many times you play it.

Wawona is ten minutes from the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees and less than an hour from Yosemite Valley. No need to worry about the children while you're here—they'll have the time of their lives! For folders and rates, write your nearest Yosemite Park and Curry Co. office: In San Francisco, 39 Geary Street (EXbrook 3906); in Los Angeles, 612 South Olive Street (VAndike 2396).

YOSEMITE'S "Country club" VACATION

"I never tasted coffee like that before!"

That's what coffee lovers say when they first taste Caswell's

To insure your receiving this superlative coffee at its best, Caswell's is delivered direct to your home. This convenient personal service insures freshness—also enables you to select the exact steel-cut chaffless "grind" for your favorite method of brewing coffee.

A telephone call will bring a can of Caswell's to your door.

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GEO. W. CASWELL CO

The Sweetest Story Ever Told About the Finest Candies Ever Sold

By Florence See

Nineteen years ago Mary See, for some time a resident of Pasadena, enjoyed great popularity among her church friends for her home-made candy. Upon their insistence she opened the first See's Candy shop just before Easter in 1920 in this colorful city of southern California.

Being of Dutch-English descent "Grandma" Mary See always kept her kitchen spic and span, so it was only natural that she had her stores painted white in order that everything would have to be kept clean and neat.

Mary See, who is now 85 years old, was once asked what she thought was the reason for her candies being so popular. She stated: "When I was a girl I had to help mother after school, in preparing dinner. Naturally, making candies was one of the enjoyable lessons mother taught me. We used fresh butter, cream, eggs, nuts and fruit in our cooking — especially in candies. I still apply the rules that mother taught me and know there is no substitute for the materials used in the making of candies the way I did when a girl."

As the quality of Mary See's candies became known, dainty white candy shops were opened to meet the candy wishes of her many new friends located in districts convenient to their homes. Today there are 50 candy shops all over California being served daily from modern candy kitchens in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Only the choicest foods are selected for the making of Mary See candies. Most of the wholesome ingredients gathered to make these delicious candies are grown in California — over 90,000 pounds of shelled walnuts, 120,000 pounds of shelled almonds, 35,000 quarts of whipping cream, 50,000 quarts of table cream, 40,000 pounds of butter are used in a year's time.

Although constant experiments are being made to improve the candies, Mary See still conforms to the original recipes which have brought her such popularity.

At the age of 85 Mary See is still taking an interest in her candy shops, although she has passed active control to her son, Charles A. See; his wife, Florence, vice-president, and her grandson, Laurance See, general manager.

At the beautiful Golden Gate Exposition, in the Food and Beverage building, The See Candy Company have a small candy kitchen where you can see some of her delicious candies being made and where you may shop for your favorite assortment.

The Women's City Club of San Francisco will have a display of our candies on April 17th and 18th and ask for a sample of See's Quality when you visit us.

* * *

Come to the Advertisers' Show and bring your friends, April 17th and 18th.

Book Review Dinner

What is our supreme American heritage? What is the most important benefit that accrues to us today from the processes by which Modern America has developed out of the colonial conditions of the eighteenth century? Is this benefit and heritage American liberty? In America of the past in America we know today, was there and is there still an active and vital struggle between two conflicting sets of ideas about American liberty? Readers and writers, alike, in many books and plays, are seeking a fresh awareness of American history and American heritage, because part of the answer of today, also part of the safeguard of tomorrow, abides in the understanding of yesterday. Miss Elizabeth Page offers as her contribution to this understanding of the America from which our present America has come her colorful, dramatic and splendiddly readable novel, "The Tree of Liberty."

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review this novel about the growth of Liberty and the conflict between Liberty's two champions, Jefferson and Hamilton, in yesterday's America, immediately following the Book Review Dinner, on the second Wednesday, April 12th, at 6:00 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

Another Move to Make Certified Milk an Absolutely Safe Food

—Adelaide Brown, M.D., Health Editor

■ San Francisco has always been forward-looking in its public health attitude toward its milk supply.

The health precaution of pasteurization has now been added to the requirements for certified milk — a product already protected from animal and human contamination. To be doubly secure, the process of pasteurization under the supervision of the experts of the Milk Commission is added to the finished product from a herd with the technique of milk handling as perfect as it can be made and controlled. This makes the pasteurized certified milk as nearly perfect as possible. To the consumer the resulting package has not risen in price. The producer has assumed the financial burden of this added requirement in order that the consumer may meet no additional cost.

When we look back on the Chicago Exposition and the severity and spread of an outbreak of a milk-borne infection, no precaution is too great to take, so that we may assure our visitors that we lean backward in giving them a perfect water and milk supply.

Since the inauguration of this new requirement, many objections have arisen, principally evinced by the people who want raw milk to drink, and secondly from a group that feels justified in considering that our former claims for certified milk were false. Far from it! But every course must be allowed to progress, and in pasteurization we are not covering defects in milk production, but eliminating the chance of any animal or human source of infection reaching the consumer by way of the milk bottle.

This question has been discussed at length by the members of the Milk Commission of the San Francisco County Medical Society and their experts, as well as by the Director of Public Health of San Francisco, and this additional precaution was added to the production of certified milk with their advice, to give you additional security in relying on the product.

We want your intelligent cooperation in upholding this additional requirement. The product is worthy of your continued patronage. If you believe the baby needs and deserves the best, we can supply it in pasteurized certified milk.

• • •

Come to the Advertisers' Show and bring your friends, April 17th and 18th.

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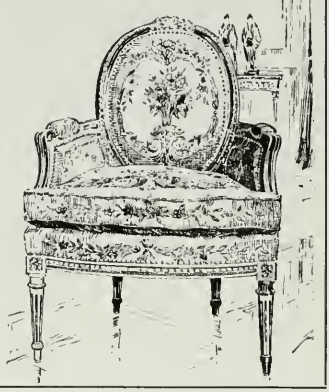

Come to the Show - - April 17 & 18

JOHNNY PRESENTS

1 For the FAIR SOCIAL SEASON

A HOSTESS HUMIDOR PAC OF FIFTY FRAGRANT

PHILIP MORRIS *Cigarettes*

• • • • • • •

2 For YOUR ENTERTAINMENT

TUES. 8:30 P. M. **KPO**

SAT. 8:30 P. M. **KSFO**

Featuring Johnny Green

FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY
LET US RECONTOUR YOUR FIGURE

Fashion demands a slim figure and healthy body. Let us recontour your figure with luxurious baths, stimulating massage and relaxation manipulations.

Too, our daily exercise classes are carefully planned to keep you fit and free from excess weight.

S. F. ACADEMY OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
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Special: Complete one hour Swedish Massage, with Cabinet Bath, Hydro-Therapy and Infra-red included.

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[Established 1890]

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SAN FRANCISCO'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL
ESTABLISHMENT

●

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The Arts Building At the Fair

By Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley

■ The traditional American World's Fair has always included an art exhibition. Frequently these exhibitions have had a stimulating effect on art throughout the country and an influence prevailing for years. Certainly the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 had a profound influence on art in California. The difference between the period before and that of 24 years after is best measured perhaps by the fact that with one or two exceptions all paintings and sculpture used to decorate the grounds in 1915 were done by imported artists, while in 1939 all such work has been done by artists resident of the Bay Region, many of them Art Association members. The growth in art in this region certainly owes much to the earlier Exposition. It is not to be doubted that the present Exposition will sow as fertile seeds in regard to art.

Rich as the grounds are in excellent and stimulating examples of mural and sculptural designs planned and placed to meet given architectural problems, it is in the Arts Building that visitors will go to find art pleasure and instruction. This is the East Hangar, adapted and transformed at great cost, to make the most modern of galleries for the diverse display required by such varied objects as Italian Old Masters, wood sculptures and feather cloaks from the South Seas, the most sophisticated of modern costume and furniture, and the vigor of contemporary painting and sculpture.

The exhibition is as varied as that. It is the realization of a project to give a survey of art, in its past and present, and in its application to life today, that should have top quality throughout. Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker, Chairman of the Fine Arts Department, gathered together a corps of experts to put this plan into effect. Ambitious for the Exposition, he was content with only the best person in the field, and when there was no one available here he called to his aid leaders from other places.

For example, the dynamic and original interior design of the building which provides such effective display and an easy and logical flow of visitors through the galleries of the various divisions, is the work of Shephard Vogelgesang. Mr. Vogelgesang is a veteran of the two Chicago Expositions, where he was in charge of interior color the first year and Chief of Color for the whole plan the second year. The knowledge of Exposition conditions

has been of use to him here, and his great knowledge of color has made the galleries a delight to see as abstract color patterns and a continuous refreshment to spirits wearied by too much walking and looking.

Similarly, for choice of objects, experts were summoned for each division Langdon Warner, of the Fogg Museum, Harvard University, outstanding authority on Japanese art, responded enthusiastically to the opportunity to gather a Pacific Cultures exhibition in which the arts of the peoples who live or have lived on the shores of the Pacific Ocean should be brought together in one great survey. So it is that now the Exposition is open, the finest work of Japan and China finds its place in the same series of galleries as the art of Ancient Mexico and Peru, and the art of the Northwest Coast American Indians and the Polynesians and Melanesians of the South Sea Islands. No such exhibition as this has before been assembled and it offers a significant survey of these arts (some of which appear related), which have developed to an individual greatness entirely outside the familiar European Renaissance tradition.

This Renaissance tradition is as brilliantly represented in the Exhibition if one turns right instead of left on entering the building. Here are the Old Masters, which Dr. Walter Heil, Director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and of the M. H. de Young Museum, prevailed upon European Governments to lend. Botticelli's Venus, Michelangelo's Madonna and Child and Raphael's Madonna of the Chair are paintings that California art lovers have in the past cheerfully voyaged six thousand miles as on a pilgrimage to see. They alone would form an art exhibition worth lingering in. They are accompanied by over a hundred other canvases, by less impressive names perhaps, but equal in their own quality which trace the story of the European art from Italy through Flanders and Holland and France to England to culminate in that great creative renaissance of 19th century France. This 19th century gallery has a very carefully selected group of the most important artists represented by typical and fine examples.

The Contemporary art section includes the painting and sculpture of a representative group of European countries with work chosen for the most part by official committees or juries at Dr. Heil's invitation. It is a most instructive showing not without many suggestions for the American artist and student of art.

More guests than beds?

Ask for our new folding roll-a-way bed with inner spring mattress . . . it is comfortable, easy to handle, saving of space and costs so little. For other guest conveniences and general furbishing up your furniture and draperies, we are at your service.

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One gallery is devoted to contemporary European painting and sculpture lent by galleries and collections in this country. It brings together the highest expression of Contemporary Europe in works of splendid quality to form a sort of apotheosis of all that European art tradition has developed during the last quarter century.

Finally, the fine arts sections close with the division that is perhaps the most interesting of all to students of art: the Contemporary American section. There are 66 Californians among the 420 canvases. It is a superb showing, that makes one proud of the vitality, the sincerity and the workmanlike standards of the artists of the United States. Mr. Roland McKinney, formerly director of the Baltimore Museum, sought out new and interesting work not yet discovered to publicity or 57th Street dealers by careful visiting of original exhibitions. Many names are new, therefore, and some styles are unfamiliar, but all the well-known names are there, too, and in fine examples.

At the very heart of the building is the Decorative Arts Division, where Mrs. Dorothy Liebes is director. Here are brought together the arts of Europe and America in their application to daily living, wittily, showily, practically, as the case may be, in rooms and display cases. There are three workshops also demonstrating pottery making, bookbinding and weaving. Here too are the Thorne Miniature Rooms so perfect in detail and scale that they may be used with confidence as a graphic textbook for the study of period styles.

To interpret this varied material, to aid in making it speak to people, and help them to profit from it, an elaborate program of free gallery talks, held daily at 11, 2, 3, and 4, is being given, with occasional special lectures.

* * *

Come to the Advertisers' Show and bring your friends, April 17th and 18th.

National League Book Service

THE TREE OF LIBERTY; Elizabeth Page. $3. A fine novel of America in Jefferson's day.

SEVEN SEAS ON A SHOESTRING; Dwight Long. $3. Exciting adventure and extraordinary courage in this story of a youth who sailed from Seattle nearly five years ago in a 32-foot ketch and arrived in New York after nearly circumnavigating the globe.

THIS NETTLE, DANGER; Philip Gibbs. $2.50. A new novel by Philip Gibbs is always welcomed by his admirers.

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2-lb. Cake $2.50
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Most comprehensive book in this field. Especially valuable for Board members, social agency executives, finance chairmen. Suttonhouse, Los Angeles, 1938
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MY MEMOIR; Edith Bolling Wilson. $3.50. An intimate account of Mrs. Wilson's years in the White House.

WICKFORD POINT; John P. Marquand $2.75. A keen, satiric and witty story of a New England family by the author of last year's Pulitzer Prize novel, "The Late George Apley."

I WANTED TO BE AN ACTRESS; Katharine Cornell. $3. The autobiography of one of the greatest and most popular American actresses of today.

AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE; Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. $5. These two great historians have written the history of the past ten years in America.

THE MIDDLE WINDOW; Elizabeth Goudge. $2.50. A tale of life and love in the Scottish highlands today.

FIGHTING YEARS; Oswald Garrison Villard. $3.75. The challenging, interesting and inspiring life of one of the foremost contemporary American journalists.

THE PATRIOT; Pearl S. Buck. $2.50. China during the past twelve years of revolution, democracy and war.

SEASONED TIMBER; Dorothy Canfield. $2.50. Vermont, as liberty-loving today as it was two centuries ago, is the theme of this excellent novel.

(Continued from page 10)

has been advertising the Exposition, for students therein were invited to compete in an essay contest on subjects touching the Pacific Area—its cultures and its peoples. Printed bibliographies grouped under subject headings were made available to schools and to public libraries, not only affording timely assistance for the young entrants but establishing permanent sources of information for groups which may wish to continue study through months to come, as preparation for some of the exhibits in the Pacific Area and elsewhere on the Island. Program material for women's clubs and seminar groups, art outlines, educational tours, all have come within the scope of the "making known by public notice" the facilities and the attractions of the World's Fair of the West.

Not the least potent channel through which the Women's Board has carried on its "advertising campaign" has been the Magazine of the Women's City Club, which over a period of nearly two years monthly has opened its columns to the stories of the Exposition, thus projecting the general information service of the Women's Board to its six thousand readers as well as to the reciprocal clubs throughout the world.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

We're excited . . . the early spring collections of hats are ready. And so will you be, when you see them. Extreme hats and conservative ones . . . but all wearable. Ribbons in every kind of a trim, low or reaching to the sky, if need be, and flowers, the new fuschia shades and veils put on in a new way. Your hats also skillfully remodeled.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
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VISITORS TO THE FAIR

WILL WANT TO SEE the interesting places that make San Francisco the City of Romance . . . so in preparing their itinerary be sure to include the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly for it is literally filled with the finest treasures from the Orient.

Exquisite silks in fascinating colors fashioned into luxurious creations, Lounging Robes, Pajamas, Ravishing Negligees, Hostess Jackets for Cocktail parties . . . for men, Silk Coats, Pajamas, Shirts and Underthings all beautifully tailored in the finest of silks

Objects of Art, Ivory Figurines, Cloisonne, Pewter, Bowls for flower arrangements and all of the finer luxury gifts from the Orient . . . so make it a point to have your out-of-town friends just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest women of San Francisco.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue—San Francisco

The ABC of Pie Making

JUST ASK FOR SPEED-I-MIX

Name your favorite pie! You'll find it easier to make . . . and more luscious too . . . if you let SPEED-I-MIX help you! No work, no trouble, no failures! SPEED-I-MIX contains every needed ingredient! Just add water . . . mix . . . bake . . . and then rave about the results! Try it now!

THE PERFECT ALREADY PREPARED PIE CRUST

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(Continued from page 19)

delighted they were and how their faces glowed. The memories some of the books brought! Why I saw one woman with tears running down her face when she found a book of old poems which has been out of print for years; she said a copy of it had been given to her by her husband, long dead, when they were both young and happy. Of course she bought it.

It seems to me that books have much the same faculty as music and perfume of bringing back forgotten scenes and faces—but here, I must not wax sentimental. I did so hope someone would want or need me, but no such luck! I watched the last sale made, and was it exciting! Now the lights are dimmed and we are being put into storage where we will stay until next year, when I hope to attend the 1940 Book Mart with more personal success than this time.

Sincerely yours,

Disappointed Book by Unknown Author.

"Exposition Edition" of California Book Issued

■ An Exposition Edition of "CALIFORNIA: An Intimate Guide," by Aubrey Drury, of San Francisco, has been published to coincide with the Golden Gate International Exposition. A special section of the book is devoted to the great fair on Treasure Island, and the text is up-to-the-minute in detail on California travel. The publishers are Harper & Brothers, New York and London.

Of San Francisco, the author writes, "This is a world-city. In all cosmopolitan America there is no place more cosmopolitan, none more distinctive. There is a life, a vivacity, which renders San Francisco irresistible. It draws the visitor again and again. This city, in truth, has a personality. San Francisco is courageous, high-spirited, strenuous, warm-hearted, enthusiastic."

El Camino Real and the Missions, the High Sierra, the Mother Lode, the Redwood Empire, the great central valley, the cities and the deserts, are all included in the description. Photographic illustrations by Gabriel Moulin show the scenic variety of California. Exposition views are featured.

* * *

Come to the Advertisers' Show and bring your friends, April 17th and 18th.

Pan American Day To Be Celebrated

■ The greatest Pan American Day celebration in the history of the West is being planned for April 14 in San Francisco and at the Golden Gate International Exposition. This was the announcement today of William Fisher, President of the Pan American Society, San Francisco Chapter.

A committee on Pan American Day arrangements, with Maurice E. Harrison as Chairman, is perfecting a program of events which will include a brilliant evening affair, school exercises, a military review and colorful Hispanic American participation on Treasure Island.

Pan American Day — the Day of the Americas — is observed on April 14 of each year, and commemorates the political, economic and spiritual unity of the twenty-one republics of the American Continent. In the United States the proclamation issued by the President designating this day for public observance directs that the flag of the United States shall be displayed on all government buildings, and calls upon the "schools, civic associations, and the people of the United States generally to observe the day with appropriate ceremonies."

A New Book

■ Let's Have Fun in San Francisco! by Edith Shelton and Marie Field . . . Life is too full of a number of things, and a lot of them unpleasant. With that thought in mind it occurred to me that this same life could be resolved into a few simpler elements, at least, for a time.

It is amazing how easily one can change his mental set-up by increasing the tempo of his life, and, unless you are one of those luckless individuals with a vast creative urge and must throw yourself headlong into some hard creative effort, the next best thing to do is to have fun!

San Francisco is one of the grandest cities on earth, and one reason is that there is always something to see or do to increase one's joy in living. Even many resident San Franciscans do not know all of the quaint, colorful and interesting places that we have . . . more's the pity!

I love San Francisco . . . as Saroyan says in our preface, I love ALL of it, and discovering it as a whole was really the most fun I have ever had.

We present to you this little book in the belief that it will help you to answer the invitation of its title. You won't find a history course in it, and not even one single statistic, but you will find information about a great many unfamiliar and fascinating places . . . places to eat, and to watch the color of the city and its famous characters; places to drink and to dance; places to explore, places to shop, to play bridge and a dozen other things.

We re-visited every place mentioned, many times, in order that you may feel sure that in our honest opinion each one is worth a visit.

That the writing of our little book was, more or less, a labor of love is evidenced by the contributions to its various chapters by world-famous local artists and writers who love our city as we do.

We know that "Let's Have Fun" has been enlivened by the color of its subject. We think it has charm and whimsicality and that our clever little artist has enhanced it with her cartoons.

And we hope you find it amusing!

Cross of Peace

The Cross for centuries
Our strength has been.
The symbol of our Lord,
Gentle shepherd of men.
With love sublime
Forbearance He taught,
While benighted mobs
His crucifixion sought.
From "MAN OF SORROWS,"
He became a Mighty King:
Let heaven and earth
With glad hosannas ring.
Up from the grave
In glory He arose
To lead the way to peace,
And pardon all His foes.
In THE RISEN CHRIST
Our hopes of redemption abide
OH, CROSS OF PEACE—
Let faith and prayer forever
GUIDE!

—Metta Elaine Walsh.

* * *

Come to the Advertisers' Show and bring your friends, April 17th and 18th.

THE COW IN THE PARLOR

Just between us did you know...?

that 2500 of the state's finest cows (count them—that's a lot of cows!) compete daily for the honor of supplying Bell-Brook Dairies with milk?

that Bell-Brook accepts only ONE-EIGHTH of the milk from all those cows—*literally* the Cream of the Crop?

that Bell-Brook is *not* from just one kind of cow, but is a *combination* of the best milk from choice Holstein, Guernsey, Ayrshire and Jersey cows?

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For a Gourmet's Appetite!

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Creamed Chicken . . . Swiss Steak . . .
Chicken Louisiana . . . Clam Chowder
. . . and Split Pea Soup.

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IRONING — the hideous bugaboo of every woman — is now the easiest task in the home. The NEW ELECTRIC IRONER which operates with effortless simplicity has removed the terrible "D's" from ironing — *dread* and *drudgery*.

The electric ironer is not an intricate machine. Any one who irons by hand can operate one. It *is* that simple. Your electric appliance dealer will be glad to send an instructor to your home to show you how easy ironing can be done.

Electric ironers are not expensive. See your nearest appliance dealer at once and banish forever the fears of ironing day.

●

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE SOCIETY of Northern California

WCC 103-439

(Continued from page 17)

The beauty of flowers not only brings happiness to all the world, but has built a great industry that contributes to the prosperity of California and to our own bay region in particular. Here, in our cool, invigorating climate are grown many of the world's loveliest flowers.

The Growing Importance of Income

—Hazel Zimmerman

■ Those who live on income have had two severe jolts during the past few months—July 1, leading Banks reduced interest on Savings accounts as follows:

Up to $5,000, 2%.
$5,000 to $10,000, 1½%—a 25% reduction.
$10,000 to $100,000, a half of ONE per cent—a 75% reduction.

Leading Life Insurance Companies seriously contemplate the reduction of payments on single premium Annuities, possibly from seven to ten per cent.

These two factors have one net result —those who live on income are beginning to realize that their money is going down in terms of what it will earn as well as in terms of what it will buy.

Investors have known for some time that most of them were keeping their money on "relief" wages and as signs of approaching inflation continue to appear, as the nation's debt rises to new highs and the Government spending and pump priming continues, these people who are dependent upon income must make plans for that income in **new ways** if they are to successfully meet rising living costs.

Where are the most important investors in America putting their money today? Take the Portfolio of America's largest investor The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. According to the 71st Annual report changes in their portfolios have been worth noting:

They invested $568,402,501 during 1937.

What did they sell and what did they buy?

They DECREASED holdings of Government Bonds by 35%.

They INCREASED their holdings in Industry heavily.

They DECREASED their holdings in Public Utility investments by 48%.

They INCREASED their holdings in the Rails by 35% while Equitable Insurance increased its Rail holdings by 51%.

In the light of the events of the past year they have been proved correct. They have learned through many years of experience **HOW TO BUY INCOME.**

Table Linen, Napkins, Glass and Dish Towels furnished to Cafes, Hotels and Clubs

Coats and Gowns furnished for all classes of professional services

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Service from 8 A.M. to 6 P M

Easter in Yosemite

What more inspirational spot far an Easter Service than beautiful Yosemite Valley! In this deep, glaciated canyon in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, Nature has provided a natural outdoor amphitheater of magnificent proportions, with a backdrop of lofty cliffs and high leaping waterfalls.

At the eastern end of the Valley is Half Dome, a mountain of granite towering a sheer mile into the sky, and at its foot is Mirror Lake, a lake so smooth of surface that it reflects everything about with camera-like accuracy. Thus is made possible the phenomenon of the "double" sunrise — two distinct sunrises a mile apart.

Let us in imagination join the congregation that gathers in reverence on the shores of Mirror Lake in Yosemite Valley on Easter morning. The black-robed choir has taken its place on a tiny island in the middle of the lake while the minister, Reverend James Asa White, prepares to conduct the service from a small promontory jutting out into the water.

Then, at exactly 9:28 a. m., the first rays of the sun appear over Half Dome, to light up the snow that still lingers on the summit and to reflect their golden glory in the magic mirror far below. Not only the Alpine sunrise itself but the entire scene is faithfully reproduced in Mirror Lake so that minister and choir, assembled worshippers, Mt. Watkins to the northeast, and the evergreens at the water's edge are all seen in duplicate.

On either side slate-gray granite walls rise three to four thousand feet above us, lending a cathedral-like quality to the acoustics. And to the music of the choir and instrumental accompaniment are added the sonorous rumblings of Yosemite's waterfalls.

Easter finds the Valley awakening from its long winter sleep. Spring is in the air and all Nature is astir. The fragrance of cedars, firs and pines is like a tonic, and skies are blue and clear overhead. Deer graze in lush, green meadows that sparkle in the morning dew, and bears lumber through the brush followed by their funny, chubby little cubs. Birds of every color and description trill their melodies overhead while squirrels and chipmunks scamper through the pine needles in search of food caches.

Along Merced Canyon, leading into the Valley, wildflowers of a hundred varieties mingle in colorful profusion. For miles the Merced River is lined with redbud, its brilliant magenta blossoms exquisite beyond description. And the flowering dogwood, whose showy white blossoms contribute so much to the beauty of Yosemite's highways in the spring, is just beginning to bud. In the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees and at Glacier Point, two of the park's most popular scenic attractions, the snowplant, oddest of all spring flowers, flaunts its fiery beauty.

By Easter, Yosemite's waterfalls are approaching full volume and the snow-swollen waters plunge down stupendous heights with a noise that is well nigh deafening. Yosemite Falls, Bridalveil, Ribbon, Cascade, Sentinel, Royal Arches, Staircase Falls—all contribute to the spectacular water display in the Valley itself; while Vernal, Nevada and Illilouette Falls reserve their wonders for those who take to the trail by foot or saddle.

Paradoxical though it be, Yosemite visitors at this time of the year may enjoy the sports of two seasons. While some are golfing, playing tennis, riding horseback, and hiking on the Valley floor, others are enjoying the thrill of spring skiing on the sunny ski slopes high above, just forty-five minutes drive from the hotel units in the Valley.

To be in Yosemite in the spring and to take part in the Easter Service at beautiful Mirror Lake is an experience that will be treasured forever after.

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Sizes 11 - 13 - 15 - 17

Where young Californians find the smartest of the new fashions for a mere . . . $13.95

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
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San Francisco's complete, white, Home Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

MAY
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 4

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
MAY 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

MAY, 1939

Note: Dr. Cadman will lecture at the noon hour on May 24th and May 31st

1—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding... **Annex** 6:00 p.m.

4—**Needlework Guild** **Room 212** 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding **Mural Room** 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding **Mural Room** 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program **Auditorium** 8:00 p.m.
"Vacation Adventureland"—Colored motion pictures of Glacier Park.
Presented by Mr. Roy A. Murray by courtesy of the Great Northern Railway.

5—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding **Board Room** 11:00 a.m.

10—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding **Annex** 12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard **Natl. Defenders' Room** 6:15 p.m.
To Be Reviewed: "The Grapes of Wrath" by John Steinbeck.
Dinner $1.00 a plate.

11—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding **Mural Room** 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding **Mural Room** 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program **Auditorium** 8:00 p.m.
"Travel Experiences of an Artist in the Far East"
by Mrs. Lily Eversdijk-Smulders.

12—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding **Board Room** 11:00 a.m.

15—**Tea Honoring Volunteers** to be given by the Board of Directors **American Room** 3:30 to 5:00 p.m.
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding **Annex** 6:00 p.m.

16—**Garden Round Table**—Miss Clara M. Schaefler presiding **Natl. Defenders' Room** 12:15 p.m.

17—**Martena Tenney**—"A Calilornia Saga"—Six costumed monologues **Auditorium** 3:00 p.m.
Tickets, 50 cents plus tax.

18—**Needlework Guild** **Room 212** 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding **Mural Room** 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding **Mural Room** 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program **Auditorium** 8:00 p.m.
Mr. George D. Ingram presents "Three Little Maids from School," by students of Mission High School. Capella Choir under the direction of Miss I. Becker.

19—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding **Board Room** 11:00 a.m.

24—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman **Auditorium** 12:00 noon
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding **Annex** 12:15 p.m.

25—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding **Mural Room** 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding **Mural Room** 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program **Auditorium** 8:00 p.m.
Mr. William E. Colby's Exhibition and Description of Imperial and Priest Robes of China, from his private collection.

26—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding **Board Room** 11:00 a.m.

31—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman **Auditorium** 12:00 noon

JUNE, 1939

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2—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding **Board Room** 11:00 a.m.

5—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding **Annex** 6:00 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII May, 1939 Number 4

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Advertisers' Show Door Prizes

★ The following is a list of the prizes already claimed:

EL SOLYO RANCH
Mrs. Alma E. Scoons (Raisins) No. 45 626
Mary Jane Goodwin (Peaches) No. 12 568

McLEAN'S
Margaret Geddis (Crackers) No. 45 983

PODESTA & BALDOCCHI
Miss Syble Stone (Flowers) No. 45 973
Miss Jane Thompson (Orchids) No. 45 995

PHILIP MORRIS
Mrs. Walter Raven (Cigarettes) No. 12 734

BOWL SHOP
Mrs Martin Molony (Bowl) No. 45 412

SEE'S CANDIES
Mrs. Anne Davis (Candy) No. 12 525

CATHERINE KILDAY
Miss Helen Currau (Order) No. 45 971

GLOVE GUILD
Miss Betty Lou Kauffman (Gloves) No. 45 548

BEAUTY SALON
Margaret Geddis (Permanent) No. 12 004
Mrs. M. Macpherson (Manicure) No. 12 156

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT
Mrs. Z. A. Muller (Two Dinners) No. 12 345

★ The following winning numbers have not yet been claimed:

FIRST		ALTERNATE
	AMBERG-HIRTH	
No. 45 815		No. 45 830
	PHILIP MORRIS	
No. 45 842		No. 45 122
No. 44 888		No. 44 913
	DIRK VAN ERP	
No. 44 654		No. 45 435
	YOSEMITE PARK & CURRY CO.	
No. 45 133		No. 45 493
	BEAUTY SALON	
No. 49 798		No. 49 838
No. 49 563		No. 49 955
	LEAGUE SHOP	
No. 45 535		No 12 444
	SWIMMING POOL	
No. 49 897		No. 12 184

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ A CALIFORNIA SAGA: Miss Martena C. Tenney will present six costumed monologues, in a thrilling concise history of California, beginning with an Indian girl and ending with a California girl. Miss Tenney brings an exceptional background of training and experience in Boston, Washington and Paris. She has acquired the artistry and finesse of the French theatre, which makes her acting outstanding and unique.

Program in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse on Wednesday, May 17, 1939, at 3:00 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents plus tax.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: We have been requested to form a Volunteer Service group for the Children's Hospital. This work will be carried on every second and fourth Tuesday of each month. Those interested in sewing please register at the Executive Office.

We shall also be in need of substitute volunteers in all departments during vacation months. As this period will bring many Exposition visitors to the Clubhouse, we urge that all members who plan to be in the city during June and July register at the Executive Office as soon as possible.

■ TWO WAYS TO HELP—

(1) Continue as an active member, making particular use of the Clubhouse in all of its departments throughout the summer months.

(2) Interest another in joining at this time when the full value of the fiscal year is enjoyed.

■ TEA HONORING VOLUNTEERS: The Board of Directors will entertain Volunteers of the National League for Woman's Service at tea on Monday, May 15th, 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock, in the American Room.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: California has always given to her children and to her adopted children three magic gifts—courage, self-confidence and perseverance. From the adventurous "Forty-niners" in their covered wagons seeking gold, to the dust-bowl "Thirty-niners" in their uncovered wagons seeking work, California has lured with whispers of success.

The Californian, John Steinbeck, has looked at, lived and traveled with the dust-bowl "Thirty-niners" in their uncovered wagons — the Oklahoma farmers—the "Okies" in Salinas County, California, and written his colorful, dramatic, subtle, comic and tragic novel, "The Grapes of Wrath." "What is John Steinbeck going to do next?" has been so eagerly asked that no other book on the current list has been so looked forward to as this rough and tender novel about people who have lost everything but human courage.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review this magnificent novel on Wednesday evening, May 10th at the Book Review Dinner, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ GLOVE GUILD: Mrs. Earl Tanbara holds her glove-making classes Tuesday and Thursday afternoon and Thursday evening each week on the Second Floor. Instructions $2.00; material extra.

■ DUES—Members who have not yet paid their dues are urged to do so immediately, as after the delinquent date is set, all memberships not paid will be canceled. Also, members who do not hold their cards for the current year are not eligible for the guest-card privileges.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Classes in Junior Life Saving are now being held every Monday and Friday at 4:00 o'clock. Senior Life Saving classes may also be formed upon request.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: Initialed baggage tags in a variety of colors—space on the tag for name and address. An ideal gift for the summer traveler. Beach "Kompacts" with compartment for sun-suit, bathing-suit or knitting. Awning-striped covering when unfolded, makes a convenient seat. New, gaily decorated picnic and cocktail napkins in white or in colors.

■ NEEDLEWORK GUILD: The Women's City Club branch of the Needlework Guild meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month on the Second Floor of the Club. Already this year, over fifty garments have been completed or are in the making, towards the annual ingathering in October.

Club members are always welcome, both as active or contributing members of this branch.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has arranged the following programs for this month: On May 4th, "Vacation Adventureland," in colored motion pictures of Glacier Park to be presented by Mr. Roy A. Murray through the courtesy of the Great Northern Railway. On May 11th, "Travel Experiences of an Artist in the Far East," by Mrs. Lily Eversdijk-Smulders. On May 18th the Mission High School will present "Three Little Girls from School," under the direction of Mr. George D. Ingram. In conjunction with this the Mission High School Capella Choir of forty-four voices will be presented under the direction of Miss I. Becker. On May 25th we are most fortunate in having Mr. William E. Colby's exhibition and description of Imperial and Priest Robes of China from his private collection. On June 1st, The Fireside Singers under the direction of Mrs. M. E. Blanchard will present a tone poem, "The Twin Guardians of the Golden Gate," with text by Dr. G. W. Caldwell and music by Julia Klumpkey; Mary Rixford, narrator; Vida Waugh, soprano; Frederica Rohrer, mezzo-soprano; Nicholas Romanoff, baritone; Eva Walker Kirschner at the piano.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Do you know that you may dine in the Clubhouse as early as 5:30 o'clock? A convenience for those wishing to attend the Exposition in the evening.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: During May Dr. Cadman will give two lectures on Current Economic Events — Wednesday at the noon hour, May 24th and May 31st. General admission will be 55 cents for members and 66 cents for non-members. These two lectures will close Dr. Cadman's course for the season. Watch the magazine for announcement of new course after the vacation period.

■ EXPOSITION GUEST CARD PRIVILEGE: Never before have we offered such a liberal guest card privilege. Upon payment of $1.00, a member may have an unlimited number of guest cards for friends living fifty miles away from San Francisco, each card extending the hospitality of the Clubhouse during Exposition Year and until March 1, 1940.

■ LANGUAGES: Round Tables and classes in French, Spanish, German and Italian meet regularly each week. If you wish to brush up in conversation, come to a round table. If you wish to learn one of these languages, join a class. Twelve lessons —$6.00 for members and $7.50 for non-members.

■ FLOWERS: Help keep up our reputation of a beautifully decorated Clubhouse. We can always use flowers and greens; even small bouquets are acceptable. With Exposition Year bringing many visitors from afar and our Clubhouse a center of hospitality, we shall be very grateful for this thoughtfulness on the part of our members.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Springtime is facial time. Our Beauty Salon offers varied services. Women are hungry for beauty and the good things which it makes more possible of attainment—professional or business success or simply that invaluable inner poise and sense of well-being that come with knowing that one has the outer attributes of charm, beauty, and smartness.

Do not neglect your looks until you awaken some day to discover that time hasn't been kind to your face because you haven't made the most of what God has given you. Our Beauty Salon offers you the best in service and efficiency in all lines. Try our Mr. Duchene for permanents. Get fixed up for the Fair and we will keep you looking beautiful.

Call GA. 8400 for an appointment. Beauty Salon—Lower Main Floor. Hours 9:00 to 5:30. Friday evenings by appointment.

A tempting exhibit in the cafeteria
Advertisers' Show, 1939

The President's Message

"Member" and "Volunteer" are synonymous terms to many, proud of their affiliation with the National League for Woman's Service, and any member who has not availed herself of the privilege of Volunteer Service cannot truly evaluate the joy of serving. Many valuable services can be offered by the individual—to illustrate, those who contribute to the Magazine, those who as sponsors showed their interest in the Advertisers' Show, those who bring new members and encourage reinstatement, as well as those whose enthusiastic comments bring added use to the Clubhouse departments. ■ The members who function in groups within the Clubhouse, known by their devotion to certain duties, and highlighted by the personally-chosen color of their uniforms, are an integral part of the daily picture. ■ The program of Volunteer Service remains the core of the organization, while the diversity of services stimulates the interest of a large membership, and the badge of honor, the uniform of many colors, emphasizes the joy of Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Martena Tenney

in

"A California Saga"

Six Costumed Monologues

■

The six contrasting monologues of her "California Saga" allow full scope to her ability in scenes depicting glamorous romance, cruel hardships and stirring patriotism. Authenticity of historic material and costumes makes each character a living representative of its period. Appropriate musical interludes, interpreted by a pianist in costume, blend these periods through which Miss Tenney unrolls California's history.

■

Auditorium of the
Women's City Club
Wednesday, May 17th
3:00 o'clock
Tickets, 50 Cents, plus tax

Martena Tenney, beautiful and talented diseuse, has the aristocratic background which brings fine intelligence to her subtle art of Monodrama.

Trained in Boston's Academy of Speech Arts and in Washington under Morse, she laid a splendid American foundation for her subsequent European training. In Paris, under the expert tutelage of the actor, Jacques Dusmesnil, she acquired the artistry and finesse of the French theatre, which makes her acting outstanding and unique.

Her character vignettes are flashes of poignant drama seized from the realities of life and captured in portrayals of women of many races and many kinds. In the span of a few fleeting moments, she transports you from the squalor of the sweatshop to the elegance of a Park Avenue drawing room.

Editorial

■ "Under this hospitable roof"—part of a complimentary comment about our Clubhouse. Absence of programs sponsored by the Club is noticeable as we approach the summer. This is not by accident, but rather by design, for true to the policy of the National League for Woman's Service of California since its inception in 1919, this organization does not overlap in service, and certainly it would now be duplicating if it set up programs of this and that, despite their attractiveness. San Francisco has made Treasure Island its program center for 1939. This the National League for Woman's Service recognizes and endorses.

But just as it bows to this idea, so likewise does it take upon itself a more intimate and personal obligation—the gracious welcome of visitors which the Golden Gate International Exposition has invited to the city. There is but one way for an organization to be hospitable. Hospitality is not the business of its president or board of directors alone, but rather of each member herself. We see guest cards presented daily in the elevators of the Women's City Club. Where questions are asked which show beyond question of doubt that the speaker is a visitor, let each member remember her privilege as hostess in her own Clubhouse and act accordingly.

■ The Fifth Advertisers' Show is now history. The two days of attendance in the Clubhouse "set a new high" not only in numbers but in the spirit of such shows. Audience and exhibitors greeted each other as old friends; newcomers felt the contagion of good-will and spoke of the standing which prevailed between exhibitors and visitors. The Club members came to the Fifth Show as to a happy holiday. Door prizes and samples had become a familiar game, and the gaiety of April 17th and 18th was a joyous interval in a week otherwise tense with the emotion of disturbing international news. The Magazine asks those who enjoyed the Show to tell the advertisers so when next they visit the shops.

■ "Once upon a time" we had an era called "Depression," at which time our organization, together with every other, needed extra funds. Through the "V. A. D." (Voluntary Aid Detachment) thousands of dollars poured into the treasury from the contributions of loyal members.

There is no "depression" crisis today but there is always a need in every club—need for all the little "extras" which continuously are with us. There are always improvements which are suggested but which, because of lack of surplus funds committees cannot approve. The budget is never large enough for the progress which is envisioned.

The American Women's Association is one of the reciprocal clubs of the Women's City Club of San Francisco. It is an organization wise in its financing and wise in its policies and is one which sets a fine example of successful financing. Since the Depression Era this Club besides the collection of its regular dues has yearly received from its members voluntary contributions amounting to some ten thousand dollars. Joy of systematic giving has brought in return to the members many of the "extras" of which we now speak. Also it has added dollars to the fund which is earning the clubhouse.

A word to the wise!

■ The Advertisers have had their day; the Magazine for the past two issues has been theirs almost exclusively. Next month the Board of Directors of the Club will take it over, and following the success of last June, members of the Board will either contribute or be responsible for the stories which shall appear. The varied interests which they will cover will be the evidence of which we so often speak, evidence of leadership of thought and intimate knowledge of subjects but stimulating and interesting to us all.

Bride of 1939—O'Connor, Moffatt

A Critic's Point of View

Resume of the Advertisers' Show

■ "I'm forming a committee to discuss the consumers' point of view regarding merchandising." So spoke one of our leading shop executives as he toured the Fifth Advertisers' Show at the Womens' City Club. "Will you name two women from this audience?"

The consensus of opininon of "this" audience, which after five years has come into the class of expert critics, was that the Fifth Show markedly had three characteristics of success—dignity of presentation, quality of merchandising, cooperation of display. Perhaps the last should be first, for it was paramount. There was a subtle atmosphere of mutual understanding between exhibitors, a give-and-take of effort to accomplish a whole of perfection, which was the background feeling this year of a Show which had corrected all known mistakes of the Shows of the past four years.

The "quality of merchandising" which it displayed was the result of a trial-and-error policy and came about thus. From the First Show in 1934, the Club has taken the position that the clubhouse on the two days of the Show itself belongs to its guests—the Advertisers of the Women's City Club Magazine. And as a result, the first Show found advertisers displaying from Lower Main to Fourth Floor. (Many of them could not believe that all space in the building was free and avaliable.) But this year the Fifth Show, by vote of a committee of the exhibitors themselves, concentrated all exhibits on Third and Fourth Floors. By so doing space was limited, and quality of merchandising rather than quantity became the watchword. Again, four years of the same audience—members of the Club and their personal friends—had given positive evidence that quality would be appreciated. An accompanying result of all this was the necessity for dignity of presentation if real results were to be achieved from this discriminating audience.

All three characteristics, as we have said, were present on April seventeenth and eighteenth. Everyone who viewed the exhibits was conscious of this and was enthusiastic, and after a complete tour, all unanimously said, "This is the best show yet."

There is no need to itemize the exhibits themselves, suffice it to say that the firms have now be-

come familiar to their readers in a second way—the visualizing for us of their ads in the columns of the magazine. No more flattering compliment could have been paid the membership of the Club than the care and attention which these advertisers took in the Show which was the promotional side of their advertisements this year with us. For this educational and thoroughly enjoyable opportunity to learn whereof they write us each month, we express now our appreciation.

From eleven o'clock on Monday morning when every exhibit was in place and operating, until nine o'clock on Tuesday evening when over twenty prizes, generously given by the exhibitors, were drawn by lot, there was a constant stream of happy visitors in the clubhouse. The divertissement was the tea-hour each day—on Monday a group of Japanese children dancing, on Tuesday eight members of Miss Hamlin's School (all daughters of Club members), modeling rich and colorful robes from S. & G. Gump Company. The absence of set programs throughout the two days was the result of experience. Members have heretofore resented distraction from the purpose of their visit which they know to be the spanning of a bridge of understanding between producer (broadly speaking) and consumer, one which only personal contact with the exhibitors themselves could produce. The Magazine thanks advertisers, sponsors, audience, volunteers, those who entertained and those who gave, and looks forward to a year of progress resulting from an understanding established between the party of the first part and the party of the second part.

The consumers' point of view was studied from every angle. The Fifth Show was the result—a Show which did credit to all concerned.

But many have asked "why an Advertisers' Show at all?" And as the story can now be told, without fear of defeating its purpose because of bringing to light a motive behind a gay playtime, we give answer. During the years 1932, 1933, 1934, every advertising manager was well aware of a prejudice against **all** class media Advertising funds were low and where choice must be made, newspapers won with the argument that numbers counted and that their circulation figures easily topped all others. Faced with a policy which wiped from the picture the classification under which its Magazine came, the National League for Woman's Service set itself the task of solving a very real problem. One of the rigid policies of the League throughout its life was that the list of members must never leave the Executive Office. Only through the columns of (Continued on page 30

The White House comes to the American Room

Pan-American Bridge to Peace

by Ruth Warnken

Ed. Note:—During past months the Women's Board of the Golden Gate International Exposition sponsored an essay contest in the high schools and Junior Colleges of the State, inviting students to write on subjects pertaining to the contributions of the countries of the Pacific Area to World Civilization. Several hundred essays were submitted throughout the counties.

One, written by a student in the San Luis Obispo Junior College has a special timeliness in the light of the Golden Gate International Exposition and its emphasis on Pan-American interests and development.

■ Many years ago, long before man built fine roads and beautiful bridges, an old man traveling down his road of life came at sunset to a chasm. After a little difficulty, he crossed the stream, and turned to build a bridge there. A fellow traveler questioned him as to his purpose. The old builder looked up from his work and replied,

"There followeth after me today
A youth whose steps must pass this way.

* * * *

He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
My friend, I am building this bridge for him."

This might well have been the vision of the members of the Fifth International Conference of American States when they resolved to build a 13,000-mile ribbon of concrete, bridging many chasms from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Buenos Aires, Argentina. Great sections have already been completed, others are contemplated, but some still exist only in the imaginations of its founders. In viewing the greatness of this tremendous construction feat, we must not overlook those achievements which lie nearest — the Golden Gate Bridge and the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. They, too, once existed only in the minds of a few foresighted individuals who were scorned and ridiculed by the multitude. Through persistent effort and stern belief in the possibilities of their dreams, they fought their battle and attained their goal. Although in the eyes of most of us the completion of a pan-American highway seems remote, it should not appear utterly impossible.

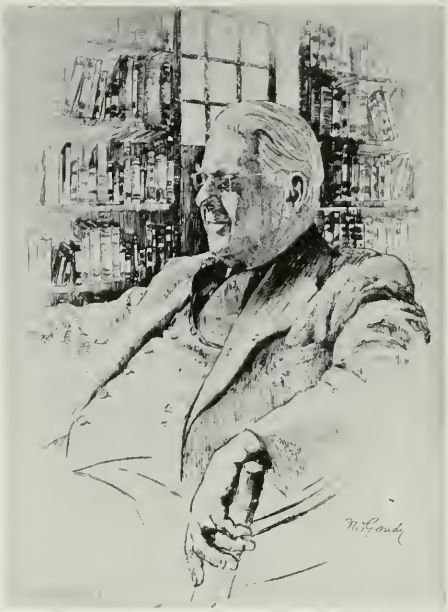
Dedicated to peace, this international highway will do much to create a feeling of universality among the people of the American countries. Certainly at a time when the world is on the brink of chaos, our efforts should be directed toward more peaceful relations and stability for our continent. Close contact, exchange of ideas, and working for a common goal are vital factors in the establishment of that mutual understanding that leads to lasting peace. Such a project will make the people of America more happily conscious of their common wealth in natural resources, scenery, and above all, good will.

Vast areas in Canada as well as Mexico and other Central and South American countries heretofore have been open only to those fearless individuals who dared to wander from the beaten path. Through the efforts of this project, those who love and appreciate the glories of nature will have access to them within easy reach of their automobiles. Shadowy highways, cool and green, will lure the most timid individual to drink deeply of the splendor of nature. He will be stimulated by an omnipotent desire to lead the life of an adventurer. Scores of virgin streams should fulfill the most ardent angler's dream. Mountain scenery that has been unknown will be opened to all who care to venture forth upon this great highway. In some regions, gold seekers and trappers will find an infinite paradise of wealth. Besides these more tangible results, comes the opportunity of studying the culture, customs, and traditions of people, not so much of the North, but more of the Central and South American countries. If we understand a person's philosophy of life based on tradition and custom, we can more readily see the reasons for his attitude and can more easily achieve peace.

Thus far in its accomplisment, the international highway has taken a stride in the direction of peace by making the road to Mexico City through Laredo, Texas, free from the dangers that formerly confronted the traveler in that area. Guards are stationed at regular intervals along this route to insure protection against bandits, which until recently were one of the chief discomforts of Mexican travel. Farsighted officials were quick to realize that the tourist will contribute a great deal to the welfare of Mexico, not only in monetary value, but also by strengthening its position in the esteem of other countries.

Economically speaking, the benefits will be many. Every piece of roadbuilding equipment now idle will be put into use, giving work to thousands of men for at least five years. If it were (Continued on page 25

A GREAT TYPE DESIGNER TELLS OF HIS WORK



As Mr. Goudy was guest of honor at dinner on the second night of the Advertisers' Show, it is appropriate that the Women's City Club Magazine print the text of his talk at the dinner, and that the page itself be printed in Goudy type.

One morning two or three years ago I dropped into The Paramount Theatre and a few minutes later was greatly surprised to see my own name in huge letters stretch across the movie screen, followed by scenes of a day's activities in my shop in Marlboro. I looked about furtively, wondering whether anyone might notice my blushes. The Paramount Pictorial had made a number of shots showing various details of my work as a type designer and also of the operations of the machines I used in the translations of my drawings into types. (An interesting fact is that the photography of the film was by Mr. Van de Veer, the photographer who flew over the Pole with Admiral Byrd.)

Fortunately I shall later be able to bring to your eyes what was shown on the screen; but I would nevertheless, like to draw your attention also during the short time allotted to me a word picture as far as I am able to do so of some phases of my work, of the significance of print and types. If this were an article to be printed I might choose the title "The Strangeness of Familiar Things" for what is more familiar to all of us than the printed page? Our newspapers bring to us word of the latest happenings here and abroad, the latest news in our political and economic life, and provide too the weapons of the merchant in his battle for business.

Print in our magazines, opens the windows of the soul and some new, or old, or aspiring author who throws wide the doors to adventure and romance for our enjoyment.

In books we find the enchanting tale, the hived honey, of some departed genius, the philosophers moralizing and the fine frenzy of the poet's mind. Books bring into the light of day the stored-up knowledge long hidden in the grave of ignorance; books preserve the knowledge of today for the use of future generations. Yet of all the millions who read daily the familiar symbols we call letters, how many of you have ever given serious thought to the origin or development of the types they scan so casually, or even wonder how they reached their present forms.

Print has become so familiar to all of us that we now read largely by intuition, with little thought for the vehicle itself and we have come to accept printing as a mere matter of course, not as a matter which invites consideration for itself as well.

A writer presents his theme through the medium of types, hence greatest legibility would seem to be of greatest importance. The pages containing his message may be relatively fine, considered in detail, both graceful and harmoniously proportioned, but if the types and their arrangement draw attention to themselves for those qualities, instead of to the author's thought which they present, they become then, "a typographical impertinence." Letters difficult to read become the embodiment of ugliness and absurdity. The aim of typographic art is to bring about complete harmony between the subject treated and its adequate presentation that the whole may be in very truth a thing of beauty as well as a matter of information and enjoyment.

I shall not attempt to go into the origins of letters and types as that would require too much time for complete presentation, but I find such a woeful (*continued on page 31*)

First in the West

by Robert Cunningham Miller

—Director of the Museum and Steinhart Aquarium; California Academy of Sciences.

Montgomery Street, looking northward from California Street, 1854. (Annals of San Francisco, 1855)

. . . . . .

The California Academy of Sciences was founded in an office on the left side of this street, April 4, 1853

■ "San Franciscans are proud of their noble city that sits enthroned beside calm waters, and as Queen of the Pacific receives homage and tribute from all seas and oceans. Richly freighted ships from every land visit her harbor. Her buildings are becoming palaces, and her merchants, princes. Wealth, gaiety and luxury characterize her people. She is fast approaching that peculiar and regal character which in days of old was borne by the great maritime cities of the Mediterranean, in more recent times by Venice and Genoa, and perhaps at this date by Amsterdam and St. Petersburgh."

These modest lines were written, not of the San Francisco of tomorrow, nor of today, nor even of the expansive era of the Nineties. On the contrary, they present a picture, if we may trust the testimony of an annalist of the time, of San Francisco in 1853. The modern scribe can only pause in silent reverence to the memory of iron men, wooden ships, and uninhibited press-agents. Truly there were giants in those days!

On the same page* with this stirring account of the splendors of a nascent metropolis, our chronicler informs us in more sober vein and with greater attention to factual detail: "Many new streets were planked for the first time, and some of the old ones replanked. . . . Already portions of Montgomery and Washington streets are finely laid down with cobblestones."

It was amid such surroundings of Mediterranean magnificence and "regal character" that, on the evening of the 4th of April, 1853, seven men picked their way over the cobblestones of one of San Francisco's two newly paved streets to an office at what was then 129 Montgomery Street, to discuss the formation of a society for the promotion of science. Those present at this first meeting were Dr. Andrew Randall, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Dr. Albert Kellogg, Col. Thomas J. Nevins, Dr. John B. Trask, Dr. Charles Ferris, and Mr. Lewis W. Sloat, in whose office the meeting was held. Those were stirring days and these were men of action. Without further delay an organization was effected, with Dr. Randall as chairman and Mr. Sloat as secretary, a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution, and the name was decided upon, "The California Academy of Natural Sciences."

On May 16, after two meetings in the interim, a constitution and by-laws were formally adopted, the membership, in the meantime, having increased to about twenty-seven. On May 23 officers were elected, Dr. Andrew Randall being confirmed in the office of president to which he had been more informally elected on April 4, and on June 27, 1853, the Academy was legally incorporated. All of the meetings following the first seem to have been held at what is now 622 Clay Street, in the office of Col. Thomas J. Nevins, San Francisco's first Superintendent of Schools.

On July 24, 1856, Dr. Randall was shot by one Joseph Hetherington, who is rather indeterminately characterized in the archives as "a gambler." On July 27 the members of the Academy attended as a

*The Annals of San Francisco, by Frank Soulé, John H. Gihon, M.D., and James Nisbet. New York, Appleton, 1855, p. 491.

group the funeral of their first president. Two days later Joseph Hetherington was hanged by the Vigilantes in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience, and the three-year-old Academy of Sciences found itself formally if somewhat violently incorporated into California history.

No doubt it was the spirit of the time and place which led the California Academy of Sciences from the very beginning to forsake established precedents and to blaze new trails. We read in the minutes of the meeting of August 1, 1853, that, on motion of Dr. Kellogg, it was "resolved, as the sense of this society, that we highly approve of the aid of females in every department of natural history, and that we earnestly invite their cooperation." Through this gesture, as chivalrous in intention as it was inelegant in phrase, the first scientific institution in the West became probably the first in the world to recognize and encourage the ability of women in the scientific and intellectual sphere, as it was later the first institution to appoint women curators of its scientific collections.

The present writer, who cannot boast of being an elderly man, belongs to two scientific organizations which within his memory have been shaken to their foundations over the question of admitting women to membership. The California Academy of Sciences was inviting them in 1853!

The phrase "poetic justice" has been much misused, most commonly as a synonym of some unpleasant form of retribution. It was justice in the most poetic sense that, more than half a century after Dr. Kellogg's gallant resolution, the book of minutes containing the record of it should, along with other documents and specimens of inestimable value, have been saved from the conflagration of 1906 by the Academy's Curator of Botany, Miss Alice Eastwood.

The meetings of the Academy were held at 622 Clay for many years. In 1868 the constitution was amended and the name shortened to "California Academy of Sciences." The Proceedings, at first issued in a newspaper, began to appear in volumes with numerous illustrations. The library and the museum grew apace, till new and larger quarters had to be found.

First Congregational Church.

JULY 4th.—Independence-day this year was chiefly remarka-

First Congregational Church, at the corner of California and Dupont (now Grant Avenue). (Annals of San Francisco, 1855.)

The Academy occupied this building from 1874 to 1890.

In 1874 a church at the corner of California Street and Grant Avenue (then called Du Pont) was rented, the congregation having moved to other quarters. Here, in a location that modern San Franciscans will recognize as having been for many years, until recently, the site of the Sing Fat Bazaar, the Academy was housed for sixteen years.

In the closing years of the 19th century the institution found itself in new and better days. Through the philanthropy of James Lick, a property on Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, had been deeded to the Academy (Continued on page 24

Present location of the California Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park.

Yachting

by Zilfa Estcourt

■ This little piece is for landlubbers. And by landlubbers we mean the kind of people who (like ourselves until recently) have been content to take their aquatic sports from the comfort of a parked car on some such vantage point as the Marina esplanade, Telegraph Hill or Lands End.

We know just how they feel as they watch from afar white sails taut in a fresh breeze, star boats or pencil-slim yachts scudding through the spume and leaving behind them foamy wakes as they flee before the wind. We, too, know how they feel as motor cruisers rise and fall and for breathless moments disappear from sight as outward bound they plough through the sea roll out through the Gate.

But for us this business of taking our thrills from the plaza, or the deck of a ferry boat or by squinting through the balustrades of the bridges, is past.

We have recaptured an almost forgotten ecstasy — yachting. We have banished the thought that wind-swept, white-capped, ever-changing San Francisco Bay is somehow menacing. We have discarded the timorousness engendered by too many Monday morning headlines that read "Pleasure Party Swamped in Squall." We have pushed aside the memories of deep, still, landlocked waters in which snow-capped mountains are shadowed — waters on which as a child we paddled, sailed and chugchugged about with never a thought of sudden squall or high-rolling wave.

And all this came about for us in one of those chancy ways, that are not exactly luck but very close to it. We wrote a small piece about that last lovely little strip of undeveloped waterfront between the Marina and the transport docks, that yachtsmen were raising heaven and earth to preserve for recreational development—we loved that spot. We had parked and rested there so often.

And out of that bit of writing came to us two days of bliss and high adventure, that changed our view of San Francisco Bay from a sort of Scylla and Charybdis for the unwary to a literal paradise for yachtsmen.

First came an invitation for a day's cruise about the bay on the sturdy cabin motor cruiser owned by W. H. Groesbeck. And we have to admit we accepted somewhat doubtfully. Having cast an appraising eye over the sturdy craft, doubts vanished. Even so, as we scrambled aboard, tied a bandana over our rebellious locks and encased our feet in tennis shoes, we had little notion what a glorious day lay ahead.

The wind was stiff, the bay was choppy. The waters were grey, then green, then blue, as between bursts of sunshine, clouds scudded across the sky. While our friends snuggled in deep chairs and rugs on the afterdeck, we stood beside the owner-captain in the wheelhouse, getting our sealegs as the craft drove through wind and wave to the powerful rhythm of its motors.

And everywhere we looked the familiar vistas had a new loveliness. Higher and bluer seemed the hills of Marin. More majestic were the jagged skylines of the city on the hills. Web-like were the bridges seen in the distance, and breathlessly lofty when we passed under them. Bay isles were larger, ruggeder. Ships at dock and at anchor, more ponderous; and the magic city on Treasure Island was more beautiful than we had visioned it before when viewed from our small play boat.

But this day of ineffable (Continued on page 25

Yerba Buena Island

by Mrs. Jerome A. Hart

■ Dear old Yerba Buena, mothering her cherished brood of twins called Angel and Alcatraz within the Golden Gate, and her mainland children on the north and south **contra costas,** suddenly surprised us recently by having a new baby called Treasure Island.

To celebrate, by anticipation, her expected fruitfulness, the men and women of a city that is not as old as Damascus, not as weary as Antioch, set up two bridges in Yerba Buena's honor—one spanning the golden entrance to all we cherish, the other taking dear old Yerba Buena in its stride and hurrying from San Francisco to Oakland.

The casual remark that old Yerba Buena Island is bewildered by the honors heaped upon her would only be uttered by newcomers to this little nook on the verge of the western world. Having grown up with her brood (and, like all good mothers, having brushed up her acquaintance with old lessons as the youngsters began to ask her questions), dear old Yerba Buena is, as ever, steady, undisturbed, and quite unspoiled by the new honors conferred upon her.

"Treasure Island?" she is apt to ask. "Why be excited? One of my children, perhaps my last. I hope the baby will be a credit to all of us."

This is not her sophistication. It is her experience. She has had reverses. Be not startled when it is mentioned that Yerba Buena was not always a dignified lady.

These mysteries of transfiguration are not to be plumbed too deeply. The truth is, however, that dear old Yerba Buena at one time was called Goat Island. Ask certain temperamental San Franciscans why they take to strong drink and marihuana when their city is called "Frisco," and you will understand, perhaps, why "Goat Island" was deemed undignified and became "Yerba Buena."

In the Bay of Naples there is the Island of Capri—Goat Island. Never mind Tiberius who lived there before the laws of libel were formulated, thus permitting Suetonius to tell a number of unverified but colorfully scandalous stories. Think of others who loved Capri—Goat Island—Axel Munson, who gave us "The Story of San Michele"; Norman Douglas, who gave us "South Wind." Anyway, Capri is Goat Island. And if you wish to (Continued on page 27

Days That Count

by June Lucas

■ The Fifth Annual Institute of International Relations will be held at Mills College, Oakland, California, from June 20 to 30. Many of our members have attended earlier Institutes and have found them "good." This year amid the confusing world scene, the Institute offers great opportunity for study, rest, relaxation and recreation on the attractive campus of Mills College. This ten-day session will offer a brilliant staff of fifteen or more speakers and round-table leaders from this country and abroad. Among them will be the Hon. Carl J. Hambro from Norway, Gerald Heard from England, Samuel Guy Inman from New York City. Dr. Inman was with the Institute last year and the members of the Institute enjoyed his fascinating presentations of Latin America. The problems of the Western Hemisphere such as the extent of the fascist penetration in South America will be stressed by Mr. Inman. President Roosevelt appointed Mr. Inman as advisor to Secretary Hull at the Buenos Aires Inter-American Peace Conference in 1936. He was in attendance at the Conference of Pan American states held at Lima last year. In response to an invitation in 1935 by the Commission of the League of Nations to care for German refugees, he interviewed government leaders of fourteen Latin-American countries.

Stanley Hornbeck, United States government political advisor in the Department of State, who has been for ten years the Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department, will be the outstanding speaker for the Far Eastern problems. Mr. Hornbeck has represented the United States at several world conferences including the Nine Power Treaty Conference in 1937. One of his well-known books is "China Today." The Institute feels most fortunate in securing Mr. Hornbeck.

The subject, "Social Justice and World Peace" will be discussed from many conflicting points of view, one of which will be given by Norman Thomas, economist and author.

Dr. Harry Gideonse, at present Professor of Economics at Columbia University and Chairman of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Barnard College, will again be one of the leaders. No one who attended the earlier Institute at which this young, dynamic authority on (Continued on page 19

international economics kept us all stimulated and interested has ever forgotten Harry Gideonse. He is of the group of educators which numbers Robert Hutchins, formerly President of Chicago University, upon whose faculty Gideonse was serving when he was here before. With Norman Thomas and Harry Gideonse discussing social justice, the economic order and world peace, there will be no dull moments at our Fifth Institute!

Gerald Heard, British philosopher and scientist, author of a large number of books including "Source of Civilization" and "Science in the Making," will bring a most stimulating viewpoint upon world change in the light of the biological and social sciences. Again it is the younger man who comes to us. Mr. Heard is at present working with Aldous Huxley. John C. Bennett, Professor of Philosophy of Religion at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, is another young, brilliant mind already recognized as a leading philosopher in the field of religion. His books "Social Salvation" and "Christianity and Our World" are challenging young and old. He was Chancellor Lecturer at Queen's University, Ontario, last fall and in the spring he is going to give the Alden Tuthill lectures at Chicago.

There will be leaders from the practical sides of economic life such as Frank Gaines, an outstanding business executive whose interests have taken him all over the world and from study of and contact with peoples of many countries has come his sound interest in peace. This year, added to all his many international interests, he is directing Peace Projects Incorporated, that unique presentation of the economic aspects of Peace in the Hall of the Western States on Treasure Island.

It is interesting to note that at this time there is greater interest than ever before in the Institutes of International Relations to be held—nine of them, right across the United States. This Coast has three, Whittier, Mills College and Portland. Never before has the need for accurate information, intelligent discussions, and meditation upon the spiritual ideals of our civilization been more deeply felt. The Pan-Pacific Women's Association will incorporate their interim conference for this area into one day of the Mills Conference June 28 and one day at Pacific House on Treasure Island June 29, in preparation for the biennial conference at New Zealand, January, 1940. The American Association of University Women, the Women's League for Peace and other groups are turning to the Mills Institute for help and inspiration for their members and are planning to avail themselves of the lectures, forums, round tables, led by this outstanding group of men and women. Dr. Carl Landauer, Mr. Chester Rowell, Allan Hunter, Frederick J. Libby, are some of the old friends of the Institute who will again share our lecture platform and round tables. The leader for discussions on Racial Problems will be announced later, as those disturbing situations will be of deep concern to the Institute.

The cost of registration and tuition for this ten-day session is $10. Out-of-town attenders may obtain room and board for $20 (double room) and $22.50 (single room). The life of the Institute is always delightfully housed in Mills Hall, where informal meetings with our leaders over the luncheon table or at tea time and after the evening lecture when we have a "good night" discussion of the evening lecture with the lecturer! Reservations for rooms and advance registration are now being accepted, as of course there is a limit even to the always gracious hospitality of the Mills College campus. Detailed information about the Institute may be obtained by writing Joseph Conrad, Mills College, Oakland

Blind

—June Lucas

He saw the noonday sun,
The shadow cast by trees,
The distant hills in blue veils run,
The women weeding on their knees,
The sweaty ploughman close behind,
And yet the man who saw was blind.

He saw the twilight come,
The lights flash in the streets,
Thousands hurrying from the hum
Of great machines, the roar that beats
Into the heart and brain of humankind,
And yet the man who saw was blind.

He saw the banners fly,
The stalwart line of boys,
The cold and rotting dead piled high
Children robbed of all their joys,
More scraps of paper sealed and signed
And yet the man who saw was blind.

He saw the starving world,
He never met the need,
The great god greed had always whirled
The dust and blotted out the seed
That might have blossomed in his mind.
He did not know that he was blind!

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I Have Been Reading

SAN FRANCISCO — A PAGEANT; by Charles Caldwell Dobie. D. Appleton, New York; printed 1933, revised 1939; $5.00. (Reviewed by Anne Bell Bailey.)

DEATH VALLEY. A guide, written and compiled by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration of Northern California. Sponsored by the Bret Harte Associates. $1.00 (Reviewed by Edna L. Taylor.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK; by Ida M. Tarbell; the Macmillan Co. $3.50. (Reviewed by Elsie Leale Johnstone.)

SCULPTURE INSIDE AND OUT; by Malvina Hoffman; W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1939. $3.75. (Reviewed by Marjorie Bailhache.)

■ "San Francisco — A Pageant," by Charles Caldwell Dobie. . . . To the San Franciscan with the traditional attachment for the steep hills and windy sweeps of the sand-dunes, "San Francisco—A Pageant" by Charles Caldwell Dobie kindles a nostalgic feeling for the things that are so rapidly passing and fills one with an urge to hold back the flood of change that is ruthlessly carrying everything down the channel of Time to the ocean of Oblivion.

The book should serve the stranger who comes to Treasure Island this year, as a friendly introduction to the legends, traditions and scenes developed with this city of combined sparkle, shadow, mystery and bluff candor.

Mr. E. H. Suydam, in his illustrations, has caught the spirit of his subject with rare subtlety. He seems to have become thoroughly imbued with the charm of San Francisco, even to the point, once or twice, of stealing the show from the narrator. One familiar with the San Francisco scene is delighted as he turns page after page and comes upon the unexpected but wholly satisfying touch that makes a quaint spot such as the bit of Old Telegraph Hill or a glimpse of the Embarcadero from lower Clay Street, exquisite cameos in rare settings. The larger drawings are equally sympathetic. The end pages are particularly satisfying, conveying the sense of the steep hills and soft misty distances that are lost in photographic studies.

The only jarring note is Lotta's fountain, which unfortunately is the frontispiece. Perhaps Mr. Suydam's reverence for the history of this memorial enlarged his mind's eye, for the fountain competes with the surrounding buildings for height and would never be recognized as the modest pile of bronze about

The pageant, as related by Mr. Dobie, which traffic swirls at the junction of Kearny and Market Streets.

The pageant, as related by Mr. Dobie, is a colorful one, although he confines himself to the highlights of the growth from the Puerto de San Francisco through the awkward adolescence of the gold rush to the present day, retelling some of the well-known legends and reciting some that are perhaps more picturesque but less generally known, such as the "House of Mystery," the traces of which have been swept away by the encroachment of metropolitanism. Chinatown, Barbary Coast, North Beach, or Little Italy, share their story with the sketches of the "Hills," the Mission, the Beach and an account of his own experience through the earthquake and fire.

He proves himself a true bohemian in his chapter on what he calls "The Fleshpots." San Francisco has been known as the city of good eating and one may well believe it after reading of places where food may be served in countless ways within a radius of a few blocks, ranging from the romantic little nooks, whose walls have been decorated by the artist and writer patrons to the palaces for the epicure.

As one turns the last page and lays aside this intimate biography of the city that lives, one feels that he is completely in accord with the author, who in his foreword confesses that the book "is the personal experience of a lover who finds even the faults of his adored one full of charm."

■ "Death Valley," reviewed by Edna L. Taylor. . . . A review of a guide book is really not a book review, rather a "yours-received-contents-noted" article. There is a narrative section, however, with a certain literary value. According to Mr. James Hopper the purpose of the book is twofold: "first, to give a true picture of Death Valley and to tell its story simply; second, by means of carefully organized tours to enable a complete stranger to find his way around the Death Valley region easily and to have at his finger-tips a great fund of information that has been compiled from many sources and from trips around Death Valley."

Death Valley has been a National Monument since 1933. Its history recalls the tragedy and triumph of the Jayhawkers and Lewis Manly. Manly has, himself, left an account of those days of despair. One section describes the flowers of the desert, their beauty, the incredible picture of the sands in bloom. We feel the lure and fascination of the Valley; we see its colors, reds, blues, greens, purples and lilacs—above all, lilacs. We recall the stories of lost mines and the romance of borax. In the splendid photography (black and white) are the barren wastes, the resorts, Scotty's Castle and Scotty himself. The secret of the desert is still unsolved, its riddle unexplained.

The information regarding "Rough Roads" is probably not so much a warning as an invitation to those hardy souls who still long for adventure.

A map and an excellent bibliography mark the end of the book. The latter does not contain fiction, but I wish it might have included "McTeague" by Frank Norris.

■ "All in a Day's Work," by Ida M. Tarbell. . . . To most of us the name Ida M. Tarbell at once suggests the Standard Oil Company. This is natural, as we discover when we read her autobiography—"All in the Day's Work," for not only was her "History of the Standard Oil Company" the product of the full-tide of her maturity as a writer, it was also the product of her background.

Ida Tarbell grew up with the Oil Region of Pennsylvania, for her father established his little family on the banks of Cherry Run, where he was engaged in making tanks for the newly gushing oil. Her early recollections are shot through and through with the pioneer color of that turbulent community, while her first excursions into economic thinking were conditioned by first-hand observation of the struggle between "the monopoly" and "the independents."

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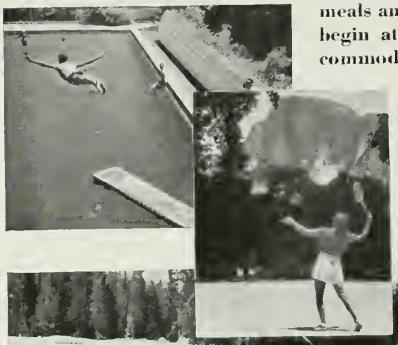

Yosemite

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"All in the Day's Work" leads us through other fields than oil. It is the crowded story of a life moved by "the still unanswered questions of the most fruitful life for women in civilization, the true nature of revolutions—the mystery of God." Her search for the answer to the first question brought Miss Tarbell three vivid years in Paris where she began her career as a journalist. There followed the brilliant years on the staff of McClures and The American Magazine with their stimulating associations with such men as Ray Stannard Baker, William Allen White, Lincoln Steffens and Peter Dunne.

These were the "young radicals" of their day and Ida Tarbell was classed among the muckrakers. But she is by her own confession "no propagandist, but a reporter of facts." This was true even when the facts appeared to her to reflect credit on Big Business and her laudatory life of Judge Gary caused her to be accused of going over to the enemy. Her real conviction is found in her belief that "permanent human betterment must rest on a sound moral basis" and in her lasting interest in Abraham Lincoln as the embodiment of what is fundamentally sound in American Life.

Though we feel throughout the book this background of passionate moral earnestness and an intense and lively interest in human affairs, we get curiously little of the emotional quality of the woman. Miss Tarbell is first and always the journalist. "I am putting down the things I have seen," she explained to the reporters on her 80th birthday. But such interesting things!

■ "Sculpture Inside and Out," by Malvina Hoffman. . . . Malvina Hoffman describes sculpture as "the symbol of a spiritual experience, a means of conveying truth by concentrating its essence into visible form." Superb artist, she translates the spiritual experience for us unfailingly with her forceful knife and spatula. With words she is less gifted, and the effect of her writing is that of painstaking sincerity.

The first of the two divisions of the book reviews the panorama of Sculpture from its prehistoric beginnings to its modern evolution. In order to condense this vast material into what she calls a "capsule," Miss Hoffman has given the impression of a quickly moving series of pictures accompanied by a lecture. When we consider the extent of the background and the necessary limitation of space, this was perhaps the only way to handle it. Photographs of stones, woods and bronzes illustrate the reading. These have been chosen with care for chronological sequence and discrimination in interest and beauty.

Part II is a remarkable combination of work manual and inspirational guide for the sculptor. Here the student will find a chart of necessary tools, details for the studio and abundant drawings of the muscles, bones and postures of the human body. Here are chapters packed to overflow with practical suggestions and inspiration in Drawing and Modeling, Stone and Wood Carving, Bronze Casting and Plaster and Terra Cotta.

These are actual lessons in tools and treatment of materials, completely illustrated by charts and diagrams, as well as masterpieces of art. The description in picture of the gradual processes through which the finished bronze or stone pass to completion, are as fascinating to the layman as they are invaluable to the artist.

In L'Envoi Miss Hoffman states that she was asked to write about sculpture in such a way that "the pages would be of use to serious students and of interest to the general public." It is with the former that her real interest lies. If we dedicate Part I to the general public, and Part II to the serious student, we find that the student is the gainer, quite justly. A great artist has given generously of her experience and love for her art, to encourage the struggling student, and to assist him with practical inspiration in the fulfillment of his desire.

National League Library Service

SEMI-CENTENNIAL; Leonard Bacon. $3.50. Brilliant in his talk as well as in his writing, Leonard Bacon records his satisfaction with a life that has never lost gusto for him.

THE YOUNG COSIMA; Henry Handel Richardson. $2.50. With keen insight, this biographical novel tells the story of Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt, from the time of her marriage to Hans von Bülow to the dramatic climax of her romance with Wagner.

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES AND THE SUPREME COURT; Felix Frankfurter. $1.50. Significant not only as a study of the mind of Justice Holmes, but as a revelation of the mind of Felix Frankfurter.

GUNS OF BURGOYNE; Bruce Lancaster. $2.50. Burgoyne's march down through the American wilderness is the background for the exciting story of Kurt Ahrens, a young Hessian.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK; Ida M. Tarbell. $3.50. The autobiography of one of America's most famous women writers and reporters.

RUTH ST. DENIS: AN UNFINISHED LIFE. $3.75. This famous American dancer and co-founder of the Denishawn School, writes the story of her life.

A DIARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION; Gouverneur Morris. $9.00. 2v. Brilliant memoirs of Paris under the terror, with acute observations on diplomacy and gallantry by an expert on both.

THE LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE; edited by David Garnett. $5.00. The intimate personal record of the life of the most discussed, most puzzling, and least understood figure of the war and post-war era.

AMERICAN EARTH; Carleton Beals. $3.00. The pageant of the American earth from the days of the Indians to the western dust-bowl and southern tenant farms of today.

MOSTLY BYWAYS; Mary Cable Dennis. $2.00. Leisurely journeys through the less-traveled towns and villages of Normandy.

What of Our Inheritance?

(Reprinted from Chicago Woman's Club Magazine.)

■ This is probably the last message on this subject from your present Chairman of Membership.

As you know from our President's letter of last June, the unflagging work of the budget commission has made our building secure to us for some time to come. We have the house—but who is going to live in it? By a conservative estimate we should have at least a hundred new members this year.

We have inherited our Club, and as in the case of most things which we get without creating them, we fail to appreciate its true worth. We don't realize how much we are offering new members.

Perhaps historians of the future will write of the early twentieth century as marked by the death throes of world rule by men alone. If that be true, are women ready for partnership? Among those nearest ready will be women trained in women's clubs—the only institutions founded by and for women and not patterned on men's organizations.

The Chicago Woman's Club offers much for its members to gain in recreation, education, and training. But more than that, it offers the opportunity of participating in one of Chicago's unique institutions, an integral and influential part of more than half of Chicago's history. **You are offering a fuller life to the friend you invite to join with us.**

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First in the West

(Continued from page 15)

in 1875, and on his death the Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers became residuary legatees of his estate. A building was erected on the Market Street property, with stores and offices in front, and a commodious museum at the rear, with an auditorium in the basement. Here, for fifteen years after 1891, the Academy had its home. With funds provided by Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford, and others, a large and even spectacular natural history exhibit was placed on display, including a reconstructed mammoth which towered magnificently in the great central court of the museum, with gallery after gallery of scientific collections around it.

The San Francisco disaster of 1906 brought this phase of the Academy's history to a sudden and catastrophic end. A single day saw the destruction of a museum and a library that had been fifty years in building. Of thousands of books and specimens of almost priceless value, nothing was saved except what could be loaded into one spring wagon and carted to safety ahead of the fire. That anything at all was rescued was due chiefly to the energy and resourcefulness of Miss Alice Eastwood, who lost all of her own possessions while attempting to save those of the Academy of which she was a curator.

On that fateful day, if any member of the Academy had philosophically remarked that it would "all turn out for the best," his outraged associates might well have called on Heaven to smite him with a falling brick. But after the lapse of thirty-five years it is evident that the institution has far exceeded any possibilities of expansion offered by the old Market Street location. Its collections today are many times as great as in 1906. Its three buildings in Golden Gate Park provide over two acres of floor space, and the plant is not yet half completed.

Building anew, quite literally with no skeletons in its closet, the Academy was able to open in 1916 the first large hall in any museum in the world to be devoted exclusively to modern habitat groups of birds and mammals. A few years later it was able, through the generous gift of Mr. Ignatz Steinhart, to open the first large public aquarium west of the Atlantic seaboard. Most recently, through the generosity of Mr. Leslie Simson, the Academy has opened the first unit of the Simson African Hall, with its unsurpassed habitat groups of African mammals. Another wing remains to be added to this hall. Already the specimens are on hand to make it the largest and most complete African exhibit in any American museum.

Closest, perhaps, to the hearts of Californians is Alice Eastwood's herbarium, which through her indefatigable effort has grown from 1,000 specimens she saved from the fire in 1906 to its present size of 275,000 specimens. Plans are under way at the present time for the proper housing of this monumental collection in a Hall of Botany which shall be worthy of the city of San Francisco and the state of California.

Thus the Academy carries on in the spirit of its founders, looking forward rather than back, and dwelling on its past only as an incentive for the future. A glorious yesterday is the challenge of tomorrow. Through its library, its museum, its aquarium, and its constantly expanding program of research and public education, the Acadmey strives to maintain its place, both literally and figuratively—first in the West.

FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY
LET US RECONTOUR YOUR FIGURE

Fashion demands a slim figure and healthy body. Let us recontour your figure with luxurious baths, stimulating massage and relaxation manipulations.

Too, our daily exercise classes are carefully planned to keep you fit and free from excess weight.

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Special: Complete one hour Swedish Massage, with Cabinet Bath, Hydro-Therapy and Infra-red included.

Here's Health...

Members:	Single Admission	.40
	Ten Swim Tickets	3.50
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Swim at the Club...

SUMMER ACCESSORIES

Picnic Baskets with compartments for holding two or three thermos bottles . . . Picnic Baskets (square type) from Mexico and other styles of baskets from China and from the Virgin Islands.

For the Garden . . . Kneeling Standards, garden baskets fitted with tools, colored Mexican cord for tying plants or for cut flowers . . . Hand-blocked smocks and aprons.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

Yachting

(Continued from page 16)

delight was but the forerunner of another that came to us by invitation of the Harry Allens for a sail on their yawl-rigged, 63-foot yacht, the Marilen, veteran of the Honolulu race. Like a fish to a fat bait, we leaped at it. And so it was one bright and breezy morning we found ourselves among those present when white sails were lifted and the rigging screeched as ropes were wound on the winches.

Out from her anchorages beneath the picturesque heights of Belvedere, sped the Marilen like a great white gull. Swiftly, silently she cut through the hissing waters into the main channel. The great sails tightened in the wind; and as the ship listed to their pull, spume came over the combing. The college boy crew sang and laughed as they bent to their tasks at rope and rigging.

Within us our heart sang "this is the life." We buried ourselves in rugs and cushions and gave ourselves up to bliss, compounded of rhythmic motion, swift flight between sky and sea, beauty of opalescent distances where dimly outlined cities nestled against towering hills, and nearer loveliness of grassy, oak-shrubbed shores.

And not the least of the joys of yachting is the magnificent appetite created by sea-air inhaled in intoxicating and unaccustomed gulps. Ravenously we devoured the hot baked beans, the steaming brown-bread, the fragrant coffee sent up from the snug ship's galley by hospitable Mrs. Allen. Not since childhood had food tasted so good.

For us there was an almost mystical delight in the vibrant blue haze over Paradise Cove where we anchored for lunch. And homeward bound as the Marilen sped fleetly on her white wings we dozed in an ecstasy of content.

Yachting — there's no sport like it — when ships are sturdy and sailormen are sure on San Francisco Bay.

Pan-American

(Continued from page 12)

not for that visitation known as the depression, which in 1929 descended upon our country, a larger part of the international highway might be open for travel now. As it is, progress has been retarded somewhat, but it should soon soar upward and onward. Many farmers in British Columbia will be able to enjoy more luxuries and feels as if they too were a part of our great continent instead of an isolated section. To a large extent, their aloofness has been caused by the want of markets which

At the Advertisers' Show

you saw our hand colored drapery fabrics and examples of our upholstery and fine cabinet work.

At Yerba Buena Club

in Cubicles 1 and 2, you have seen furnishings designed and made in our own workrooms.
Distinctive? Yes. Expensive? No.

You can afford to plan your furnishings with

RICKLEE 907 Post St. GRaystone 7050

Visit The Sea Captain's Chest

for

The small suitable gift to commemorate Mother's Day.

Also distinctive Commencement gifts. Colorful Mongolian Rings for daytime wear. . . . Broad hand-wrought silver bracelets with matching clips. Pikaki-shell chokers in rainbow hues.

The SEA CAPTAIN'S CHEST

PHONE GARFIELD 0850 451 POST STREET SAN FRANCISCO

THE OPINION OF ONE INVESTMENT HOUSE

We Believe . . .

There will be no major war-fare.
That isolated Germany is not in a position geographically, socially or economically to seek a war that would gain her nothing more than revolution.

We Believe . . .

In America, that she is returning to a sound middle-of-the-road course, that her future trend is towards conservatism, that her business conditions are far more favorable than appears on the surface.

We Believe . . .

That a hesitation period in an up-trend is always an accumulation point and that conservative investments may be purchased today at prices that will prove to have been bargains eventually, say a year from today.

(Reprinted from San Francisco Chronicle of April 12, 1939)

The Office of HAZEL ZIMMERMAN
908 RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO DOuglas 2232

"Quality is Economy"

"BLINDCRAFT"

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office

"Blindcroft" invites you to visit "Blindcroft" Rotton Cottage, roofed with brooms — Homes and Gorden Building, Treosure Islond.

RETAIL SHOP, 393 SUTTER ST.
Factory Salesroom and Office, 1097 Howard St.

Guide to Shops

Amberg Hirth

165 POST STREET FIFTH FLOOR

COME . . . . HERE ARE DISTINCTIVE GIFTS BY CALIFORNIA CRAFTSMEN, INTERPRETED IN TERMS OF PRESENT DAY LIVING . . . .

THE FINEST IN METALCRAFT

FIRE SETS — FIRE SCREENS
BOWLS — VASES — LAMPS
AND BOOK ENDS.

DIRK VAN ERP
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The smartest in fur creations, made to your order. . . . Or to be selected from a complete collection.

SCHNEIDER BROS.
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Mary Ralph SPORT CLOTHES EXCLUSIVELY

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DISTINCTIVE FURNITURE IN REED

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★ REFINISHING

★REEDART-RATTAN MFG. CO.
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exorbitant freight rates made inaccessible.

Not only will there be benefits for the other countries, but the United States will reap her share as well. At the time of the recent maritime strike, Alaska's trade with the United States was paralyzed. Through the medium of motor transit made possible by the highway, Alaska would not be solely dependent upon marine transportation. With the contemplation of a regular airline between Seattle and Alaska, extending perhaps to the Orient, establishment of airports would be facilitated by improved ground communications.

The desire to be in personal contact with neighboring countries stands out as one of the cardinal principles of our plan for peace among nations. One of the underlying principles of the original idea was to unite the American countries and bind them together by their common possession, democracy. The completion of this significant road will guarantee a friendly handclasp of the peace-loving peoples of both South and North America.

Santa Barbara Ranch and Mission Pilgrimages

■ First time in California; last two week-ends in May: May 20 and 27, the loveliest season of the year.

California hospitality is expressed in the Ranch and Mission Pilgrimages. They have been arranged so that visitors to the wonderful Golden Gate International Exposition can enjoy, as well as residents, the opportunity of seeing some of the unusual and splendidly developed ranches and ranch homes which have made Santa Barbara famous.

It is a rare privilege which has never before been offered the public.

A visit to the three historic Missions enriches the trip. Taken in conjunction with the Friday Garden Tours of beautiful estates in Montecito and Santa Barbara, a spring week-end program is suggested of the greatest possible variety and interest.

The Plans and Planting Branch of the Community Arts Association, Santa Barbara, is sponsoring the Ranch and Missions Pilgrimage. It has arranged the Garden Tours of Montecito, Santa Barbara and Hope Ranch since 1926. It is a member of California Garden Clubs, Inc. Representatives of many local organizations are assisting.

Pilgrimage Headquarters and Information centers: Santa Barbara, Recreation Center or Chamber of Commerce, open 8:30 to 5:00; Santa Maria, Santa Maria Inn; Buellton, Buellmore Hotel; Los Olivos Mattei's Tavern.

Make Someone Happy

. . . by sending flowers today instead of waiting for an "occasion." It's the unexpected floral gift that truly thrills!

Podesta-Baldocchi
"The Voice of a Thousand Gardens"
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SAN FRANCISCO

WHITE FRUIT CAKE

White Fruit Cake, made from a Pennsylvania family recipe. An unusual delicacy suitable for all seasons and occasions

2-lb. Cake $2.50
3-lb. Cake $3.75
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ROBERTA HOLLAND
p. o. Box 61, Yonkers, N. Y.
(Postage Prepaid in U.S.A.)

We teach you to make your own hand-stitched leather gloves or will make them to order.

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THE 4 FOUNDERS' REST CUBICLES IN THE YERBA BUENA CLUB WERE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY

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451 POST STREET, GARFIELD 0850

The smartest in Stick Reed or Rattan Furniture made to your order. . . . Or to be selected from a complete selection.

ART RATTAN WORKS
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MONTEZUMA
MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS
• • "THE SCHOOL BEAUTIFUL" • •

GRAMMAR SCHOOL ◆ HIGH SCHOOL
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Accredited to University of California, Stanford and Leading Eastern Colleges

◆ Illustrated Booklet Upon Request ◆

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For Mother's Day

See's CANDIES

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY
TRY A BOX

SHOPS IN SAN FRANCISCO

172 Geary — 1519 Polk
217 Powell — 5408 Geary
1018 Market — 2128 Chestnut
2534 Mission

Confidential . . . Accurate . . . Intelligent PUBLIC STENOGRAPHIC SERVICE. Mimeographing — plain or illustrated — that is outstandingly different. Direct Mail advertising. Individualized illustrated invitations, score cards, etc., for informal entertaining.

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. . . a country boarding school . . .
pre-school children exclusively

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kunze, Directors
Box 1026, Walnut Creek, California
Interviews by appointment.
City consultations arranged

Yerba Buena Island

(Continued from page 17)

pursue your researches beyond Rand McNally into any good Latin dictionary, you will find that there is another Goat Island in the Balearics, and still another snuggling close up to Corsica.

But "Goat Island" had to go, and perhaps Yerba Buena is more dignified in an age that estimates the dignities by names instead of traditions. We are not quarreling with modern trends—by no means—but those classic Romans found nothing objectionable in a goat, provided he behaved himself.

To be fair, the island that has just recently added a Fair to its attractions was quite officially "Yerba Buena Island" until 1895 when our United States Geographic Board switched its designation to the old familiar "Goat Island." The poor goat, having disappeared impropria persona, regained a very tenuous foothold.

Then, in 1931, the pundit-powers in Washington spoke again, making it Yerba Buena for keeps. Said one of the pundit-powers: "We are convinced that the people have made up their minds to use the old Spanish name." And so the isle is now Yerba Buena, perhaps forever.

Yet how can one tell? Many of us thought a few years ago that the blessed name of Laurel Hill, God's acre on the breast of Lone Mountain, would be perpetuated as long as this City of St. Francis endures. Today we cannot be so sure. Tradition is the luxury of us oldsters; the young, having thoughtless feet, trample upon our sacred lawns. Some day Yerba Buena Island, at the behest of newcomers, may be re-baptized Midbay Airport, or Bridge Tunnel Station. You never can be sure of the tomorrow.

If that ever happens, however, some historian who loves our Bay will probably delve into the older authorities to tell an astonished (and perhaps indifferent) generation of ancient surveys; of controversies between the city and county of San Francisco and the United States Government; of claims to the dear old island advanced by a Dowling and a Jennings; even of the earlier claims by a Spear and a Fuller who advertised their warning against poachers coveting their goats on Goat Island; of a great railroad fight that ended when a great mayor of San Francisco circumvented certain giants who wanted to gobble the island; of——

But this is not a history. All that has been said above was designed to awaken interest in our Hereabouts. We have so much of history, so much of colorful background, so much of (though we are self-conscious about the word) romance!

No matter about nouns and adjectives. Let us treasure Yerba Buena Island; also her new little baby, Treasure Island, for whom two great bridges acted as god parents.

San Francisco, you recall, was once called Yerba Buena. That sweet little isle out there on the bosom of our Bay bears the name now, and perpetuates it. St. Francis of Assisi captured our town. We wouldn't wonder if he is sort of friendly to the island that bears the name which his name supplanted here.

At any rate, the peninsula and the island are both fragrant with "the good herb."

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

We're excited . . . the new midsummer hats are ready. And so will you be, when you see them. Extreme hats and conservative ones . . . but all wearable. Ribbons in every kind of a trim, low or reaching to the sky, if need be, and flowers, the new fuchsia shades and veils put on in a new way. Your hats also skillfully remodeled.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET — DOuglas 8476

Gifts UNUSUAL FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Mother's Day
Graduation
June Bride

Gifts from the colorful shop of Madame Butterfly are distinctive and unusual. Too, the wide range of selective importations make gift shopping a pleasure.

Night Gowns and Slips all hand made of the finest silks. Bed Jackets of satin brocade or in hand-blocked silk. . . Pajamas in a wide range of colors and designs. . . . Mon-Rinzu hand-blocked kimonos in beautiful pastel shades . . . and Oh! so many lovely things really appropriate for Mother's Day, or Graduation or for the June Bride that we suggest you just look and see the many gift suggestions now on display at the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue—San Francisco

"I never tasted coffee like that before!"

That's what coffee lovers say when they first taste Caswell's

To insure your receiving this superlative coffee at its best, Caswell's is delivered direct to your home. This convenient personal service insures freshness—also enables you to select the exact steel-cut chaffless "grind" for your favorite method of brewing coffee.

A telephone call will bring a can of Caswell's to your door.

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

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642 Harrison Street
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GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

Western Union's Latest Stride — the Automatic Telegraph

■ The world's first public automatic telegraph, which it is predicted will open a new era in the telegraph industry, will soon be placed in actual operation at the Golden Gate International Exposition, was disclosed in a recent public announcement of M. T. Cook, general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, San Francisco.

The bulk of the telegraphing handled from Treasure Island to the main office in San Francisco, will be transmitted by the new machines, which will be located in the Western Union exhibit and at various points throughout the grounds. It is also planned to include a demonstration set within the exhibit so that visitors may witness both the manner in which telegrams are transmitted by the new system and how they are received in the main telegraph office. The actual date for the inauguration of automatic telegraphy from Treasure Island has not yet been announced but work on the mechanism is now being hurried to completion.

Mr. Cook states that the introduction of the automatic telegraph is an epoch-making advance in written communications which provides the easiest method ever known for the transmission of a telegram.

Even a child can send a telegram by this new method. Only two operations are required. First, it is necessary to push a button to open the message slot in the small telegraph cabinet. Next the message is dropped into the slot. That's all there is to it. Electricity does the rest; wraps the message around the cylinder and flashes it to the main office.

Complete instructions for the use of the device are contained in small panels which are successively illuminated as the machine operates. Several transmitting machines may be connected with the same line. If one of them is busy, a panel reading "Line Busy" is illuminated. Once the message is dropped into the machine, it is automatically transmitted and a third panel reading "Message being transmitted" is lit. When the telegram has been properly received in the main office another panel reading "Thank You" appears, and the original telegram is automatically "peeled" from the transmitting cylinder and deposited in a container at the bottom of the cabinet.

Senders of telegrams need only type their messages or write them in black ink or black pencil and drop them into the slot. An exact facsimile of the message is automatically received in the main telegraph office.

To make use of the new machine fool-proof, a telegram blank of a special shape has been provided which makes it impossible to insert a message the wrong way. The upper lefthand corner of the blank is cut off diagonally so that the machine will accept a telegram only when it is inserted face out.

The automatic telegraph is made possible by the patented carbon-bearing fibrous paper developed in the telegraph company's laboratories by R. J. Wise.

Telegrams to be transmitted by this method are mounted upon a cylinder which, revolving on a horizontal axis, rapidly passes under an electric "eye." As the characters comprising the message pass under the beam they reflect a greater or lesser amount of light. These graduations of light produce minute signals which are amplified billions of times in their telegraphic transmission to a machine at the other end of the line.

At the receiving end in the distant city there is a machine similar to the one at the sending end, except that in-

stead of an electric "eye" it is equipped with a tiny stylus which passes over the surface of the special receiving paper mounted on a revolving cylinder. The electrical impulses, or signals, coming over the telegraph line, are received on this stylus and, as the variations of the current pass through it, an immediate color change is produced upon that portion of the paper which is in contact with the stylus.

The received message requires no processing and is ready for delivery as soon as the message comes from the receiving machine. The whole recording process is unique, the dry paper changing color under the influence of an electric current alone without any other influence. The apparatus is capable of transmitting fifteen square inches of matter in one minute, believed to be the highest speed thus far attained in this method of telegraphy.

The simplicity of operation of the automatic telegraph provides a convenience which is regarded as one of the most progressive steps ever taken in the telegraph industry. It would not be surprising if it did not some day in the not too distant future, supersede present-day telegraph printers, just as they in their turn superseded the simple instrument of Morse.

The inauguration of automatic telegraphy at the Exposition marks the nineteenth anniversary of Western Union's interest in automatic telegraphy. In 1920 two Englishmen, H. G. Bartholomew and Captain M. D. McFarlane, sent the first pictures ever transmitted across the ocean, using Western Union cables. The pictures were taken at the International Yacht Races, and Sir Thomas Lipton was one of the subjects. Other pictures were transmitted in following years and regular picture transmission over Western Union cables between New York and London was established in 1925. A group of newspapers, headed by the New York Daily News, used this system. Its name, the Bartlane Process, was created by using a part of the name of each inventor, and it was patterned to coincide with the method of transmission used on the Western Union cable system.

In 1924 and 1925 Western Union cooperated with newspaper interests in the development of a facsimile system known as Telepix, for use between American cities. Slowness of service and lack of great interest on the part of the press or public resulted in discontinuance of Telepix after one year, though at one time some 8,000 miles of wire were used and twenty or more widely separated cities were linked in the service.

THE COW IN THE PARLOR

I tell you, the whole town's talking . . . !

● It's simply scandalous! Why, hundreds of women still think that all milk is pretty much alike.

But they learn differently when they compare the flavor of Bell-Brook with that of any other milk.

You see, Bell-Brook is only the best part of all the milk produced daily by 6000 of the state's finest cows.

And it's not just one kind of milk, but a combination of the choicest milk from selected Holstein, Guernsey, Jersey and Ayrshire cows that give Bell-Brook:

Finer Flavor — Better Color
Richer Cream — Smoother Consistency

BELL-BROOK DAIRIES, INC.
EIGHTH AND HOWARD STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone UNderbill 4242

GUARDED SO CAREFULLY
. . . TO INSURE ITS FAMOUS QUALITY
The same *extra goodness* wherever you buy it
Edy's GRAND ICE CREAM
Edy's Grand Ice Cream is served exclusively in the Dining Room and Cafeteria of the Women's City Club.

For a Gourmet's Appetite!
HARVEY'S FROZEN FRESH FOODS
Creamed Chicken . . . Swiss Steak . . .
Chicken Louisiana . . . Clam Chowder
. . . and Split Pea Soup.
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Table Linen, Napkins,
Glass and Dish Towels
furnished to
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Coats and Gowns
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1809 FILLMORE STREET
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Electrical Wiring, Fixtures and Repairs

Service from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

San Francisco Society Of Women Artists

■ From the latest bulletin of the Society, we quote:

"Continuing our listing of members actively represented by work at the Exposition: In the Court of Honor and facing the Tower of the Sun, is the Statue of St. Francis di Assisi, executed by Clara Huntington. Shown in the Decorative Arts Section of the Fine Arts Building are bookbinding by Octavia Holden; a block print by Rose Pauson; enamels by Helen Reynolds; weavings by Anna Hall; a hand-hooked rug by Ruby Adair; a painted plaster figurine, "The Sea Maiden," by Bernita Lundy. Paintings by Helen Forbes, Margaret Peterson and Florence Alston Swift are to be found in the American Section of the Fine Arts Building. Enamels by Molli Juin are on exhibition in the Palace of Elegance. At the Yerba Buena Club, in one of the private dining rooms, hangs a painting by Leah Rinne Hamilton. The Art Section of the California Building contains sculptures by Marian Brackenridge, Clara Huntington, Claire von Falkenstein and Adele C. Wayland; Oils by Anne Dodge Bailhache, Milvia Boak, Alice Chittenden, and Constance Macky; Water Colors by Anne Dodge Bailhache, Alexandra Bradshaw, Leah Rinne Hamilton, Doris Miller Johnson, Rosamond Stanley and Florence Ingalsbe Tufts; Pastels by Helen Salz; Prints by Anne Dodge Bailhache and Claire von Falkenstein. Eleanor Hesthal demonstrates the actual process of bookbinding in the atelier to be found in the Decorative Arts Section of the Fine Arts Building."

Ad. Show

(Continued from page 11)

its official Magazine could its members be reached. This policy had been proven a wise one, for it protected the membership from direct appeals which might have annoyed many. It helped to sell the Magazine but it did not defeat the objection and the Magazine still suffered from the fact that it was classed outside the lavored circle. Then it was that necessity became the proverbial "mother of invention." The Women's City Club of San Francisco succeeded in doing something which immediately stamped it as "different," and put it into a class all its own. It decided to open its Clubhouse to its own particular advertisers once each year, inviting them to bring their wares for display and promising them first-hand contacts and the personal interest of all who would be allowed to see the exhibits. To this Show the Board of Directors then invited the members, telling them the necessity of acceptance of the invitation and impressing upon them their obligation to the advertisers who made possible for them the monthly Magazine. No promotional activity of such magnitude had been undertaken before, and the first show was by way of an experiment. But not for long. The buying power of the group was soon evidenced and the advertisers themselves, who met for the first time face to face their audience of the written page, recognized beyond question of a doubt the fact that a preferential assembling of live thousand women was monthly responding to the Women's City Club Magazine advertising columns.

The idea which was an experiment five years ago is today an established custom. The Fifth Show is labeled the "best ever" as it passes down in the history of the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

■ On Tuesday, May 2nd, the Latham Foundation will open its annual display of International Contest Posters. These posters represent the prize winners, and others selected from over five thousand entries in the yearly contest. The purpose of the contest is to develop interest in humane education and international good will.

The interest in the contest was unusually good this year and posters were received from many schools and localities that had never sent in posters before.

In addition to a fine representation from Canada, posters were also received from Hawaii, China, Java, and other countries.

The posters received from the San Francisco schools will be shown in an individual grouping and are unusually high in standard.

In connection with the poster display, an interesting program will be given on Friday, May 5th, at 2 p. m. The pupils of the Frank McCoppin School will present an original play, and the music will be furnished by the Girls' High School orchestra.

One of the special features of the program will be the awarding of medals by the Foundation to hero animals which have distinguished themselves for bravery in the past year.

The program is open to the public. The posters will remain on display from May 2nd until May 7th inclusive.

Members of the Women's City Club and their friends are cordially invited to see this attractive exhibit.

(Continued from page 13)

ignorance regarding types on the part of otherwise well informed readers that I would like to bring out briefly one or two simple facts.

First, that every letter we know so well once existed or was suggested by a picture which at first constituted the only means of communication and these pictures gradually developed by modification and addition through some eight or ten centuries before Christ down to their present familiar forms. Since thought and reading have now become almost automatic it is easy to forget that there is back of each of the 26 letters of the alphabet a whole volume of human history.

Second, that every letter shown today had to be drawn by an artist with a knowledge of its development through the ages before it became a type. It is to this sort of work that I have devoted some two score years of my life. I have attempted to give to the English speaking world type forms that will bring to the reader some reminder of their origin, of the beauty and freshness of the necessity that inspired them, and as well, some message of the relation of art to practical life. All this in view of the somewhat general belief that types, like Topsy, "just growed," or indeed sprung full-grown from the brow of Jove.

Without wishing to be thought egotistic, may I speak more specifically of my own aims? My craft is a simple one. For nearly forty years I have endeavored constantly to create a greater and more general esteem for printing and typography, to give to printers and through them to readers of print, more legible and more beautiful types. Few readers realize that the present forms of letters are fixed in their essential forms by long use; yet too frequently much of the typography of today attempts to avoid plain, simple, and legible types in the desire to produce a bizarre effect but by the use of forms not based on good tradition, print is an utilitarian art. Yet even utilitarianism may display distinction and beauty in its type forms. To meet the demands of utility and preserve an esthetic standard is the problem I set myself years ago, and now at 74, with over 108 different type designs to my credit, I am proud to say that I have never consciously permitted myself to utilize the message or the print presenting it to serve as a mere framework or scaffolding upon which to exploit my own skill, nor ever to allow my craft to become an end in itself instead of a means only to a desirable and useful end.

And now a word regarding an event which I consider constitutes the greatest single force in the annals of mankind — the invention of Typograhy, an event which is to be celebrated next year by the entire reading world. Johann Gutenberg, a native of Mayence, Germany, began probably in 1440, those experiments which resulted in the printing of today; he no doubt was the first to apply the principle of casting separate letters in metal. I like to think that his chance thought straying through an idle reverie, a dream most golden, brought into being the profound art of typography.

The first impress of his cold implacable types brought the Divine Word to countless thousands, and in 1940 we again are to honor this great craftsman.

During the past year I completed a new type for the exclusive use of the University of California Press. The University wishing to contribute something toward the Gutenberg celebration has asked me if I would like the first use of my new type for it, to be a book planned by me, describing my methods of making type, the philosophy developed by me from my work in type design and typography, and to include also in the book the story of the making of this particular type together with a brief note of the birth of typography. This request from a great University, the first as far as I know to have its own type face, to a man without collegiate or University training I can only regard as a very great honor and a tribute.

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine an opportunity of so much distinction might ever come to me.

I am proud too, that during my lifetime some of my types have received the acclaim never accorded the great types of the designers of the past during their lifetimes.

Lobelia

What glad thought has God given you
That you should trail such beauty through my garden?
In my heart each bloom is a precious farden
No mortal claims.

Where did you find your startle of color?
Is it a meditation on the blue above,
Or a joyous chant, an outpouring of love
To the Creator?

I would that my colors ran as true,
An outpouring, steadfast, of my being,
Uplifted to the Father's eye, all-seeing,
In gratitude.

—Florence R. Keene.

The New Electric Refrigerator Is Better Than Ever

The new 1939 Electric Refrigerator is one of the finest mechanisms offered for the convenience of American homes. Even if you have a refrigerator now—it will pay you to examine this new model. You will find many important changes. If you are a prospective buyer of your first electric refrigerator, you can rest assured that your purchase will represent the acme of achievement in mechanical refrigeration.

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THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWS

A Scripps-Howard Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

JUNE
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15c PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
JUNE. . . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

JUNE, 1939

1—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Musical Program. Miss Margaret Ritter, Mezzo Soprano; Mr. John Notley Nicholls, Baritone; Miss Elsie Campbell at the piano.		
2—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
5—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	D. R. Annex	6:00 p.m.
7—**"Through Europe with a Motion Picture Camera"**	Auditorium	Following dinner hour
Presented by Mrs. Edgar Alexander—members and guests invited.		
Italian Round Table—Signorina Louise Gasperetti presiding	Main D. R.	6:00 p.m.
8—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	2:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Account of the Templeton Crocker and William Beebe Expedition to Central America, Dr. Eric Liljencranz. Illustrated lecture.		
9—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
12—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Rosa del Pino presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
14—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review:	Natl. Def. Rm.	6:15 p.m.
"The Perplexed Heart" by Angela du Maurier		
"April Was When It Began" by Barry Benefield		
Dinner $1.00 a plate		
15—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 pm.
An evening with Thomas and Jane Carlyle. Addresses on the book, "Speaking Dust" by Mrs. E. Thornton Cook, author, and Mr. Andrew Caldow, reviewer.		
16—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
19—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	D. R. Annex	6:00 p.m.
21—**Italian Round Table**—Signorina Louise Gasperetti presiding	Main D. R.	6:00 p.m.
22—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Musical Program arranged by Mrs. Pearl Cooper, pianist.		
23—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
26—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Rosa del Pino presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
28—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
29—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 pm.
"Episodes in the Prehistory of California"—Dr. Chester Stock, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena. Illustrated lecture.		
30—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.

JULY, 1939

3—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack Kunstorff presiding	D. R. Annex	6:00 p.m.
5—**Italian Round Table**—Signorina Louise Gasperetti presiding	Main D. R.	6:15 p.m.
6—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
7—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII June, 1939 Number 5

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Berlin, Germany; American Women's Club; No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia; Brisbane Women's Club; National Mutual Bldgs., Queen St.
Buenos Aires; American Women's Club; San Martin 967.
Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark; c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodroffsvej 2-A.
Dunedin, New Zealand; Otago Women's Club; Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland; The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland; The Lady Artists' Club; No. 5 Blytheswood Square
The Hague, Holland; Amer. Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.
Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club, c/o American Consulate.
London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.
London, England; The Pioneer Club; 12 Cavendish Sq., W. 1.
London, England; The Halcyon Club; 13-14 Cork Street.
Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.
Mexico City, D. F.; Internacional De Myjeres; Calle Humboldt No. 47.
Montreal, Canada; The Themis Club; 1336 Sherbrook St., W.
Nelson, New Zealand; Nelson Women's Club.
Rome, Italy; Anglo-American Club, Via Piemonte 127.
Shanghai, China; The American Women's Club; 577 Bubbling Well Road.
Stockholm, Sweden; The American Women's Club; Floragatan 17.
Sydney, Australia; Women's Club; 77 King St.
Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.
Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club; Lambton Quay, Wellington.
Zurich, Switzerland; The American Women's Club; 65 Laverterstrasse. (Hotel Baur-au-Lac.)

CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES

Akron, Ohio; Women's City Club; 30 South High St.
Boston, Massachusetts; Women's City Club; 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club, 72 E. 11th St.
Chicago, Illinois; Women's City Club; 410 S. Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; Bulkey Bldg., Euclid Ave.
Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Michigan; Women's City Club; 254 E. Fulton St.
Indianapolis, Indiana; Indianapolis Propylaeum; 1410 North Delaware St.
Kansas City, Mo.; Women's City Club; 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb.; Women's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas; Little Rock Women's City Club.
Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; 756 North Milwaukee St.
New York City, N. Y.; Women's City Club, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center, 20 W. 51st St.
New York City, N. Y.; American Women's Assn.; 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.
Philadelphia, Pa.; Women's City Club; 1622 Locust Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Women's City Club; William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I.; Providence Plantations Club; 77 Franklin St.
St. Paul, Minn.; Women's City Club; 345 Minnesota Street.
Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 736 Jackson Place.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ LECTURE BY MRS EDGAR ALEXANDER: On Wednesday evening, June 7th, Mrs. Alexander who has recently returned from a European tour will give an interesting talk on the various countries which she visited. An accompanying group of motion pictures will illustrate her lecture. The program will be held after the dinner hour in the Auditorium. Members and guests are invited.

■ DUES: There are still a number of members who have not yet responded to our last letter reminding them that their dues remain unpaid. We would greatly appreciate their letting us hear from them immediately.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: The request for more lectures by Dr. Paul Cadman continues to be received by us. We hope to be able to announce a new course directly following vacation days.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: If those members who are not now in Volunteer Service could have attended the tea on May 15th, given in honor of our Volunteers, we are sure many would have been inspired by the fine spirit of loyalty and interest which was so apparent. There is always room for more Volunteers, as greater and greater demands for service are made upon us. Signature cards may be had upon request at the Executive Office.

■ SPANISH: We are happy to announce that Miss Rosa del Pino will conduct Spanish classes and Round Tables in the clubhouse. Two luncheon round tables will be held each month on the second and fourth Mondays. June 12th being the opening date. Senorita del Pino will conduct classes for beginners as well as advanced students at hours convenient to the group. Appointments may be made through Executive Office—twelve lessons $6.00 members and $7.50 non-members.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: New arrivals from the Netherlands Indies: From Bali — Handwrought rings of native silver, beautifully designed. Some of the rings have colored settings; others are set with highly polished stone, similating pearls. From Java — Antique batiks in lovely soft colorings and interesting designs. Prices reasonable.

■ SWIMMING POOL: With the vacation season not far off, may we remind those who are interested in learning to swim before they start on summer outings to arrange for lessons at the earliest opportunity so as not to be disappointed at the last moment to find us all booked up with no available time left.

The Pool is open every morning for lessons except Friday, from 10:30 to 12:30 and every afternoon from 2:30 to 6:30. The time between 2:30 and 4:30 p. m. is best suited for school children.

■ GUEST CARDS: Our special Exposition Year Guest Card is a most thoughtful way to let your out-of-town friends know that you are thinking of them. Upon payment of $1.00 an unlimited number of cards may be issued for Exposition Year thereby giving pleasure to friends and insuring use of the clubhouse.

■ HELP EARN YOUR CLUBHOUSE: One meal, one "hair-do," one gift, one swim, purchased by each member each month would certainly keep all of our departments "humming." Why not resolve to do all or part of this regularly?

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French, German, Italian and Spanish held regularly in the Clubhouse. See Calendar for dates.

■ FLOWERS: The response to our request for flowers and greens from members' gardens has been most gratifying and we wish to express our thanks to those who have thought of us. May we add there is always room for more.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has arranged an exceptionally fine group of programs for this month and we know you will agree that each is outstanding in itself. A musical program has been planned for June 1st with Miss Margaret Ritter, mezzo soprano; Mr. John Notley Nichols, baritone; and Miss Elsie Campbell at the piano. On June 8th an account of the Templeton Crocker and William Beebe Expedition to Central America will be presented in an illustrated lecture by Dr. Eric Liljencranz. On June 15th, members may spend an evening with Thomas and Jane Carlyle as they listen to an account of their lives as written in the book, "Speaking Dust," to be given by Mrs. E. Thornton Cook, Author, and Mr. Andrew Caldow, Reviewer. On June 22nd, a musical program has been arranged by Mrs. Pearl Cooper, pianist, and on June 29th, Dr. Chester Stock from the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena will give an illustrated lecture on "Episodes in the Prehistory of California."

The Thursday Evening Programs will not be held during July. August 3rd will mark the opening date.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Expert operators, up-to-the-minute equipment, exclusive cosmetics — your own Beauty Salon invites your trial as you prepare for vacation. Mr. Duchene, stylist, will consult you as to a new mode of dressing your hair, while Mrs. Grabow, Miss Thomas and Miss Victoria will satisfy your smallest whim of beauty service. A new line of cosmetics will entice you with its excellence. These creams and lotions are expertly used in all our facials.

■ BEDROOMS: One of our busiest departments. Members are again reminded — make reservations well in advance.

■ GLOVE MAKING CLASSES will continue each week during June on Tuesdays at 2:00 p. m. and on Thursday at 2:00 p. m. and 7:00 p. m. Instructions $2.00—material extra. Glove-making can be learned in three lessons and is ideal handiwork for vacation days.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: So many notes of appreciation have been sent to this department by visiting house-guests that we realize that most of us take our consistently fine cusine rather too much for granted. Comparing quality and price occasionally with other menus will make us all the more appreciative.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: In French, Spanish and Italian will continue through June. Mlle. Marie Lemaire, French Instructor; Mme. Rose Olivier, French Conversational Instructor; Signorina Louise Gasperetti, Italian Instructor; Senorita Angela Montiel and Senorita Rose del Pino, Spanish Instructors. After vacation period German Classes will be conducted by Fraulein Martha Haack Kunstorff. Appointments for all classes may be made at Executive Office.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: In that sparkling book, "Champagne Days of San Francisco," Evelyn Wells makes many of her fascinated readers gasp with the joy of remembrance when she speaks of "Trilby," because their memories go back to the Eighteen Nineties, and recall that George du Maurier was the famous artist on the staff of Punch, who became a novelist, and not only wrote that "astonishingly wonderful" novel "Trilby," but drew the illustrations with his own pen! The granddaughters of George du Maurier are following in their grandfather's footsteps and are rapidly making names for themselves, both as artists and novelists. Only a few months ago Daphne du Maurier kept readers breathless with her "Rebecca." This month is published her younger sister, Angela's first novel, "The Perplexed Heart." A third sister, Jeanne, is the artist who designed the jacket for this compellingly beautiful first novel. Another heartwarming novel of last season was "Valiant is the Word for Carrie," by Barry Benefield. This season, Mr. Benefield entertains with a delightful novel, "April was When it Began." Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will begin the summer season with a review of these two engaging novels of lighter vein, at the Book Review Dinner on the second Wednesday evening, June 14th at 6:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

On former occasions Mr. Stearn has generously given of his talent to our Magazine. Again we are privileged to reproduce one of his latest etchings — The Court of the Seven Seas.

Editorial

■ We extend to our President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, our sincere and affectionate sympathy as word comes to us of the death of her father, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe. Mr. Donohoe passed away, May 18th, at the family home in Menlo Park.

■ The American Room was the scene of a gay party on May fifteenth when the volunteers of the National League for Woman's Service were guests of honor at a tea given by the Board of Directors.

In this whirling busy world of today it is well to stop occasionally and appraise the value of this thing we call service. To honor it and to honor those who, believing in it, dedicate some part of their lives to it should be our pleasure.

The phrase "volunteer service" is a popular one just now when the Exposition at our doors is demanding the time of many, but the story of volunteer effort is an old and valued one in our organization, and not one just discovered. The continuity of its service since its beginning in 1917 has never been disturbed. The persistent effort to keep it alive has had its reward by generous recognition in the community. It is most carefully guarded so that it may not be abused or placed where it is unnecessary. The direction of its program and the formation of the policies which govern it are in the hands of the Board of Directors. Accomplishment is in the hands of the volunteers. Together at tea, these two—Board of Directors and Volunteers—met, and the feeling of unity and the congeniality everywhere present was evidence of the secret of the continued success of this unique organization, The National League for Woman's Service of California. It was right, and a very happy thought that the guests-of-honor at this time in our history should be our very own volunteers.

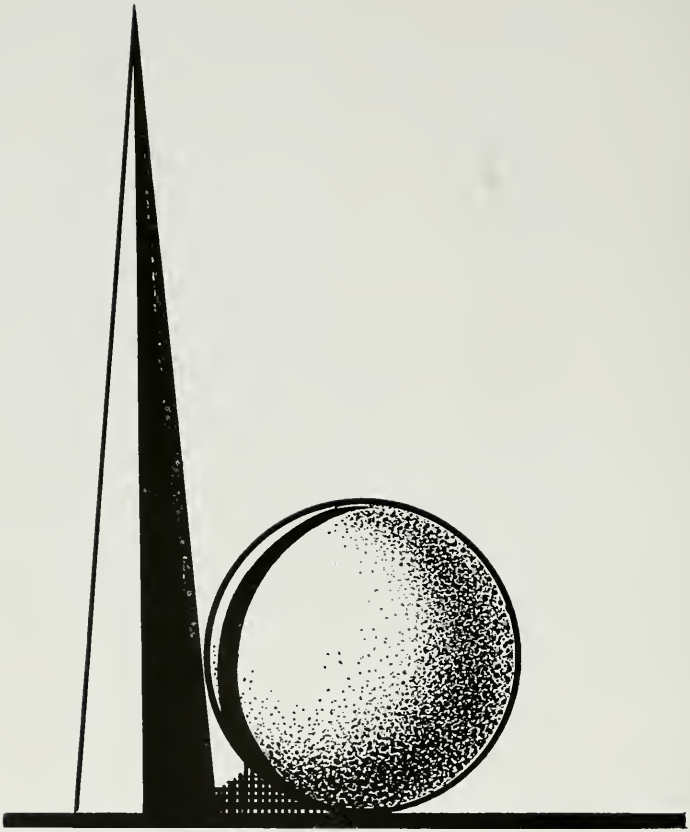
■ A year ago the Magazine initiated a "Board of Directors' Number." Miss Donohoe asked that her Board contribute personally, or be responsible for, one story for the Magazine. The success of the idea was unquestioned and warrants repetition. For this, the June number, the Board of Directors have again supplied material.

Miss Allen writes of her experiences at Christmas last year in Honolulu; Mrs. Bjornstrom describes Muir Woods where our guests for the Exposition can see the Redwoods which Californians love so well; Mrs. Darling brings helpful hints for the flower-corners in our homes; Mrs. Eyre Reviews for us "The Art of Treasure Island," by Eugen Neuhaus; Mrs. Koshland and Mrs. Powell take us back-stage in Symphony and Opera in San Francisco; Miss Mosgrove introduces us to the Recreation Building at Treasure Island; Dr. Owen writes from the train as she speeds to the Medical Conference; Miss Phillips enthuses us to sit down immediately and delight ourselves with the companionship of famous diaries; Mrs. Shoup brings us a short, short story of foreign travel—all these written personally for us. Two other members, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Walters, do not themselves write but substitute stories of friends, and so we have Carroll Harris, Jr.'s "Capsule" and "Betty's" lively days at the New York Fair. Altogether the Board of Directors have provided a June issue which has the distinction of being "our very own."

Another page is a unique feature. One of our Advertisers, the Western Union, has made possible the telegram on Page ?, and one of our members, Mrs. Edward H. Clark, has given us a charming outline of the two Expostions. The magazine wired Mrs. Clark asking that she telegraph a night letter to us as the last word from the New York Exposition and the reproduction of this telegram brings our news up-to-the-minute. No one can deny that the Women's City Club Magazine is awake.

■ When you absent yourself from your clubhouse and flee for a quiet vacation, remember that you behind you those who must busily carry on in your leave behind you those who must busily carry on in your name the hospitality of your clubhouse. This exposition Year is bringing many guests to its doors and it should "look its best." Flowers help the picture as we who have watched our President's thoughtful example can testify.

When you leave your garden for the summer, ask your gardener to pick blossoms for the Club.



The Women's City Club Magazine is fortunate in that it can count upon immediate response of the membership of the Club whenever a new idea is projected The reproduction which appears on the opposite page is evidence of such cooperation. Mrs. Edward H. Clark, one of our members, at our request sent this telegram with her own personal impression of opening days at the New York Exposition.

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

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THE WOMENS CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO—
465 POST ST SFRAN—

TO THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO: GREETINGS FROM MEMBERS NOW ON THE SHORES OF THE ATLANTIC.

IN ORDINARY TIMES, THE TWO CITIES GUARDING THE PORTS OF OUR EAST AND WEST OCEANS HOLD UNUSUAL INTEREST FOR TRAVELERS, BE THEY OUR OWN INLANDERS OR ALIENS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES. BUT THIS SUMMER, IN FRIENDLY RIVALRY, BOTH CITIES HAVE GILDED THE LILY OF THEIR CHARMS BY BUILDING MARVELOUS EXPOSITIONS.

ALL WHO HAVE VISITED THE FAIR ON TREASURE ISLAND AND HAVE OBSERVED ITS BEAUTY OF ARCHITECTURE, COMBING THE GLORIES OF THE SEVEN SEAS, AND HAVE ENJOYED THE SILVERY OLIVES AND THE MYRIADS OF COLORFUL FLOWERS BY WHICH IT IS SURROUNDED, WILL BE EAGER TO SEE AND COMPARE WITH IT THE FAIR IN FLUSHING MEADOWS.

THE TRYLON AND PERISPHERE, WHICH FORM THE THEME CENTER OF THE NEW YORK FAIR, ARE FAR MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN PHOTOGRAPHS INDICATE. STANDING UNDER THEIR SHADOW, A VISITOR MAY LOOK ALONG BROAD CONSTITUTION MALL, WITH ITS HEROIC STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE NEAR DISTANCE, TO THE LAGOON OF NATIONS, AROUND WHICH CLUSTER THE EXHIBITS OF FOREIGN NATIONS. OTHER AVENUES BRANCH FROM THE THEME CENTER LIKE THE SPOKES OF A WHEEL, HERE AND THERE INTERSECTED BY STREETS AND ROADS LINED BY THE EXHIBITS OF OUR OWN NATION'S ARTS AND INDUSTRIES.

THE ARCHITECTURE IN GENERAL IS MODERN, WITH COLOR LIBERALLY USED. AGAINST THE BRILLIANT BLUE WALL OF ONE BUILDING, TWENTY FOUNTAINS PLAY, THE SPARKLING SPRAY RENDERING THE BLUE MORE PLEASING TO THE EYE. ELSEWHERE, A THIN CASCADE FALLING OVER A SIMILAR STRONG COLOR SOFTENS IT AND ADDS TO ITS BEAUTY. MANY BUILDINGS HAVE STRIKING MURALS ON THE OUTSIDE, PROOF AGAINST RAIN AND WEATHER.

THE VARIOUS MOTOR EXHIBITS AND THE RAILWAY EXHIBIT, WITH ITS DAILY PAGEANT PICTURING THE HISTORY OF TRANSPORTATION, FILL ONE WITH WONDER. AN OIL DERRICK IS IN OPERATION. THE TELEGRAPH, TELEPHONE, AND RADIO COMPANIES ARE SPLENDIDLY REPRESENTED, AS ARE THE FOOD INDUSTRIES. BILLY ROSE'S MARINE AMPHITHEATRE, SEATING 10,000 PERSONS, IS THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THE PLAY CENTER. FOR THE SERIOUS-MINDED, THERE ARE THE CENTERS FOR SCIENCE, FOR EDUCATION, AND THE LIKE.

JUST AT THIS MOMENT, MILLIONS OFTULIPS, A GIFT FROM HOLLAND, WEAVE A TAPESTRY OF RADIANT COLOR IN AND ABOUT ALL THE BUILDINGS, UP AND DOWN EVERY ROAD AND STREET. THEY MAKE A GLORIOUS SETTING FOR WHAT IS REALLY A BEAUTIFUL FAIR.—

EVA TURNER CLARK.

10,000.

Not to Be Opened

by Carroll Harris, Jr.

■ What a surprise some seventieth century human will receive when he stumbles over an odd looking streamlined seven and half foot metal capsule with queer inscriptions on the side. How will he know that it is the time capsule interred for posterity by the ancients 5,000 years previous . . . way back in 1939?

Of course if things happen as they are planned he will not stumble over it accidentally. Instead the discovery will be the climax to a very scientifically planned treasure hunt with a sixty-four page book of clues, as guide. Let us assume that the English language has become extinct making this book just so much pig-latin to our man of the future. Then all he need do is explore the book carefully and he will find a key to the English language ready to make the book understandable.

When this man of the future finally conquers our language, his next task will be to locate the time capsule. That problem will be solved when he reads his "guide book" and finds out that it is at a spot described as:

Latitude 40° 44' 34" .089 north of the equator;

Longitude 73° 50' 43" .842 west of Greenwich.

These measurements would be accurate enough to find a hidden golf ball.

If, in the 5,000 years from now to then, the method of determining locations by latitude and longitude is lost there is a chapter in "the book of clues" on the determination of latitude and longitude.

Then all Mr. Future Man need do is locate the spot, dig down about fifty feet and there is the treasure . . . providing an earthquake has not moved it, the earth's poles have not changed and someone has not already dug it up.

If by chance the time capsule should not be there then the future man must construct a detector of metallic substances as is described in his "guide book." If, after he has made his detector he still cannot locate the capsule then he will probably put an account of the incident in his diary:

In the year 6939 A. D.

Dear Diary,

—was led on wild goose chase by bunch of 20th century pranksters—.

But, if he finds the time capsule then he will rejoice —and he will have good reason to, for, within this capsule will lie actual specimens depicting the progress of a past generation — a section of time sliced off and set aside by thoughtful scientists fifty centuries before so that the people of the future may know how we lived and possibly profit by that knowledge.

Upon opening the time capsule the future man may find objects familiar to him as things used in his time. Or, he may find things which he will recognize as having become obsolete in the wake of progress. And, again they may be inventions or ideas which have become lost arts and their re-introduction into use would be a definite benefit to humanity.

When the future man inspects the contents of the capsule carefully he will find only two actual books —the Holy Bible and another copy of his "guide book." The rest of the reading will be on microfilm to be projected as are our movies of the present day. In this way the equivalent to over seventy books has been photographed page by page and put on four small reels of film.

If the future man wonders how we lived he will find a collection of articles used in our everyday life. He will find a razor, maybe like the one he uses himself. Or, maybe he has no beard.

Investigating further among the many specimens enclosed he will also find a pair of glasses, a camera, an electric light, and last of all an unimportant yet possibly interesting object—a woman's hat!

If he wishes to see and hear us in action there have been enclosed two more reels of microfilm of typical scenes of our day.

To the man of the future—what a priceless treasure this time capsule. What more could he ask of us who are giving him a segment of the past?

. . . if we could only see the future.

* * * *

The time capsule of cupaloy, a special corrosion resistant alloy of copper, was buried on the grounds of the New York World's Fair on September 23, 1938 by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company. Within the outer shell of cupaloy lies an inner crypt of pyrex glass embedded in a petroleum wax. After the capsule was filled it was exhausted of air and filled with nitrogen gas as a preservative.

A Taste for Diaries

by Esther Phillips

■ When I was a Sophomore in college, I tried to read the most famous diary in English literature. A half-hour was enough. Ten years later the diary that bored me in my 'teens completely captivated me. My experience is probably a common one, for a liking for diaries is a taste usually acquired in maturity. Most diaries have interest only to the writer and to his immediate relatives. To interest the general public, a diary should have special characteristics. It should be well-written. It must be sincere. The writer should be observant of details, and he should have written his diary at a time, or in a place, or under such circumstances that his day-to-day happenings are of interest to those who have no personal relationship with him. There are many diaries which have all these requisites and more. I shall tell you of some of my favorites.

The diary of Samuel Pepys is easily the greatest of all diaries, and is probably known to all of you. But do you know the diary of John Evelyn? He was a gentleman of good education, moderate wealth, and excellent family connections who began to keep a diary in 1641 and continued it up to his death in 1705 at the age of eighty-six. Most of the distinguished people in London during this era will be found in the pages of his diary. As Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn were both living in London during the reign of Charles II, both describe many of the same events and people. Pepys was more vivid, more naive, more picturesque, and (quite unconsciously) full of humor. Evelyn was the finer man, had a better education, broader interests, and deeper feelings. He was more widely traveled; moreover, his diary covers a much longer period. Would you like to know what a seventeenth century father thought of a gifted daughter who died of small pox at eighteen years of age? John Evelyn can make you weep for a girl who died two hundred and fifty years ago.

The great scientist, Charles Darwin, lived on an English survey ship for five years. H.M.S. "Beagle" went to South America to chart harbors, channels, rivers, coasts and the like. Just out of college, Darwin went as "naturalist." He kept a day-to-day journal which makes the South America of the eighteen-forties come to life before your very eyes. With it all, he was a singularly generous, open-minded, kindly young fellow. It's a pleasure to meet him. You members who lived in San Francisco in 1906 may enjoy reading his description of one of the greatest of South American earthquakes.

Sir Walter Scott is a favorite of mine, and I am prejudiced in favor of the diary he kept the latter portion of his life. Until I read his diary, I did not realize that Sir Walter was a lawyer by training and held a legal job most of his life. Writing was his avocation. When at the zenith of his fame, Sir Walter thoroughly enjoyed going to London with his daughter for the season. Statesmen, judges, barristers, publishers, writers, artists, sculptors, the great of England, delighted to honor him and entertain him. He remained a Scotch lawyer at heart. I note with amusement the frequent comment in his diary, "I like barristers the best. They're better company—more versatile."

Two excellent diaries by American Presidents have been edited by the distinguished historian, Allan Nevins, and published during the last decade. John Quincy Adams began his diary in 1785, and closed it in 1846. Before becoming our sixth President, he was our Minister to Holland, to Great Britain and to Russia. He was one of the American Commissioners who helped to conclude the Treaty of Ghent, which closed the War of 1812. He was Secretary of State for President Monroe. He is the only President who served in Congress after leaving the Presidency. When his townspeople timidly asked him if it would degrade an ex-President to represent them in the House, his answer was that an ex-President would not be degraded by serving as selectman of his town. Adams never received an honor which gratified him half so much, not even his election as President. He served eighteen years in the House of Representatives with great distinction. Most of the great Americans of his day knew and respected Adams and disliked him as a cold and forbidding Puritan. Poor man. He knew the faults that repelled others and describes them in his diary. He wrote quite good verse. He was an excellent swimmer and enjoyed daily swims in the Potomac. Did you know that Henry Clay was passionately fond of cards and an inveterate gambler? Adams' entries in his diary at Ghent won't let you forget Clay's proclivities.

James Polk began his diary in August, 1845, soon after he became President and closed it in April, 1849, a month after leaving the (Continued on page 21

Vacationing in Hawaii

by Catherine Allen

■ We are in sight of land after five days at sea. I purposely begin this way because I am definitely a landlubber—having been brought up to pray so often "for those in peril on the sea," being a sailor's daughter. Sad to relate, those perils are still with me aboard ship and only the sight of land can dispel them.

As our steamer rounds Diamond Head and we enter Honolulu Harbor what a beautiful picture meets the eye—blue water—foamy breakers—white sand—the various shades of green of the shrubs and trees on the hillside and on to the red-brown of the volcanic mountain range that surrounds the city. Certainly it is all a symphony of color.

We draw near to the dock and the perfume of the flower leis wafts out to meet us, and we hear the strains of the Hawaiian band as it welcomes us with native music and song—a royal welcome indeed. As we saunter down the gangplank, we realize that this is a land made for rest, romance and recreation. My last visit was in the horse-and-buggy days and I see many changes. Honolulu has grown from town to metropolis—country roads have become boulevards with traffic signals—Waikiki is a thriving suburb (it was once the favored residence of Hawaiian royalty, where kings and chiefs had their grass houses.) Gone are the little grass shacks. Modern hotels have taken their place. However, nature has not changed its style, and it is a joy to wander through the tropical gardens shaded by coconut palms and see the many varieties of plant life—exquisite in color. Hibiscus—the Territorial flower of Hawaii (it lives only a day when picked whether placed in water or not)—the state wood and green ti plants, the leaves of which are used to make the hula skirt, to cook fish in, and as a substitute for wrapping paper. The crotons grow in luxuriant splendor and the red bouganvillia climbs all over the arbors. It makes it very hard to believe that it is December with such profusion of flowers around us. The lei-makers take the place of our own lovely flower stands on the street corners.

As everybody is busy with Christmas shopping for it is the month of December, we fly over to Hawaii—the largest island. It is an interesting trip as we pass so many of the other islands. One takes in a great deal in a bird's-eye-view and we see what nature has done and can do. Some are so volcanic and barren—others look like a patchwork quilt of the pineapple design, as the chief industry is growing pineapples. We fly by the side of Haleakala — the world's largest crater. It is said that the city of Chicago could be placed inside it. Over Molokai we looked down on the leper colony and a great sadness came over us as we thought of those poor souls.

In Hawaii one sees more of the native life, and as we flew along the coast line we could see the native villages, the plunging waterfalls, the green, green mountains and the rugged coast. It was an unforgettable panorama. It takes only two hours to make the trip from Honolulu in comparison to hours of misery on a little boat. Hilo is a busy town, next in size to Honolulu. We drove around the outskirts of the town—saw the famous Rainbow Falls—the pretty gardens and beautiful park. Wild ginger grows profusely and the blossoms are gathered in great quantities to make the leis. Here I tasted my first guava. This bush is considered a pest, as it grows dense and fast and has to be constantly cleared out. I prefer my guava made into jelly. What a contrast to go from tropical verdure to desolation around the volcano where everything is bleak and barren and where one drives for many miles over lava flows. Hundreds of acres of fine land have been rendered useless because of these eruptions.

At Punalau we stopped for a few minutes to see the sparkling black sand beach—as black as coal dust—just another freak of nature. We saw barking sands, too. When walked on or rubbed, they emit a peculiar sound like a dog's bark (but this is rather far-fetched). Kona Inn at Kailua is a charming resort built in a long, rambling style, one room deep, facing the ocean on one side and the mountains on the other, giving perfect ventilation. Being built over a lava bed, every ounce of soil for the garden had to be carried in, and it is wonderful to see such an extensive lawn and large trees growing with their roots running along the surface of the ground. Here again the crotons grow to prefection.

It was at Kailua that the first missionaries landed in 1820 and we enjoyed reading "The Lord's Annointed." The old church still stands and next door is a Royal Palace. This year the Christmas party for all the children of the district was given by the Mormon Church in the village (Continued on page 24

As Others See Us

by Mrs. Paul Shoup

Miss French and the Bedouin donkey—she managed that.

■ It happened inside the Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem. I was resting in the soft-drink parlor of the kindly Arabian proprietor and playing with his tiny motherless daughter of six years. He worshiped her, spoiled her and kept her with him every moment and dressed her in the latest French mode.

I was watching the Annual Moslem Nebi Musa Pilgrimage and celebration. All the thousands of Arabs from miles and miles away had slept on all the walls of Jerusalem all night. Now they were awake and marching about the city. Many roads were closed to the public to give them free marching space and at stated intervals or distances the Dancing Dervishes danced in their circular formation and waved wicked swords.

Nebi Musa pilgrims and English soldiers near trouble.

I was watching for a Bedouin from the desert. They are so different and I wanted a picture. Pretty soon he came from up the Wailing Wall Road—young and tall, handsome and straight, properly tattooed and properly draped in his haik. With him were his two lovely little girls—also properly tattooed and dressed in the long all-over dresses of the desert. Also there was the inevitable donkey—just what I wanted.

Father was willing that I take the picture and courteously tried to help. But alas, every time I persuaded the fearfully shy little girls to take their hands from their faces, and had father and the donkey just right and my finger on the snap, my spoiled little girl friend would either bump me or pinch my Bedouins and spoil the picture. She wanted to be in on it, or have all the attention. We tried and tried—I spoiled films and shook French Arabia once—with no result but a wicked smile. Meanwhile my Armenian young man attendant stood by and watched. When the failure was complete, he folded his arms, gazed outward and upward and remarked slowly and sadly, "She is too civilized." Was she?

Have You Found It?

by Alicia Mosgrove

■ Situated at the east side of Treasure Island at the end of the Athletic field behind the Missouri Building across the road from the Building of the Western States is the State Recreation Building. I am sure you can find it. You will be surprised to see what is going on there and how much there is that will interest you.

This is the first Exposition to have such a demonstration of leisure time activities.

William Gladstone Merchant was the architect of this unique building. As architect for the San Francisco Recreation Department he understood the functioning and requirements and has designed a charming building. At one end, out of doors, is apparatus for small children: swings, slides, a merry-go-round and a fireplace and grill with tables and benches. These are suggestions for a home playground.

Five years ago, Miss Josephine D. Randall, Superintendent of the San Francisco Recreation Department, conceived the idea of having a recreation exhibit. While visiting the Chicago Fair she looked in vain for any reference to supervised recreation and its importance in our social order. With hundreds of cities having organized civic departments and citizens demanding facilities and information she determined that the Golden Gate International Exposition would show the way. Forming committees and interesting groups her plans have materialized in this building, and a lively program.

The State Recreation Building is devoted to activities. As you enter you see children and adults in niches working on hobbies. Airplane, boat, and railroad building, clay modeling, weaving and other handicrafts are seen here. One day an elderly sailorman with remarkably delicacy was putting a small boat in a bottle — a breathless moment for all onlookers.

Surrounding these niches are dioramas showing winter sports, camps and well equipped playgrounds for night and day use. A voice informs you that the mechanical world has freed man from drudgery and he now has time to interest himself in athletics and cultural pursuits.

There is a library with comfortable chairs and an unusually complete list of books on subjects pertaining to recreation and presented by the publishers. Every Wednesday afternoon tea is served in this room and we cordially invite you to have a cup.

The small well-equipped theatre seating an audience of two hundred and fifty has been used by drama, singing and dancing groups and marionette shows. Motion pictures covering recreational activities in various California cities are show at stated intervals.

Millard Sheets' murals in corridors and exhibit hall give a comprehensive picture of man at play. These are among the finest murals at the Exposition.

Photographs sent by many California cities show the extent and magnitude of opportunities for recreation.

Junior Museums are of great interest in many places, and in cases in this largest of the rooms are exhibits in all the natural sciences. The San Francisco Museum is not the usual "look see," it is a workshop, and the cases show the result of this policy. Brooklyn and Palo Alto Junior Museums have sent interesting exhibits.

Some of the finest marionettes on display were made in Pasadena. There is very fine metal work from Los Angeles.

One end of the room or hall is used for music. A stage is furnished as a living (Continued on page 27

The Muir Woods

by Mrs. Harold A. Bjornstrom

■ Standing upright with the uprightness that is independent and unafraid — sentinels of the past, the present and the future—the beautiful coast redwoods of the Muir Woods National Park have at last been made easily accessible to the public, as was the intention of their donor, the Honorable William Kent. With the purchase of the Toll Road by the State, the only automobile entrance to these woods is now open to old and young, rich and poor, all who seek strength from beauty and faith from the accomplishment of time.

This road to Muir Woods is in itself, from the moment of leaving San Francisco, a beautiful experience, even if one forgot its objective. It branches off from the main Marin highway, climbs gracefully toward Mount Tamalpais, and descends finally, at one entrance, to the ocean itself. It is gay at present with the soft colors of spring wild flowers against the green hills—but equally charming to the eye when the hills have mellowed and browned.

We must leave our automobile at the entrance to the woods and to enter is to close the door of time behind. The foot falls gratefully upon a carpet of loam. The woods surround us with deep shadows and shafts of sunlight, brilliant by contrast. We find ourselves in the center of a ritualistic circle of trees, the Cathedral Grove. Involuntarily the gaze is drawn upward. As it travels from the sturdy trunk, with its soft brown bark, into which it appears one's fingers might sink as into a cushion, up through the deep green foliage to the tapering point in the sky, we know that here is the symbol of an ideal—independence, permanence and strength, coupled with softness, beauty and grace.

Our thoughts are drawn upward following the eye but there is always the accompaniment to our ear of water, splashing, rippling, swirling and eddying around the rocks, with crystal clear, transparent brilliance. The laughter and gaiety and motion of life, of necessity, recaptures our attention. One of the satisfying things about the coast redwood trees of California is that the undergrowth is not sparse as under pines, but is as luxuriant as the eye could hope for—oxalis, with its delicate lavender tinted flower, the soft furry leaf of thimbleberry and ferns—ferns growing out of rocks, and out of stumps, and hanging precariously from the side walls. Lured on by the beauty and by the sensation of tranquility, we move slowly up the canyon following the bed of the creek. Occasionally we cross a bridge, cunningly placed to resemble a tree fallen naturally across from bank to bank. It would be impossible for one who has known these woods from childhood not to feel gratification for the work that has been done by the Civilian Conservation Corps boys in placing these bridges and in lining the creek with huge boulders in such a way as to preserve the banks from erosion but to appear to the observer to be the work of a thoughtful nature itself.

We sit for a few moments on a fallen log, watching the water endlessly racing, seeing children skip rocks almost as tirelessly. (Continued on page 27

Home Flower Decoration

by Mrs. Blake Darling

■ It is safe to assume that if you are a Californian you will want flowers or greens in your house year in and year out. In order to make the care and arrangement of your perennial decoration as simple as possible, a little forethought and planning is necessary.

Let us assume that you are starting from scratch—either in a new house or one newly occupied by you. There will be certain spots, say in a hall or over a fireplace or on top of a bookcase, that you will want taken care of with a minimum of expense and effort. If you have a large container—brass, glass, pottery, or whatever suits your decorative scheme, keep it filled with leaves. "Lemon" so called commercially is highly satisfactory and far more effective than the fussier huckleberry. It is cheap and very lasting. Rhododendron leaves are now available and are slightly more aristocratic looking. They keep equally well and have an interesting habit at this time of year of bursting into bloom. Occasionally they burst into the wrong color for their background but they can easily be broken off. This back-log of greenery can of course be made more exciting for special events by changing it to something seasonable such as fruit blossoms in the spring or pine boughs at Christmas. By having one or two of these durable arrangements even when the all too soon faded flowers are removed.

Having settled the greens problem you can decide where else you need color and accent. These spots of course vary with your color and decorative scheme. You will need vases, preferably plain. I speak feelingly on this point because any bouquet of flowers can be ruined by a highly decorated vase which may be very fine in itself but a definite handicap to the flowers it contains. In choosing vases the one with wide mouths are preferable to those which seem to choke the flowers. "Frogs" are of the greatest importance and in buying these never let your sense of economy make you buy light cheap ones. Heavy ones with large holes are by far the most satisfactory.

I have quite firm convictions in home flower arrangement. I feel that your flowers will be charming if you arrange them yourself exactly as you want them—not by rule and color chart. If you have no sense of color, copy the colors already in your room. If you think you have a color sense, let it run riot even if you read somewhere that the colors you like aren't being used this year. If you want something very formal and correct, get your florist to do it for you, but if you want to enjoy your effects and make your decoration a pleasure and not just a habit, do it yourself. You may grow the flowers yourself, buy them at a first class florist or on the street corner, but try different combinations and designs with the changing seasons.

The dining room table problem need not turn you grey if you have a substitute arrangement to fall back on. Keep a low dish of the new dwarf ivy to use when you have no flowers, or in the winter use red apples or the rather tiresome gourds which I certainly suggest throwing away before March of each year.

Don't try to keep too many vases going at once. A house becomes too much like a flower show with a great many arrangements in it and the effect is scattered and lost.

Home flower decoration I have tried to tell you can be easy, pleasant and economical, if you want it to be an outlet for your creative expressions.

Volunteer Service

by Jean MacGregor Boyd

■ The California Commission's Hall of Flowers on Treasure Island presents a series of achievements. Representing the largest single turnover of exhibits in either of the current International Expositions, here in this Celo-Glass Building is found the culmination of the dream of presenting a continuous parade of the garden favorites of the West. When it became apparent that the sum of money allocated by the State was insufficient and the number of hands needed much greater than even a considerably large appropriation could have supplied, a program of volunteer service was undertaken which has no peace time equivalent except the Women's City Club, as far as we know. In all of the tremendous task of preliminary organization and in the present routine duties of administration, no executive salaries are being paid. One reason for this is the fact that the State can pay no salaries except to individuals who have passed a civil service examination qualifying them for arbitrarily defined positions. There is no question involved of volunteers taking positions from those who are in need of employment. An Exposition presents special problems. In the Floricultural Building one such problem is being met in a unique manner. Consider the fact that a minimum of six volunteer workers are necessary every day to put flowers into water and carry them into the Building, that each day at least two other workers must be on duty from eleven until six at the Information desk, cheerfully to answer questions which range from: "I have a little plant, and I'm very fond of it. It looks something like that (pointing vaguely), now what is it?" to a technical discussion of hydroponics. Consider that twice a week two cars with drivers and helpers are available for motor service from the East Bay and San Francisco plant depots and that each Monday and Friday nights a minimum of three couples, more often four, turn up promptly at six o'clock, the men coming from their offices, ready to work cheerfully until ten. From these figures a skeleton outline may be gathered of the number of people whose brains and hands are making a certain "noble experiment" one of the most popular spots on our magic isle on San Francisco Bay.

Many people thought and said that sustained volunteer service for a period of two hundred and eighty-eight days could not be done; that the enthusiasm of the first few weeks would wane; that volunteers were neither dependable nor efficient and that the entire idea was impractical. Those of us familiar with the record of the National League for Woman's Service had a different opinion and a three-months' period of operation has proved the practicability of many points. Actually working in the Building makes every volunteer feel that this project has become her own and this feeling is reflected in the circle of families and friends. No attempt has been made to select volunteers from specialized groups, such as Garden Clubs. Anyone who is interested may serve, just as any flower which is of garden interest may be brought in. People who have had no previous experience with flowers are learning to appreciate the wealth of garden material which California has to offer and a larger public is being created for our very important flower industry. The volunteer system has also proved that individuals are ready and willing to give freely of their time and effort to serve their State, sometimes at considerable personal cost. The same organization locally evident in the Building has been extended throughout the State and into Oregon and Washington, where the enthusiastic response has been amazing. Considered from the angle of good-will for the Golden Gate International Exposition alone, the volunteer workers of the California Commission's Department of Floriculture have proved the value of disinterested public service for flowers are the common meeting ground of all nations and all peoples.

Hall of Western States.

Treasure Island Concerts

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

■ A festival of music on Treasure Island! Such is the interpretation of an announcement now being made by the Exposition officials of a series of concerts to be played on Monday afternoons during the months of June and July.

Artists featured during the series are members of the Coolidge Quartet, one of the group of musicians sponsored by the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation and made available to Exposition audiences through the generosity of one of America's most distinguished patrons of music, Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge of Washington, D. C.

The quartet, which has appeared with both the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia orchestra, will come to San Francisco from Washington, where it has been presenting a series of chamber concerts in the Library of Congress. Its formation came as a logical culmination of the magnificent work done on behalf of chamber music by the Elizabeth Sprague Foundation in 1936. Upon the group of young musicians Mrs. Coolidge bestowed her name.

By this gesture she accepted a concrete tribute paid to her generous sponsorship, under which, in the course of the last twenty years, she has introduced to America a number of eminent foreign organizations as well as magnificently supported much native talent. In the foreign groups which have appeared through her generosity are the Pro Arte Quartet from Belgium, the Roth Quartet, the Kolisch Quartet, and the native Intermountain Quartet.

The Foundation, established by her in 1925 provides, among other things, for the conducting of periodic festivals of music, (Continued on page 21

Terrace Club New York Exposition

May 5, 1939.

Dear Jane:

Well, here we are sitting at the Terrace Club having dinner, and believe me it's good to sit down and rest after having made our first tour of the New York Fair. You know to get a bird's-eye-view of this Fair you have to plan a "tour" and really go to work. I think we could spend six weeks here and still not cover the entire area.

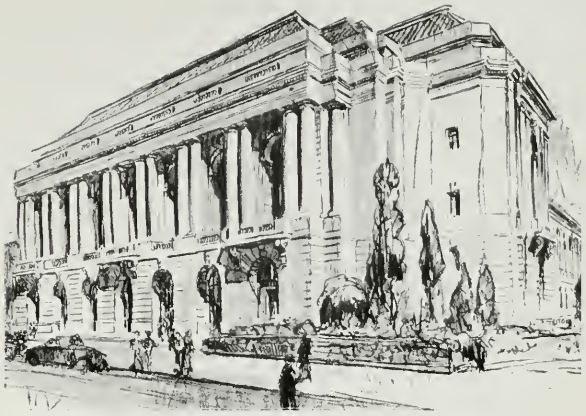
This is a beautiful club, not unlike the Yerba Buena Clubhouse, both in style and decoration. It faces the lagoon and as we sit here we can see the fountains playing with all the different colored lights on them. You remember the fountains at the Paris Exposition, well these are the same kind and are quite a thrilling sight. At our left is Billy Rose's "Aquacade" which you no doubt have read about, and to our right is the handsome Florida building.

Well, to go back and review what we saw today. First of all when you enter the Fair (and there are eleven different places of entrance) you are stunned by the size. No matter how tremendous you may think it is—it's just twice that size. I was amazed at the size of the buildings. I don't think it has the beauty of our exposition because it hasn't the set form and the planting is not as fine, but the effect is very imposing and you are immediately struck by the importance of this huge undertaking.

We came over from New York on Charlie's boat and anchored off the site. A water taxi came out to meet us and take us to the pier. A bus met us there which took us into the grounds. We first took a ride around in the train, which is similar to our elephant trains, and got a general (Continued on page 21

San Francisco's Opera and Opera Guild

by Mrs. Stanley Powell



■ As a community San Francisco and the cities of the Bay Area have every reason to be proud of each season of opera as given by the San Francisco Opera Association. Musicians of note who have attended performances here are always amazed at what is accomplished in our short season, the more so because we are far removed from every other metropolis where opera is given.

In order that the San Francisco Opera Association may grow and prosper, it must be far-reaching in interest and support. That is why we have the San Francisco Opera Guild, so that everyone may share in the civic responsibility of this great artistic institution. The San Francisco Opera Guild has a membership organization which offers privileges in exchange for dues. Its purposes are to develop larger audiences for the San Francisco Opera Association, to contribute to its general fund, and to further musical education and appreciation. (Continued on page 25

San Francisco's Symphony

by Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland

■ Those who attended this season's Symphony Concerts I feel certain must share my enthusiasm over our orchestra. Never before have the musicians played better or as well. This is entirely due to the superb leadership of Pierre Monteux, known the world over as the finest organizer of an orchestra. We San Franciscans may well be grateful to him for today our orchestra compares favorably with the best in the land.

However, there is another side, and that is the support of the orchestra. No orchestra in the world is self-supporting. In Europe they are subsidized by the government or state. In some of the large cities of America there have been so-called "angels," those who put their hands in their own pockets to meet the annual deficit. We have never had such a one. It has been only through the generosity of the music lovers and those others who had faith in what was being done that the San Francisco Musical Association has been able to carry on. When I ask a man or woman for a contribution and he or she says, "I am not interested in music," I answer, "I don't care whether you are or not; just help make it possible for those who do care and cannot afford to pay." What would San Francisco be without a Symphony Orchestra? Not a second or third, but a fifth-rate town. We who are working to reach the goal would be grateful for any sum, no matter how small. In our love for San Francisco and for what our city stands, we ask all of you to help support one of its greatest assets—the culture of its citizenship.

Try Our Chafing Dish Specials in the Cafeteria, with luncheon out of doors on east and west porches

A Letter from Ethel D. Owen, M.D.

St. Louis, Missouri.
May 13, 1939.

■ Today begins a series of medical meetings of the greatest group of guardians the American people possess, namely the American Medical Association. Composed of the qualified physicians who stand highest in their respective communities, they come together once a year from every part of these United States. Their achievements are staggering. The pace of modern life is so rapid that even with constant study, none of us can even keep informed of all the new discoveries. Then, too, the lag between what is known and what is applied, is a great one.

Did you know that longevity is a gift given you to a greater degree than to any group of people who has ever lived? Did you know that the year 1938 is the healthiest one ever recorded in the history of man, and that in all this troubled world, our own United States is the country giving greatest opportunities for healthful living?

This is true in spite of the fact that for some time as a people, we have been suffering from economic storms and political upheavals. Why then such a record? It is not accidental—it is due to the constant, unflagging work and progress of your medical profession. Every year many age-old enemies of mankind are being removed from the front line of the aggressors.

Did you know that within the past year, the application of a new drug has saved thousands who before, would have been doomed to certain death by streptococcus in its various manifestations? The drug is sulphanilamide.

Did you know that no one need die from diabetes now? That tuberculosis, so long mentioned as the "captain of the men of death," has dropped from first place to seventh, and even lower in many of our major cities? Did you know that it might be cantrolled even further if the public were sufficiently awakened?

Did you know that cancer, in its early stages, is often curable? That many kinds of heart diseases are preventable? That by proper medical supervision and care, our bodies can be made to function actively and efficiently long past the years of our grandparents?

These are only a few of the marvels of medical science.

It is true that many of our people still die every year unnecessarily from appendicitis. This, in its early manifestations, is the simplest of all surgical diseases. No patient need ever die in the first attack. Then why do they continue to die with it every year? Because it is the habit of our people to treat themselves. Cathartics are used promiscuously, and without knowledge of their harm, and have ruptured many an appendix because the owner tried self-diagnosis and treatment.

Too many people still die of cancer. As yet there is no cure for advanced cases of this disease. But found early, every hope may be given in many instances for a complete return to health.

Too many still take nostrums for headaches and insomnia, sometimes permanently injuring their blood cells.

Many go blind unnecessarily.

No child need ever have diphtheria.

No one need have small pox.

Too many women still die in childbirth, often because they have not received early and proper care.

Wherein does the answer lie? It means that since we cannot individually keep up with medical progress, we should each choose a properly qualified medical advisor to keep us well, and point out the early deviations from the normal, which if unchecked, often are the beginning of the end.

It means that in these troubled times we must give our loyalty and support as never before, to a great profession and strive to keep it free from regimentation and political domination. Neither you nor I want to be case No. 316, assigned to Doctor XYZ. Never before since its beginning has this great, beautiful country been so beset with dangers. Insidious dangers they are, many times unrecognized. We no longer have to fear red Indians, but the greedy, and the unscrupulous may be trying to separate us from our inherited and inalienable rights.

May God bless our glorious country, and continue the protection of the health of its people under the guidance of a free, intelligent and ever-progressive medical group.

Do not be deceived. Become better acquainted with your own private physician. It is he who has your welfare at heart, once he has taken that sacred responsibility and he is the only one qualified.

May scientific medical progress, untrammelled by false panacea, propaganda and political issues, continue to bring in its great yearly harvest of achievement records for the benefit of the race.

Treasure Island

(Continued from page 18)

the giving of concerts, and the offering and awarding of prizes for original compositions.

The Foundation, which is administered by the Music Division, Library of Congress has awarded four prizes for chamber music composition. The presentation of the forthcoming series of Monday Afternoon concerts is the latest gesture toward a community's enjoyment of music. The artists comprising the personnel of the Coolidge Quartet include William Kroll and Nicolai Berezowsky, violins; Nicolas Moldavan, viola, and Victor Gottlieb, cello.

The members of the Quartet are all chamber music players of wide experience. William Kroll headed a Brahms cycle at a University of California appearance of one of the Coolidge Foundation quartets; Nicolai Berezowsky formerly played with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Nicolas Moldavan was for a time viola of the famous Flonzaley Quartet and of Mischa Elman's quartet. Victor Gottlieb is the youngest member of the group.

They will be assisted by Irene Jacobi, piano; Thomas Petre, viola and Warwaick Evans, violoncello.

The Hall of the Western States on Treasure Island will house the concerts whose dates during the two months' schedule are June 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th and July 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st.

The late-afternoon hour for the programs will allow those planning to attend to spend the early hours sightseeing about the Exposition, with the opportunity following the program's close to have dinner on the Island. Arrangements for dining will make that end of the day as enjoyable as the hours devoted to the excellent music in the concert hall.

An interesting number on the opening concert program is a trio for violin, viola and violoncello, Op. 63, by Ernest Toch, and dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge. Two quartets, one in G major, Op. 30, No. 2, by Johann Nepomuk Hummel and Beethoven's Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, make up the remainder of the program for June 5th's concert.

Mrs. Wood Armsby is chairman of arrangements for the Coolidge Quartet concerts.

And the Coolidge Chamber music is not the only attraction planned for music lovers during the two months of June and July. Plans are under way for the presentation of three programs at fortnightly intervals on Saturday afternoons, beginning June 24 and including July 8th and July 22nd. The San Francisco Building will house the three Saturday musical offerings which are being arranged by Dean Luther Brusie Marchant of Mills College. These Concerts are also a gift of the Exposition which will draw music lovers from all over California and the Coast.

Terrace Club

(Continued from page 18)

view of the exposition. One building is more imposing than the next, but in my opinion the Soviet Union building is the most impressive with the huge statue on top. We decided to visit the General Motors building which is one of the largest on the grounds. You enter through an entrance that is like a huge aeroplane and the interior of the building is devoted to an exhibit of the world of tomorrow. It was designed by Norman Bel Geddis and to see it, you sit in a chair which is on an electrically-driven belt which takes you through the entire exhibit. Attached to each chair is a loud speaker and as you travel along you are advised through this speaker just what you are seeing. Naturally, each chair passes various points at different times so that there is a separate speaking unit in each chair. It is truly a remarkable exhibit and one that I am confident will create much discussion.

We aso visited the Perisphere which has a similar exhibit designed by Henry Dreyfus. There is a moving platform on two levels which carries you around and finally brings you to the bridge that connects with the Trylon. We walked down the bridge and from this point you get a beautiful view of this exposition, particularly at night. Incidentally the "theme center" of the exposition is most effective with the Perisphere producing the effect of a ball floating in water.

We left the "theme center" by an electric chair and came here via the Amusement Zone, which is not completed and will be formally opened May 18th.

Hope that Clar is feeling fine and we look forward to seeing you both on our return.

Love, Betty.

I Have Been Reading

THE ART OF TREASURE ISLAND; by Eugen Neuhaus. University of California Press; $2.00. (Reviewed by Mrs. Perry Eyre.)

THE GOLDEN STATE; by Caroline Hazard

HOMES OF HAWAII; by Edna W. Stall.

■ Professor Eugen Neuhaus has just given us through the medium of the University of California Press, the most beautiful and comprehensive description of the Art of Treasure Island we have yet had. It is a book everyone should read, and every family should have in its household—for reference now when we have all these treasures to see at our leisure, and for later years when we will ask ourselves sadly "was that exquisite Treasure Island that arose from the sea with all its wonderful works of art, a reality, or a dream of the past?"

In his foreword, Professor Neuhaus speaks of the reasons for Expositions. "That they vividly impress themselves on our minds and help us to recall major happenings in our lives," and they also provide historians with important data. He takes us from the first Fair in Venice in 1268 through the ages down to our own Treasure Island Exposition.

The book is illustrated with the most beautiful photographs, and if I may call attention to any one photograph, I wish to speak of the exquisite facade of Pacific House or the hauntingly lovely glimpse of the Evening Star in the Court of the Moon.

Space forbids more than a passing mention of how Professor Neuhaus goes into infinite detail of the flower arrangements, their coloring and planting; and also the description of the glorious courts, and for what artists and architects are responsible in the giving to us of all the beauty that is gathered together on Treasure Island.

To conclude, I can only urge strongly that you go at once to your nearest bookseller and purchase a copy of "The Art of Treasure Island" to have and to hold forever.

■ The Women's City Club Library is developing an individuality of its own, as members and friends by their gifts aid in the collection of works particularly interesting to its readers. The special section devoted to authors whom we know personally has within the month had two new volumes added to its shelves—a delightful book of poems by Caroline Hazard, "The Golden State," and a charming volume of pictures, "Historic Homes of Hawaii," by Edna W. Stall.

Miss Hazard was not born in California but her love of it is that of a daughter. Her feeling for color in nature as she sees it through eyes that understand threads her poetry. As former President of Wellesley, she is known to many—as "Californiac" she will be known to those who will have the privilege of reading her book of poetry.

Miss Stall has created an unusual way of developing an historical sketch of Hawaii through the art of photography and once the story is started, the reader turns the pages with eager anticipation as the changes of home building become the more modern with the years. One realizes graphically the struggle of the early settlers to make the home and one senses throughout the pages of this interesting volume the hospitality which has made Hawaii beloved by all.

For these two additions to our Club Library we give our thanks and write our members to see for themselves whereof we speak.

The Olive Tree

Hast thou a heritage,
Grave olive tree?
The dove flew back
With a branch from me.

Dost remember a garden
Fairer than this?
In Eden I sheltered
The first pair in bliss.

Thou knowest, then, Life;
What of Death, gentle tree?
I was awake
In Gethsemane.

—Caroline Hazard.

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NO TIME FOR COMEDY; S. N. Behrman. $2.00. A new play starring Katharine Cornell is always good theater news.

MY DAYS OF STRENGTH; Anne Walter Fearn. $3.00. The story of an American woman doctor's forty years in China, of the breaking down of ancient prejudices against modern medical methods and of the establishment of the Fearn Sanitorium in Shanghai.

HERE LIES: Dorothy Parker. $2.50. There are not many writers who can so adroitly balance a devastating wit with a tender heart and this rare gift of Dorothy Parker's can best be appreciated in this first conprehensive collection of her short stories.

SUMMER ROADS TO GASPÉ; Dorothy Childs Hogner. $3.50. An informal and anecdotal book of travel to this unspoiled Canadian peninsula.

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR; Victor Heiser. $2.50. This is Dr. Heiser's own personal program of good health.

MUSICAL VIENNA; David & Frederic Ewen. $3.50. A biography of the queen city of music where practically every composer of note has worked and lived.

ROMANTIC CITIES OF CALIFORNIA; Hildegarde Hawthorne. $5.00. Descriptions of the cities and villages whose names conjure up the glamorous past as well as the colorful present. Beautifully illustrated by E. H. Suydam.

LONG ISLAND; Russell Doubleday. $1.25. Excursions with a camera to the charming spots of New York's adjacent island.

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San Francisco Museum of Art Presents

■ "Masters of Popular Painting," an exhibition of French and American "Modern Primitives," is the chief offering of the San Francisco Museum of Art during June. Seventy-seven oils by twenty of the greatest "artists of the people" make up the show. Most comprehensive study of its field, the exhibition was organized by the Museum of Modern Art in New York. European artists included are: Henri Rousseau, Bombois, Bauchant, Eve, Peyronnet, Rimbert and Seraphine; Americans are Branchard. Canade, Cauchon, Cervantez, Dalson, Hicks, Hoyer, Hunt Kane, Lebduska, Pippin and Sullivan. All of the paintings have a vivid charm and that startling originality and truth of vision which has made modern primitive art a strong influence in the most sophisticated art circles. The Exhibition will remain on view through June 23.

Other exhibitions in the Museum during June are Oils by B. J. O. Nordfeldt until June 10; Oils by Charles Surendorf until June 11, and group shows by artist members of the San Francisco Art Association from June 12 throughout the summer.

Summer educational opportunity offered by the Museum is a series of six lectures and tours providing an introduction to the art exhibition of the Exposition. This series will be given repeatedly by Grace L. McCann Morley, Walter Gordon and Charles Lindstrom. Sessions are held on Monday nights at 8 o'clock. Enrollment may be made at the Information Desk of the Museum. Fee for the series is $3.00

Vacationing in Hawaii

(Continued from page 12)

square under the old banyan tree. The chief excitement is always "steamer day" when the little boat anchors and discharges its cargo of provisions and mail and then loads cattle. These poor beasts are tied by the neck to small boats and have to swim out to be finally hoisted aboard—all so primitive. The natives are very friendly and when we left Kona the little housekeeper made us a lovely flat red bouganvillia lei, which was like a stoll of flowers around our shoulders. We were to wear it for good luck on our return flight. Native fishermen still work on the coral and lava reefs with spears and throw-nets. One early morning we watched the net thrower in action. First he stood like a statue looking into the surf. Suddenly he threw the round net with such grace and agility that it sank rapidly, and then he dove in. Presently he came up with a most gorgeous fish about two feet long, all colors of the rainbow with a head like a parrot. It was a Parrot Fish, and edible.

Christmas in Honolulu was an unique experience. We attended midnight service in St. Andrews Cathedral and it was packed to the doors. The decorations were beautiful. Red poinsettas banked the white marble chancel and gave a really "Christmas" touch of color. There were many outdoor trees lighted and at the hotel we had a party for the employees' children. How dear they all looked in their gay kimonos and Chinese dress. Each child received a useful gift and a toy. They were entertained by a magician and a Charley McCarthy—then the real party of ice cream and cake.

We also witnessed a huki-lau on Kauai at Waimea Beach. We noticed a big, fat Hawaiian standing on a platform peering out to sea. Suddenly he gave a signal—the boats and net were pushed into the water. He had sighted a school of fish and by the motion of his arms he directed the boats to the spot. The nets were lowered between the boats which were several hundred feet apart. Then began the task of hauling ashore. Word was sent to the village and natives, old and young, came to help and in return were paid in fish. We spent two days in Kauai—the garden isle—motoring along one side, up the Waimen Canyon, considered by many as beautiful as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, only in miniature.

All Hawaii is lovely and the hospitality of Old Hawaii is unsurpassed. And so I bid you "Aloha"—until we meet again.

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San Francisco's Opera and Opera Guild

(Continued from page 19)

Last year a thousand dollars was used to purchase top-price seats for repeat performances. These tickets were re-sold to music students in the colleges at $1.10 each. This activity was not only of great interest and benefit to the students but was a definite financial aid to the Opera.

Thanks to Albert Bender we now have a reference musical library. The War Memorial Board has generously given the use of a room on the main floor of the Opera House, which will be open about August 1 to Guild members and students.

This year the Guild hopes to purchase from the San Francisco Opera Association a performance of grand opera, thus making it possible for students residing in the Bay area communities to attend at greatly reduced rates. Besides this, the following privileges are offered: (1) two invitations to a dress rehearsal of an opera of the 1939 season; (2) two invitations to a backstage tour of the Opera House to inspect one of the finest and most modern stages in the world; (3) because of an affiliation with the Metropolitan Opera Guild of New York, each San Francisco Opera Guild member will receive 26 copies of Opera News. This is a publication of the Metropolitan Opera Guild and is issued weekly during the Metropolitan season. It is extremely interesting on matters concerning opera and music. The Guild membership is $10.00 a year and is available to everyone.

The 1939 season opens this year on October 13, and has as its regular series the following: "Die Walkure," "Fidelio," "Tristan und Isolde," Madame Butterfly," "Otello," "Rigoletto," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "Barber of Seville," "Tosca," and "Manon." The popular series will include "Die Walkure," "Rigoletto," "Don Pasquale" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Il Trovatore." To this we must add a fine list of artists including Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior, Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbets, Giovanni Martinelli and Mafalda Favero and many other artists of note.

And so another year passes and the Opera Association will soon offer its seventeenth season of opera. May our readers all share in its enjoyment with us.

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From the Women's City Club of Boston

■ Members of Reciprocal Clubs are cordially invited to make use of our delightful Clubhouse this summer and to enjoy its cool Terrace Garden, its delicious food and its room privileges.

Josephine A. Muther,
(Mrs. Lorenz F. Muther), President.

From the Women's City Club of Philadelphia

■ A trip to the World's Fair in New York would not be complete without a visit to Philadelphia, the birth-place of our Republic. Philadelphia, with its historical buildings, memories and associations is the fitting background for the appreciation of the World's Fair, commemorating the inauguration of our first President.

Old Carpenters Hall, Independence Hall, where the Declaration was signed, Valley Forge, and the numerous colonial homes of famous Americans in Germantown and Fairmount Park, are all within easy reach, by bus or trolley, of the Women's City Club.

All members of Reciprocal Clubs are cordially invited to make use of our delightful Clubhouse with its garden and quiet restful rooms. Be sure to write in advance for rooms and baths as there will be a great demand for accommodations. Sincerely yours,

M. Alice Weir, Reciprocity Chairman.

From the American Woman's Association New York

■ At least once a year, we like to greet our reciprocal clubs. It is always a pleasure to welcome any of your members when they come to New York and this year, with the World's Fair giving the city added interest, no doubt we shall have an opportunity to greet even more of them.

Like most New York organizations, we are eagerly looking forward to the Fair and have many special plans under way to make the AWA truly a center of interest and welcome to women. In addition to the attractions of our Clubhouse, that make it a delightful haven all through the warm weather, we expect to augment our usual summer program with a number of features that we hope will be both stimulating and entertaining. The AWA is the headquarters for the New York Career Tours which 33 women's business and professional organizations are sponsoring during the Fair and which will bring in their train many other interesting events.

We know that our accommodations will be taxed to the utmost; therefore, advise your members to make reservations as far as possible in advance. It will help us to provide better service and selection of rooms.

There is one thing we might add. In addition to nearby subways, there will be a bus available from the Clubhouse directly to the Fair.

We are looking forward to seeing many of your members and so strengthening our alliliation with your splendid organization.

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Gladys M. Lillie, Chairman
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Have You Found It?

(Continued from page 14)

room, and the fostering of home music is Mr. Augustus Zanzig's great interest.

After you have had your tea you can take part in community singing at 5 o'clock under the stimulating direction of Mr. Zanzig. I am sure he could sweeten the voice of a crow! He also directs the making of tuneful pipes and simple musical instruments. By making one and playing, you may discover your latent musical abilities.

A Music Committee, under Mrs. Sigmund Stern, has a program of music which includes amateur orchestras, symphonic bands and singing. Every day in the newspaper the Exposition program makes mention of these events.

The program presented at the Exposition are given by persons and groups sponsored by the organized Recreation Departments of California Cities and demonstrate the many opportunities for all citizens to take part in any type of leisure time activity that will give joy and satisfaction.

Under trained leadership one finds sympathetic understanding and advice. The playground director is interested in participation in activities and the orderly conduct of team or class.

The Recreation Departments in the Bay Area are functioning in their normal way and are only too happy to show facilities and activities. In San Francisco free concerts and performances will be given at the Sigmund Stern Recreation Grove on Sunday afternoons throughout the summer months. Camp Mather, the municipal camp is open and the playgrounds are full to overflowing.

Visit the State Recreation Building on Treasure Island which presents samples of what is in abundance in your own City.

Muir Woods

(Continued from page 15)

There are many people in the woods, wandering quietly and happily in and out of the groves. Strangers greet each other cheerfully in passing. As in the mountains there is a comradeship among human beings.

While we are under the shadow of the redwoods we are also under their spell. It seems as though they pass on to us some of their timelessness, their wisdom and the patience born of watching man for many, many decades. As we leave the woods, emerging into the brilliant warm sunshine, we are refreshed by their lesson in historical perspective and ready to take up today's problems with renewed faith.

A Taste for Diaries

(Continued from page 11)

Presidency. The events leading up to the Mexican War and the conduct of this war were the major events of his term of office. His diary overlaps the last two years of Adams' diary. As with the Pepys and Evelyn diaries, some characters appear in both diaries. When you have finished the two, you'll feel as though you had completed an intensely interesting course in American history. How I wish the Ohio Historical Society would let Mr. Nevins edit and publish the diary of President Hayes!

No Californian should miss reading the journal of William Brewer. Brewer came to California at the close of 1860 to become a member of the California Geological Survey, which, under the leadership of Professor Whitney went up and down California, climbing mountains, fording rivers, visiting towns big and small, examining mines, traversing valleys and deserts then practically unknown. Brewer headed the field survey from 1861-1865, inclusive. His diary is a matter-of-fact record of what he did and saw, which he sent home to New England to take the place of letters. Californians of that day flit briefly through the pages. The place, not people, is of all-absorbing interest to him and to his modern reader. Believe me, you are traveling through California of the sixties when you read Brewer's Journal. I spent a few weeks in the Sierras the summer after I read Brewer, and wherever I went, I was saying to myself, "Now, let's see, wasn't Brewer through here? Yes, I think so. I must look that up."

One more diary and I have finished. The diary of Sarah Royce is an emigrant diary. She came to California in a prairie schooner in 1847, with her husband and baby in a small emigrant party. Her diary tells the story of crossing plains, deserts and mountains, and of the first few years in California. It was published when her famous son, Josiah Royce, wrote his history of California, and was republished a few years ago. I know of no account of crossing the plains which is more vivid. If some day you feel your courage ebbing and doubt your ability to face the future, read Sarah Royce's entry in her diary one night on the desert. Wandering a little way from camp she faced the fact that unless they found water next day this night was their last, and looking up to the star-lit sky drew strength from God to meet the coming day.

Well, a good diary is hard to beat. I wonder if you know one that I have not found? I hope so.

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Women Are Busy In Britain—By V. M. R. D.

Reprinted from American Women's Club Magazine, London.

■ The women of Britain are working hard in answer to the call made by the Government for voluntary workers. There are many phases of national service open to women, and they have entered heartily into the task of helping to make England prepared for any emergency.

The course of lectures on Air Raid Precautions given at our Club, having been organized by the Canadian Women's Club, with Mrs. Freeland as the very able lecturer, was typical of the courses given to English audiences throughout the country. It was treated seriously by all who took part, and an examination was taken at the end of the course by anyone desiring to do so, provided they had not missed more than two lectures.

These lectures constitute a real course of study, wherein the students are asked to take part in gas-mask drills, and even to smell the gas, so that they would be able to detect it in an emergency. They make the acquaintance of bombs, and learn how to extinguish an incendiary bomb. In fact they are learning how to deal with an emergency.

Women are driving fire-engines, too. The Auxiliary Fire Brigade numbers many women among its members who are working hard with their training so that each will know her job if we should be afflicted with another war. The members must pass a rigid test before they are permitted to drive, and those who have accomplished this distinction are pleased to tell their friends about it, and so they may be, as it is no mean feat to drive a huge fire-engine.

Other women are training for ambulance work and lorry driving. They are taking on a job which would require their services, should a war take place, where the danger most existed. The Ambulance Drivers and First Aid Workers, another branch open to women, would be required immediately if there were an air raid. The drivers of various vehicles must be thoroughly trained, as the conditions in war time would be very different from those we enjoy in peace time. For instance, there must be no light. A lorry driver must be able to back her lorry a considerable distance in the dark, with no light at all.

Hospital work has attracted other women. Many are training as nurses, for these would be required in great numbers.

In the country surrounding large towns, women are busy preparing First Aid Stations. Many houses which are unoccupied have been offered by their owners for this purpose. These have to be prepared ready to receive casualties. Beds with blankets must be arranged on the floor. Bandages and other First Aid supplies must be placed in the house for ready use.

The women in the country are faced with the problem of housing refugees from the large towns. Every householder will be asked to take refugees, particularly children, from the dangerous areas, and canvassing is being done for this purpose. The number of refugees allotted to each householder will be according to the number of rooms in the house. The work and care which would be required in looking after these refugees will, of course, fall upon the women. Three or four, and in some cases more, strange children to be fed and cared for, in addition to one's own family, is a problem which requires much solving, particularly in war time. The woman who undertakes that task is doing a National Service which is far less spectacular, but just as urgent and necessary as the more active work in other branches.

Every woman, in town or country, has been requested to keep a store of groceries for an emergency. This is not to be a large quantity, but only enough to feed her family for a week or so. More than this would be considered hoarding, and not advantageous to the regulation of food supplies.

But it is not only A.R.P. work which women are doing. There are many refugees in Britain from foreign countries, and many women are doing voluntary work among these unfortunates. They have worked tirelessly in providing food and comfort for the children from Spain, and many youngsters entering this country from Germany have been taken into homes and cared for as one of the family. Where this is impossible, women are giving unsparingly of their time in helping various organizations dealing with these homeless children.

Lest the emphasis here given—naturally enough, just now—to emergency activities, produce the impression that Great Britain is a nation of Amazons, a few of the normal activities of the British woman may be mentioned, more or less at random, as a reminder that her important work in the nation's life, outside her own home, is no new development.

An especially English institution, bound up with the system of supporting hospitals by voluntary contributions, is the Ladies' Association which is sure to be found connected with nearly every

important hospital. These Associations have nothing directly to do with nursing; they are appeal committees formed to raise funds, provide garments, etc. (Our own Club's Maternity Ward Committee attached to the Royal Free Hospital is an American counterpart of the sewing-party side of such organizations.)

In politics, English women play a prominent part, and at elections—when they are not candidates themselves—they are to be seen canvassing for their men-folks, making speeches, visiting constituents, addressing envelopes, and driving cars. As for their place in local government, it need only be pointed out that the new Chairman of the London County Council is a woman.

In medicine, in the Church, even in the law; in social and welfare work and in international organizations for peace, women all have their part.

The Girl Guides, whose American counterpart is the Girl Scouts, continue to be a grand and far-reaching influence for health, usefulness, and good citizenship among the younger generation of all classes, from the Royal princesses to the poorest slum-dweller.

Women's Institutes are such a familiar part of English village life that it is a surprise to realize how comparatively young they are—Mrs. Alfred Watt, their founder, who brought the idea from Canada, being happily still active in promoting their work. (Women's Institutes form part of the Associated Countrywomen of the World, about whom we hope to print something in June, when their annual Conference has a reception at the Club on its list of entertainments.)

An organization started and run by a woman, which is both a "good work" and a sound, self-supporting business, has revived the cottage industry of quilting among the miners' wives in the "distressed areas," and markets their exquisite work, which finds its way into the most elegant homes in the land. Of this work, too, we hope to tell more soon.

There has recently been formed a "Women's Employment Federation" (National Federation of Organizations concerned with the Employment and Training of Educated Women). Its offices are at 31, Marsham Street, Westminster, S.W. 1. It hopes to become self-supporting, and in it the Universities, the principal girls' schools, professional societies of women, training colleges and centres, and many prominent commercial firms and public bodies (as "employer members") are enrolled; an indication of the importance and the scope of work open nowadays to educated women.

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Purpose

To extend the study of world affairs and to promote the cause of peace through creating a better understanding of the domestic and international problems which endanger it.

Membership

Open to all men and women interested in international relations or the cause of peace. Attendants in the past have been chiefly teachers, students, social and religious workers, club members, civic and community leaders.

Daily Life

Mornings will be devoted to lectures and round tables.

Afternoons are entirely unscheduled in order to give opportunity for rest, recreation, or leisurely conferences with faculty members. Facilities are available for tennis, swimming, golf, and hiking. The college library will be open from 9 to 5 on week days. The Institute will provide a room equipped with books and pamphlets on international relations.

Evenings will offer forums and panels, followed by informal group discussions.

Subjects for Discussion

Through lectures, forums, and round tables, the Institute will consider the following topics subject to changes in accordance with international events:

I. The Survival of Democracy in a World Threatened by Dictatorship; Carl Landauer, Max Habicht, Samuel Guy Inman, Stanley Hornbeck.

II. Christianity, the individual and the State; John C. Bennett.

III. Economic Nationalism and Its Consequences; Harry D. Gideonse, Frank S. Gaines.

IV. The Basic Aims of Great Power Policies: Great Britain, Germany, Soviet Union, Italy, Brazil, Japan; Max Habicht, Stanley Hornbeck, Samuel Guy Inman.

V. Neutrality, Isolation, and Collective Security (a) America's Relation to the Balance of Power in Europe and Asia. (b) World Law versus World Anarchy, America's Responsibility; Max Habicht, Stanley Hornbeck, Samuel Guy Inman.

VI. The Philosophy and Technique of Active Pacifism; Gerald Heard.

VII. Social Justice at Home and Its Relation to World Peace; Harry D. Gideonse, Norman Thomas, Frank S. Gaines, Dr. Carl Landauer.

Budapest String Quartet Concerts

A series of concerts will be given by the distinguished Budapest String Quartet. The first concert will be held Sunday afternoon, June 25, and the second on Wednesday evening, June 28. Institute members may secure tickets at the student rate of fifty cents each.

World's Fair on Treasure Island

Opportunity will be given for visits to the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island. Transportation to the Fair may be found at the entrance to the Mills College Campus. For a prolonged visit arrangements may be made to stay at Mills College after the Institute.

Credit

To teachers in full time attendance at the Institute the State Department of Education will offer two units of credit toward the issuance or renewal of teaching credentials.

Persons who desire two units of advanced college credit from Mills College may enroll for a special seminar under the leadership of Mr. Dean Rusk, Assistant Professor of Government at Mills College. The seminar will not conflict with an Institute sessions.

Faculty of the Institute

JOHN C. BENNETT — Professor of Christian Theology and Philosophy of Religion at the Pacific School of Religion; secretary of commission on "Church and Economic Order" at Oxford Conference; Chancellor Lecturer at Queen's University, Ontario; author of "Social Salvation" and "Christianity and Our World."

FRANK S. GAINES—Business executive; Chairman of International Relations Section of the Commonwealth Club of California; member of Berkeley City Council; eight years' foreign business experience.

HARRY D. GIDEONSE—Professor of Economics at Columbia University and Chairman of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Barnard College New York; frequent speaker on Chicago Round Table of the Air.

MAX HABICHT—Former assistant to the Legal Advisor of the League of Nations; recent member of the Secretariat of the League; received degrees in law at both Harvard and the University of

Zurich; lived in Switzerland his native country, for thirty years.

GERALD HEARD—British author and scientist; at present a co-worker with Aldous Huxley; author of "Source of Civilization," "Science in the Making," and others.

STANLEY HORNBECK—United States Government advisor on Political Relations in the Department of State; for ten years Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department; represented the United States at several world conferences including the nine power treaty conference in 1937.

ALLAN A. HUNTER—Minister of Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church; four years in the Near East as teacher and Red Cross worker in Palestine; former teacher at National Normal University Peking, China; several European tours including last summer; author of "Youth's Adventure," "Out of the Far East," and "Three Trumpets Sound," a study of Ghandi, Kagawa, and Schweitzer.

SAMUEL GUY INMAN—Former Secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America; advisor to Secretary Hull at Buenos Aires Conference in 1936; commentator for Columbia Broadcasting Company at the Pan-American Conference at Lima in 1938.

CARL LANDAUER—Professor of Economics, University of California; former faculty member at Universities of Commerce in Munich and Berlin; active in German Social Democratic Party after war; journalist and author.

NORMAN THOMAS—Lecturer; economist; Presidential candidate of the Socialist Party; author of "America's Way Out," "Human Exploitation," "War — No Profit, No Glory, No Need."

Four additional leaders will be announced in the final program.

Cost and Registration

Institute Charge: The total Institute charge, including registration and tuition is $10.00.

Board and Room: Out-of-town members may obtain board and room at Mills College for $20.00 (room with more than one) or $22.50 (single room).

Special Seminar: For the special seminar conducted by Professor Rusk an additional tuition fee of $10.00 is charged.

Application: Registration may be made at any time, but early application will be appreciated and will receive preference in room location. Please fill out and mail form on last page.

Final Registration: Final registration should be completed on arrival at the Institute, June 20; the registration desk will be open Tuesday afternoon, June 20, from 1:30 to 5:30. Dinner will be served at 6:00 p. m. and the opening Institute lecture will begin at 7:45 p. m. in the Hall for Chamber Music.

Persons not staying at Mills College may register from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., June 20, or from 8:00 to 8:30 a. m., June 21.

Last Call!

Advertisers' Show Door Prizes:

Any prizes unclaimed by July 1, 1939 will automatically become the property of the Club. Following is a list of those undelivered to date:

First	AMBERG-HIRTH	Alternate
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	BEAUTY SALON	
No. 49 798		No. 49 838
	LEAGUE SHOP	
No. 45 535		No. 12 444

San Juan Bautista

■ San Juan Bautista celebrates the 142nd Anniversary of the founding of its picturesque Old Mission on Sunday, June 25th, with an all-day program of festivity. The big feature, as in previous years, will be the annual pageant-play, "Twilight of the Dons," a historical drama, first presented in 1936, dealing with real life in San Juan Bautista 150 years ago, will be staged twice, at 3.30 p. m., and again at 8 p. m. Revised recently by Mrs. Lucy Cuddy, noted San Francisco playwright, it will be presented by a cast of talented amateurs from San Francisco and San Benito county. Mrs. Francisca Vallejo McGettigan, musical collaborator with Mrs. Cuddy in previous pageant-plays presented in San Juan Bautista, is composing new lyrics and music. San Juan Bautista is 90 miles due south of San Francisco, and can be reached in three hours easily by automobile.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

JULY
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
JULY. . . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

JULY, 1939

6—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10 a.m.—4 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
7—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
10—	**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Maria Moya del Pino presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
12—	**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
	Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review "Wind, Sand and Stars," by Antoine de Saint Exupery. Dinner, $1.00 per plate	Natl. Defenders' Room	6:15 p.m.
	Ramble to Jack London Ranch	Leave Clubhouse at	9:30 a.m.
	Luncheon at old home of Jack London at 12:30, return by way of Calistoga to see geysers, arrive in San Francisco at 5:30, $4.50 all inclusive.		
13—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
14—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
18—	**Garden Round Table**—Ramble to Treasure Island	Meet at Ferry	10.00 a.m.
	Ramble fee, including luncheon at Yerba Buena Club, $1.25.		
20—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10 a.m.—4 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
21—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
24—	**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Maria Moya del Pino presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
26—	**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
27—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
28—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.

AUGUST, 1939

3—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.—4:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
	Mrs. Jane Amundsen—Director of the Art Exhibit in the California Building at the Exposition, will speak on: "California Art and Artists."		
4—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII July, 1939 Number 6

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Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark; c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodrollsvej 2-A.

Dunedin, New Zealand; Otago Women's Club; Stuart St.

Edinburgh, Scotland; The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.

Glasgow, Scotland; The Lady Artists' Club; No. 5 Blytheswood Square

The Hague, Holland; Amer. Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.

Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club, c/o American Consulate.

London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.

London, England; The Pioneer Club; 12 Cavendish Sq., W. 1

London, England; The Halcyon Club; 13-14 Cork Street.

Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.

Mexico City, D. F.; Internacional De Myjeres; Calle Humboldt No. 47.

Montreal, Canada; The Themis Club; 1336 Sherbrook St., W.

Nelson, New Zealand; Nelson Women's Club.

Rome, Italy; Anglo-American Club, Via Piemonte 127.

Shanghai, China; The American Women's Club; 577 Bubbling Well Road.

Stockholm, Sweden; The American Women's Club; Floragatan 17.

Sydney, Australia; Women's Club; 77 King St.

Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.

Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.

Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club; Lambton Quay, Wellington.

Zurich, Switzerland; The American Women's Club; 65 Laverterstrasse. (Hotel Baur-au-Lac.)

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Akron, Ohio; Women's City Club; 30 South High St.

Boston, Massachusetts; Women's City Club; 40 Beacon St.

Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club, 72 E. 11th St.

Chicago, Illinois; Women's City Club; 410 S. Michigan Ave.

Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; Bulkey Bldg., Euclid Ave.

Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue.

Grand Rapids, Michigan; Women's City Club; 254 E. Fulton St.

Indianapolis, Indiana; Indianapolis Propylaeum; 1410 North Delaware St.

Kansas City, Mo.; Women's City Club; 1111 Grand Avenue.

Lincoln, Neb.; Women's Club.

Little Rock, Arkansas; Little Rock Women's City Club.

Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; 756 North Milwaukee St.

New York City, N. Y.; Women's City Club, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center, 20 W. 51st St.

New York City, N. Y.; American Women's Assn.; 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.

Philadelphia, Pa.; Women's City Club; 1622 Locust Street.

Pittsburgh, Pa.; Women's City Club; William Penn Hotel.

Providence, R. I.; Providence Plantations Club; 77 Franklin St.

St. Paul, Minn.; Women's City Club; 345 Minnesota Street.

Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 736 Jackson Place.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ GUEST CARDS: Use your unlimited guest card privilege this summer if you have one; if not, be sure to procure one before starting out on your vacation, so that the hospitality of your clubhouse may be extended to travelers coming our way.

■ NEW MEMBERS: Vacationing members are reminded to think in terms of new memberships when making new friends this summer. Take along one or two application cards and pamphlets telling of the history of our organization and give them to those whom you feel are potential members.

■ DELINQUENT MEMBERS: Only "1940" membership cards are now acceptable. Members still holding 1939 cards will be requested to call at Executive Office should these cards be presented in the elevators.

■ BEDROOMS: These will be at a premium this summer. Out-of-town members and guests are reminded to make reservations well in advance.

■ RAMBLE TO JACK LONDON RANCH: On Wednesday, July twelfth, a ramble to this famous spot will be held. Members and guests will leave the clubhouse by bus at 9:30 A.M., lunch at the old Jack London House at 12:30, return by way of Calistoga to see geysers, and arrive in San Francisco by 5:30 o'clock. All expenses included for $4.50. Please make reservations at Executive Office.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE RAMBLE TO TREASURE ISLAND: The success of the May ramble of the Garden Round Table Group has encouraged us to repeat this excursion. On July 18th, under Miss Schaeffer's guidance, the same program will be followed and the display of begonias newly planted should be an added attraction to all those who have enjoyed the horticultural features of the Exposition.

The group is to meet at the Ferry Building at 10 o'clock and after reviewing the courts and halls of flowers on Treasure Island are to have luncheon at the Yerba Buena Club Coffee Shop. Exclusive of transportation and entrance into Treasure Island, fee will be $1.25. Please make reservations in advance at the Information Desk on the fourth floor.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: "Wind, Sand and Stars," by Antoine de Saint Exupery, if ever a book were an eloquent plea for Peace, here is the book—Peace for the nation, Peace for the individual. Readers who marvelled in "Night Flight" will even more greatly enjoy this thrilling new book of the French aviator, who is a poet by nature and a philosopher by thought and experience. As a poet, his new book is full of magnificent descriptions of near-death adventures in flying in strange places over land, over sea, over clouds. As a philosopher, he interprets and evaluates the part the airplane will play in human relations: "The central struggle of men has ever been to understand one another, to join together for the common weal, and it is this very thing that the machine helps them to do. It begins by annihilating time and space." In the confusions of our modern age—the machine age—this book reaches into the new dimensions of the possibilities of this age and stresses not greater flying machines, but greater mental and spiritual potentialities of war.

Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review this brave, exciting and clear-sighted book at the Book Review Dinner at 6:15 o'clock, on the second Wednesday evening, July twelfth, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ SPANISH ROUND TABLE: Under the leadership of Señorita Maria del Pino another round table group will meet on the first and third Mondays of each month. Señorita del Pino of Madrid, Spain, will be happy to greet those interested in Spanish conversation as well as to discuss arrangements for lessons—beginners, intermediate or advanced groups.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: During the month of July Mlle. Marie Lemaire will preside over the French Round Table each Thursday at 12:15 P.M. Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville will resume her Thursday evening Round Table upon her return to San Francisco in August. The Spanish Round Tables will be presided over by Señorita Maria del Pino on the second and fourth Mondays of July at 12:15 P.M., and by Señorita Angela Montiel at the same hour on the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS BY DR. PAUL CADMAN: This course will be resumed this Fall, starting on Thursday, September 14, 1939, at the noon hour. Course of ten lectures—Members, $4.50; non-members, $5.50. Single admission, 55c members; 66c non-members. Please note change of day.

■ BEAUTY SALON: First step to loveliness: Hair correctly dressed and alive with rich, beautiful curls; a skin well cared for and nails nicely manicured. These are the first requisites for the well-groomed woman and give her confidence to face the world and appear before a discriminating public. Our Beauty Salon furnishes all these requirements for that "queenly air" which is so necessary if you desire to be popular. Why not come in and let Mr. Duchene give you a permanent to add to your loveliness? Each of our operators is eager to serve you and is expert in all lines. Ring GArfield 8400 for an appointment. The Beauty Salon in Lower Main Floor is one of the club departments.

■ SWIMMING POOL: To be in the SWIM is the natural desire of every member of the family during their sojourn in the country. In order to make this popular pastime more enjoyable one must, of necessity, know some of the latest strokes. Why not sign up now for a course of instructions? If you are among those confined to the city, why not do your Summer Swimming in your own City Club Pool?

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Regular classes in French, Spanish and Italian will continue throughout July. Mlle. Marie Lemaire, French instructor; Mme. Rose Olivier, French Conversational Instructor; Signorina Louise Gasparetti, Italian Instructor; Señorita Angela Montiel and Señorita Maria Moya del Pino, Spanish Instructors. After the vacation period, German Classes will be conducted by Frau Martha Haack Kunstorff. Appointments for all classes may be made at Executive Office.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: During the month of July there will be no Thursday Evening Programs, but they will be resumed in August. The program on August third will be a lecture on "California Art and Artists" by Mrs. Jane Amundsen, Director of the Art Exhibit in the California Building at the Exposition.

■ SUMMER USE OF THE CLUBHOUSE: We have been told by many of our members that they are planning to remain in San Francisco this summer because of the Exposition with its attendant train of visiting friends. We therefore look forward to busy luncheon and dinner hours, as we know that our members will want to show off their fine clubhouse with its excellent cuisine as part of the hospitality for which San Francisco is famous.

A View of San Francisco

The President's Message

As every mode of travel brings vacationists westward, a crowded city at this season belies the usual summer hegira. Many Bay residents are spending their vacation days at Treasure Island and it is more apparent each day that we are the vacation center of these Western shores. ■ Anticipating this, The Women's City Club stands equipped to welcome your guests from near and far, and the "Special Exposition Guest Privilege" has brought a large response. Visitors and guests are enthusiastic and appreciative of the privileges of our Clubhouse. All this is most gratifying, and we emphasize it at this time to remind other members who have not availed themselves of this hospitable gesture, or who, having guests in their homes, do not bring them to our Clubhouse. We feel, and justly so, ours is Club among Clubs, a house to be proud of and a service program that is unique in the world of today. Therefore to our members—we urge you to consider your Women's City Club on the must list of things to do in San Francisco, for the hospitable atmosphere of the National League is sure to charm each and every guest.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

The Meaning of the Courts of the Exposition of 1939

by Juliet James

■ There never was a more beautiful setting for an Exposition than ours on Treasure Island. Without a doubt San Francisco Bay is most gloriously placed.

The distant view of the hills, our fine city near by, the islands, leave nothing to be desired.

There is no use comparing this Exposition with that of 1915 or with Chicago's classic beauty of 1892. They were both, lovely, indeed.

But there is much to admire and interest one in ours of today in the steps forward that have been made in illumination, horticulture, science, electricity, transportation and—well, in some other ways.

Let us walk through a few of the courts, remembering that all expositions are for the sake of trade, while this one especially accents peace, the most necessary need on the horizon today.

Starting in the Court of the Pacific we meet what to many is enigmatical Pacifica—the Mother of Western Patterns—with lavish encrustations indefinitely expressed on her surface. You discover suggestions of architecture, of scuplture, of music, of the kelp of the sea, and a multitude of other things if you'll only take time to look.

Most people stand there less than two minutes and say in the very way they turn aside, "What does it mean?"—and they have made no effort to find out. She is the Spirit of the Pacific praying for peace—the pivotal note of the Exposition.

Narrowing our outlook, we see on the outer row of the Fountain of Western Waters, the Chief Nations around the Pacific. In the sunken fountain in groups of threes, we meet the people in what suggests their daily lives.

Then, turning to that very colorful and adroitly worked out relief of the Bruton sisters, you see the slow march of the Peace Makers of the Occident and the Orient to the priestess who represents the spirit of the Occident. You hereby have the attitude of the Pacific Nations on the peace question.

Passing out of here into the Court of the Seven Seas, you create paths of trade over the whole world for your trading vessels—with the spirit of Adventure leading.

A purely nautical court is this and almost nothing has been left out, for you have the North Star, all sea life, harpoons, successful vessels whose prows are decked with laurel, charts of discoverers, explorers, travelers. You are taken back in imagination to Venice and China when those places were great trade marts.

The masts, the sails, the rigging, the look-outs are before you and as you watch (Continued on page 23)

Rainbow Fountain Court of Flowers, Treasure Island

Etching by Alexander Stern

Editorial

■ There is no greater joy than being editor of a magazine which has only to ask to receive. Be it a story of the "Royal Visit" on East Coast or West of Canada, a story of travel abroad or ramble at home, technical and professional or amateur—all the Editor of the Magazine of the Women's City Club of San Francisco has to do is to search for the right person in the membership and ask her to write herself or to give us the proper "lead." One immediately appreciates the democracy, the vast mine of talent which this organization comprises. Month after month volunteer stories are ours for the asking. Lately two stories have arrived unsolicited by us, and the mail-bag is one of pleasant surprises. The versatility of the membership is nowhere more clearly evidenced than in the book-review columns which for a year now have brought to their readers reviews from many who rank as professionals as well as those who have written for the first time. We are grateful to all our contributors and we thank them publicly in the name of our readers.

■ It has been our happy experience to visit two advertisers lately who have said, "We showed this at the Advertisers' Show at the Women's City Club this year." The importance of this side of the program of the Women's City Club Magazine cannot be overemphasized. The measure of its power is the interest evidenced by the reader. Our advertisers have been told of this interest, but it rests with the members themselves to prove it so. Please patronize those who by their support make possible these pages, and please tell them that you are conscious of their coöperation with your Club.

■ The Editor has been thinking—as Editors sometimes do. What is this volunteer service of which we hear so much? Just what comes under its heading? Why is it important? And because the purpose of this magazine is to carry to the members who are its readers the important things of the month, these thoughts have been milling around in the Editor's mind for several days. Here are some of her conclusions:

"Volunteer" carries a connotation far more important perhaps than the literal meanings—of which there are two: "one who enters into any service of his own free will" and "to offer or bestow without restraint or compulsion." Volunteer Service then presupposes a desire to do something, and with this as the definition, members of the Women's City Club are all volunteers. There is hardly anyone who would not volunteer if she could, but many cannot. Sickness, age, other activities and duties or obligations, distance are but a few of the reasons why any membership of five thousand cannot unanimously serve in the sense of giving time regularly to any department of the clubhouse or any activity of the League.

How, then, can this desire to be a Volunteer be satisfied? There is one very tangible way just now, and that is by interesting a friend to join the Club. When fifteen hundred women decided to build a clubhouse in 1927, they interested 5,500 others to join in the enterprise. Since that year there has been no time when the entire membership of the National League for Woman's Service has volunteered for this service. Were each member to bring in a friend or help sponsor a friend, the earning of the building would be accelerated and the Board of Directors would be able to authorize all the suggestions which now are defeated because they are voted "luxuries."

Let no one say she cannot volunteer. This is a way open to each and every member, and this is the time.

■ From its inception, Pacific House, at the Golden Gate International Exposition with its purposeful theme has had its special appeal for members of the Women's City Club of San Francisco. When a few weeks ago opportunity came for volunteer service to supplement the work of the paid staff in their beautiful building in the heart of the Pacific Area building, Mr. Youtz turned to the National League for Woman's Service for the help he needed in the Library and at the Information Desk. This volunteer service was soon available, and has been given with fine spirit by those who answered the call. It has reflected credit on us all and is but a further evidence of the splendid response which the League always receives from its membership.

A Certain Aspect of the Royal Visit

by J. E. C.

■ One morning during last October the Canadian people read in their newspapers that Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth were coming to Canada in May. It was thrilling news but as winter was upon us nothing seemed farther away than did the month of May and after the first flush of excitement one did not hear much about it. The winter was long and when the snow finally left at the end of April we suddenly woke up to the fact that Their Majesties were due in three weeks. There was a lot of preparation to be done. Every day you saw a new batch of workmen mending a bump on the royal route or repainting a shabby fence. At night military bands could be heard practising in their barracks; there were decorations to be put up; visitors were swarming into the big cities from the little towns through which the Royal Train could not pass. There was a general restlessness in the air, for conversation rarely went beyond those few days in May—those few days which were to be the climax of all these preparations. And those two figures which were to be the centre of these celebrations—we had seen them on countless newsreels, in countless pictures and we thought we knew them well. But we soon realized after seeing them for ourselves that these newsreels and pictures have done little to portray their real charm and personality.

On the night before Their Majesties' arrival Quebec's one large hotel, The Chateau Frontenac, was a seething mass of people. Though mainly press, there were among others Privy Councillors, Cabinet Ministers, Supreme Court Judges, many of the entourage which was to go on the Royal Train, and, of course, many visiting onlookers. The activity was tremendous and though it seemed to quiet down about one o'clock it started again at seven with a frantic rush to get breakfast before Their Majesties' boat "The Empress of Australia" appeared in sight. For this quaint old French city is built on high rocky banks overlooking the wide St. Lawrence River and its little cobble stone streets which run from the water's edge to the residential part on top of the banks provided many vantage points from which the boat could be seen coming up the river. I went out on the terrace in front of the hotel.From there I saw a white ocean liner led by its naval escort slowly and silently moving up the river. But silence did not reign for long. Suddenly a gun was fired, the river boats were blowing their sirens, the church bells were ringing and everything capable of making a noise was welcoming in Their Majesties.

But silence had fallen once more and the sun warmed us gently as we (Continued on page 22)

God Save The King

by I. Lillie Macrae

This photo was taken by one of the Veterans (was given second prize in "The Sun" newspaper competition) when their Majesties called at the Military Hospital on one of their surprise visits. The majority of patients and nurses had been drawn up on the roadside on the other block, but when the King and Queen heard that there were some who could not be moved to that position they left their car and went to see them.

■ On that day, May seventeenth, 1939, at the moment the Royal Yacht, the Proud Empress of Australia, docked at Quebec, a seed was sown which quickly grew into a mighty tree whose branches overshadow Canada, and reach across the border into the United States of America.

Their Majesties King George VI, Ruler of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and his gracious Queen Elizabeth, landed in Canada. Instantly there was awakened a devotion that is more than merely loyalty to the reigning sovereign. The love of the people went out to a Man and Woman, a love that has intensified the allegiance of subject to Ruler, yet at the same time has created a personal bond between two great human beings and "even the least among us." Canada has welcomed her King and her Queen. From coast to coast the response has been the same, a gracious, understanding acceptance of the tribute of a loyal people to their King and Queen. Then when time and circumstances permitted, the easy change of role to that of a kindly man and woman who love their fellow men and women, and who like them to know this.

To old and young alike, the Royal Visit has been a wonderful experience. To the young especially it has demonstrated the reality of the symbol—the Crown. The personality of King George VI has captured them. From now on The Crown will mean a living person who evokes the loyalty and devotion of his people.

As an illustration, let me quote the words of a working man who said, "I have a little son who is quite a singer. He has been singing 'God Save the King' since he was two years old. He is now five and he has seen the King. Always the words will have a Real Meaning for him."

I, too, have seen the King and Queen and I have discovered that all the teaching of a long ago childhood has not been lost, just deeply buried. Up have popped emotions that now have been allowed full play, and which must be held responsible for this response to the Editor's request for a story for the Magazine.

The week end before May 29 was an anxious one in Vancouver, B.C. After some glorious days, the weather broke. As the success of the whole Vancouver programme depended upon a fine day, there was good reason for anxiety. The arrival of the Royal Party was arranged for ten o'clock at the C.P.R. Station. All traffic was stopped long before this hour. At 7:45 a.m., prepared for the worst yet hoping for the best, we set forth, reached our good location comfortably, and settled (Continued on page 27)

Pacific House—The Theme Building

by Philip N. Youtz, Director of Pacific Area

■ Visitors to the Golden Gate International Exposition will find Pacific House a hospitable headquarters. The Theme Building of the Exposition with its four great windows symbolizing the four continents of the Pacific has an air of invitation.

This is the first theme building ever erected by an exposition. Its function is to explain the purposes of the Exposition as a whole, which is an attempt to present to the American public the possibilities for cultural and commercial reciprocity in the Pacific Area. Pacific House is the focal point where the common interests of the nations of the Pacific are presented visually by a group of talented artists. The resources and cultures of the individual nations are more fully presented in a series of individual national palaces which surround Pacific House. The Exposition has been fortunate in securing the participation of some twenty nations and countries.

The visitor approaches Pacific House by a causeway; the building is located in the center of a lagoon. Such an island setting is particularly appropriate for a building which symbolizes the Pacific and its peoples. A terrace with broad steps leading down to the water enables the visitor to stroll about the exterior and enjoy the picturesque architecture of the foreign palaces. Oriental carp swim about in the shaded water of the lagoon and stately black Australian swans navigate the still surface of the lagoon. To the north of the building is a sunny terrace with comfortable chairs where one may listen to the marimba orchestras of Central America or the constabulary band of the Philippines.

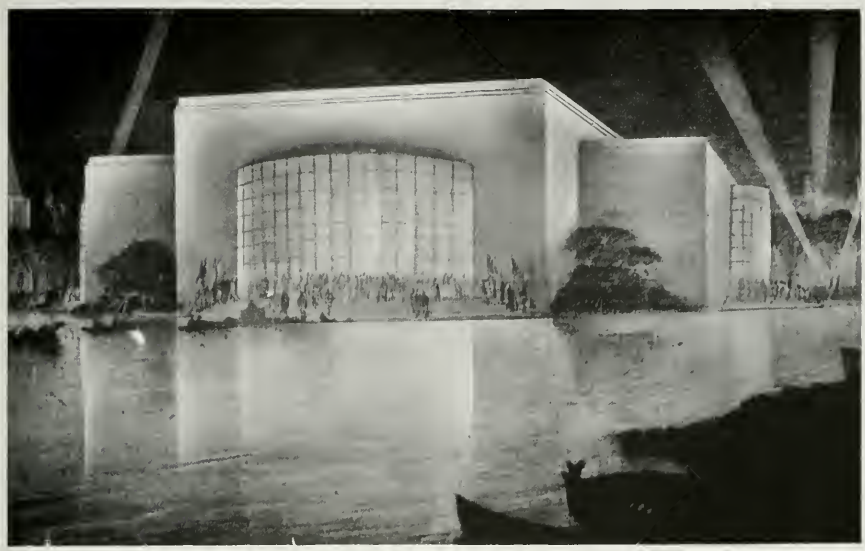
On entering Pacific House the visitor sees first a huge topographical map presenting the panorama of the entire Pacific Area. This is executed in brilliantly colored and glazed terracotta, a material which makes it possible to use actual water in the ocean areas—four whales spout in the center, giving the ocean surface miniature waves. The depths of the ocean are revealed by terraces which follow the contour lines—the terraces are shaded from light blue for the continental shelf to navy blue for the great depths. The visitor is therefore able to see through the clear water the configuration of the ocean floor. The coloration of the continents shows them as they would be seen from an aeroplane traveling at high altitude. The tones are pastel and indicate the land coverage—the white snow of the high mountains, the red tones of the rocks and the deep green of the forest area and the light green of the plains. Antonio Sotomayor was the artist and James Newhall, the geographer, in charge of the production of the terracotta map.

Today the Pacific is united by trade routes, modern clippers of the air and fast steamers carry passengers and freight swiftly from one shore to another. More important than the value of freight are the ideas which these means of transportation disseminate. Edgar Dorsey Taylor has designed a map in glass showing the modern trade routes of the Pacific and the way in which they link the peoples of the Pacific together as neighbors. The map is brilliantly lighted and the color of the glass gives a pattern of brilliant hues.

Miguel Covarrubias has done a series of six mural maps of the Pacific Area. Those who recall his book on Bali know that he has traveled extensively through the Pacific Area. His first-hand acquaintance with the islands, with China, Japan, Central and South America and North America qualified him to undertake to portray the colorful life of the Pacific for Exposition visitors.

On either side of the entrance are maps which show the native transportation and the native housing in the Pacific. Perhaps the greatest voyages of all times were those undertaken by the Polynesians with their outrigger canoes. These people were the first to cross the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean and some authorities believe that they reached the New World long before the coming of the white man. The housing map shows dramatically the way in which domestic architecture is influenced by climate.

In the great Theme Hall are maps showing the flora and fauna, peoples, the economy and the art of the Pacific Area. So much material is epitomized in these representations that the visitor will want to select a comfortable rattan chair and spend fifteen



minutes or a half hour taking in the full significance of each map. Covarrubias' gift for illustration, his combination of naive presentation and sophisticated humor, make this series of maps one of the delightful features of the Exposition.

In each end of the Theme Hall are a series of miniature dioramas. On the east side they show the exploration of the Pacific, giving tiny dramatizations of the great explorers of sailing-ship days and of the modern scientific explorers who search for plants or lost cities. On the other side are represented some of the elements which help to unify the Pacific Area. Among these elements are the round-table conferences where scientists from all parts of the Pacific meet, the radio which has gone into the homes and is linking people of different climate, race and customs together.

In each of the four great windows of Pacific House are horticultural exhibits which symbolize the contributions of the four continents respectively to modern horticulture. The exhibits contain many of the important economic plants, such as the fibrous plants from Australia, tea from China and the citrus fruits of Asia.

Pacific House is the center for a continuous program of meetings of organizations interested in the Pacific Area. The conference room on the second floor seats three hundred comfortably and has a program dealing chiefly with Pacific relations which is scheduled until December 2nd, the last day of the Exposition.

A social room provides for the entertainment of foreign commissioners representing Pacific countries and distinguished guests to the Exposition. This meeting place gives the foreign representatives an opportunity of knowing each other and meeting representative Amricans, thus laying the foundation for future economic and political cooperation.

The climax of the exhibits at Pacific House is the book collection lent by American publishers. This exhibit includes a large proportion of the books in print published in America dealing with the various aspects of the Pacific Area. At the present writing about six thousand books have been received and the exhibit is growing daily. Recent additions have included fine collections from the American Russian Institute, the Governor General of French Indo-China and from Latin-America. The books are installed in an attractive library which occupies the north alcove of Pacific House. Here are comfortable tables adjacent to the book shelves where any reader is welcome to spend a quiet hour (Continued on page 25)

Reminiscences of Early Marin County Gardens

by Margaret Kittle Boyd

Extracts from a booklet of The San Francisco Garden Club, October Program, 1934

■ While gardening in Marin County was scarcely considered seriously except as a necessary adjunct to the larder or the medicine chest until after the middle of the last century, still we must consider the first days of settlement of the county and render tribute to the early pioneers.

Running through the history of Marin there is a sad strain of impermanence—we do not find property passing on from father to son in an unbroken line as more happily is the case elsewhere. Many high hopes were realized and bright dreams fulfilled but not for long. We who love Marin County, surrounded by its high hills with Tamalpais keeping guard over all, like to remember that when the Mission San Rafael was founded in 1817 as a sanitarium for sick Indians and priests from all over California, that it was dedicated to San Rafael Archangel, "in order that this most glorious prince, who in his name expresses the 'healing of God,' may care for bodies as well as souls." Of the Mission now no trace remains, but in our old gardens we find again the truth of the Hebrew meaning of Rafael—Healing of God.

As a child I remember the old pear trees of the Mission Garden, in whose branches I used to climb. They were of a peculiar variety with twisted bark which I still like to believe grew that way because the Padres twisted the seeds before planting them. Mr. James Wilkins remembers the Mission Garden which stretched from the present Court House to the Lincoln Highway, or as I shall always call it, The Petaluma Road. An adobe wall surrounded this garden which in addition to the fruit trees and grape vines undoubtedly contained a collection of herbs for medicinal and culinary use. In 1834 Bancroft records in the inventory of the Mission an item of $968 for the garden or orchard, but only seven years later Saunders states that "Never a very prosperous establishment San Rafael rapidly fell to pieces after secularization and De Mofras found it a ruin in 1841 with however some superb tobacco plants in the old garden and twenty Indians and an Irishman named Murphy on the land." Twenty years later James Byers, a carpenter, bought the ruins of the old Mission. At that time lumber was extremely dear, costing two hundred dollars a thousand, and Byers tore down what remained of the buildings for the sound old hand-hewn timbers in the roof and foundations. Not many years ago the last trace of the Spanish Padres, a gnarled old pear tree, was cut down in order that an apartment house might rise.

To Mrs. Burdell belongs the distinction of building the first ambitious garden in the county. The Olompali ranch was a wedding gift from her father James Black, and as a bride she commenced redesigning the grounds, grading in front of the house in long graceful terraces towards the Bay. On her return from a journey to Japan in a sailing vessel, Mrs Burdell brought back an extensive collection of oriental trees, shrubs and flowers.

Going up the long avenue of pine and eucalyptus trees, with the pink amaryllis growing in profusion under them, we come to the original garden laid out —as were all early gardens—with great formality. A regulation circular bed in the center, then brick paths radiating from this to end up with the wheel effect at the outer edge. Here undoubtedly was the first planting of exotics in the County, Magnolias, Japanese Maples, Oleanders, Camellias now growing to the second story windows and many other rare tropical and semi-tropical varieties, which still flourish in this garden. A magnificent and huge specimen of spiral palm dominates the round bed, and four very tall palms, the tallest in Marin County, stand guard on either side of the house. There are two trees in this garden which are well worth mentioning, one a tremendous oak with a huge crude cross carved upon it. The bark has grown around the carving but the cross is still plainly to be distinguished, despite the years which have passed since it was placed there to mark the spot where fell the one casualty in a battle of the Bear Flag war in 1846. The other tree is a large redwood, grown it is said from a seed found in the crop of a quail killed at Fort Ross. The pomegranate hedge is a thing of beauty, and at this time of the year the Japanese maples which border the stream are a blaze of color and seem strange in our California landscape.

The planting of the Burdell garden, while more elaborate, is typical of all Marin County ranch gardens. The approach led invariably through an avenue of cypress trees, usually interspersed with eucalyptus, which swept up to the entrance doorway and around a circle where a palm tree was given the place of prominence. Little remains of many of these early ranch gardens. A few roses have survived the change of ownership and consequent neglect, better it would seem than the family orchards, although one still comes across misshapen apple or pear trees where no trace of the original dwelling remains.

It was not until about 1870 that people commenced moving to Marin County to establish country homes, with not only orchards and vegetable gardens but elaborate ornamental plantings of trees and flowers as an integral part of the plan of their estates.

It is difficult to follow the establishment of these places by date, and impossible to describe in detail the many lovely gardens that within the next two decades were to become so deeply entrenched in the memories of all who lived in the County at that time. The best that I can do is to describe the gardens as I remember them as a young girl, coming to San Rafael to spend the summers.

* * * *

Next comes the truly beautiful garden of Miss Louise A. Boyd, "Maple Lawn," with which more than any other garden in San Rafael the years have dealt gently. Possibly this is because Ah Sing, the Chinese gardener, has been in undisputed charge for over fifty years. The property was originally bought by Mr. Sidney V. Smith, and later owned by Mr. Hellman, but when Miss Boyd's uncles, Mr. Dan and Seth Cook, purchased the grounds, they sent to Boston for a celebrated landscape architect, the first to come to San Rafael, and completely redesigned the grounds. A superb collection of Japanese maples, from which the place derives its name and thick thickets of bamboo give the garden an exotic quality, but the fine old trees are its distinction and glory. A perfect specimen of araucaria robusta is growing in a corner of this garden, and annually holds dignified court to visitors from all over the world, assisted by a Cedar of Lebanon, claimed to be the only one in San Rafael, and a grevillea robusta and araucaria braziliana whose renown is almost equal. Vines planted all round the house were soon a mass of bloom and tubs of oleanders and orange trees separated the terraces from the lawns sloping to the street. The wrought iron fence which enclosed the property, part of which has been given to the town as a Memorial Park, is inlaid with gold leaf, which we children always regarded with round-eyed wonder.

Outstanding, however, was the garden personally designed by Mr. William Babcock, who truly loved his garden and personally supervised where every tree and shrub was placed. He avoided the mistake so generally made of overplanting, and now his trees are truly remarkable specimens of their kind. I remember the hawthornes, the English hollies and the camphor trees, as well as the catalpas, magnolias and many types of evergreens. The garden in front of the house consisted of rather severely restrained lawns and the trees, but the porches were a riot of color, with pots of all sorts of rare plants, raised in the green house, and his home was always filled with arrangements of flowers from the cutting beds in another quarter of the grounds. Mr. Babcock's devotion to his trees reminds me of what was probably one of the earliest attempts at Garden Club work. We had recently formed the San Rafael Improvement Club, which by the way was the first organization of its kind to be made in the State, and took ourselves and our activities very seriously. With great pride we had succeeded in planting the road to San Anselmo, always known as the Junction Road, with shade trees, the young saplings all staked and carefully tied, and it was our joy to drive out in the cool of the evening to watch their progress. It was with great concern that we found that no matter how often the trees were retied, in a day or so the strings would be cut. The subject was discussed at a club meeting and Mr. Babcock was delegated to discover the identity of the culprit, supposedly a vicious small boy. Sometime later he saw a little brown phaeton stopping by the trees. Out got a small old lady, a Paisley shawl wrapped around her thin shoulders and armed with a pair of sharp scissors, with which she deftly cut the strings from each tree. To Mr. Babcock's amazement he recognized Mrs. William Barbar, a lady whom all the community held in high repute, who explained that she felt so sorry for the little trees tied up so tightly that she just could not bear not to cut them loose. Mrs. Barbar's love of gardens was proverbial, as her lovely place testified.

Half way between San Rafael and San Anselmo stands the residence of Mr. Minthorne Tompkins, beautifully placed on a hilltop overlooking the surrounding countryside, from Tamalpais on the southwest to the Bay and Contra Costa hills on the east. Again wisteria and roses framed the old home and a sentinel Sequoia shared with a huge deodora the honors of the lawn.

Mr. Tompkins' great friend, an equally enthusiastic horticulturist, with whom he carried on a friendly rivalry in growing flowers, was Mr. James Ross, who settled in Marin in 1859 on the Rancho Punto de Quintin. This vast holding comprised roughly 10,000 acres, enclosed in a fifteen mile circle, stretching from the present point San (Continued on page 29)

A Sierra Friend

by Dorothy Sutliffe

■ Our first meeting was during the twilight of a day in mid-October at a beautiful, large lake in the Sierra. John Muir had taught us to seek this most unique tribe of feathered folk in the wildest and swiftest of rocky, mountain streams far from the haunts of men but here he was on the edge of a peaceful lake, whose calm was rarely ruffled by the lightest breeze. I could not at first feel sure he was the sprite I ought to know but his oft-repeated low, dipping courtesies, his squat little body and abbreviated tail and, above all, his fearless plunges into the deep waters brought recognition, whereupon we were introduced and quickly friends.

It was a very busy and hungry little fellow who proceeded to make frequent dives for his living prey of mollusks and larvae. Yes, dives, for though he had none of the natural swimming aids of a duck, he could literally walk on the bottom of the lake by the help of wings and tail and secure plenty of food from his aquatic table. Having captured a grub, he rose, perched upon a low rock that jutted from the water, daintily broke the insect shell and began his Lucullan banquet. If he had a sweet little mate somewhere waiting for him to "bring home the bacon", he completely forgot her in the joys of the feast set out for him below. We must presume for him the excuse that, no doubt, he had no family cares in the fall of the year and that surely with such bounteous supply of edibles it would be an easy task for his chosen one to supply her own needs. Anyway, he continued for many, many minutes to make graceful dives into the lake with a success which must have greatly displeased the trout upon whose ancestral preserves he was a trespasser. Just as I had begun to fear the consequences of so much gorging, he left his hunting ground to perch upon the gunwale of a near-by row boat and then, entirely unexpectedly, came the most enjoyable feature of his evening performance. Suddenly the stillness was broken by an ethereal song. Ornithologists like to represent bird songs in terms of our musical staff and notes. I am one who does not believe that can be done, so why try? But we have all of us heard the same note—or tones quite similar—come from the throat of a sleepy canary as he waited in the lamplit hour for some one to cover his cage in order to shut out for the night the annoying glare of man-made lights. No song of love poured from wee Friend's throat, nor yet a paean of thanksgiving, but only a celestial vesper hymn inspired by the beauty of the hour and the gentle peace of approaching night. The evening darkened and while the air still vibrated with his luscious strains, he spread his wings and was gone.

Came again the twilight and there he was to continue our happy intercourse. Without instrument or chart, on wings swift and unerring, he came once more from some remote part of the lake to his delectable feeding waters close to my temporary abode. Was he as pleased to see me once again as I was to find him? I do not know; perhaps he was hardly conscious of my presence. When two feel friendship or love for one another, the affection is always the more intense on one side. Therefore, I must have been much more interested in Little Friend than he was in me for night after night I entirely forgot my evening meal in watching him, while his one and only thought was the tasty grubs awaiting him in the cool waters. Thus, during the two weeks of my stay in his country, I was able to enjoy his companionship.

Back in the humdrum of life, it seemed that so entrancing an experience must have been of the stuff of which dreams are made and I wonderingly awaited the next October to find out if he were a reality. Yes, there he was at the appointed hour, repeating exactly his performances of the previous year, exhibiting the pretty antics of our first meetings, even to the extent of standing upon the identical spot on the boat's edge, as though he felt that was the one desirable platform from which to pour forth his heavenly roulades for his rapt audience of one. Each year Little Friend and I arranged to meet upon the lake in October. Always he pre- (Continued on page 22)

One Picture Is Worth Ten Thousand Words

Written and Illustrated by Norman Todhunter

■ That's the old Chinese proverb. Sounds pretty good to the artist. The strength of this statement, however, is based on just how good the picture is. But let's take a trip back a few thousand years and find out what this art business is all about.

Ambling around ape-like in his crude cave we find the Pre-historic man. He's home after a tough day's hunting, tired, but nevertheless happy. His reason for happiness is simple. He's killed some mighty ferocious animals with primitive weapons. While friend wife gathers together the meat in preparation for dinner at the mouth of the cave he decides to commemorate this occasion in some tangible form so that his friends will know all about it. Taking one of his sharp spearheads, he starts to work on one of the smoother surfaces of his rough wall. His sole idea is to tell the story of the day's hunt with a suggestion of all the thrills that went with it.

That was the very beginning. Unknowingly he was making one of the first works of art to be created on this planet.

Now let's move the clock ahead and go to Egypt. The Egyptians, a highly civilized people for their day, developed many fine artists. Their advanced state is apparent when we realize that their Mathematicians, Astronomers and Scientists taught the peoples that inhabited their Mediterranean region. Their Architects were designing and constructing large and beautiful temples. Egyptian artists were enriching these structures with magnificent sculpture and wall paintings. These told the colorful stories of the ancient and contemporary Pharoahs. Out of their picture-language grew an alphabet: a short hand for picture communication of things and ideas.

In looking back at these fellows who started the things that we have today, two things immediately become apparent in regard to their purpose. 1. They wanted to tell a story. 2. They endeavored to enhance and beautify their surroundings.

These two basic ideas in art are still good but sometimes are forgotten in the mad rush of "Art for art's sake."

Through modern advances in communication, transportation and printing the world has become smaller and an individual's scope larger. Michaelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt van Rijn were undoubtedly the ones who carried art to its peak in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeeth centuries. These men, of tremendous creative power, told their stories of deep religious significance in a way that gave them timeless fame and their work universal appeal.

Since their time art has (Continued on page 20)

The Making of the Locust Scenes for the Good Earth

One of the most exciting parts of the motion picture, "Good Earth," is the scenes showing the farmers fighting the locust plague which besieged the farms of Wang Lung and his fellow villagers. The making of these scenes is one of the most trying ever to confront Hollywood and the large staff of technicians at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio.

First of all, a large part of the company, together with its accompanying crew of grips, carpenters and cameramen, were sent to southern Utah to take advantage of an actual plague of grasshoppers which occurred there that summer of 1936. Grasshopper plagues are not new in Utah. The Mormons were saved from a siege by the sudden appearance of a flock of sea gulls. Grasshoppers are simply lazy cousins to the locusts, lacking the well-known migratory habit of the locusts. They are the same so far as appearance and appetite are concerned.

The crew took one of the infested area and in no time built an exact duplicate of the Hollywood duplicate of a farm in north China! Crates of farm implements as they were shipped from China, Chinese wheelbarrows, and Honan potteries placed here and there about the cottage of Wang Lung or the community well soon turned this section of Utah into a bit of North China.

Since the grasshoppers do not fly, they were made to sail through the air by means of compressed air. The players went through all the routine of fighting them, the grasshoppers whizzing about like miniature airplanes. Occasionally one would enter the mouth of a player and his low curses could be heard above the din of banging tin pans and beating drums.

To make the scene realistic a few hoppers were stuck onto our faces, foreheads and bodies with spirit gum. These creatures do not like that any more than we do, and they register their protest against the human "fly-papers" with the most vigorous scratching imaginable. Otherwise, hoppers are friendly creatures. They crawl up your legs to the arm pits and the back of your neck, perhaps looking for morsels of corn or whatever you have to offer.

We proceeded to work at sunrise and quite shortly before noon, for it is impossible to work under the blazing noonday sun. The farm is situated about twenty miles from Cedar City. It's at a valley surrounded by bare mountains which seemed to be under constant bombardment of lightning and thunder. The afternoons are often given over to rain.

The scenes require the building of a "fire curtain" in the background, and the heat from the sun and the fire curtain sent quite a few to the company's hospital. Fighting the locusts near the fire wall is the most unpleasant job for the players. Both cinders and hoppers descend on the players, who are stripped to the waist, and a few have the soles of their slippers burnt.

There were many close-up shots of farmers cutting down locust-infested corn, digging trenches for the fire wall, etc. In these shots a stream of grasshoppers was directed at them from close range. This is done by feeding grasshoppers into a large funnel attached to a stove pipe. One end of the pipe is equipped with a compressed air engine, the other was pointed at the player. It is very much like machine-gunning a person.

After ten weeks of this we were permitted to return to the studio at Culver City. There was great excitement when a private screening of these scenes was made at Producer Thalberg's private projection room, and we attended with the eagerness of school children at a cowboy matinee.

The Utah project had cost around $200,000—enough to make a B picture or two—and delayed the production far more than was originally estimated. Imagine our surprise when we heard that practically the entire "takes" were to be discarded. It appeared that the grasshoppers were not realistic enough, that their flight through the air resembled slow-motion bullets, and that the tempo of the whole thing was different from that called for by the exacting demand of the master director, Sydney Franklin.

What was the studio to do? They had already decided that the scenes of actual combatting of locusts in China would not do, lacking the dramatic punches and those judicious distortions which go into the making of an exciting picture. The solution came when the staff of technicians evolved an ingenious trick after days of experimentation.

First of all, the farm of (Continued on page 28)

Art to See in San Francisco

■ San Francisco has long been a recognized art center of the country: it has a large and able colony of artists, an active artistic life, three art museums of national reputation.

The beauty of the California countryside, the stimulation of a metropolitan city with all its picturesque foreign life, the ease of living in its pleasant climate have all had their part in attracting large numbers of artists from other places and also in encouraging young and gifted artists to develop here. The isolation from Eastern art centers has made necessary an independent and therefore to an extent an indigenous development which has been a vital and healthful thing. The government activity in art during the past few years has strengthened and stimulated this tendency. The same isolation and necessity for self-reliance in things artistic account for the existence of three active and much used museums in a city of relatively small population. The visitor interested in art, or merely desirous of understanding better the cultural background of the city will find a pilgrimage to these museums and to the various important murals which have been so important a part of recent art development in the city a pleasurable and instructive experience.

The California Palace of the Legion of Honor, (open daily free from 10 until 5) a replica of the handsome 18th century palace of this organization in Paris occupies a superb situation in Lincoln Park commanding a fine view of the Golden Gate, and the Marin County hills beyond. It has a large collection of bronzes and marbles by the great French sculptor, Rodin, a fine collection of French 18th century furniture and paintings by Fragonard, Greuze and Boucher beautifully installed to give the feeling of the period, and a carefully selected group of Old Master paintings among which a fine Veronese, a Tintoretto, a large Suyders and an important Rubens portrait are some of the notable items. In addition, this museum has changing exhibitions of various types. An exhibition of California art of the past and another of California art today are a regular feature of this program.

The M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park (open daily free from 10 until 5) specializes in the Decorative Arts and in art and related material associated with California's history. Beautiful and modern installation of Oriental, South Sea Island, American Indian arts, and a large collection of fine historic costumes of early California are among the other permanent exhibitions. It also has changing exhibitions of different types, among them always important showings of prints. Featured this summer is a large exhibition, Frontiers of American Art which illustrates the achievements of the Federal Art Project throughout the United States. Not only is there an exceedingly fine showing of paintings and prints, but graphic illustration of the growth and program of art centers, and other cultural enterprises is presented in striking fashion.

The San Francisco Museum of Art in the Civic Center (open daily free from 12 noon to 10 in the evening and from 1 until 5 on Sundays and holidays) is devoted to contemporary art and its sources and background. Its exhibitions are constantly changing to give a survey of what is going on in art today. Special exhibitions demonstrating various phases of art and aiding in appreciation are a regular part of its program. Featured this summer are exhibitions of Burliuk, Weston, Elshemius, Nolde, Kandinsky Contemporary Americans.

Diego Rivera, the celebrated Mexican painter of frescoes, began his American career in San Francisco in 1930. The climate is appropriate to this type of wall decoration and there was already much interest and some work of this type being done. His influence gave it a fresh impetus, however, and many of the finest modern frescoes are to be seen in this region, while all types of wall decoration including mosaic, have had an active development. Rivera's own frescoes are found in the private luncheon club of the Stock Exchange (admission by special arrangement only) and in the California School of Fine Arts (800 Chestnut Street, open on application 10 to 5 except Sundays). Both are fine examples.

The Coit Tower, on Telegraph Hill (open daily 10 to 4, and Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday evenings from 8 to 10) is decorated with frescoes by San Francisco artists, some former pupils or assistants of Rivera, and is the first large mural project carried out in San Francisco. Lively, ex- (Continued on page 23)

"California" —Phyllis Bottome

■ It is difficult for a lover to be asked to criticize his beloved. yet Robert Louis Stevenson, no mean judge of mankind, says, "Love is not blind; if you want to know anyone's faults, ask their beloved—he will not tell you, perhaps, but he knows!'

The writer feels herself in the same predicament when asked to give a critical estimate of California. A spell has been laid upon her—how deep a spell, she never knew until she found herself back in the shadow of Europe. California is a land of superlatives. There never was so clear a light, so pure an air, such flowers, such birds, such crabs, such vegetables! Where is there a desert so hauntingly beautiful—waterless and yet blossoming? What bold and dauntless creatures are its cacti, ignoring all the laws of nature and inventing fresh ones of their own! Where are mountains so mysterious and yet so friendly; so far and yet so vast, that in the clear air, twenty miles looks but a stone's throw? Where else does an immense, smooth ocean creep almost soundlessly into the landscape ordering off the sunshine at a moment's notice, or as suddenly revealing light, as if its broad blue bosom had never veiled itself under a sinister white pall of fog?

This is what Californians possess; and what do they do with it? Wherever man can drive, or eye can gaze, on all its high roads, blistering its shores, mocking the dignity of its desert, and the strength of its hills—are senseless, vulgar, intrusive billboards, like so many slaps in the face! Who wants them? Who learns from them? Who buys anything because of them?

Do people really go to eat any particular chicken because the poor bird plasters itself upon their attention every foot of the way between Los Angeles and Mexico; or, worse still—if worse could be—breaks into the great drive beyond San Francisco to Monterey? The writer, with a hearty appetite bullied out of her by these incessant cannibalistic suggestions, felt that she could never look a chicken in the face again. Must every desert cafe scream its head off at you, through lovely haunting miles, before and after its actual presence? Must liver pills break into Giorgione landscapes at will, and purgatives out-Rabelais Rabelais without a hint of a jest for their excuse?

The beauty of the world is at the mercy of man's mind, just as its peace is at the mercy of his heart; do we really want to go down to posterity as the ugliest as well as the most savage of the centuries?

Europe has nothing to boast of and little to teach at the moment, but many of her citizens come to California to escape from darkest Europe, and we—her enchanted, grateful guests — no more want to see her loveliness desecrated than we want to see her local gangsters set up the tricky violence of dictatorships. California can teach us if she will, that "Beauty—beyond all feathers that have flown—is free!"

But she cannot teach us this till she puts an end to her billboards.

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One Picture

(Continued from page 17)

become more and more specialized but the main idea seems to have been lost. Art has become more and more a thing in itself rather than a medium through which an artist can say something to people. Now, it requires an artist to explain a piece of art work and to tell what the thing is all about.

Young men and women of today possessing artistic talent must go in one of two major directions. There is Fine Art with all its hard work and very little pay or recognition. Or there are the so-called Commercial arts requiring talent and demanding the same or more hard intelligent work. The latter seems to be the more vital path.

Advertising Art, Magazine Illustration, Industrial Designing and Newspaper Art seem to be where the opportunities are open.

Advertising Art demands first, excellent craftsmen. This is because of the structure of the advertising business. Large companies do not do their own advertising but give this job to advertising agencies. Here the conception and the designing of the advertisements take place. Art Directors take the ideas of the copy men and turn them into rough graphic form. If these ideas are approved by the client (the advertiser) they go into actual art execution. The advertisements that they hope you will read are then produced by other artists.

Art production frequently is handled by what is known as an Art Service. Here the artists are highly specialized. Some just draw and paint figures, while others do the same to food products. Many are engaged solely in handlettering and in the assembly of the elements that go to make the complete ad that you see in the newspapers, magazines and billboards. Rarely, however, does one man go through the complete process of art creation; i.e., to conceive, to plan and to execute. Generally speaking, the only time that this can occur is when the art director is a very well-rounded man and can execute his own design to the satisfaction of the client. This calls for a man with more than ordinary ability and individuality.

In Magazine Illustration more latitude is given the artist. He reads the story, conceives and designs the page, and makes a suitable drawing or painting.

Industrial Design is the latest field open to the artist. Here, his creative power is turned more directly to the realm of commerce. Packages you use, trains you travel and factories that produce the things that are household words to you are the direct result of his efforts.

There can be no doubt that Newspaper Art is dying out. Thirty years ago many talented men were engaged in drawing actual news events. Today photography has reached such perfection that the newspaper artist is supplanted by photographers and retouchers, preparing the photographs for reproduction.

Art has not reached its possible height. Since the days of Rembrandt and the old Italians many things have been discovered—potent factors which help make for powerful expression. Color, for example, has been unearthed by a few comparatively recent Frenchmen. Cezanne and Van Gogh pulled painting out of the shadows and gave it added life by the means of brilliant pigments. Cubists and Abstractionists have proven the value of shapes and directions and have thereby added to the science of graphic expression. Any synthesis of the known principles of art done by a man with enough understanding would produce something that would be intensely powerful. Today, with its countless distractions, is not likely to produce another Rembrandt. The art of tomorrow must, I think, be of a different sort. A more scientific man is needed. A man who can grasp all that has gone before and utilize these principles today through new mediums. Subject matter will again take on its universal appeal through necessity, because the medium will be universal. The finesse and fine quality that make a Rembrandt will be sacrificed for more powerful principles that carry the story intensely to more people.

There can be no doubt that the very backbone of good art rests on fundamental human qualities. Therein lies its greatest appeal. Naturally . . . there may be great difference in the form that the art takes. An illustration of this exists in the entertainment field today. We all enjoy Walt Disney's productions. Here's an example of a thoroughly modern practical artist telling age-old stories of human characteristics in the form of his animals through a brand-new medium, i.e. sound, colour, animation.

Business men with goods to sell may do well to recognize and employ the talents of a modern practical scientific artist.

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The League Shop

A Certain Aspect of the Royal Visit

(Continued from page 10)

waited at Wolfe's Cove for the ship to pull alongside. This historical spot, some three hundred years ago the scene of General Wolfe's attack on the French then in Quebec, was a truly fitting place for another historical occasion. And today, the crowds which were scaling the hill behind the cove surely resembled, I thought, Wolfe's men as they scaled these heights before making the attack. Yet in spite of the crowds there was a calmness and silence in the air because of the large open space in which we stood. Slowly now the boat was pulling alongside; on the dais at my left stood the Prime Minister and other officials with their wives who were to be presented. On my right stood the red-coated Guard of Honour, the famous French Canadian Royal 22nd Regiment and behind them their regimental band. By now the boat had docked and several members of the royal suite could be seen on deck. Then quite suddenly and silently Their Majesties appeared and leant over the rail. It took several minutes for the crowd to realize their presence. There they were and here at last was the moment for which so many had been waiting; yet when the time came the crowd seemed stunned. Several cheers went up and many applauded but there was definitely a feeling of self-consciousness in the air. Added to this was the feeling that if you cheered lustily you could not really see them as you cannot both cheer and look at the same time! There was quite a long wait while the Prime Minister went on board to welcome them but finally they stepped ashore and went to the dais. After the presentations the King inspected the Guard of Honour. As the band struck up they got into the car and as they started on the drive around the city the self-conscious cheers of the crowd followed them up the hill.

On their first appearance in Ottawa also the cheers seemed to be rather self-conscious and many have remarked on the same silence in other towns, for though we thought we knew them, they really did feel rather like strangers. But this feeling did not last for long. As each day passed their charm and friendly interest penetrated more and more through the crowds until all trace of self-consciousness had vanished. We soon became familiar with their happy smiles, with their graciousness and sincerity, with the many stories of the thoughtful things they had both said and done, and with the realization that they were and wanted to be just human beings like ourselves. We had seen them at the many ceremonies but most thrilling of all we had seen them at the unveiling of the National War Memorial. This ceremony in memory of the Canadians who fell in the Great War was witnessed by many hundreds of veterans. It was their day and though they had the front rows in the crowd, the people in the special enclosures blocked their view. The ceremony over, Their Majesties were about to leave when the Queen noticed a group of veterans leaning forward to get a better view. Going over to where they stood, she threw aside all protocol and talked and chatted with the fortunate ones in the front row. Then taking the King with her, she walked over to another group and so on down the steps of the memorial and right into a dense crowd of them standing opposite the steps. With smiles and kind words for all, they walked through the whole line as the rest of the crowd stood stunned and amazed at this unusual occurrence. Indeed, we had seen a solemn, rather usual ceremony made ever memorable by this one simple gesture. And as they left in the train that afternoon, the cheers which followed were for two good friends which Ottawa did not want to lose, for she was simply bursting with admiration for this couple whose charm had surpassed all expectations. J.E.C.

Ottawa June 5, 1939

A Sierra Friend

(Continued from page 16)

sented himself at the same hour in the same spot on the lake after the long, sure flight; always he carried on the same eager hunt and dainty consumption of his choice insects, followed by the final evensong and the return flight direct to his sale and hidden home. That abode, in tree or shrub or by waterside, I could never discover, search patiently as I might.

It is several years since last I visited Salmon Lake. Does he still return each year, selecting this inviting shore in preference to all other beauty spots? Does he indeed prolong his stay anywhere in our world or has he gone to join the Choir Invisible? Alas! I shall not know, for it is more than doubtful that I can again haunt the dreaming lake when twilight adds its enchantment to all nature. How may you know my Little Friend should you have the enjoyable opportunity of meeting him on some quiet lake's brim? Men call him the Water Ouzel, but no name or word in language is exquisite enough to describe him for any one. Yet, if you are one who holds fellowship with the feathered folk, it will be impossible for you not to recognize him and give him your deep affection.

(Continued from page 8)

those sails in form of blue and white pennons, you see the blue sea and its white caps. The flowers are all white, for is not the sea-foam that appears on the surface?

We must not linger, for we are nearing the Court of Honor where the finest possible symbols of the Sun are placed before you. The very phoenix atop is not only a local reference to our fire of 1906 but represents the great luminary himself—as does also the ram on the urns below — telling of his fecundity. The lion's head is expressive of life-giving power—followed out by its use in the fountains on either side the tower.

Look, now, into the porticoes and see the effect of the sun upon Earth, Sea, Flora, Fauna. The reliefs tell you of the **abundance** and **fertility** produced by this mighty influence.

The flowers have been yellow—the sun color—even the oranges added their color meaning to the whole.

The Court of the Moon—a gem of beauty, by no means shines by reflected light. Trade dominates this court, but subtly, sharing honors with beauty. The moon influences the tides that take the vessels of the Seven Seas from port to port. Again on the side of trade we have the Cretan jars which held wheat, oil, wine, etc., when Crete was the cradle of Greek civilization and traded her wares with the countries around. How decorative they are, alternating with those dark Irish yews. The pool is named for that Venus of the Air—the Evening Star. She helps shed the light at night—and how ethereal it is!

Did you notice the pink and blue towers and also the walls of blue violet changing later to pink violet? It is the opalescence of the moonlight as the shadows deepen—and is lovely, lovely.

Surely, this fairy scene was created by that Moon Princess far above you, by Aladdin who has just rubbed his lamp, and by the winged Fairy who has just opened her Pandora-like box from which much of this beauty has escaped. Nobody else could have done it!

The reliefs around you all tell the same story — great deeds have been overcome by herculean power so that fruition has been possible—St. George and the Dragon—Jack and the Beanstalk —Prince Igor of epic fame—Hercules and the Centaur (I'm sorry, but it wasn't Achilles).

So it was with San Francisco. She has overcome her obstacles by herculean effort and behold! a phoenix city on the hills, two marvelous bridges, a Venus island rising from the foam of the sea, and the Exposition of 1939.

Be at the second story balcony of the Administration Building just before the Fairy, Aladdin, and the Moon Princess press their buttons, for who does not love a fairy creation? Such a sudden burst of beauty you have never seen before.

And now, "Goodnight."

(Continued from page 19)

perimental, contemporary, this work is well worth seeing.

The Mother House at the Fleishhacker Zoo has fine mosaics by the Bruton sisters and charming tempera murals illustrating the story of Noah's Ark by Helen Forbes and Dorothy Puccinelli. Nearby, at the Beach Chalet Lucien Labaudt's frescoes of San Francisco out-door life are found.

The George Washington School, 32nd and Anza Street, has a fine series of frescoes by Victor Arnautoff.

Aquatic Park, at the foot of Polk Street, a recreation center for water sports has gayly decorative and brilliantly designed murals and detail by Hilaire Hiler, Sargent Johnson and their assistants.

Finally, the heroic sized Sun Yat Sen by Bufano, a striking work in pink granite and stainless steel should be seen in St. Mary's Park in Chinatown as an example of modern and creative use of new materials in art.

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July 1st, 1938, we recorded our opinion that major rails were cheap and should be bought. The rail averages in the ensuing months reached new high ground for the recovery

December 1st, 1938, we recorded opinion with clients that the purchasing power of the dollar might be lowered during the next 12 to 18 months, possibly thru devaluation.

April 12th, 1939, we stated that, in our opinion, there would be no war with Germany and gave our reasons.

May 15, 1939, we drew attention to rail freight carloadings as nearing 600,000, where business is always good

Today, June 9th, 1939, we state that, in our opinion, the next 12 months should witness one of the most important business recoveries in history. Be prepared for higher markets and do your buying now.

Signed HAZEL ZIMMERMAN.

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Reprinted from the WALL STREET JOURNAL *of June 9, 1939*

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That on 24 hours' notice you may have prepared for your use at home any of the items that you enjoy in our Dining Rooms? A few suggestions are listed below. Prices for other items will be given on request.

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Chicken Salad	per quart 3.00
Chicken Salad (all white meat)	per quart 4.00
Assorted Tea Sandwiches	per dozen .75
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Apple Pie	.60
Cookies	per dozen 20c to 30c
Layer Cakes	1.25
Decorated Birthday Cakes	1.50 and up
Coffee Cakes	.60
Caramel Sauce	per pint .65
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French Dressing	per pint .35
Thousand Island Dressing	per pint .45
Sweet Dressing	per pint .45

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I Have Been Reading

ROMANTIC CITIES OF CALIFORNIA; by Hildegarde Hawthorne. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. D. Appleton-Century Company, 1939. $6.00. (Reviewed by Alice Finch.)

"INSIDE ASIA"; by John Gunther. Harper & Bros. $3.50. Reviewed by Mrs. Alice Wilson.

GUATEMALA PROFILE; by Addison Burbank. Coward McCann. $3.50. (Reviewed by Mildred Mackintosh. 1939.)

■ Impressions of places can easily be colored by hospitality or the lack of it, by the kindness or malevolence of the weather, by personal moods and likes and dislikes. But in writing "Romantic Cities of California," Hildegarde Hawthorne has succeeded in being completely objective. Her praise is generous and sincere, her criticism judicious and mild. Colorfully, sympathetically and skillfully Miss Hawthorne has compressed within the pages of one book full-length portraits of thirty-six California cities.

Sometimes by train, sometimes by bus or private motor, and even by ship as we approach San Francisco through the Golden Gate, we journey with the author the length and breadth of the state. Of each place visited Miss Hawthorne gives us the historical background, the romantic growth, and the brassy, drab or beautiful present.

Here are San Diego, from Cabrillo and a Spanish Presidio to Lindburgh and the United States Navy; Los Angeles with its mushroom growth of beauty and ugliness reaching out to the beaches, to Pasadena and Hollywood. We tour coast and valley garden cities from Santa Barbara and its lovely Mission to Santa Maria and its fascinating Inn. Then we turn from gardens to industries (though in California even flowers are an industry) and explore the lumber towns of the Redwood Empire, the farming centers of the great northern valleys and the mining camps of the Mother Lode. Berkeley and Palo Alto are presented to us as seats of learning from their very inceptions. And topping them all is San Francisco, rising Phoenix-like from many fires. This, Miss Hawthorne feels, is California's only truly great and cosmopolitan city and she finishes her admiring and admirable portrait of it with the hope that one day its streets will be better lighted.

To view California through her cities makes delightful reading. Against a background of unique personalities and the forces of nature and circumstance which drove them to build as they did, and as their successors are still building, we see unfold the history of a great state.

This is the fourth volume on California which has been adorned with the architectural pencil sketches of E. H. Suydam. "San Francisco: A Pageant" was the first with its sketches of familiar landmarks seen through a fresh eye.

■ Informative, journalistic, kaleidoscopic . . . it is a hurried journey through the vast continent which is Asia, meeting on the way the men who have made headlines in the newspapers of the world: the Emperor of Japan, and all the other important personages of that country who direct its policies interior and exterior, especially exterior; a birdseye view of their country's conditions as a backdrop for the play of events which are following each other with a bewildering rapidity.

Chang Kai Shek in China and the Soong family and a long list of their satellites who keep and drop their allegiance to their leaders in a casual manner such as we Westerners cannot accept or understand, are all taken in Mr. Gunther's rapid stride.

And on we go through Indo-China, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, a marvelous field for International intrigue on a gigantic scale. Through India, where Gandhi still dominates the stage. It is here, perhaps, where the most interesting political ex-

periment is taking place today: the gradual shifting of government control from an autocratic colonial administration to a Congress of enlightened leaders of a people steeped in age-old tradition and superstition; to a Congress whose members are thoroughly acquainted with the Western mind, and which is constructed or based on the ideologies belonging to that race whose authority they wish to destroy.

And again through Afghanistan, Persia, Arabia, where the conflict between East and West rises so obviously to the surface, contrasted with the devious and hidden ways in which the same struggle is carried on in the countries of China and Japan.

Is the Asiatic Continent just a geographic denomination and are the people of the near East and India closer to the European in the working of their mind than to the people of the farther East of China and Japan? After reading "Inside Asia" one feels inclined to think the former is true. As we reach the shores of the Mediterranean we feel on a more familiar ground. Here the West has entered its wedge more securely, more firmly. This western part of Asia is the battlefield of European conflicting interests and political intrigues.

Mr. Gunther ends his race across Asia in Palestine, the hope of the Zionist and the home of the Arab, whose problem remains unsolved and maybe will remain so.

After reading on the great problems facing the teeming millions of Asia, one wonders: what will be the outcome when the masses of those people whom the writer has put before our eyes start moving? One cannot help but think, after reading "Inside Asia," of the amazing shortsightedness of the Western peoples in not realizing how small their differences are, how easily they could be adjusted, and how tremendously they need to unite, to pool their efforts in order to meet adequately an awakening Asia.

■ To read Addison Burbank's book on Guatemala is like walking through a gallery of charming and intimate watercolors. He is a true painter, using the leaves of his book for a canvas on which originality, sensitiveness and humor are delicately applied.

When Mr. Burbank left for Puerto Barrios two years ago, he said he hoped to find in the life of the Guatemaltecos "the beauty and picturesqueness which civ-

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Pacific House — The Theme Building

(Continued from page 13)

exploring the Pacific through the printed page. Visitors have the advantage of readers' advisors to help them find the books of special personal interest and suggest an outline for future reading.

One of the most important contributions of the book exhibit has been the preparation of a series of bibliographies the editorship of Mr. Bruno Lasker, who has also had charge of the gathering of the book exhibit. These bibliographies have been sent to schools, colleges, libraries, museums and to club program chairmen throughout the West. Through this means the book exhibit has been able to be of service to a very large public in addition to the throngs of Exposition visitors.

Pacific House represents a notable experiment in adult education on the part of an exposition company. Since its opening on February 18th it has averaged more than ten thousand people a day, which is some indication of its educational reach. Through visualizations and through books, Pacific House brings to the Exposition visitor the story of the Pacific and its possibilities for cultural reciprocity.

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ilization demands as the price of its benefits." He did find it, especially in Chicacao, which has the prettiest market of all and in sheer sumptuous growth and decorative beauty surpassed anything he had ever seen. It was where "minute jeweled humming birds pulsated on invisible wings before gigantic flowers and millions of yellow butterflies covered the road, rising in waves of liquid sunlight."

He visited the eagle's nest of Cotzal, latitude: 11,000 feet—"white city" still inhabited by the original Mayas. He was a guest at Finca Mocá, the largest and most efficiently managed coffee plantation in the country, and also at Antiqua, the ancient capital "built in the seventeenth century when artists were at home in the world and abandoned before a change in the state of men's minds set in, thus remaining a perfect whole and one of the world's most important civic ruins."

Lake Atitlán, whose deep blue waters lie in the lap of a crater, transcends the beautiful, according to Mr. Burbank. It is five thousand feet above sea level and over seventy miles in circumference and with seemingly no outlet. The lake is fed by rains, rivers and secret springs and the steady rise of its waters (now to some thirty feet) has caused a good deal of anxiety to the owners of lakefront homes whose docks are fast disappearing and whose trees stand in the water with only their topmost branches showing.

Mr. Burbank appreciates Guatemala in the nude which he says belongs to the pagan world. He believes "the studio nude is a hot-bed hybrid which has nothing in common with the unconscious, clean, pagan nakedness of primitive countries. They are all women and not, like their corseted American sisters, half-woman and half-mannikin."

His book is of value for its exquisite literary expression and for its many delightful illustrations which depict native life and are the work of the author. Naturally enough, he sees the country through the eyes of a painter and his impressions are noted with pure, unaffected, childlike enthusiasm.

"Guatemala Profile" is written in a casual, restful style which reflects the Indian tempo. Mr. Burbank takes you with him every inch of the way, which is very gratifying to an armchair traveler.

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(Continued from page 11)

down to the long wait for the time when we would see our King and Queen. By 9.30 a breeze had sprung up which drove away the clouds, Vancouver welcomed their Majesties in sunshine.

Our block on Burrard Street was lined on one side by the Veterans, distinguished by their various colored berets and their medals; on the other by men of the Flying Corps. Beyond those lines no one might pass. Suddenly the guard stood at attention. A motor cycle was seen, a mounted policeman, the forerunner of the procession, made sure that the route was clear. The long looked-for moment had arrived—King George VI and Queen Elizabeth were passing by.

At this point there were no organized groups, simply a gathering of loyal subjects eager to pay homage to Their Majesties. It was a rather silent crowd, there was little cheering, yet we all felt that something flashed from the roadside to the passing car and was sensed by the King and Queen. Their responsive gesture, gracious and sincere, will be remembered always.

Much has been written and told about the beauty of Queen Elizabeth. None of her pictures conveys the real beauty that is hers. I first saw the King and almost forgot to look at the Queen. It was startling to see such a young-looking man—a man whose smile lights up a face that reveals a character that glorifies kingship.

After a ramble we returned to our stand for a glimpse of their Majesties on the return from their long drive. The afternoon belonged to North Vancouver. At 4.45 p.m. the Royal Party boarded the "Princess Marguerite" for the trip to Victoria. The send-off was picturesque. Indian canoes, pleasure boats and four destroyers of the Canadian Navy convoyed the Royal Yacht to the Lions' Bridge. From there, led by a destroyer, with one on either side, and followed by the fourth, she passed between a double line of fishing boats which stretched from Stanley Park to Point Grey. The time of day was perfect for this sailing. A blue sky and dancing waters, soft shadow on the mountains and on the trees of Stanley Park in the background, and in the foreground fleecy clouds hanging over the south shore of English Bay and Point Grey, made a beautiful setting for a Royal departure.

With the feeling that we were still honoring the King, we watched until "the Marguerite" passed out of sight.

Since writing, I have followed by radio the glorious welcome of the people of the United States to the British Sovereigns. With them, I proudly joined in their friendly tribute—God Save the King!

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■ There used to be an ailment prevalent among the younger fry known as "summer complaint." This distressing malady, over which the grannies shook their heads, was best handled, we are told, by a change of diet and by removing the child to a cooler, more comfortable spot.

Today it's the mothers who suffer from "summer complaint." The average mother of a family may well wonder at times why summer was ever looked upon as a time of rest and recreation.

The children are home from school, the little dears . . . and in the interval between school closing and departure for the country, Mother sometimes wonders if it would cost too much to hire a three-ring circus to perform in some convenient spot. Anything to keep the said "littled dears" out of the pantry, the flower beds, the street — and Mother's hair!

In addition there are the social functions of summer: weddings and receptions, out-of-town guests to be dined and entertained. For those summer brides and summer visitors, gifts, as the doctors would say, are "indicated"!

And through all this Mrs. San Francisco must maintain her slick personal appearance, which has been as much publicized as the famed "It's COOL in San Francisco." That means that she **must** find time for personal care by hook or crook.

So, is it any wonder that Mrs. San Francisco can lay claim to an advanced case of "summer complaint"? She has the children on her hands, weddings and parties to attend, gifts to shop for, out-of-towners to entertain, PLUS the daily dinner planning for her own family, that, come fair or foul, **must** be fed. . . . And through it all, maintain her poise and appearance, put forth her best foot, and pedicured at that!

But, as the famed Dr. Munyon used to say, "There is Hope!" Our prescription: four ingredients combined in the capsule of the Women's City Club. . . .

For those afternoons when the children and their activities make Bedlam seem a rest-cure, there's the swimming pool in which they may be turned loose with joy and complete safety.

For that gift and guest-shopping, the League Shop, cool, comfortable and amazingly well stocked this summer in anticipation of Fair visitors.

For those necessary hair-dos, manicures, facials, under that same City Club roof is the cool, exquisitely appointed Beauty Salon.

And, for those "last-straw" days, when the entertainment of visitors includes food, or days at home when dinner planning and preparing is "just too much," there's always the beautifully appointed Club Dining Room, with special summer tid-bits provided by the accomplished staff.

So — one or all four of these ingredients in our City Club prescription will cure your case of "summer complaint"! And if this partakes of the nature of the old-fashioned "shot-gun prescription" . . . well, it's painless and it hits the spot!

(Continued from page 18)

Wang Lung and his neighbors at the location (built in Chatsworth, a few miles from the studio) were covered with a heavy layer of brown woodshavings. Airplane motors and wind machines, hidden from view here and there and going at a low speed gives the woodshavings a crawling and creeping effect. Then the players were told to light imaginary locusts in the clear air. It is much easier to do when there are no creatures flying into your face, but on the other hand, one has to use a lot of imagination. We went through all the motions of digging trenches and building fire walls against them, of cutting a path to block their advances, and of rushing headstrong into a cloud of flying locusts. An outside beholder would think us insane, for the air was as clear as one described by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

Meanwhile, within the studio, other scenes were being taken. They had a glass tank filled with water, and into this they sent a steady stream of ground coffee under pressure. An inverted camera records the coffee as it enters the water and as it slowly floats to the surface. When developed, these scenes were superimposed on the farm scenes, and the effect is that of a swarm of locusts emerging from behind the hill and descending on the village.

The sound effect is another source of worry for the staff during production. Locusts are not noisy creatures, and yet the faint rustle of flight and the almost inaudible nibbling away of corn and grain must somehow be re-created and amplified to aid in telling the story poignantly. Finally a composite sound track was used. This is a blending of recordings of bee-hives, of whiskbrooms rubbed against a wire screen, and of distant airplanes making nose dives. Carefully blended and given rhythmic emphasis, the sound is a symphony of awe and terror, and no one watching

(Continued from page 31)

(Continued from page 15)

Quentin to the top of Bald Hill behind San Anselmo, encircled by the surrounding hills and containing what is now known as Kentfield, Ross Valley and San Anselmo. The old house which is understood to have been built by convict labor, from the old leg irons found in the cellar, was immediately added to and renovated and the garden started. The love of flowers, which was characteristic of the family, is familiar to us all in the exquisite work of Mr. Ross' grandchildren, the Misses Worn, who have recreated for me the charm of the old garden where they used to play. "There was an old, wild cherry tree in one corner, pomegranates and daturas, and around the center bed little 'Virgin's Tears,' quantities and how we loved to pick them—a lovely old pink Castilian rose, English currants, and bushels of great fat hairy gooseberries."

The first house was burned and Mrs. Ross moved to the site which is now the park, opposite the station at Ross. Miss Worn's own home, called "Sunnyside," was later owned by Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, and curiously enough rechristened the same name in memory of an Eastern "Sunnyside," the estate of Washington Irving on the Hudson, near which Mrs. Kittle had spent her childhood.

No one name is more closely identified with flowers and the true appreciation of their beauty than that of "Worn," and I feel that the old gardens of Marin bloom again in the beautiful decorations which are inspired by the half forgotten memories of their happy childhood in the gardens at the foot of Tamalpais.

Of all the old Marin Gardens, that of "Fernhill," the estate of Mr. Albert Dibblee in Ross, seems loveliest to me in retrospect. Mr. Dibblee came to Marin County in 1870 and bought from Mr. Ross the many acres of wooded hillside in what is now called Ross Valley. The house was the typical New York Hudson River architecture of that day with a fourteen-foot veranda across the entire front. Banksia roses covered the house on two sides while the entire southern exposure was covered with Maréchal Niel roses, and honeysuckle twined its fragrance all over the kitchen yard. In addition to the usual tree-dotted lawns there were great beds of old-fashioned flowers, asters, cannas, wall flowers, chrysanthemums, marigolds and stocks. The path which led through the formal rose garden was lined with Marie Louise violets, and there were quantities of sweet old-fashioned lilacs as well as many vines such as clematis, passion

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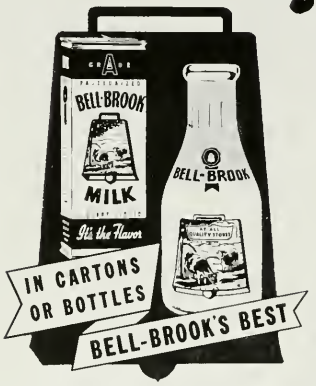

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vine and smilax. As was the general custom in those days, the care of the garden was entrusted to Chinese gardeners, closely directed by the owner. Mr. Dibblee's main passion was trees,—he simply loved them, and in addition to planting the avenues of his own place, he was responsible for most of the trees which now grace the shady lanes of Ross. In his old orchard, which is still bearing, he planted apple trees from the East, Bellflowers, Newtown pippins and the little Christmas apples we children loved, pears, cherries, quince, English walnuts, the more exotic pomegranates and persimmons, as well as the old Spanish type of Mission figs and olives.

Among the ornamental trees were American elms, beautiful lindens and Italian chestnuts, hickory trees and horsechestnuts from his home state of New York, and a collection of evergreens and ornamentals, which are today as fine examples as can be found anywhere. Mr. Dibblee used to rise very early every morning and after eating an orange from his trees or some tomatoes from his vines would work for several hours in his garden, later riding horseback to San Quentin where he took the small ferry boat which plied to San Francisco, making four daily round trips. I remember this old steamer very well. Life followed a more gentle and tranquil tempo in those days. It took a full hour to cross the bay and my mother and all her friends kept their embroidery or knitting on the steamer. When they would come aboard the old darky stewardess would give each lady her handiwork, and in the course of the summer, as the work neared completion, you may be sure it was not at the expense of any bits of county gossip.

Many of the trees and shrubs were sent from eastern nurseries but the oriental varieties were brought to Mr. Dibblee by his great friend, Admiral Shufeldt, who is famous as having opened Korea, and who under General Grant was Minister to that country. Admiral Shufeldt was a constant visitor to "Fernhill," and he and Mr. Dibblee used to sit on the front steps and count the varieties of trees planted in the grounds which totaled one hundred and sixty-eight. Outstanding today is the tremendous cryptomeria Japonica and the flowering tulip, liriodendron tulipifera, native of our own southern states, which is so large one can scarcely believe it to be true. The seed of the beautiful and symmetrical sequoia gigantea, one of the finest specimens to be found in cultivation, was brought back by Miss Nellie Dibblee from the Yosemite in 1859 in her handkerchief. This seems to have been a pleasant tradition in early days, for whenever a lady made a trip to the Yosemite, truly rather a hazardous undertaking before the days of highways, automobiles and trains, she invariably brought back a seed of the sequoia

The Lawson cypresses, the spruces, paulownias, magnolias, both Japanese and Australian, the Australian araucaria as well as the Australian Monkey Tree, are all interesting specimens. The huge old daphne bushes and extraordinary lovely pink camellias, still blooming in Mrs. Manning's garden, bear testimony that they have not suffered at the hands of their succeeding owners. Our Mrs. Moore's father, Mr. John Martin, developed the old "Fernhill" gardens at a later date even more extensively than Mr. Dibblee, adding the large greenhouses where he grew his famous orchids. Mr. Dibblee's great friend, another true lover of trees, was Mr. Albert Emmet Kent, who came to California in search of health in 1871. Mrs. William Kent, his daughter-in-law, has supplied me with an account of the establishment of their place which I include now.

"After the big Chicago fire, in October 1871, Mrs. Kent came west at once with her little boy, William Kent, then seven years old, and the colored coachman, Daniel Brown. The family lived in the Allman house on the outskirts of San Rafael on what is now the Lincoln Highway. The house is still standing and is on the east of the road near the Porto Suelo. Mrs. Kent was driving in a buggy one morning, going over what is now called Wolfe's grade and looking down on what was then Ross Landing, now Kentfield. The road was too narrow to allow her to turn around so she continued on to the bottom of the hill. She went home and told her husband 'She had been looking into Paradise.' Mr. Kent then went to see this beautiful place and found a large tract for sale, the property belonging to Annie Ross Worn. Mr. Kent bought about 500 acres and they started building at once, the house facing due east by the compass. The house was large and commodious, square with a cupola on top, and painted white with dark green trimmings. It was hospitable in type but the porches were covered with vines and there was a distinct air of quiet and seclusion.

"Intelligent planting was begun at once. We believe the three beautiful elms to the north of the house were planted in '73 or '74. Specimens of cedars were planted (there are only three true cedars): the cedrus 'Deodora,' cedrus 'Atlantica' and the Cedar of Lebanon. Both house and garden have been changed many times. At the outset there

was an old-fashioned formal garden to the south with a fountain in the middle and numerous box-edged flower beds. This was planned by a landscape architect whose name we do not know. Three great vineyards and a large orchard were planted, partly for the fruit and largely for the fire protection. Mr. Kent was exceedingly particular about the proper planting of all the trees and vines, the fruit raised was of a very superior quality and the trees unusually fine specimen."

No account of Marin County would be complete without mentioning the hotels which played such an important part in the growth of the county, and where much of the gay carefree social activities were centered. Before the advent of the automobile, the many beautiful roads and horseback trails shared with the climate in drawing summer visitors, who did not dream of dashing here and there for week-ends in the modern manner, but moved over bag and baggage and settled down to stay—many permanently, buying property and becoming residents.

In San Rafael, the early hotel was called the Tamalpais and its garden was as simple and unpretentious as the life in those days. In 1887 the Hotel Rafael was started, the site chosen being the estate of the Honorable Robert Watt in the Coleman tract, already extensively landscaped and planted. The current local journal describes Mr. Watt's gardens as "For many seasons the admiration of his friends and of all who in passing along the road secured a glimpse of the Eden-like beauty of the grounds." Few important changes were made to the gardens then, Mr. Watt's house was moved down the hill where it still stands to make room for the erection of the hotel, but the entrance drive, bordered with geraniums and clumps of pampas grass, was left intact. Later in 1892, the plans of Mr. R. Ulrich, the landscape gardener who designed the grounds at Del Monte, were carried into effect. The main entrance was changed to the top of Irwin street and the dear old rustic water tower was torn down to be replaced by the hideous observatory some of you doubtless remember. At this time also the maze—circular in contrast to the square maze at Del Monte—was planted.

The hotel and grounds were typical of the era, which seen through the kindly spectacles of memory have taken on a rosy tinge. I could almost wish that the fire which later destroyed the old hotel might have swept over the grounds, for it saddens me every time I pass to see the noble trees dying of neglect in a tangle of underbrush and weeds.

It has given me great pleasure to reminisce back through the years to those gay, carefree times, which to my mind were Marin County's heydays. But, as today the idea of acreage has changed and our children are content with portions of the vast properties which once were considered proper homesites, I realize that a greater intensity is brought to living. A curious ambiguity, that while all mechanical devices should broaden our horizon, we find the modern generation content with whatever land-holdings they may have. This tends towards a greater appreciation and more intensive planting of gardens. Garden Clubs play their part in the cultivation of this appreciation, and one finds now more feeling for the hundred-foot lot than our pioneer ancestors gave to the virgin wilderness at their disposal.

If small homesites are to be the future of Marin, as all the signs portend, let us hope that wherever the heritage of the old gardens is present, in misshapen fruit tree, old-fashioned rose, or stately tree, that these early efforts may be cherished, and that in the midst of all the hurried struggle that represents modern living, the newcomers may sometimes pause and recapture for a moment the grace of living that has been the charm of Marin County.

(Continued from page 28)

the scene as it unfolds cannot help but feel engulfed in a battle which is at once primitive and fundamental.

Mr. Chingwah Lee was with the Good Earth company for a whole year, serving in several important capacities. He combed the Chinatowns from Seattle to San Diego as a talent scout looking for prospects for the picture. He served as art consultant in the decorating of the House of Wang and other important interiors, and he played the featured role of "Ching," the companion and neighbor of Wang Lung.

Mr. Lee is at present publisher of the "Chinese Digest," the only monthly magazine printed in the English language among the Chinese in America. He is founder and general manager of Old Chinatown, a lane within Chinatown itself, resplendent with quaint shops and bazaars, temple, cafe, cocktail lounge, and an unique gallery wherein are stored the famous collection of Chinese art objects and artifacts which tell the story of Chinese civilization. This lane, situated off 868 Washington Street, between Stockton and Grant Avenue, is open to the public from noon to midnight.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

AUGUST
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 7

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
AUGUST . . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

AUGUST, 1939

3—**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Mrs. Jane Amundsen, Director of the Art Exhibit in the California Building at the G. G. I. E.: "California Art and Artists."		
4—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
9—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner	National Def. Room	6:15 p.m.
Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review: "The Web and the Rock" by Thomas Wolfe; "April Was When It Began" by Barry Benefield. Dinner $1.00 a plate.		
10—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
Indian Arts and the Modern World, Mr. René d'Harnoncourt, General Manager of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the Department of the Interior; Director of the Indian Presentation in the Federal Building, G. G. I. E.		
11—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
15—**Garden Round Table Ramble to Treasure Island**	Meet at Ferry	1:00 p.m.
Tour of Courts — with special tea at Yerba Buena Club. Fee $1.25.		
17—**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
"The Pacific—Tomorrow's New World," Mr. Pardu Lowe, Assistant Director and Research Consultant at Pacific House, G. G. I. E.		
18—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
23—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
24—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
"Cultural Contributions of the Pacific Area to Modern Life," Mr. Philip N. Youtz, Director of the Pacific Area, G. G. I. E.		
25—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
26—**Ramble to Lick Observatory**	Leave Clubhouse at	3:00 p.m.
Supper at Saratoga Inn—return to San Francisco by 11:00 p.m. All-inclusive fee $5.00. Please make reservations at Information Desk.		
31—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
"A Philippine Woman's Dress," Miss Feliza Pekson (in costume), United States-Philippine Trade Relations; Mr. Edward Quintero, both of the Philippine Participation, G. G. I. E.		

SEPTEMBER, 1939

1—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 209	11:00 a.m.
7—**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
The Nob Hill Studio presents a program of Dancing and Song by Rodrigo and Roquel, Ballroom and Tango. Marilyn Millette, Child Soprano, and Dora Maugham, Personality Sketches.		

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII August, 1939 Number 7

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"As You Like It"

"As You Like It," to be seen in the Theater of the Glade in Saratoga, Friday and Saturday evenings, August 4th and 5th, at 8:15 p.m.

Dorothea Johnston, one of our Club members, is director and producer. Miss Johnston's work is already known at our Club, where she brought "Alice in Wonderland" several years ago and the "Cricket on the Hearth," as well as having directed several plays for the National League Players.

These summer productions in the lovely little amphitheater on the grounds of the Saratoga Inn have won considerable praise from the community around Saratoga, also from San Francisco and the East Bay.

The theater has four acting levels and the action from scene to scene is rapid. The play will be over by 10:30.

Reserved seats are $1.65 (first three rows) and $1.10; general admission 55 cents.

Reservations for dinner can be made with the Inn — 85 cents.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE RAMBLE TO TREASURE ISLAND: On Tuesday, August 15th, the Garden Round Table Group led by Miss Clara Schaeffer will make a tour of the Exposition grounds at which time Miss Schaeffer will give an outline of the planting color schemes in the different courts. The ramble will be followed by a special tea in the Main Dining Room of the Yerba Buena Club—fee $1.25. Please make reservations in advance at the Information Desk, Fourth Floor.

This will be a splendid opportunity to invite your Eastern garden friends on an exploration tour of the Treasure Island Gardens with a professional horticulturist to explain plants, their names, culture, etc.

■ YOUNG MEMBERS: We would like to hear more from our younger members. Will these groups let us know occasionally what special activity they are interested in, what type of classes they would like formed, or send in any ideas they may have in mind to make the Clubhouse more interesting to them? The Executive Office welcomes interview with members.

■ USE OF THE CLUBHOUSE—means earning the building. If every member entertaining Exposition visitors would plan at least one luncheon or dinner at the Clubhouse, figures for the year would excel expectations. We have had busy days this summertime and hope our loyal membership will continue to extend our Exposition Year privileges to their visiting friends.

■ GUEST CARD PRIVILEGES: Exposition Year Guest Cards issued now are good until March, 1940. Fee for an unlimited number of cards, $1.00. Be sure that your visiting friends have the benefit of this privilege.

■ RAMBLE TO LICK OBSERVATORY: In response to many requests, another Ramble to Mt. Hamilton has been planned for Saturday evening, August 26th. Members and their friends will leave the Clubhouse via Gray Line bus at 3:00 p.m., arriving at Saratoga Inn about 4:30. An out-of-door supper will be served beside the pool at 5:00 o'clock. The group will then continue on to the Observatory, arriving at 7:00 o'clock, where they will look through the big telescope and hear a lecture on whatever planet is particularly visible at that time. The party will leave the Observatory about 9:30, arriving in San Francisco at 11:00 o'clock. Fee, all inclusive, $5.00. Please make reservations in advance at the Information Desk on the Fourth Floor.

■ VACATION DAYS—For stay-at-homes, put variety into the vacation months by bringing your family into the Clubhouse for dinner one night a week, or if the children become restless plan a Saturday morning swim with luncheon following in the Cafeteria. Better still, the entire family may come in on Friday evening, men's guest night, for a swim and a leisurely dinner afterwards. The Restaurant Department is open from 5:30 to 8:00 o'clock. Private dining rooms are always available for groups of six or more.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Many swimmers who have enjoyed our Pool and who would come more regularly but are reluctant to lose their beautiful waves, may be interested to know that there are now on the market at least two very highly recommended caps guaranteed to keep the hair perfectly dry and that they may be purchased at Swimming Pool Office. Pool will be closed the week of September 4th to September 9th.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has prepared the following schedule for your entertainment: On August 3rd, "California Art and Artists" will be presented by Mrs. Jane Amundsen, Director of Art in the California Building at the Golden Gate International Exposition. On August 10th, Mr. René d'Harnoncourt, General Manager of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the Department of the Interior and Director of the Indian presentation in the Federal Building at the Golden Gate International Exposition, will speak on "Indian Arts and the Modern World." On August 17th, Mr. Pardee Lowe, Assistant Director and Research Consultant at Pacific House, Golden Gate International Exposition, will speak on "The Pacific—Tomorrow's New World." On August 24th, "Cultural Contributions of the Pacific Area to Modern Life" will be Mr. Philip N. Youtz's subject. Mr. Youtz is Director of the Pacific Area of the Golden Gate International Exposition. On August 31st, Mr. Eduardo Quintero of the United States Philippine Trade Relations, will present "A Philippine Woman's Dress," with Miss Feliza Pekson in costume. Both are of the Philippine Participation, Golden Gate International Exposition. On September 7th the Nob Hill Studio will present a program of dancing and song by Rodrigo and Roquel, Ballroom Tango; Marilyn Millette, child soprano, and Dora Maugham, personality sketches.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: Dr. Paul Cadman will open a course of ten lectures on Current Economic Events on Thursday, September 14th, and will continue regularly each Thursday at the noon-hour with the one exception, Columbus Day, October 11th. Course tickets, $4.50 members; $5.50 non-members. Single admissions, 55 cents and 66 cents including tax. Tickets are now available at Executive Office. (Note the day is now Thursday.)

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Mrs. Henry Alves, Chairman of Volunteers, will welcome substitutes during the vacation period. Volunteers are needed especially in the Cafeteria on Fridays and Saturdays. We urge those who have time for service, if only once or twice a month, to register at the Executive Office.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Last year the American literary tradition suffered a very great shock and loss. Thomas Wolfe, one of the remarkable novelists of our time, died suddenly, at the age of thirty-eight, after a lifetime struggle to achieve mastery of his craft. It is difficult to exaggerate the force and the power of his writing. No man writing now has excelled him. But Thomas Wolfe has left a landmark in the literature of fiction, his three novels—"Look Homeward, Angel," his first novel; "Of Time and the River," his second; and now his third novel, "The Web and the Rock," entirely completed before his untimely death. Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review this magnificent novel, "The Web and the Rock," and also the novel, "April Was When It Began," by Barry Benefield (which could not be reviewed in May because of postponed publication) on the second Wednesday evening, August 9th, at the Book Review Dinner at 6:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

■ NEW MEMBERS: During vacation days when new acquaintances are being made, think in terms of new memberships for the National League. The Executive Office will be happy to mail Magazines to prospective members upon request, together with a new brochure giving the history of the organization, and of course application cards.

■ ADVERTISERS IN THE MAGAZINE: It will help our publication immeasurably if members will mention the Women's City Club Magazine when patronizing our advertisers. Check our advertisers when making up your shopping list—they should have all members' support.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Mrs. Earl Tanbara holds her glove-making classes Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and Thursday evening each week on the Second Floor. Instructions $2.00; material extra.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES are continuing without interruption throughout the summer months. Appointments may be made to suit convenience of pupils, at the Executive Office.

USE YOUR CLUBHOUSE DEPARTMENTS REGULARLY

THE HEARTH
CENTER OF HOSPITALITY AT THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

The President's Message

A few club statistics while they are still of daily interest may encourage those less club-conscious members to think in terms of that hospitality wherein hostess and guest alike enjoy perfect freedom and independence to come and go—the ideal guest-house as expressed at the Women's City Club. In mid-summer we emphasize this quality, and quote numbers to prove our point. As the popularity of our Exposition, our city and our cool climate combine to bring more and more visitors to our shores, we are anxious to add our quota to the successful story of the Golden Gate International Exposition of 1939. Our special guest privilege has been subscribed to by seven hundred members, and they in turn have issued twenty-one hundred cards. Flattering indeed, and we have many compliments to prove the interest in and enjoyment of our Club facilities. ■ But with our large membership these numbers can be doubled, even tripled—and why not? The peak of the Fair attendance is now, and the Women's City Club doors are daily open to your guests as they are to you — with a welcome. Are there not many to whom a guest card would signify the hospitality for which our Club and our city are renowned?

KATHARINE DONOHOE

"Woodsmoke"

by Cora Bjornstrom

■ Woodsmoke, from the burning pine logs of mountain camp fires, a thin blue spiral curls upward. It disperses into the air and spreads over the landscape, continually reinforced from a cheerful little blaze. The bluish cloud hurries just to one side and then to the other, urged on by irresponsible little gusts of wind, then it curls serenely up in the quiet of a lull. It is one of the first scents to intrude upon the consciousness in the mountains. It is a symbol of man's curious escape from his life of conveniences back into the crude existence of his ancestors, where the accomplishment of the simplest tasks of living becomes an end in itself and the complexities of modern life do not yet exist.

As the sun rises the struggle for consciousness from the complete oblivion of sleep is helped by the chipmunk who impudently denounces all mankind from the pine tree. His daily ration of soap has been placed out of his reach during the night and he is justly indignant. It is the most beautiful part of the day in the mountains — the early, early morning. The lake is crystal clear and inviting, too inviting to be resisted. The plunge into its icy coldness is breathtaking, exhilarating. The emergence to the sunny shore again is warm and friendly — a new day — and then, delightful beyond anything imaginable the scent of woodsmoke floats down with the promise of hot coffee, crisply browned trout and thin hot cakes smothered in syrup.

The clouds at midday gather over the jagged peaks of the Buttes. At first there is blue sky with soft white clouds, the sun shining glowingly on their tips. They are interspersed all too quickly with dark gray menacing strips, carried hastily down to earth by a cold, chill wind. A blast of light announces the arrival of a rumbling, tumbling roar. Another flash and a terrific crash sound as though those strong rocky mountains themselves were trembling with fright. Woodsmoke — tossed mercilessly in varying directions by a brutal wind—suggests shelter and warmth and the comfort of the companionship of fellow beings in the face of nature's unreasoning activities.

The storm subsides and the sun bursts forth again upon a glistening, freshly moistened earth. Blue shadows deepen as the day closes down. There is no wind. The lake has no ripple but reflects instead the soft glowing tints of the setting sun. The fish jump temptingly for their suppers. From the lakeside, woodsmoke curls upward from the coals of a camp fire in the chill of the clear evening. The stars appear brilliant overhead and the shadows in the background are blacker for the cheerful glow from the fire. Peace and quiet is at the day's end. Each day is a separate unit. With the fall of night each chapter is quietly brought to an end. Only the smoke — man's friend from earliest civilization — continues to curl upward, a symbol of continuity.

Editorial

□ More and more the Women's City Club Magazine is expressing the organization it represents, for more and more the membership is taking it unto itself by writing for its columns and by reading intensely the stories which tell of its activities and its interests.

The staff welcomes any contribution sent to it and if a story cannot be used at the time, we will honestly say so. It is by such cooperation that this volunteer service media has the enviable reputation it maintains.

■ This is the season of leisure, when we find time to visit with other vacationists and exchange points-of-view and experiences. Quite naturally if we are members of the National League for Woman's Service and our listener is not, we extol the merits of our Clubhouse and boast—quite properly—of the program which has been maintained consistently for over twenty years. As the conversation progresses, however, we find it difficult sometimes to make the other woman understand exactly what we are trying to say. Suddenly we have an inspiration; we remember that the Board of Directors has just compiled a "blurb" telling of the facilities of the building itself, and we send for one to help us with our story.

Hearing again and again of just such occasions, the Directors at its meeting this month hit a second way of helping and voted that a member who is interesting another to become a member may obtain gratis an extra copy of the Magazine for distribution. Seeing is believing and the high standard of the Women's City Club is ably expressed by the high standard of its mouthpiece. It is hoped members will use this latest privilege this summer.

■ From our flagpole floats the Exposition flag and as we look upon it, comes the thought, "What a good design." We bring to our readers this month a short history of its making. From the Exposition exhibits we have chosen one of the Pacific Area, that of the Philippine Islands. Bertha Gardiner has brought us another bit of the Orient, the International Woman's Club at Peiping. Mrs. Bjornstrom, following many requests from readers of her story last year, shares with us another personal out-of-door experience. The story on furs by Theodocia Stavrum is almost encyclopedic in its knowledge. As printed by one of the Women's City Club advertisers, the San Francisco News, it has special meaning for us, and as told to this audience who sees each year in the Advertisers' Show the "last word" in fur "creation" from the studio of Schneider Brothers, one of the Clubhouse tenants, it has a second interest. The development of the Sigmund Stern Grove and its meaning in the recreational life of the community is an appropriate theme for an article in August when we all can share the out-of-door performances of highest merit as presented this season. It is with special pleasure that the Magazine brings the story of the Sigmund Stern Grove, for Mrs. Sigmund Stern has been a devoted member of the National League for Woman's Service since its inception in California. The story of the Scouts and their summer and fall plans keeps us abreast of their activities while they are away from headquarters on our Second Floor and are developing in character the youth of our community as they learn group sportsmanship. Because tennis has been "tops" in news with Wimbledon on the front page, we have asked Tom Stow to tell us some of the reasons why. In last February's issue we reminded our readers of the series of stories in Volume XIII of the Magazine which lead up to a proper enjoyment of the Exhibit of American Indian Art at the Golden Gate International Exposition as promised by the Department of the Interior. It is a matter of pride that these stories were of a high order. Now, the Exhibit is a reality. The Director, Mr. d'Harnoncourt, is to be guest speaker at the Thursday Evening Program on August 10th. It is appropriate that in this issue a story from his department should bring to us first-hand information of the Exhibit as it now appears.

The International Women's Club of Peiping, China

by Bertha A. Gardiner

Pleasure boats once used by royalty are firmly anchored to the mooring wall in the Pei Hai, or North Sea of Peiping's old Winter Palace. Now the barges are poled about the beautiful lake for anyone who will pay the few coppers charged for their rental.

■ Present-day news from China largely concerns itself with war, blockades, military skirmishes and refugee problems. Alarming as some of these headlines are, and terrible as are the conditions among millions of Chinese civilians, there is a sane, workaday world still existing in China, which is doing its best under the difficult circumstances.

It is a just source of pride for club-women that one of the chief agencies doing good in China today is a women's club—the International Women's Club of Peiping, former capital of the Chinese Empire and one of the most fascinating cities of the world. Famous in travel literature, Peiping today is dubbed Peking, as capital of the "provisional government" established by the Japanese military authorities in the northern provinces they now control.

Temple of Heaven.

However, it is still "Peiping," "northern peace" city to many residents of the city. Most of the members of the club come under this category. All women of Peking who belong to any other women's club automatically become members of the International Women's Club whether they are members of the British Women's Service League, the American Association of University Women, or Le Cercle Française. One Chinese dollar (about thirty cents in American money) of their club dues goes to the International Women's club, making them members of this superorganization. Thus it provides a larger field for each smaller organization, and gives each club a wider scope in its work.

There are women of almost every nationality represented in the club roster. Meetings or teas given by the club always provide a babble of tongues.

One hears French, English, Spanish, Dutch, German, Chinese, or the Scandinavian tongues at almost every gathering of the club. This cosmopolitan air is one of the chief charms of the group, for one enjoys meeting people of other national origin than one's own, particularly in a city as cultured as Peiping. Diplomatic, business, and professional circles are well represented, as well as ordinary travellers and tourists.

Club activities during peace times are varied and interesting to all sorts of tastes. There is a section studying the Chinese drama, which attends plays in the native theatres of the city and studies the graceful movements and intricate inflections of the Chinese actors. Most of these members become quite adept in the complicated appreciation of the Chinese

Symbolic of the new freedom of China's youth is this pair of art students at work in the grounds of the famous old Winter Palace in Peiping. Formerly a boy and girl would never have been allowed to appear together, but now it is quite a common sight.

drama, and a few even have written books about their study.

Then there is a section which visits the world-famed restaurants of the old Chinese capital, tasting the delicacies for which each is noted and learning the fine art of ordering and eating a Chinese meal correctly. This is one of the most popular groups, needless to say, and is augmented by male company on its enjoyable jaunts, for the masculine tummy is as appreciative of good food in China as elsewhere.

Another group studies Chinese gardens, making tours to famous gardens of Peiping to see each at its best. Each season offers a wealth of beautiful blossoms, including many which are considered exotic in this country. Occasionally benefit garden tours are organized, with tickets sold throughout the city and proceeds donated to some welfare work in which the club is interested.

A cooking class is another popular study group, with classes in the science of Chinese cooking conducted in excellent English by a club member of Chinese parentage who was born in Hawaii. She enthusiastically gives fellow members short cuts and ideas on how to serve and concoct Chinese food in their own homes, and even has published a fine cookbook for Chinese cuisine.

Social service is another important field in the work of the club, for there is always great need for it in China, and now more than ever. Committees are in charge of supplying linen, food, entertainment and supplies to the Old Men's, the Old Women's, and the Old Couples' Homes in Peiping, where elderly people who have no families are given care and comfort. The serene, sweet expression on the faces of most of these old people more than repays the club members for their efforts in caring for them.

Orphans, too, are cared for by club members, some of whom have adopted children and care for them in their own homes, while others contribute to the care of some in Chinese homes. Kindergartens and nurseries are aided by the club, as well as regular orphanages of different missionary organizations.

With the outbreak of hostilities between the Japanese and Chinese, the club became one of the most active emergency organizations in Peiping. Cooperating with such agencies as the Salvation Army and Red Cross, the members did a great deal of necessary work in caring for wounded soldiers and civilians. Rolling bandages, making surgical dressings, providing hospital garments and beds for the sick, and securing shelter for the homeless were just a few of the activities of the International Women's Club from the outset of the war.

The Red Swastika Association, a Buddhist organization similar to the Red Cross, provided shelter for many homeless people whose villages outside the city had been bombed. Hot meals and tea were served to hundreds, and clothing, bedding and shoes provided to entire families. Mohammedan mosques, Catholic cathedrals and churches, Taoist monasteries and former Manchu palaces were converted into camps where people could be sure of safety and food. The Protestant Union Church was used as headquarters for committee work, and all worked together with no thought of differences or divisions.

Trucks to transport supplies from one end of the city to the other were arranged for by the club, an important factor in a city whose main means of transportation includes rickshas, hand-carts, camels and wheelbarrows. Only one tram line runs in Peiping, and there are few motor (Continued on page 29

Temple of Ancestors.

The San Francisco Girl Scout Council

■ The San Francisco Girl Scout Council, with headquarters located on the Second Floor of the Women's City Club Building, is justly proud of their 1939 camping program, which makes it possible for every Girl Scout in the city to enjoy the pleasures and benefits of summer camping. These extensive opportunities are afforded by the Council's three self-supporting units, Camp Merced Day Camp, Kokosing Overnight Camp and Camp Sugar Pine.

Camp Merced is located at the corner of Skyline and Sunset Boulevard in San Francisco, overlooking beautiful Lake Merced, and is being operated Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays from June 19th to August 17th. Day camping grows in popularity every season. Last year 525 girls attended Camp Merced and so far this season the attendance has exceeded 400. Girls are afforded opportunity to study and work in the fields of out-door cooking, handicraft, dramatics, story telling, first aid and nature; a program in many ways similar to that provided at Camp Sugar Pine, our established summer camp. Shall we spend a day with one of these Girl Scouts at Camp Merced?

"Jane" arrives on Monday or Thursday morning and her first encounter is with the trained nurse in attendance. If she has no cold or skin infection, she may then proceed to a brief session with the registrar, where attendance is checked. From here she hurries to the 10 a.m. Flag Raising Ceremony, embodying appropriate songs amid the solemnity of raising our National Emblem, where it may fly gallantly over the day's entire activities. Assembly comes next, where all girls and leaders plan their busy and exciting day out-of-doors! Following this morning assembly, Jane will join other girls of her own age in one of the five Units for morning activities; watering the shrubs and young trees they have planted, or helping to prepare lunch or lashing together branches and fronds to make themselves a nest for their patrol in their Unit. With the guidance of several interested leaders, this morning out-of-doors has rushed past and it's time to wash up before lunch. Jane assumes her place in line for a plate of good hot food for 5 cents to supplement her sandwiches and fruit she brought from home and her bottle of plain or chocolate milk for another 5 cents. After lunch with her friends, Jane washes her own plate and cutlery and joins the afternoon assembly for songs of good comradeship and last-minute details of her afternoon interest group. At one-thirty she skips happily to the handicraft group or nature group or to whatever interest she finds irresistible on that day. At 3 p. m. Jane joins all other campers in front of the out-door stage where the dramatics group present a play or dramatize a song. After the flag is lowered, Jane heaves a happy sigh and, gathering up her belongings, heads for home, shouting her intentions of seeing all present on the next camping day.

The Camp Merced program varies on Tuesdays to the extent that there are no morning Unit groups, so that Jane may spend all her time on her favorite project. No hot dish is served at noon time, but milk may be purchased. Afer hearing about Jane's camping day near Lake Merced, wouldn't you like to go day camping yourself?

During summer months, girls attending Camp Merced can also enjoy overnight camping at Kokosing, the beautiful country house in Larkspur, Marin County. The lovely big house in a setting of over an acre of redwood trees, hawthorne and maple trees, can accommodate twenty-four girls and three leaders. Five trips are being made this summer of three days each with a group leaving the city by bus at 9:30 a. m. alternate Wednesdays from June 28th through August 25th and returning to the city late Friday afternoon. The three-day period offers a program of pioneering, gardening, croquet, hiking and out-door cooking. The girls themselves keep the house in order, do their own marketing for the dura-

Flag raising at permanent camp.

tion of their trip and prepare all meals themselves. Thus expenses are kept at a minimum and each girl pays only $1.60 for food and lodging plus transportation for the three days. These Kokosing trips are immensely popular, as one might well imagine, and similar outings are enjoyed at this lovely country house by individual troops throughout the year.

Proudest of all are the Girl Scouts of San Francisco that after two seasons of camping on a borrowed site, they have their own summer camp in 1939, Camp Sugar Pine. This delightful spot at Dorrington in Calaveras County, twenty-seven miles east of Angels Camp, California, is the tangible result of Girl Scout Bazaars held annually in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club and of the many other earnest efforts of the San Francisco Girl Scout Council and leaders and the Girl Scouts themselves during the past five years under the exceptional guidance of Miss Ida M. Smith, Local Director.

Construction of Camp Sugar Pine has gone forward rapidly during the spring and early summer, to be ready for occupancy on July 19th for a four weeks' camping season. San Antonio Creek on the property has been dammed to create an excellent fresh-water swimming pool. Shelters of an architecture congenial with the scenic site have been erected to house kitchen, infirmary, office and trading post. Showers, laundries and other sanitary conveniences have been provided. Everyone sleeps on the ground in her own sleeping bag, including the director and her trained staff of more than thirty adult leaders, as well as all the girls, who are assigned to Units according to age, grade and camping experience.

Each Unit plans through its Court of Honor for hiking, campfires, swimming, out-door cooking, handicraft and all other things that are fun for a group to do, under the guidance of an experienced Head Counselor and her assistants. Girls wash their own dishes and assist by patrols in such camp duties as the preparation and serving of meals and in helping to keep the camp clean.

This excellent camp is able to accommodate 100 girls this season and present plans embrace a greater number for future years. Reasonable rates prevail here in Camp Sugar Pine also. $16.00 is the full cost of board and lodging for a two-week period or $32.00 for the entire month.

What happiness awaits our little city friend who spends her first season in the tall pines, away from the noise and hub-bub of city life can only be explained to one who has enjoyed the thrill of a return to nature. This is indeed a democratic camp—run by the girls themselves through their Court of Honor, and teaches them the greatest lesson they can learn throughout life, how to live harmoniously with other people!

Don't you believe San Francisco Girl Scouts have ample reason to be proud of their 1939 camping program?

Confidence and Sportsmanship

by Tom Stow, Varsity Tennis Coach
University of California

■ Your editor gave me so much sea room when requesting me to write about the fine record so many Californians have made in tennis that I am in some doubt just where to drop anchor, but as I am better known as the coach of Don Budge and Elwood Cooke than as an author, it seems wise to stay in character and confine my remarks to what I consider important in teaching tennis rather than to attempt to go into some abstract theory as to why this State is the home of so many high ranking players.

Tom Stow inventor of tennis stroke developer.

It may come as a surprise to read that, in my judgment, tennis instructors should devote as much time to developing sportsmanship and confidence as to form and strategy, as the first two are of value no matter what calling one may follow, while the latter, except in tennis, are to a large degree worthless by themselves.

Naturally, if one is to play tennis, he should learn the principles and sound fundamentals, if for no other reason than that they are necessary in order to fully enjoy this fine game, as it is a well known fact that no one gets much pleasure out of playing or watching any game he does not understand, and for the additional reason that if one is known as a "dub," he will find that even average players always recall some previous engagement when asked to have a friendly match by one who thinks that all there is to tennis is hitting the ball.

Any normal person can learn to play a good game of tennis if he is willing to make the necessary effort, so I will pass that point up by advising those who are lazy and selfish to confine their efforts to becoming expert chair rockers, as it is better to be a success in this minor sport, than simply to be an annoyance to himself and others in a game that is something more than just motions.

Not every one can be a champion, but there is no reason why we cannot all be agreeable companions, which in the final analysis, is what real sportsmanship is. True sportsmen, whether men or women, have consideration for others. They don't lose their tempers when the breaks go against them, and they will not resort to cheating or deception to gain a temporary or permanent advantage. It is the foundation for those who value self respect and the admiration of others.

Most boys and girls are naturally good sports, but unless they are guided along the right lines until sportsmanship is so much a part of their makeup it will stand any strain, they are in danger of slipping in the heat of battle. They should be encouraged and praised, as, after all, most of us try to live up to our reputation, which makes it important that instructors, fathers, and mothers keep the picture before these young people of what they want them to be.

It is well to keep in mind that most fine men and women are the result of what others said they were, rather than being self made, and, if this is true, certainly there is nothing of value to be gained by continually harping to those who are near us that they are dull, mean, clumsy cry babies, disagreeable, etc. There should be no closed (Continued on page 25

Music at Sigmund Stern Grove

■ Eight years ago, the magnificent eucalyptus glade at Nineteenth Avenue and Sloat Boulevard was presented to the City of San Francisco by Mrs. Sigmund Stern, President of the San Francisco Recreation Commission. Today the Sigmund Stern Grove is one of the most important and most vital musical centers of the city.

When, at the beginning of the Summer of last year, the first "Musical Festivals" took place at the Grove, everybody felt that the glen provided an ideal location for outdoor music and would soon be of primary importance for musical activities.

The Stern Grove is a natural amphitheatre, approximately one hundred feet below the street level, sheltered from fog and wind by a thick stand of tall, graceful eucalyptus trees. Its floor is thickly carpeted with grass and enhanced by beautiful trees, vines, flowers and ferns.

When Mrs. Stern, in 1931, in memory of her husband, the late Sigmund Stern, generously presented the land to the City of San Francisco, it was with the express provision that it forever be used only for pageants, dancing, music, drama, social and recreational purposes. And indeed, her intentions have been fully realized when the Grove last year became the center of one of the finest recreation activities: the presentation of good music.

To be sure, the Grove is open to the public every day of the week, and the barbecue pits as well as the spacious building can be used for all sorts of recreational purposes. But the main attraction of the Grove is its outdoor concerts.

During the entire Summer period each Sunday afternoon brings the offering of a symphony concert, a folk festival, a light opera production, a dance drama, or other related events. The programs, given entirely free to the public, have been received with enthusiastic approval. An average of five thousand people have come Sunday after Sunday to spend a couple of hours in the peaceful and stimulating atmosphere of the Grove on Sloat Boulevard and to listen to exceptionally brilliant musical presentations.

The programs are made possible and are presented by the Sigmund Stern Music Festival Committee, which includes such prominent figures as Maestro Merola, director of the San Francisco Opero Company, and Albert Bender, the West Coast's number one patron of the arts.

Sigmund Stern Grove Music Festival Committee

Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Chairman
Mrs. E. S. Heller
Mrs. Philip N. Liliennthal, Jr.
Mr. Gaetano Merola
Mrs. Selby C. Oppenheimer
Miss Josephine D. Randall
Mr. Pierre Monteux
Mr. Albert M. Bender
Mrs. Sydney Joseph
Mrs. Harold R. McKinnon
Miss Alicia Mosgrove
Mrs. Stanley Powell
Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby
Mr. Ottorino Ronchi (Continued on p. 26

The Philippines Exhibit

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

■ In 1521 the Philippine Archipelago was discovered by that intrepid explorer, Ferdinand Magellan, on his history making trip around the globe. Many times since the 16th century have the Philippines been rediscovered—but never more delightfully (though vicariously) than by a visit to the stately Philippine exhibits building on Treasure Island.

It is a duplex structure—one-half of which is devoted to a display of native products, industries, crafts and cultures,—the other half showing in enviable array manufactured pieces—such furniture!—the finished work which makes use of the native products and resources in so interesting a display across the way. The Philippines exhibit is part of the Pacific area presentation,—lending color and interest to the Pacific area and opening up whole new fields of education and adventure for Exposition explorers who may find countless features to interest and enlighten them.

Immediately one enters the building, which is beyond the Hall of Western States on the east side of Treasure Island a grouping of colorful textiles attracts attention. These textiles, woven of a cotton hemp, vividly colored with broad and narrow stripes in pattern, are the work of Mohammedans—of whom there are more than a quarter of a million in the Philippines. The weaving is very expert,—the work of tribes in which the art is hereditary, and of long history. Not far away other fabrics—light in color (the weavings are dark) resembling pina cloth with interesting block prints,—are the work of the women students in the excellent School of Fine and Applied Arts, the womens' colleges and trade schools, of which there are a goodly number in the Islands.

An exhibit which strikes a responsive chord especially in every woman who passes it,—also among all who are interested in social welfare and family life—is that of the excellent Puericulture Clinics,—models of which have been made for this Exposition in most minute detail.

The Puericulture Clinics of the Philippines carry on the work which in this country we perform in our infant and maternal welfare demonstration centers and our baby clinics. It is an interesting observation which the staff of the exhibits make in their statement that the Puericulture clinics are largely the result of the concern and activity of the women's clubs of the Philippines. As here, the responsibility of the community for the safe-guarding and improvement of health opportunities for new born babies and for growing children—as well as for the parents in the home,—is one not lightly assumed by organized women. A good measure of the vitality and efficiency of women's organizations in any community in the Philippines is the quality of the Puericulture clinic in that community, and, as here, not all attain the perfect standard,—their efficiency and scope varies considerably. But the model one erected for the inspection of visitors to the Philippine Building—and which is attained by certain of the Island clinics,—is striking.

The objectives of the Puericulture Clinics, according to the exhibit announcements, are practically the same as those of American clinics,—health instruction for expectant mothers; outside obstetrical service; free clinics for infants and children; dental service; visiting nurse service; nutrition clinics; general dispensary service; home improvement and sanitation; and kindergarten classes.

In that last objective, they surpass our clinics,—there the total absence of any provision for kindergartens makes the inclusion of those classes in the Puericulture clinics a vital contribution to their work.

In looking at the lecture room for mothers, as demonstrated in the Philippine model exhibit, the very delightful guide, Mr. Villa Panganiban—who is an associate professor in the University of Santo Tomas, Manila, told the writer that his first work in the field of education came when, as a very small boy, his duty was to beat the drum throughout his village, call out to all that the lectures for mothers were about to begin in the clinic!

A BIT OF THE PHILIPPINES ON TREASURE ISLAND

Life goes on day after day in the Philippine pavilion, located on the shores of the beautiful Lake of the Nations at the Golden Gate International Exposition, just as it does in the far islands of the Pacific. In a typical Philippine bandstand, the world-famous Philippine Constabulary Band plays daily concerts for Treasure Island visitors.

The value of such educational work as is indicated in the Philippine exhibit is immeasurable. Since the establishment of the clinics infant mortality in the Islands has been cut almost fifty percent.

Intricate carvings, done on native wood lanete,—between a hardwood and mahogany, attract visitors to another section of the building. These plaques are not large, but are infinitely detailed,—showing provincial scenes of native life—wash day, hat weaving, stock feeding time,—all superbly carved. In the days before the Spanish occupation of the Philippines, the subjects were pagan,—but since the 16th century they have reflected Christian influences,—Bible scenes, stories of the Madonna and Child, the Good Shepherd.

In addition to the composite scenes carved on the plaques there are a number of interesting individual figures,—a water-carrier, with the long, bamboo tube in which he carries water from distant springs atop his shoulder, and other familiar characters.

Bamboo looms large in the Philippine Exhibit,—the sturdy varieties used for house posts, furniture posts, floors, and split pieces woven for walls and ceilings of native houses. Windows in the Philippine houses, by the way, strike a new architectural note,—being made of cultivated clam shells, which keep out the heat and sun glare, while admitting only the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

The exciting bridge practice of "double, redouble, and double again" comes to mind in writing of the attractions of the Philippines Exhibit. It is not possible to name them all.

But for the Women's City Club Magazine it is important to mention the very attractive Secretary of the Commission—Miss Feliza Pekson,—a business woman at home, now lent by her firm for the pleasant task of aiding the Chief, Mr. Arthur F. Fischer, Deputy Commissioner of the Philippine Participation,—and later to continue her travels to New York and Europe en route round the world before going back to her office in Manila.

Miss Pekson is a college graduate who has gone into the field of home economics in business,—serving with the General Electric Company in their Philippine branch. She is one of the young women who found educational doors open to her, and opportunities in business following closely,—since the idea of women in business and the professions has not lagged behind the Philippine principle and practice of universal education. Women in medicine, nursing, teaching, and the law are winning recognition in increasing numbers, and already several have been honored with professional recognition, and public office.

Fur Bearing Animals

by Theodocia Stavrum

SKUNK

Through the courtesy of the San Francisco News and Miss Theodocia Stavrum, we present the lollowing article on furs by Miss Stavrum, which appeared in the News the week of July 10-14, 1939, inclusive.

■ Inasmuch as furs are practically an essential of a smart woman's wardrobe and that the fur designers and retailers have made it possible for you to acquire stunning furs without mortgaging your life's savings, it only remains for you to hop out, look at the new collections, make your choice and then take care of it well so that you may get the maximum wear and pleasure.

You have a particularly wide choice of fur silhouettes, pelts, lengths, blending and moods, judging from the collections presented for 1939-1940.

Straight-line coats, ranging from 36-inch to 40-inch lengths, rank as the most important fashion of the season, and it is generally believed that they will become the most popular because of their tremendous versatility, their youthfulness, and the fact that they are so universally flattering.

Swagger coats appear with fullness from the neckline, with the fullness distributed in evenly-spaced ripples, providing a sleeker and more graceful line than was achieved in swaggers last year.

The full-length fitted silhouette has important sponsorship and is presented in flat furs, with shirring, pleats, tapering ripples at center front and back, or with evenly-flared hemlines. There are also in this group bustle-back interpretations, modified dirndls, the monk silhouette and the wasp waistline with skirt fullness.

Chubbies return in 23-inch to 26-inch lengths, flared in back, not unlike the "sugar coat" silhouette, or in a bulky, boxy outline and in long-haired furs in 30-inch to 36-inch lengths. The shorter coats, however, appear to be favored in mink, leopard, kid, sheared beaver, sheared lamb, caracul, and mink-dyed muskrat.

There's an air of youthfulness about the new fur coats. More attention has been given to necklines, waistlines and sleeves. Collarless necklines give place to tiny collars, some with ingenious elaboration in front, some with jeweled clips and stunning composition-chain fastening. This year's sleeves favor the high mounted Vionnet shoulder line, and there are many wide-wrist treatments, some so wide that "windshields" are provided.

The presentation of new fall fur collections in town reveals tremendous progress made in the blending and processing of inexpensive furs to simulate furs of the luxury group, which means that the lower-price furs exceed even last year's high degree of satisfaction from the standpoint of attractiveness, smartness and durability. (The term "blending," as applied to fur, means the use of bleach and dye to simulate the natural appearance of furs which otherwise would be in the higher-price brackets.)

When you go out to choose a coat you can decide what effect you wish and determine the selection of the fur, itself, by the price you wish to pay. Guanaco, which is South American, masquerades effectively this season as blue fox or red fox and is tremendously smart in its natural reddish-brown tones as well.

The blenders have achieved a lynx effect on wolf, which is most attractive, and all the reports indicate

FISHER

that lynx is to become one of the top favorites of the season.

Red fox is bleached and dyed blue. White fox is dyed to simulate red fox, blue fox or natural lynx. Fitch appears in excellent fisher, sable and marten blendings. Skunk and civet cat also take well to sable and marten blendings. Squirrel and muskrat backs appear in the inexpensive groups simulating mink. Squirrel and squirrel locks are being done to look like ermine, and there is a grand new London dye process which blends squirrel to look like sable.

In other words, you decide on the blending which is most becoming and get it in some fur at the price you wish to pay, thanks to the wonderful development of blending and processing in the fur industry in the past three years.

PERSIAN LAMB

Before shopping for your coat you should know something of the furs which you may be shown.

PERSIAN LAMB is fur lamb of the "fat-tail" karakul breed. Its characteristics are tight, lustrous curls, interestingly patterned, usually black, but sometimes naturally grey or brown. The best skins are light in weight and supple.

NATURAL GREY KRIMMER is a related breed of the karakul sheep with open circular curl instead of the locked curl of the persian. It has little luster and is grey in color. White lamb from China and India is frequently dyed to simulate krimmer.

GUANACO is a South American hooled camel, related to the vicuna. It has straight, long, soft wool, resembling fox fur, and although it is naturally reddish-brown, it will rank as an important favorite in fox blendings this year.

SHEARED BEAVER, scheduled for tremendous favor, this season is lighter in weight and less bulky than beaver of other years. It is less inclined to mat than unsheared beaver, which curls when over-exposed to dampness. In color, it is dark brown to light grey-tan.

BEAVER

DYED BROADTAIL is prematurely born or still-born lamb of the karakul breed, with undeveloped curl in moire pattern and lustrous effect. The skins are very tender.

MINK . . . The finest grades originate in southeastern Canada and northeastern United States and are known as "Eastern Mink." These are silky, full-furred and dark brown.

SKUNK . . . Better than ever in the fall showings, is, in its best grades, dense blue-black underfur with long black, glossy guard hairs. It appears this season in sable, marten and fisher blendings.

LYNX, another of the fashion "pets," is long, spotted, soft, silky fur, naturally yellow-brown back with white belly or dyed from light shades to black. Lynx cat is a reddish brown, silky spotted fur. Wildcat is shorter, flatter, red-brown in tone.

FITCH . . . The most popular grades are Russian, white with black guard hairs. Other European fitch is yellowish with coarser dyed hair. Fitch will appear in smart versions this season, blended to simulate sable and fisher.

HUDSON SEAL is seal-dyed muskrat. It became popular when the control (Continued on page 28

LYNX

The Federal Indian Exhibit at the Fair

by Frederic H. Douglas
Director of Educational Activities

■ In thirteen large galleries housed in the north wing of the Federal Building, the Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the Department of the Interior has arranged the most extensive Indian exhibit which has ever been presented to the public. Here it is possible, for the first time, for visitors to get a clear idea of the variety and beauty of Indian life and art and of the reasons for the striking differences in cultures and crafts.

The visitor first enters a large room given over to various maps and pictures which lay the background needed for an understanding of the Indian. On huge wall maps the tribes of the United States and Alaska are named and placed in their present localities. Around the walls are placed other maps, with explanatory texts, which indicate in a graphic but simple way the great variations in Indian languages, religions, systems of government and other phases of life. From the picture book and the cartoon came the technics used in preparing the pictorial history of the Indian, 33 lighted paintings which carry the reader over 20,000 years of Indian history.

From this room the visitor passes into the Eskimo gallery, all in white to suggest the snowy North. Here can be seen the ingenious devices created by this race of skilled craftsmen to help them in their struggle with the hard climate in which they live. Nearby are the delicate carvings in ivory in which the Eskimo excel, tiny realistic figures of birds and animals, and spidery engravings of hunting and camping scenes. Here too are shown the extraordinary masks that bring to mind the work of certain modern artists in our world.

Stepping from the brightness of this Eskimo room into the dark shadows of the hall of the Northern Fishermen of Southern Alaska, forcefully brings to the mind of the visitor the great differences between the types of environment in which Indian groups live. As the eye adjusts itself to the rather dim lighting, a wealth of art in wood springs into view; wooden chests and dishes, curious masks, and in the distance, the monstrous figures of totem poles. From every side eyes seem to look at one, though these are really designs suggesting the joints of the animal bodies which form the subjects of the art of these sea-going people. Rich color gleams on every hand, and the evidences of masterly carving skill entrance the eye.

From this mysterious northern darkness one enters the world of the California basketmakers. Here, on a diorama cleverly contrived from velvet, corrugated paper, ground cork and other odd materials, are placed examples of the bewildering variety of basketry which the many tribes of this state have devised and perfected. On the opposite wall glow the soft colors of featherwork, an art in which these supposedly inferior people surpass all others.

The light increases as one moves into the great spaces of the room of the Hunters of the Plains. Directly opposite the entrance a huge mural painting brilliantly calls to life the romantic life of these buffalo hunters, their great warbonnets rippling in the wind as the wild hunt sweeps across the wall. A fine painted tipi, or skin tent, stands nearby; while around the walls are cases filled with the fascinating beadwork and porcupine-quill embroidery for which these tribes are famous.

The light dims again, falling to the dim, cool shade of the forest. For now the visitor is in the room of the Woodsmen of the East, the tribes whose uncanny woodcraft and warlike prowess fill the pages of James Fenimore Cooper. Here are the simple utensils of birchbark and wood of an earlier day, and the brighter arts which developed after the coming of the white man. Gorgeous blankets of silk embroidered wool stand beside skin garments bearing the delicate floral patterns so typical of these eastern tribes. The lightness of the feather fans used in the strange peyote religion contrasts with the heavy simplicity of reed matting and dark buffalo hair; and from high on the tree trunks the hideous masks of the Iroquois, greatest of Indian politicians, leer down on the visitor.

Again the scene changes from the depths of the forest to the brightness of the big round room in which the Pueblo Farmers of the Southwest show the pottery of which they of all Indians are the master modelers. But pottery is not their only offering, for they are equally at home in weaving, jewelry making, basketry and other crafts. High on the walls

the curious figures of masked gods recall the dances which have delighted many visitors to the Southwest, and, at the same time, symbolize the dependence of these farmers on the ever-turning cycle of the seasons.

The Navahos largest of all tribes, have filled the next three rooms with their great arts, weaving, silverwork and sandpainting. Silhouetted against a turquoise sky are the marvelous blankets of a long-past age, blankets with softly aged colors and beautifully organized designs which are unequalled in Indian weaving. The rich and massive forms of the silver shine in a room entirely lined with metal; and in the third room the incredible intricacies of the sacred pictures in colored sand are being traced by the patient fingers of the medicine man.

So ends a trip through Indian America. But there are still other rooms in which fine examples of the best in modern Indian craftsmenship are offered for sale. The perfection of many of these pieces often outdoes the best work of the past; for Indian art is today a living and growing thing, one of the most vital and important forces in our modern world.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood.
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I—
I took the one less traveled by
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

Little homes . . . big homes
Sloane does both . . .

And we do them well. We take just as much care in planning the furnishings of the small home . . . and just as much pride in the lovely, livable result . . . as we do in bigger homes. Both are homes, and furnishing homes is our business.

Sloane's is not an expensive store . . . and we believe ninety-six years' experience have taught us how to offer a little more quality, a little more style and distinction than the price usually buys.

Sloane does both, so here you can find beautiful things for your home at the price you expect to pay.

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I Have Been Reading

WIND, SAND AND STARS; by Antoine de Saint Exupery. Translated from the French by Lewis Galantiere. Reynal and Hitchcock, 1939. $2.75. (Reviewed by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard.)

TINTYPES IN GOLD; four studies in robbery; by Joseph Henry Jackson. The Macmillan Company, 1939. $2.50. (Reviewed by Stella Huntington.)

THE HUDSON; by Carl Carmer. Farrar & Rinehart, 1939. $2.50. (Reviewed by Helen M. Bruner.)

■ Wind, Sand and Stars; by Antoine de St. Exupery. . . . Anne Lindbergh, gloriously, began it for America; Antoine de St. Exupery for France; his "Night Flight," then her "North to the Orient" and "Listen, the Wind," and now his "Wind, Sand and Stars," the Conrad and Maselield of this new creation under the sun, distinguished Literature of the Air.

St. Exupery, mail-pilot of a French airline, for eight years over parching deserts of Sahara and Libya, over the treacherous Pyrenees, is a man of action. Hazardous experience and solitary thought made him a philosopher. Nature made him a poet. Pilot-philosopher-poet soars with forceful, luminous, lyrical words into his magic world of "Wind, Sand and Stars." As pilot, he tells magnificently, hauntingly heroic stories of bravery and comradeship. Man of action, alone, before mountain, sea and wind, vast tribunal of the tempestuous sky, the pilot defends his sacred trust, the mail pouches, from demolition and death that lurk in the snow-frozen Andes, in death-pelting typhoons of the South Atlantic, in plane-crashes amid sandstorms, savage Moorish tribes and swollen-tongued, horrible thirst of the desert.

St. Exupery, philosopher, gives great power and significance to his book. A flyer, he interprets life in terms of flying. But Man, not flying, is his chief concern. The airplane is only a tool of man, as is the plough or printing. We of the machine age are young barbarians still marveling at our new toys. Little by little, the machine will lose its identity in its function, just as the locomotive is no longer the dread iron monster but man's humble mechanical friend. Yesterday's language, yesterday's habits, must catch up with today's psychology and today's abilities. Man must wake up and grapple with man's chief problem—Human Relations.

St. Exupery declares, "The central struggle of men has ever been to understand one another, to join together for the common weal. And it is this very thing that the machine helps them to do. It begins by annihilating time and space."

St. Exupery, poet, threads through each story of the pilot, each truth of the philosopher, words of such lyric beauty, so close to poetry that some twenty prose paragraphs can be literally transcribed into verse form. In one story, a Bedouin of Libya saved St. Exupery's life with water, and the pilot-philosopher-poet sings a hymn to Water:

"Water,
Thou hast no taste,
No color, no odor;
Canst not be defined,
Art relished while ever mysterious.
Not necessary to life,
But rather life itself,
Thou fillest us
With a gratification that exceeds
The delight of the senses.
By thy might,
There return unto us
Treasures that we had abandoned.
By thy grace
There are released in us
All the dried-up rennels of our heart.
Of the riches that exist in the world,
Thou art the rarest,
Also the most delicate—
Thou so pure
Within the bowels of the earth!
A man may die of thirst
Lying beside a magnesian spring.
He may die
Within reach of a salt lake.
He may die

Though he hold in his hand
A jug of dew,
If it be inhabited by evil salts.
For thou, Water,
Art a proud divinity,
Allowing no alteration,
No foreignness in thy being
And the joy
That thou spreadest
Is an infinitely simple joy."

Who reads with St. Exupery reaches glorious horizons in "Wind, Sand and Stars."

■ Tintypes in Gold; by Joseph Henry Jackson. . . . "The stagecoach driver of California's early days drove like Jehu (the record proves it), scorning the yawning abysses so close to his rolling wheels, swore like a trooper and brought the stage in on time." So begins the story and brings to mind Clark Foss, a giant among men and one of those early stage drivers, and his son, Charley Foss, who drove the stage to the Geysers from Calistoga for many years. A vivid memory is a trip to the Geysers with Charley Foss driving. A stage for four horses was ready, but there were extra passengers, so there had to be six horses. After a long, hot drive we reached the top of the divide in the cool of the evening and the road down was in the shadow. The horses knew there was supper and bed at the bottom of the trail, Foss cracked his whip and we were off, the mountain close on one side and a roaring, rushing creek at the bottom of the hill on the other—the nearest thing to flying I have ever known.

All this was brought back to me in the opening paragraph of Mr. Jackson's book and with that as a background the story of Black Bart is thrilling indeed. Especially when one remembers driving through the Mother Lode country and having "the place where Black Bart stopped the stage" pointed out!

Black Bart takes nearly half of the book. His legend begins in 1877 when a man in a long linen duster and a flour-sack over his head commanded a stage driver to, "Throw down the box!" and the Wells-Fargo treasure was thrown down. "Between 1875 and 1883, twenty-eight California stage drivers saw that masked man and knew him for the most famous bandit California ever boasted." The story of those robberies makes very good reading. After all these years it is hard to tell what is lancy and what is fact. Some of the tales that have grown up have no foundation in fact whatever, but they die hard. As Mr. Jackson says, "There is nothing that people hate so much as having their fairy tales taken away from them."

The rest of the book is taken up with

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three other men: Tom Bell, the actual pioneer in organized stage-robbery in California; Dick Fellows, the highwayman whose troubles with horses were endless; and Rattlesnake Dick, the son of a British army officer stationed at Quebec, and later Dick lived at Rattlesnake Bar.

Tintypes in gold! As the stories of our California ancestors are fading like the old tintypes of their beloved faces, so the picturesque stories of the early-day California stage robbers are fading too, and we who are interested in California history owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jackson for his painstaking work in making these thrilling highwaymen live again.

One thinks of Joseph Henry Jackson as a traveler and a book reviewer, but in this latest book he is revealed as a student and an historian also. "Tintypes in Gold" is another California book that should not be missed.

■ The Hudson; by Carl Cramer. . . Rivers play such an important part in the story of people, in the history of nations, but seldom do we stop to realize it. Rivers lead people on to new settlements; armies are stopped by them, or carried on; explorers travel to their furthest limits and then cross over to the next water-course. Life teems along their banks while often wilderness surrounds them a few miles inland. They can be kind and give food and drink in plenty or they can be cruel and with flood and ice they can wreck or sweep away man and his possessions.

The Rivers of America series proposes to give us the history of our country thru the stories of its great rivers—the Mississippi, the James, the Columbia, the Ohio, all of them. It is the tale of a vast country with large and beautiful rivers, north and south, east and west, and a people that has perhaps taken on the characteristics of its rivers, always active, restless, busy. And Carl Carmer gives us the story of the Hudson.

First we have the Indians living on its banks, then the Dutch, and then the English. After the early adjustments the War of the Revolution comes along. Feeling runs high. The river helps now one side, then the other. Loyalists, Tories, leave their homes along its banks to find new shelter far away, the river starting them out on their journey. The Erie Canal joins the Atlantic with the Great Lakes, thru the river. Sailing vessels venture further afield, even around the Horn and to China seas, as men from Nantucket and other sea-farers move inland onto the river's banks. The sailing vessels are supplanted by Robert Fulton and his steam-boat, first tried out on the river. The artists and the poets come to put the river down in color and in words for all to see. Experiments in living are tried out on its banks. Quaker settlements spring up; socialistic communities try out their theories here. Some villages grow into cities; other into ghosts.

Carl Carmer can always stop and tell a story. He likes people, all kinds of people, and he sees the stories in their lives. He makes them "real folks" for us. We know them and their river and we like them, too. We see in them the kinds of people who went into the making of our country, the things they did, the lives they lived. Carl Carmer's The Hudson will undoubtedly be read as eagerly and with as much satisfaction as have his Stars Fell in Alabama and Listen for a Lonesome Drum.

National League Library Service

THE HUDSON; Carl Carmer. $2.50. A superb book about one of America's great rivers and the people along its shores.

NEBRASKA COAST; Clyde Brion Davis. $2.75. The story of the Macdougall family, moving west in 1861 from the Erie Canal to Nebraska Territory, along with the westward course of the railroads.

THE BRANDONS; Angela Thirkell. $2.50. A charming story of English country life.

TINTYPES IN GOLD; Joseph Henry Jackson. $2.50. Studies of four early California stage robbers.

THE MIGRATION OF AMERICAN BIRDS; Frederick C. Lincoln. $4.00. Representing thirty years devoted to the study of bird migration.

EDWARD LEAR; LANDSCAPE PAINTER AND NONSENSE POET; Angus Davidson. $3.75. This is a timely biography, for after having enjoyed a long popularity as childhood's madcap laureate, Edward Lear is now being seriously appreciated by the painters and even more seriously appraised by the poets.

TUMBLING IN THE HAY; Oliver St. John Gogarty. $2.50. In the same robust spirit of "As I Was Going Down Sackville Street," this novel tells of the adventures of Gideon Ouseley and his cronies of old Dublin.

THE WEB AND THE ROCK; Thomas Wolfe. $3.00. Published after his death, this, like all Wolfe's material, is a novel of magnificent fragments, imperfectly joined together, but as George Stevens so aptly says, "To ask for perfection, for organization, in a novel by Thomas Wolfe is to ask for a book by another novelist—and, we cannot help feeling, a less exciting novelist."

Confidence and Sportsmanship

(Continued from page 14)

season for removing from the face of the earth those who tell children the policeman will get them if they are not good.

Personally one of the several things I do in trying to teach sportsmanship is to let my pupils know that I would be surprised and disappointed if they were to throw their rackets or play to the galleries when losing or making a bad shot. As a rule I simply tell them that the only person they fool is themselves, and that is usually enough but once in a long time I have to drive home that if they expect to be popular they'd better learn to control their feelings.

Now you know why I think sportsmanship is important, so we will take a look at confidence. By confidence I do not mean egotism. The first is appreciation of a fact, the other a distortion. It is an essential quality to success, and no one has ever received the number one ranking of a champion without it.

Take for example, Don Budge. It took months of downright hard work to make that redhead believe he was a great player. He just could not get the idea, and time and again he was on the point of giving up, but when he finally did get it, he was unbeatable. Or, if you prefer to consider some one still on the way up, there is Elwood Cooke, who right this minute is a better all-around player than Bobby Riggs, who defeated him for the English title.

The London papers all said that Elwood had Budge's style, form and shots. Now, with all due respect to Bobby, he is not the one to beat a Budge unless something has been left out, and that something in Cooke was confidence. He has sold himself so completely on the idea that Riggs can beat him that it would come as a surprise if it did not turn out that way.

Cooke is not wholly responsible for the thought, as several things have happened to confirm it. First, after the Davis Cup Committee had all but promised to give him its support, it could not be arranged. Then, when it came time to send the players to England, Elwood was informed that all he would get would be a ticket, and that he would personally have to pay his further expenses. In other words, those in power might just as well have said, "We don't think much of you as a player." It was not said nor was the action taken for the purpose of lowering his morale, but the combination confirmed his own belief, and the result was disastrous. Once one has reached

(Continued on page 29)

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(Continued from page 15)

The names of the men and women on the Festival Committee guarantee the high standard of music offered to the people of San Francisco.

Significantly enough, the opening concert of the season was presented by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Pierre Monteux, its eminent conductor. On the following Sundays concerts were given by members of the Opera Company, the San Francisco Junior Civic Symphony Orchestra directed by Mr. Robert Pollak, and such outstanding artists as the young California pianist, Janet Graham, and the violinist, Viska Kroksawsky, and the well known Russian pianist, Maxim Schapiro, who was soloist with an orchestra directed by Walter Herbert. Douglas Thompson, the distinguished American pianist, also the young and gifted American pianist, Myra Ghitis, were among the artists appearing at the Grove.

One of the most interesting features of the series of "Midsummer Musicals" is its colorful variety. The programs at the Sigmund Stern Grove are conceived to lulfill a recreational need. They are "popular" programs in the best sense of the word. They are offered with the purpose ol bringing genuine enjoyment to the people.

From the cultural angle these free concerts at the Stern Grove cannot be overestimated. Recreation means joy and leisure, but it also means cultural enrichment.

For the coming Sunday afternoons the lollowing programs have been scheduled:

On July 30, the San Francisco Preparatory Orchestra will be heard in a symphony concert conducted by William van den Burg. lormer associate conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. On August 6, Theodore Strong will give a recital on the orgatron, a new type of electric organ. Helen Hughes and William Thomas will be heard in various song groups the same afternoon.

For August 13, the presentation ol a Shakespearean play has been planned. The lollowing Sunday the Woodwind Ensemble of San Francisco will offer a program of chamber music with Henry Weempner and Emily Hardy, soloists.

On August 27 the Municipal Chorus under the direction of Dr. Hans Leschke will hold lorth with Dr. Henry Shefoff as soloist.

Musical Summer Festivals have a long tradition in European countries. Gradually the significance ol such folk festivals is being realized in this country and attempts made to present American people with such festivals have been received with growing enthusiasm. Among these festivals the programs of the Sigmund Stern Grove, which is owned and operated by the City's Recreation Department, hold a prominent place.

The concerts begin at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but many people come earlier, bringing their lunch and staying alter the performances are over. The whole has a delightful atmosphere of informality. People coming to these concerts feel at ease. No curtain separates the stage from the audience. Musicians and listeners form a happy family of people who get together to enjoy good music.

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Rainbow Fountain, Court of
Flowers, Treasure Island

A Garden Ramble On Treasure Island

by Monte Webb McGee

■ For a day of perfect enjoyment, join the genial group of Women's City Club members, as we did on July 18, for a ramble through Treasure Island gardens under Miss Schaeffer's guidance.

After a glance at the Persian Carpet, acres of brilliant mesembryanthemums, we entered the Court of Pacifica where the continuous color scheme of planting is blue and gold.

In the Court of Seven Seas, our attention was called to the tallest eucalyptus trees on Treasure Island, and to the symmetrical blackwood acacias with their yellow bucket lanterns. Bright green trees and gray green pittosporum are banked against the buildings. Spiraea and myrtle in the foreground solten the effect, and fragrant deep blue stocks beside the paths add their color.

The Carillon welcomed us, with a marching song, to the bronze and gold Court of Honor where the new giant Treasure Island marigolds will soon blossom.

Upon entering the Court of Reflections we paused to look up at the eagles, representing our country, on the Arch of Triumph. In this court where the plantings are in shades of red, the serene Golden Girl and her playful penguins stand at one end of the long pool while the flawless reflection of the Tower of the Sun may be seen from the other end. Red passion vine, bouganvillea, flaming eucalyptus, abelia in full bloom, colorful berberis, many varieties of fuchsias, and other flowers and shrubs give a small idea of the ninety three thousand plantings in this court.

Beyond the Arch of Triumph in the Court of Flowers, delicate tuberous begonias are blooming around the Fountain of Life. In one corner of the court, "angels trumpets" hang in the shade of huge tree ferns and on the balustrade nearby cascade luchsias grow in giant urns.

Entering the Court of the Moon, Miss Schaeffer pointed out an espalierd apple tree and an unusually large madrone tree which was successfully transplanted. In this blue and white court, phantom arches of water spray into the rectangular pool which is bordered by stately yews and colossal urns,—lovely by day, a jewel by night.

A little golden deer, festive with a pink hydrangea blossom tucked behind one ear, waited to greet us at the Yerba Buena Clubhouse where we were served generously with an excellent luncheon. The artistic arrangement of flowers, shrubs, and trees, in the various gar-

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Treasure Garden, with its graceful fountains, borders of seedling dahlias, impressive statues, and terraced beds of tuberous begonias—the last row being the hollyhock type—is so enchanting that we were tempted to linger in this sunken garden of colorful beauty and charm.

Miss Schaefler, after patiently and graciously answering many inquiries made during the day, led the way to the Hall of Flowers where everything is plainly marked. There she left us to enjoy at our leisure, all the color, beauty and fragrance, and to wonder at the many odd varieties of plant life,—the fitting end of a delightful day.

Facts About Furs

(Continued from page 19)

of Alaska sealskin made these skins difficult to obtain. Brown northern muskrats, full-furred and sturdy, are dyed to resemble the rich black of sealskin and have tremendous popularity. This fur is available this season in lightweight, stunning models at popular prices.

Your choice of a fur coat must be determined primarily by the usage to which you intend to put it. In other words, if you want a coat for general wear, stick to durable fur and consider the perishable furs only if you can afford to limit the wear to special occasions.

In the durable pelt classification you have a choice of persian lamb, more important than ever this year; krimmer; kolinsky; fisher, a high fashion favorite and a great pet with the Paris designers; beaver, invariably sheared; Hudson seal; Alaskan seal, softer and lighter than ever before; skunk and fitch, which come forward now in fascinating new blendings.

Muskrat, wolf, pony, lynx, ocelot, leopard cat, raccoon, opossum and civet cat still rank as the most desirable sport furs, while ermine, mole, squirrel and all the foxes should be reserved for dressy usage, for formal wraps and for trimming which does not meet with much friction. Sable and mink, while expensive, are, as you must know, tremendously durable and even silver fox will give fair service provided you give it good care.

When selecting your furs it is important to bear in mind that good pelts are full furred that fine texture is preferable and that luster is a definite asset, indicating good health and a good condition of the skin, while on the other hand pale or yellowish skins and heavy, stiff hairs should be avoided as not "top drawer" quality.

Remember, too, that the side of the fur which you cannot see is as important as the surface, which means that it is always better to buy your furs where you can have fullest confidence in the retailer.

For good care of your fur, according to the best authorities, heed these simple rules:

Have your furs cleaned thoroughly by an expert at least once a year, and particularly before storing. This goes for even the most inexpensive garments.

Have your furs glazed after they have been cleaned by an expert, of course. Glazing acts like a rejuvenating tonic for tired pelts.

Have your furs remodeled by a furrier who knows his fashions, so that you will always have them in the season's manner. Sometimes only minor adjustments will make a so-so coat tremendously chic.

Examine your furs carefully and frequently and remember that a stitch in time saves nine. A slight rip repaired early in the game will save you costlier work later, and the places where strain is greatest should be repaired as soon as needed.

Shake your furs often, vigorously. It's important to expel dust and dirt. When you shake the garment, hold it in the direction in which the pelt naturally flows. This will keep it fluffy and clean.

Store your furs in the summer. All the good stores have vaults which provide you not only with protection from moths, burglars and fire, but also give your fur the constant even temperature and the right degree of humidity.

Don't wear your furs in the rain. If you do, send them immediately to a good furrier. Over-dampness is bad for furs and tends to destroy the hair and injure the cured skin.

Don't dry a fur rapidly. Intense heat makes fur skins brittle and dry. If damp, place in a room of even temperature, dry gradually and shake well.

Don't crowd furs. Shake them after wearing and hang them where other garments do not press against them. Don't jam into crowded places or drop them rumpled into a chair.

Don't expose your furs to bright sunlight, as sunlight will frequently fade or streak furs, particularly if they are blended. Fresh air, however, is just as important for your furs as for yourself.

Avoid friction wherever possible. The constant friction of a purse or package beneath the arms, rubbing of the forearm against an automobile steering wheel, resting of the arms on the table, will eventually wear down the fur at these points and necessitate repairs.

(Continued from page 11)

cars at best, fewer still in times of war when all conveyances were subject to confiscation by Japanese military authorities.

Since the city is surrounded by walls, many families living in the country were unable to come into the city as the gates were all patrolled by Japanese soldiers. These families had little or nothing to eat, so trucks carried large sacks of millet to them and divided it among the neediest families, according to the number of mouths to be fed. A nourishing porridge is made from the grain, so the people were very thankful to get it.

Many benefits were held to raise money, for all this work took funds. Garden parties, entertainments by foreign-owned schools and societies, a circus with Chinese acrobats, camel rides, and dragon dances, teas, art exhibits and trips to places of historic interest near Peiping were arranged by the club and the money used for the refugee work.

No phase of Chinese culture, so ancient and widespread, is left untouched by the club in its program of diversified appeal. The members realize that they have a wonderful opportunity for study and service in old Peiping, so rich in lore, beauty, and fascination. To combine this with actual work for the needy gives the club a fine chance to be useful as well as interesting, and this is acted upon by chairmen of all committees.

All members of the club, whatever their allegiance or origin, speak well of its activities and feel it a privilege to belong. They cooperate with each other, and there is no distinction among the different nationalities, no cleavage in religion, no social lines drawn. Former Manchu courtiers' families work side by side with modern American schoolteachers, and titled European women are on the same committees with ordinary Chinese. The club is more than international. Its interests are broad, uniting women of all faiths, all races, all types. Its success is attested in its perseverance despite war, upset civil conditions, and individual differences of opinion. Long may it prosper and carry on its good work!

(Continued from page 25)

the top, such outside factors lose their power, but on the way up, when they coincide with one's fixed opinion, they are absolutely fatal. One must have confidence to win the crown, and, if he has sportsmanship, style, and correct form along with it, then he is in the best sense of the word a champion.

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Exposition Flag

■ Top-most evidence of the vital interest of the Women's City Club in the progress of the Golden Gate International Exposition is the handsome new Exposition Flag, which has been flying from our roof during the past week.

Unfurled in San Francisco's downtown breezes, the deep blue banner with its red, white and gold decoration has made a brilliant spot on the skyline.

Against a huge gold sun—just beginning to dip below the blue horizon, the Exposition's white Tower of the Sun rises skyward above the massive main gates to Treasure Island. Broad-based columns and piers in oriental red anchor the line line of the Golden Gate Bridge behind the Tower, and reaching beyond the sun's rim. From a distance the bridge heads assume the shape of formalized trees—lending a suggestion of the Oriental spirit which finds such characteristic expression in the Treasure Island Pageant of the Pacific.

Across the bottom of the flag four gold initials—G. G. I. E.—proclaim the pleasing whole, the official banner of the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Members of the Exposition publicity staff, the "color men" in the works division, members of the art staff, were called to confer on an official flag two years ago. Sketches were asked for and many San Francisco and bay area artists submitted designs for a flag. Some were bizarre, others were trite—but each had some item of interest and challenge. And from them all a composite was designed —our present Exposition flag. Perhaps that was better, after all, for isn't the purpose of expositions, all things connected with them, to present the finest composite of many things that can be achieved?

So we as members of the Women's City Club salute the Exposition flag!

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

■ Through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company the following programs will be given on Station KPO, at 9:15 p.m., immediately following the Standard Symphony Hour:

August 17: Charles and Kathleen Norris, "What the Symphony Means to Us."

September 21: Luther B. Marchant (Dean of the School of Music, Mills College) and Charles M. Dennis (Supervisor of Music, San Francisco Board of Education), "Youth and the Symphony."

Leonora Wood Armsby, President, Musical Association of San Francisco.

Frozen Tomato Mayonnaise on Avocado and Grapefruit

4 Small fresh tomatoes
1 Tsp. grated onion
1 Cup mayonnaise
Salt, paprika and cayenne
Grapefruit cut in sections, Avocado cut in sections.
Lettuce, watercress or other salad greens.

Peel tomatoes and scoop out center; chop fine. Combine with grated onion and fold into mayonnaise. Season to taste with salt, paprika, and an extra dash of cayenne. Pour mayonnaise mixture into tray of refrigerator and freeze rapidly without stirring. (This dressing may be made with canned tomatoes, chili sauce or undiluted condensed tomato soup if desired). Cut avocado into pieces resembling grapefruit sections. Alternate avocado and grapefruit in flower or fan shape on bed of salad greens. In center serve a spoonful of frozen tomato mayonnaise.

Club Service

■ At the Cosmetology Convention just ended in San Francisco, the latest in modern coiffures was demonstrated, and everything pertaining to the beauty and well grooming of the women.

The subject of modernizing the plain girl was thoroughly discussed Miss Plain Girl, who looks years older than her age with hair long and straight, pulled back in a bun, was typed for matron roles at the Models Bureau. She was given a complete transformation step-by-step technique. The first thing was a course of facial treatments, then a hair cut. Then she had a permanent wave and had her hair styled into a smart new short coiffure. The plain girl blossomed out and the before-and-after pictures were astounding.

Our operators are all expert. Our equipment is the latest. The soothing lights and restful atmosphere and courteous treatment will make you want to patronize your Club Beauty Salon for years to come. Call GArfield 8400 for an appointment.

Bulletins, Travelers' Letters Tell Story of Foreign Clubs

By Clintie Winfrey

(Reprinted from The Cleveland Press, July 12, 1939.)

■ In Shanghai, in Vienna—in London and Havana, there are women's clubs which carry on similar routines to the local Women's City Club. Pictures of the 39 affiliated groups of the local city club filter back to Cleveland from traveling members using the foreign club privileges, and from bulletins arriving at the Bulkley Building office.

In Shanghai, for instance, the American Women's Club blithely goes ahead with its garden and civic groups, holding teas and lectures, disregarding Japanese air raids. But instead of sending needy children to summer camps—this club's major philanthropy is trying to save a few lives by supplying food and medical aid to refugees and wounded soldiers.

In London, the Pioneer Club, first women's club in the city, dating back to 1892, goes sedately about its business in its handsome 18th Century Adam brothers' mansion — in spite of bomb shelter practice drills. Tea drinking goes on much as usual within its historic paneled walls, and a group of 12 Czecho-Slovakian refugees are invited to drink tea with the members every Wednesday.

Farther north in Edinburgh, members of the Scottish Women's Club keep a full date book of their usual activities, adding to these ambulance service, and heading committees which give instruction on wartime preparedness.

In Vienna

In Vienna the American Women's Club carries on in a city where Austrian women are wondering whether they have any status outside of the home and fireside.

In contrast, the American affiliates of the city club—in all the major cities—are concerned principally with their local civic projects.

The New York and San Francisco clubs, of course, mainly are concerned with being hostesses to visitors to their respective fairs, the American Women's Club in New York being official headquarters for "Career Tours" of the Fair. The Women's City Club of Boston's chief current concern is the publication of its annual travel booklet, "Guide to New England."

Two local city club members, Mrs. P. V. Fraser and Mrs. T. O. Kennedy, taking advantage of the facilities of London's Pioneer Club, report back on their sister organization.

Describes London Club

Mrs. Fraser describes the club in a letter: "A beautiful Palladium window and circular staircase winding from the ground floor to the third, and ending in a glass cupola, were the most impressive things about the place, although the drawing room with white painted hand-carved woodwork and mantel, and the lovely library, ran them close seconds."

This club's program is mainly cultural and social and it boasts a London rarity —a private, enclosed formal garden where tea is served. This is the club which makes a weekly habit of entertaining refugees. Mrs. Kennedy herself was hostess to a group of young men and women who had been in England only a year.

Mrs. Fraser also reports on club-women's part in war precautions. A London member told her that everyone in key positions in London schools had taken a series of tests during the winter to enable them to detect odors of poisonous gases. They must also learn the plan for complete evacuation of children from the city in case of air raids.

Do War Work

From the bulletin of the American Women's Club, on Bubbling Well road in Shanghai, come reports of women in the war zone:

"As one of our civic projects, we visited Camp No. 2. It's the barest spot we have ever seen, bare of everything except the actual necessities to keep alive.

"If you can prove you are a war refugee, you can get food, two quarts of boiled water daily, medical care, schooling, setup drill, handcrafts, a hot bath and innoculations for $2.75 a month, through the Salvation Army. Rice and vegetables with oil and bean curd does not provide variety but it does keep away beri-beri and cholera. The big problem is how to employ these thousands of empty days. . . . Baths are provided for 500 people daily. Since there are 6835 people in camp, figure out how often a refugee gets one!"

It is the writer's opinion that it will take much more "than a certain little battle mad nation to break the serenity, the power of endurance, patience and ability to carry on under all trials that these people possess."

Whenever a city club member goes traveling and visits any of the affiliated clubs, she invariably comes home with new ideas and additions to the local club. Through club bulletins and letters these women's organizations throughout the world keep closely in touch with one another.

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Do not allow this opportunity to save money pass. Visit your appliance dealer and make your selection at once. Remember, winter's cold is not far away.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

SEPTEMBER
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 8

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
SEPTEMBER . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

SWIMMING POOL CLOSED FROM SEPTEMBER 4th TO 9th
FASHION SHOW TEA — SEPTEMBER 28th

SEPTEMBER, 1939

1—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.
7—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212 — 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding.	D. R. Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	The Nob Hill Studio presents a program of Dancing and Song by Rodrigo and Roquel—Ballroom and Tango.	
	Marilyn Millette, child soprano, and Dora Maugham, personality sketches.	
8—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.
13—	**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room — 12:15 p.m.
	Tea Honoring Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge—Tea, 35 cents... *See page 3	American Room — 4:00-6:00 p.m.
	Book Review Dinner	National Def. Room — 6:15 p.m.
	Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review:	
	"Black Narcissus"—by Rumer Godden	
	"Immortal Ease"—Kathleen Coyle	
	Dinner—$1.00 a plate	
14—	**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium — 12:00 Noon
	Ten Lectures—Course Tickets: Members $4.50, Non-members $5.50.	
	Single Admission: Members 55 cents, Non-members 66 cents.	
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	"The Trade Route to Word Peace"—Mr. Frank S. Gaines, City Manager of Berkeley.	
15—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.
18—	**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding.	D. R. Annex — 6:00 p.m.
19—	**Garden Round Table Ramble to Treasure Island**	Take Ferry at — 1:00 p.m.
	Pass through entrance gates and meet in group to the left.	
	Tour of Courts—with special tea at Yerba Buena Club. Fee $1.25.	
21—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.
	Current Economic Events—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium — 12:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	Musical Program arranged by Miss Louise G. Hope.	
22—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.
27—	**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room — 12:15 p.m.
28—	**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium — 12 Noon
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	Fashion Show Tea—City of Paris. Tea, 65 cents. Reservations in advance.	Auditorium — 3:30 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	"Clipper Flight from San Francisco to Hongkong," illustrated with colored motion pictures, by courtesy of Pan-American Airway Co. Program sponsored by Mrs. A. W. Helm.	
29—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding	Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

FIRELIGHTING — OCTOBER 2nd

OCTOBER, 1939

2—	**Firelighting**	Lounge — 8:00 p.m.
	Mrs. Allred McLaughlin, speaker.	
	Musical Program.	
5—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212 — 10:00 a.m.-4 p.m.
	Current Economic Events—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium — 12 Noon
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	Concert presented from Mission High School featuring the School Orchestra.	
6—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII September, 1939 Number 8

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COMING EVENTS

■

September 13

TEA, honoring
Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge

Due to unforeseen circumstances this Tea has been cancelled

September 28

FASHION SHOW TEA

October 2

FIRE LIGHTING

October 23-24-25

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT

■

See Calendar for Details

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ HONORING ELIZABETH SPRAGUE COOLIDGE: On September 13th a tea is to be held in the American Room in honor of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, founder of the Coolidge String Quartette. Members and guests are invited to meet this distinguished woman who has done so much to further the interest in chamber music. Tea will be served from four to six o'clock—35 cents.

■ MEMBERS PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST: Members whose hobby is "the camera" are invited to enter pictures taken by them, either recently or in the past. The contest is for amateurs only and the pictures will be exhibited in groups, as follows:

Group No. 1—Candid Camera.

Group No. 2—Colored pictures.

Group No. 3—Movies.

Group No. 4—Landscapes, Seascapes, Skyscapes.

Group No. 5—Portraits.

Group No. 6—Animals.

Group No. 7—1939 Exposition Pictures.

Group No. 8—Miscellaneous.

Size of picture must be not less than 5" x 7" and all pictures must be marked with name and address and will be mounted on screens by committee in charge, under groupings as listed above.

The exhibit will be held during the dates of October 23rd, 24th, and 25th. All pictures must be brought in by October 16th, and marked "for photo exhibit."

The exhibit will be open each day from 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. and is to be held in the Auditorium. Moving pictures will be shown in the afternoon and evening. Details will be announced later.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: Dr. Paul F. Cadman will start his course of ten lectures beginning Thursday, September 14th, at the noon hour in the Auditorium. Course tickets are now available at the Information Desk on the Fourth Floor.

Since his last lecture at the Women's City Club, Dr. Paul Cadman has attended eastern conferences with American leaders in positions of responsibility. In view of this it is certain that the lecture series this fall will present the eclectic opinion of many of the world's ablest commentators as well as Dr. Cadman's interpretation of the current political and social issues.

Course tickets: Members $4.50, non-members $5.50, including tax.

Single admission: Members 55 cents, non-members 66 cents, including tax.

■ ANNUAL FIRELIGHTING CEREMONY will be held on October 2nd in the Lounge. Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin is to be the speaker of the evening and a musical program is being arranged. The usual custom of serving doughnuts and cider will follow the program and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, also following the usual custom, will light the fire that glows so hospitably throughout the months.

■ LEAGUE SHOP: New importations from Java: Hand-carved wooden native figures in costume, gaily colored birds and decorated boxes.

Bone and silver salad servers and salt spoons.

Brass cow and water buffalo bells in various sizes.

Small silver boxes.

Service aprons of heavy splash-proof papers — price 10 cents each.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Mrs. Earl Tanbara holds her glove-making classes Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and Thursday evening each week on the Second Floor. Instructions $2.00; material extra.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Have you come back from your vacation with that be-draggled look; leathery skin, stringy hair and nails that are a sight? Your mirror tells you how unlovely you are and how impossible you appear to your family and friends. This is the age where beauty is available to almost every human being. The well-groomed woman, whether she be in the business world or social life, has the admiration of everyone.

"Isn't she lovely and so young looking; but, of course she gives herself wonderful care." These are the comments made as the well-groomed woman passes by. Don't be the old-fashioned type that grows old before her time from lack of care. To make one modern, up-to-date and charming is the object of the beauty profession. Our Beauty Salon is waiting and eager to serve you with expert operators in every line. Our courtesy to and interest in our clientele makes them want to come back again and again.

Why not take advantage of Your Beauty Saloon, where the soothing lights and peaceful surroundings make your visit most enjoyable. Phone GArfield 8400 for an appointment.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNERS: "Black Narcissus" by Rumer Godden and "Immortal Ease" by Kathleen Coyle, are two enchanting and strange novels, novels so original, so bizarre, so exquisite that they must either be accepted on their own terms or not at all. Both novels possess a quality of strange brilliance and a dangerous gift for saying at every point more than seems actually printed on the page. One novel searches the heart of a nun, high among the Himalayas, the other searches the heart of a poetess in Ireland, and both reveal essential womanhood. Both novels are rare and real discoveries. Alexander Woolcott was so enthusiastic that he bought twelve copies of "Black Narcissus" as gifts for his twelve most cherished friends. Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review these two extraordinary novels on the second Wednesday evening, September 13th, at the Book Review Dinner, 6:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

■ FASHION SHOW AND TEA: To be held in the Auditorium on the afternoon of September 28th. The City of Paris will bring to us the newest fashions in sports, street, afternoon, and evening clothes. Mrs. Violet Hart Geiger in charge. Tea, 65c. Reservations must be made in advance.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES are continuing without interruption throughout the Fall. Appointments may be made to suit convenience of pupils, at the Executive Office.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has arranged for your entertainment the following programs: On September 7th, The Nob Hill Studio will present a program of dancing and song by Rodrigo and Roquel, ball-room Tango; Marilyn Millette, child soprano, and Dora Maugham, Personality Sketches. On September 14th, Mr. Frank S. Gaines, City Manager of Berkeley, will give a lecture on "The Trade Route to World Peace." On September 21st, there will be a musical program arranged by Miss Louise G. Hope. On September 28th, "Clipper Flight from San Francisco to Hong Kong," illustrated with colored motion pictures by courtesy of Pan-American Airways Company. This program is sponsored by Mrs. A. W. Helm. On October 5th, there will be a concert presented from the Mission High School featuring the School Orchestra.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE RAMBLE TO TREASURE ISLAND: On Tuesday, September 19th, the Garden Round Table Group led by Miss Clara Schaeffer will make a tour of the Exposition grounds, at which time Miss Schaeffer will give an outline of the planting color schemes in the different courts. The ramble will be followed by a special tea in the Dining Room of the Yerba Buena Club — fee $1.25. Please make reservations at least two days in advance at the Information Desk, Fourth Floor.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French, German, and Spanish held regularly in the Clubhouse:

French every Thursday at 12:15 p.m.; Mlle. Marie Lemaire, director.

Spanish every second and fourth Wednesday at 12:15 p.m.; Senorita Angela Montiel, director.

German every first and third Monday evening at 6:00 o'clock; Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff, director.

■ SWIMMING POOL: During the week of September 4th to 9th the Pool will be closed for some necessary repairs and will open again on September 11th, fresh and sparklingly clean, and we invite you to come in and bring your friends with you for a delightful swim. Visitors to the Exposition are coming in daily on inspection tours and many marvel at our Pool and its refreshing beauty.

■ USE YOUR CLUBHOUSE: Now that vacation days are over and the last months of the Exposition will mean hectic entertaining, think of us when making your plans for luncheons, teas, and dinner parties. Let our complete Clubhouse facilities lighten your burden; you will find that we offer the utmost in co-operation and service.

Reproduction of original sketch of the curtain in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club. Design by Hildreth Meiere.

The President's Message

With the threat of war obscuring the world and its ensuing uncertainties disturbing the even tenor of every human life, the instinct to be of service seems to be part of each one's reaction, no matter in how slight a way. It was upon this humane quality that the National League for Woman's Service was founded more than twenty years ago. That this Organization has persevered and prospered in peace-time has added value to the adaptability of its constitution. Essentially simple in outline and fundamentally sound, the activities of its program of service provide an outlet for and dignifies the least of services, drawing each member into the pattern created by the larger vision of the National League. Therefore, whether the story be that of Peace or of War, the program of volunteer service can be depended upon to provide a true course, and we may well rest content that our membership in the National League will unite us according to the larger need of our Country.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Paul F. Cadman

1. The national primary elections will be held next spring. Before this year is over, the presidential campaigns will be launched. This is, therefore, a period of great moment in the life of the nation. Viewed in terms of American history, this may well be one of four or five outstanding presidential campaigns.

■ ■ ■

2. The "Share the wealth movement" in terms of pensions and other distributive devices has been greatly intensified and should be continually analyzed. In this regard, the eyes of the nation will be on California and the special election to be held in November.

■ ■ ■

3. Although the day-to-day tension in Europe and the Orient still occupies the news, the underlying positions and alinements are increasingly clear and can be set forth with far more assurance than heretofore.

■ ■ ■

4. Dr. Cadman's work in interpreting the domestic and foreign social scene has now attracted national attention. During the summer, he was called upon to address state and national conventions in Portland, Seattle, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Lake Wawasee, Indiana; Sandusky, Ohio; Yellow Springs, Ohio; New Brunswick, New Jersey; and New York City. Advance bookings for 1939 and 1940 include Reno, Phoenix, Omaha and New York City. Dr. Cadman brings to his fall program the stimulation of these contacts and the broadening influence of personal interviews with American leaders who are now in positions of responsibility.

Fall Course of Ten Lectures by Dr. Paul F. Cadman

"Current Economic Events"

■

In response to enthusiastic requests, DR. PAUL CADMAN has consented to give A FALL COURSE of ten lectures on

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS

On Thursdays
Beginning September 14, 1939, at
12:00 Noon

Course tickets: Members $4.50, tax included
Non-members $5.50, tax included

Single admission:
Members 55c, tax included
Non-members 66c, tax included

■

Editorial

■ This month we bring to our readers stories of particular interest. Two of these tell of two artists acclaimed internationally by competent critics: Miss Hildreth Meiere and Miss Charlton Fortune. Miss Meiere was the designer of the curtain in the Auditorium of our clubhouse and the curtain itself was the gift of the Meiere family in memory of Mrs. Ernest Meiere, a beloved member of the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service of California, when at Kearny Street it envisioned the new clubhouse to be builded on Post Street. Miss Meiere used for some of the motifs in the design the wildflowers of California sketched by her mother in her own note-book. With a feeling of affection then coloring her artist's conception, she further supervised personally the execution of the curtain at the Huerter Looms, New York, and gave to us a valued possession which has delighted us these many years.

This was fifteen years ago. Today Miss Meiere has gone far in the world of art. We are grateful to her for the story of these years which at our earnest request she has taken time to tell us.

Miss Fortune, whom some of us have watched climb a steady path to fame, is another modest person who has had forced upon her the telling of her works because the Monterey Guild insists that recognition of its work is only right and proper. Behind the story of a united effort is the guiding hand of this California woman who has designed and assembled such an outstanding exhibit of ecclesiastical art in the Fine Arts Building at the Exposition. We are pleased to present her in this issue of the Magazine.

Miss Fortune received the certificate of honor from the French Government at the time of the Paris Exposition and since then has been given many awards in the United States. Among the latter are: The Lord and Taylor Award for contribution to Modern Design, and Award for Textile Design from the Southern California Chapter of American Institute of Architects. Three other friends have graciously contributed to our columns this month.

Señora Amanda Labarca has charmed us in her recent visit to California and we feel that by her coming to us she has broadened our vision of the Americas which have much in common in the progress and preservation of culture and art and much that can be mutually helpful in education.

Miss Laughton has been away from us for some twelve years during which time she has rendered her volunteer service to us by making the personal contacts which later have brought about reciprocal relations with other clubs. We are glad to present her travel viewpoint of her last few weeks abroad—her visit in South America.

Miss Geddis, another member, is busy always in promoting an out-door sport which until recent years was neglected in these parts. Bowling in San Francisco is now to come into its own with a convention in September, and Miss Geddis tells us why delegates are coming from overseas to participate in its program.

The Hostess Building at Treasure Island is this month's story of the Exposition. We feel it is particularly appropriate that we welcome back from vacation those who have been afar and urge them before it is too late to see the building in which San Francisco has officially welcomed the millions who have visited the Fair which has been so outstanding.

■ September sets our faces homeward. Schools have begun, vacation-time is officially over. Refreshed, we return to assume community life with its complexities and its responsibilities. We come back to the cities, realizing that freedom is only a matter of the soul, and that no man is ever free to ignore the fate of his fellow citizens or to remain ignorant of the passing events on the stage of civilization. Classes and courses are therefore resumed, at the Club, and volunteer service takes on new life with a buzz of happy home-coming.

In support of the Exposition which is all too fast drawing to a close, the Women's City Club of San Francisco has pursued its policy of the year not to overlap, and the fine lectures on Treasure Island are urged for our membership as opportunities not to be missed. The Thursday evening lectures in the Clubhouse bring to us many of the speakers from the Fair as introduction to the fine exhibits, and we continue to marvel at the vast versatility of the traditional part of our program. This month we shall have a Fashion Show of one of the advertisers of the Women's City Club Magazine—the City of Paris—to point the way for our proper garb for Fall and Winter, and next month we are asking you to share with us your best photographs, personally taken. We shall gather at the Firelighting on October 2nd, and by that token we shall realize that we are really home again!

San Francisco Building

A True Expression of the Spirit of the Host City

by Thomas H. Foster

■ San Francisco being what it is, a city reputed around the world as the home of all fine and hospitable graces, of ready entertainment and impromptu festivity, might be expected to do the splendid thing in preparing a host building for the World's Fair of the West.

The central fountain in the San Francisco Building.

And neither local citizens nor visitors from the several quarters of the globe have been disappointed in this expectation. For San Francisco Building, on the shores of the Lagoon of Nations, is, according to the concensus of opinion, one of the finest buildings at the Golden Gate International Exposition.

This, of course, is as it should be; for in a project of such beauty and magnitude as this on Treasure Island, the host city could not afford to present an exhibit that was in any way inferior to the very best.

It was the idea of Mayor Angelo J. Rossi that San Francisco Building should be a comfortable and luxurious assembly spot for visitors and local citizens alike. It was his idea that the building should reflect the cultural and hospitable reputation that has made the city famous throughout the world. And it was his idea, too, that the exhibits within the building should display something of the stirring past in San Francisco's history, as well as some of her achievements in more recent times.

These were the broad specifications from which the host building was to emerge; and how well these objectives have been realized is witnessed in the universal approval with which the finished structure has been accepted. It is to the credit both of Mayor Rossi and of Mr. Clarence A. Tantau, the architect who made these objectives concrete, that San Francisco Building is, in every sense of the word, a true expression of the spirit of the host city for which it was built.

But simple as it may seem, now that the building is accomplished and so widely approved, the task of combining luxury and comfort, culture, hospitality and history, presented some patent difficulties. For one thing, the cost of such a building must stay within a reasonable expenditure from the city's funds. And for another thing, to select that which is truly reflective of the varied aspects of San Francisco is in itself a highly complex problem.

The problem, however, was met in the easiest and sanest way: the architectural and decorative features were turned over to the architect himself, an acknowledged expert in combining interior decoration with building design; and the exhibits proper were selected and arranged by executives in the department to which they belonged, but subject, however, to the final approval of the architect.

It is hardly probable that any other procedure would have given San Francisco Building such an obvious sense of architectural unity, and at the same time allowed for features appealing to widely divergent artistic tastes.

For this point, the murals will serve as an illustration. The industrial mural by Ernest Born that fills the panels between exhibit (Continued on page 24

Murals... Large and Small

by Hildreth Meiere

■ Any artist likes to talk—or write—about his own work, but it is a particular pleasure for me to do so at the request of the Women's City Club, because I know that its interest in my career lies in my being my mother's daughter, and I feel that I am speaking to a sympathetic audience of her friends.

I have not been in California for eight years—eight very busy years for me—the winters devoted to work and the summers to travel and study in Europe, but, of course, I have to see Treasure Island, and this is written on my way out to do so.

To one who for many years gave her address as "New York and San Francisco," the two Fairs of 1939 offer no problem in divided loyalties whatever—they are both my Fairs, and as a mural painter, I have worked for both.

At the New York Fair, having done eleven schemes of decoration, I believe I covered more area than any other mural painter, and in San Francisco I claim another record—that of having painted the smallest murals in the Exposition! Minute though they be, I cannot feel that they are unimportant, for they are the reredos and chapel wall of Mrs. Thorne's exquisite church, and certainly the opportunity of contributing to such a perfect thing was a challenge worthy of any artist's best effort.

As the average figure in my New York murals is sixteen feet high, my Fair work can honestly be said to cover a wide range of scale! More than that, its varied character, from the San Francisco church and the New York Temple of Religion, representing "Sacred Art"—through the various type of "profane" indicate somewhat accurately the variety of my professional experience. Only the bar jobs, which I like to think give such a healthy average, are lacking. . . . For these, you would have to go to the Union Station in Kansas City—where I painted the murals in the restaurant and bar, three years ago, and then to the Architectural League in New York.

Yes, from monastary churches to bars, from murals by the acre to Mrs. Thorne's miniature reredos, through paint, mosaic, terra-cotta and metal, as well as other mediums, I have ranged back and forth, and enjoyed myself immensely.

Actually, about half of my commissions have been of a religious character, and to try to beautify a church is, to me, not only a professional opportunity, but a labor of faith, and love. . . . I have, naturally, done a good deal of Catholic work, which includes mosaics in churches in Bal- (Continued on page 30

A Chilean Educator Speaks

EDITOR'S NOTE:
During the summer the Women's Board of the Exposition entertained as one of its distinguished guests, Señora Amanda Labarca of Santiago, Chile. Señora Labarca, an educator of broad experience, is acknowledged Chile's leading feminist. Sharing interest with her work in the educational field—in which she holds high governmental position—is Señora Labarca's concern for the social welfare of her countrymen and women.

The following article is a condensation of a radio talk in which she was presented on Treasure Island by the Director of Activities for the Women's Board, who is in charge of the Board's weekly radio program.

■ Chile is a long way from Treasure Island, measured by geographic miles—yet notwithstanding that fact, it is not unlike California—at least so far as its great central valley is concerned. Central Chile is sometimes referred to as the California of South America. Roses bloom as wild flowers—in the spring the mimosa casts a golden glint over the landscape, as does your acacia; rich orchards are fairy lands of blossoms before they are laden with luscious fruits, and vineyards cover countless acres.

The city of Santiago, capital of the Republic of Chile, lies between two ranges of mountains—the Andes and the Coastal range—and not very far from that broken, sharp point of South America which is called the Straights of Magellan.

In South America, as elsewhere, nature plays an important part in shaping the lives and destiny of man. Extremes of climate, very long distances, high and inaccessible mountains, virgin and hostile forests, are constantly setting bounds for man's work and achievement. While on the contrary, a mild climate, easy access to land and water, low mountains and fertile soil help life and progress.

The white man finds it extremely difficult to carry on his work in the very high altitudes or tropical forests—for he must keep up a constant fight against natural forces. Agriculture is easier on the coastal plains than in the high altitudes, but there the white man suffers from the extreme heat and humidity and looks for negroes to toil for him. In the same way, when he works in the mines, some of which, like the Cerro de Pasco in Peru, lie on the fourteen-thousand-foot level, he looks for Indians to do the hard work.

In Chile we have recognized the need to protect workers as you have in this country. Chile has been one of the most progressive of the Latin American republics in working for social and labor standards. In theory, we have advanced—but in practice we have not yet attained what we are seeking. As in other countries, including the United States, SECURING social legislation is one step—ENFORCING it adequately is another. We have yet to educate the public to the need for proper inspection, adequate qualification of inspectors, provision for women inspectors, and other practical problems of enforcement.

In the field of social legislation—compulsory labor insurance, accident insurance, arbitration, hospitalization for workers and so forth—we have the laws. But we need more adequate hospitals, better housing conditions, for the poor of the cities, more doctors and nurses to help curb the ravages of tuberculosis and malnutrition, and increased funds for the care of dependent children.

Chile has long had public education and normal schools. In 1942 we will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of our first normal school. That date, in 1842, followed by only three years the founding of the first normal school in the United States. You have this year celebrated that very important anniversary here.

About 75 per cent of Chile's teachers are women—they enter the normal school after three years of secondary education. The training period is three years, but at the end of those three years the candidate does not receive her degree immediately. She must first do practice teaching for at least six months, and then write a thesis upon some practical phase of her experience before she receives her title. When she is nominated for a position, she immediately becomes a state employee and in this status she has the advantages that are offered to this type of official by the Chilean social insurance laws.

These advantages enable her to acquire a house for herself or her family at a price in accordance with her annual income, paying only a small amount in cash. Whenever she needs to, she can have three or six months' salary lent (Continued on page 25

Liturgical Art

by Charlton Fortune

The Ecclesiastical Art Exhibit in the Decorative Arts Section of the Fine Arts Building at the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Exhibit of the Monterey Guild; Charlton Fortune, Director.

■ The liturgical arts movement is an effort to reform taste in designing and making everything used in the litany of the church. It deals with the making of objects used in divine worship, and is not to be confounded with ecclesiastical art; which is a subdivision of the fine arts relating to the subject matter of certain paintings and sculptures.

The liturgical movement is somewhat of a paradox because the standard set is the best of contemporary design and craftsmanship, yet the rules which must be followed explicitly were made centuries ago. These rules cover only the part of the church edifice and its furniture that is used in divine service. There is no such thing as a "liturgical" pew, although there are precise directions for the throne for the bishop or the sedillae for the clergy. The rules for the making of all objects used in the liturgy are meticulous and exacting, yet they permit, at the same time, the greatest freedom of style and design because they are based on sound principles of aesthetics.

During the latter half of the 19th century these rules were largely ignored or forgotten, and great quantities of factory-made ecclesiastical furniture of inferior taste flooded the churches both at home and abroad, following the general decadence of taste. Within the last two decades a change for the better has become increasingly evident. Encouraged by the hierarchy, and following the direct recommendations of the Pope, small groups of architects, artists and craftsmen in scattered localities have dedicated themselves to bring back to the church works based on standards such as those followed by the medieval guildsmen.

The liturgical arts movement, at first sporadic, has gathered tremendous momentum, sweeping rapidly over many European countries. The best of the new work may be seen in England, France, Holland, Belgium, and Sweden.

Charlton Fortune,
Director Monterey Guild.

California Women Lawn Bowlers

by Margaret Geddis

■ The State of California can truly be termed the world's playground.

There are many varieties of outdoor sports indulged in, and on very few days of the three hundred sixty-five does the weather put a stop to a game. The advantage of sports for women of all ages is advocated by both physicians and psychologists.

Bowling is particularly appropriate for women, keeping them active, agile, and mentally alert. California boasts of a champion of sixteen and an equally good player of over four-score.

It was in August, 1912, that the first women's bowling club in the U. S. A. was organized in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The idea was promoted by a small group of women, Mrs. Andrew McNair, Mrs. J. Donovan, Mrs. W. Higginbotham, Mrs. Frank Wilkie, Mrs. J. Harding-Mason, Mrs. George Lamb, and Mrs. George Patterson, who are still actively interested in the Club. These women were captained by Mrs. W. Austin, Mrs. E. Muller and Mr. Fred Blair, a newspaper man, who enthusiastically drew the attention of the public to this game, new to this part of the world—but the oldest of any sport save archery.

Mr. John McLaren, the creator of Golden Gate Park, with his usual chivalry, paved the way for a club to be formed and another green. He had already put down the first green in 1901, which has seen many ups and downs.

When the earthquake of 1906 rocked the city to its foundations and the flames sent the citizens to Golden Gate Park as a refuge of safety, the commandant of the emergency headquarters sent a scout to locate a corral for the horses. The scout was happy in discovering the bowling green and hurried back to notify headquarters. Soon the cavalry appeared and the horses were about to be pastured on the beautiful green when a lone bowler, his job gone, his home in ruins, happened along; and, whilst recalling the many good times he had spent on that green, he was startled at the appearance of the horses—for even the bowlers were not permitted to walk on the green except with heel-less shoes. Yet here was a whole cavalry headed straight for the sacred sward! "Stop!" he cried. "Only over my dead body will these horses enter the green." It makes a pretty story to say that the horses were corraled elsewhere, but Mr. McLaren assures us that the likelihood of ever playing bowls again was so remote that the horses had the pleasure of the green as a corral; and later the green was re-surfaced.

The women bowling pioneers of San Francisco surmounted all obstacles and established their club. It was an easy task in this land of progress and enterprise compared with the difficulties and opposition their sisters in other lands endured.

Half a century ago the residents of a community in Scotland met to plan ways of entertaining, as the idea was just dawning that plenty of work and no play was surely a dull existence. A wonderful program was drawn up, but all the activities were for men. As the meeting was about to adjourn, a lady stood up and congratulated the chairman on his program. "Now," she said, "let us plan a Women's Section and arrange for lawn bowling in summer and curling in winter so that the busy housewife

may have outdoor sport." Her proposal met with a very ominous silence; then the chairman, a venerable old clergyman, slowly rose to his feet and, in solemn voice said he was grieved and shocked—deeply grieved and shocked — that the lady, who was the mother of a large family, should voice such an unwomanly proposal. "The home is the place for a woman," he asserted. The lady, undaunted, answered: "Because I am the mother of a large family I can speak with authority and I contend that outdoor sports for women are essential to their well-being." After fifty years, the women of that community have at last succeeded in attaining their goal.

The second green in San Francisco was dedicated in 1913. It was a gala occasion and the pictures taken at that time of the founders of the Women's Golden Gate Bowling Club hang in an honored position in the clubhouse. The fashions of a quarter of a century ago, depicted in this picture, make a striking comparison to the bowling costume of today.

A tournament was arranged by this "baby" club to be played in December, 1912. Shreve & Company donated a handsome trophy. There were thirty-two entries, and the tournament was won by Mrs. W. Higginbotham, who thus became the first woman champion bowler of the U. S. A. Mrs. Higginbotham, together with her daughter-in-law, still rolls a wicked bowl and expects to meet our guests in the World Tournament.

The Oakland women, under Miss Grace Trevor's guidance, got their club under way one year later, and both clubs forged ahead with interesting annual competitions.

The Northern California Women's Lawn Bowling Association was organized in 1934 and comprises five women's groups: Women's Golden Gate Bowling Club of San Francisco, Oakland Women's Lawn Bowling Club, Palo Alto Women's Lawn Bowling Club, Berkeley Women's Group, and Richmond Women's Group. The Association takes care of intercity trophy games, which include the Dr. and Mrs. Sill Cup, the John McLaren Trophy, the Sam Harris Trophy, the Bowling News Challenge Trophy, the Brooks Champion of Champions Trophy.

The President of the Association is Mrs. Claire Hodgkin, the daughter of Mr. Robert Dalziel, who has bowled on greens in four continents.

The twenty-five bowling clubs of Southern California are mixed groups with some of the women members rating equal with the best of their bowling brothers. The women of California have capably upheld their part in the State Association. Mrs. Edwin Forrest has played in every annual Association tournament since its inception in 1924. Competition between the women of the north and south is keen. The Boynton Trophy Game is the tournament which excites the keenest interest, played for at the State Tournament annually, alternately in the north and in the south. So far, the results have been favorable to the place where the game is played.

The first World Lawn Bowling Tournament takes place on the nine greens in the Bay District, September 4-15.

Contestants and their friends are arriving from afar—a large party from Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania; a special train and a caravan from British Columbia. These guests are not only coming to bowl but to see CALIFORNIA, Treasure Island and the Bridges.

The trophies and medals for the tournament are beautiful and emblematic of the Exposition.

Bowling on the Green in Golden Gate Park.

Impressions from South America

by Elizabeth Laughton

■ When I am asked to tell "something" of South America, it seems an impertinence almost, for me to even attempt that "something" when my glimpse of only the cities of the eastern coast was such a cursory one.

Yet impressions attack the most casual, becoming intensified often, changing often but persisting, and I was no exception. My most outstanding impression, which became intensified the longer I remained, was in the seeming great possibilities and opportunities this vast undeveloped country offered to young men who were alert, ambitious and not afraid to work. In the great undeveloped territory behind the coast cities it would appear there should be room enough and to spare for those of the unwanted peoples of the world now seeking an abiding place, as well as others eager for the chance to become an integral part in the economic life of a community where their energies and talents would mitigate this undevelopment.

That we should diligently pursue our "Good Neighbor" policy with greater vigor, co-operation and understanding seemed another outstanding impression. We have much yet to do to dispel the suspicion of our sincere motives for friendship, especially in the Argentine. I trust the future WILL dispel those suspicions, as the greater the growth of South America, the greater should be our co-operation, particularly in trade agreements now that the airplane brings the two continents into such close and rapid communication with each other.

In their attractive buildings on Treasure Island we have Brazil and the Argentine represented at our front door. We do not need an airplane or steamer to visit them—a little ferry bridges the gap. There the prospective visitor to the countries will find comprehensive literature and courteous young men who stand ready and willing to answer any questions or give any desired information. Try a cup of Brazilian coffee! In Brazil they will tell you that we do not know how to make coffee—that we are extravagant with it because we do not brown it enough, consequently need more for our "brew" than they who brown it almost to the point of burning, use very little and dilute with hot milk rather than with water in the cooking (as we do).

Spanish is the language of the Argentine, Portuguese the language of Brazil.

My impression of Buenos Aires was that it might be any large American city, in its modern buildings, apartment houses, skyscrapers and other physical aspects. In its "atmosphere," however, one senses much of its Spanish heritage aside from the language.

Florida Street is the street of the principal shops: at noon and from four until six it is closed to vehicular traffic when pedestrians wander at will enjoying the shops in comfort. This street has been likened to the Rue de la Paix of Paris, though I must confess a likeness failed to impress me. I was more reminded of the Serpentine in Sevilla, though Florida lacks the romance of the Serpentine, where walk of an afternoon the pretty young signoritas, head-dress of high comb, black mantilla and red rose tucked coquettishly behind an ear, whose sparkling black eyes flash an invitation to the sauntering caballero for the expected "sweet nothings," spoken soto voce in passing. But Florida Street is a far cry from the Serpentine now, I fear.

Another Spanish heritage is the noise: the clang of the trains, the honking of the automobiles and the laughter of the people who never seem to sleep—go on continuously day and night—the more noise they can make the better they seem to like it! As in Spain (I speak of the Spain that was) everyone dines late, from nine on being the general hours, and in summer when the evenings are warm and long, the fine out-of-door cafes, especially those along the river esplanade—are crowded.

Buenos Aires is cosmopolitan. A favorite week-end is to Tigre, a beauty spot on one of the many islands formed by the delta of the river. Here, through the various picturesque arms of the delta, are the water-sports clubs: each nationality has its own—swimming, rowing, canoeing, sailing, motor boating, etc. — Argentines, English, Germans, and others, singly or combined. They all seem to be a sports-loving people and Buenos Aires has more tennis courts than I have ever seen anywhere—even in England.

Racing and "horse-backing" (as the English say) are also favorite sports and, as it is well known, the Argentine Polo Team ranks high in that field of sport.

Belgrano, one of the very popular and delightful suburbs with beautiful homes and gardens, is a favorite resort of the English residents. I expressed a wish to see the real tango danced to the Argentine music, so the night before I left a friend took me to a most attractive out-of-door restaurant at Belgrano, where my wish was gratified—and incidentally, all I had anticipated.

Before I leave Buenos Aires I must mention the American Women's Club with whom we now have, I am happy to say, established reciprocal relations. They had just moved into their new home at 967 San Martin, a most attractive place which had been one of the city's finest private homes. It was being thoroughly renovated, redecorated and furnished, and is now, I'm sure, a very great credit to those who have the club's welfare and activities at heart. While the club was officially closed (it being summer), I had the pleasure of meeting the president, the corresponding secretary and a few of the members at a small informal tea, when it gave me great pleasure to tell them to our Club and (Continued on page 22

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

MEMBERS PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Members whose hobby is "The Camera" are invited to enter pictures taken by them, either recently or in the past. The contest is for amateurs only and the pictures will be exhibited in groups as follows:

LANDSCAPES — SEASCAPES — SKYSCAPES

1939 EXPOSITION PICTURES

COLORED PICTURES — CANDID CAMERA

MOVIES — PORTRAITS — ANIMALS

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB AUDITORIUM
OCTOBER 23-24-25 — 11 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

RULES

Name and address must be on each entry, marked for "Photography Contests."

Pictures must not be smaller than 5" x 7".

Photographs will be mounted by committee in charge.

*ALL ENTRIES MUST BE MADE BEFORE OCTOBER 16

Lake Merced Recreation Area

By Lotus Coombs

■ During the past several years one of the most important recreational developments in the Bay Area has taken place in the vicinity of the famous Laguna de la Merced, off Skyline Boulevard, just south of Fleishhacker Play Field.

The first development was the completion of the Harding Municipal Golf Links. This particular project has developed so that today it is outstanding among the municipal golf courses in the United States. Professionals and amateurs alike praise the contour of the course and the scenic surroundings as well.

In this area we also find the Trap and Skeet Fields of the Pacific Rod & Gun Club. These fields and the clubhouse nestle on the southern shore of the lake. Just a few days ago the National Championship Skeet Shoot was held here and shooters from all over the country agreed that this is at once the most modern and most beautiful field in our country.

Several years ago the mature sportsmen of this area planted Lake Merced with Black Bass. On July 1st of this year the lake was opened to the public for fishing purposes.

A delightful little boathouse and all modern facilities await the San Franciscan or the visitor who wishes to spend restful hours rowing and fishing on the surface of this intriguing lake.

The City and County of San Francisco has just recently completed a beautiful scenic drive which winds around the lakeshore, immediately transporting one from the metropolitan air of a busy city to the restful atmosphere of an enchanting country lakeside.

In short, this most beautiful though little publicized area affords the people of San Francisco an opportunity to present to their friends a varied sports program as well as an entrancing country atmosphere just a few minutes from the heart of the city.

Stern Grove

■ Brodetsky Chamber Music Ensemble of Los Angeles will play at Stern Grove Sunday, September 10, at 2 p.m. This ensemble consists of 33 stringed instruments, directed by Julian Brodetsky, formerly assistant concert master of the San Francisco Symphony.

This concert has been presented to the Sigmund Stern Music Festival Committee through the generosity of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge.

Admission will be free.

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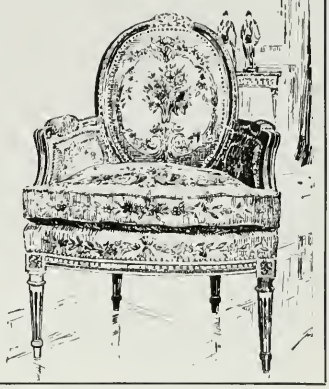

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I Have Been Reading

SAN FRANCISCO'S LITERARY FRONTIER; by Franklin Walker. (Reviewed by Carolyn Lisberger.)

■ "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?"
I cannot answer that question of Robert Browning in the affirmative. But I once did meet Ina Coolbrith. And wondered who this mountain woman was, surrounded by a group of adorers, hanging upon her every movement and listening to her every word with reverence.

But this happened over ten years ago, before Franklin Walker had written his just published "Literary Frontiers of San Francisco." In the pages of this volume she looms large, not only for her own exciting career, from her Mormon heritage and entry into the West, her later guardianship of Joaquin Miller's Indian child, but in her own right as poetess. And in these pages we see, too, that famous group of which she was the center—Mark Twain, Bret Harte, bitter Ambrose Bierce, Charles Stoddard, Prentice Mulford, and all that galaxy of writers who shed their western lustre on the writing world.

The reader follows a narrow trail of history with Franklin Walker, from the early days, when California's coastal plains were gained from Mexico in 1846, up through the prosperous, mined hillsides, and down again through the depression that ensued when the glory of San Francisco had from its seaport vanished temporarily with the coming of the railroad to the far west.

The author takes us to a summit, where we can look down upon the scene of a frontier life in San Francisco, with its impact from the famous Comstock Lode in Virginia City in Nevada. We glimpse desks of editors and columnists and follow the antics and development of the writers who made notable the pages of the daily papers and magazines such as the Golden Era, the Californian, and the Overland Monthly.

That important writers found audience in this pioneering community Mr. Walker makes clear in his presentation of the scene as a frontier differing from the usual agrarian type—a sophisticated frontier. From all lands and climes men had ventured here, not only gold seekers, but physicians, editors, politicians, and men and women of all types seeking to forget the battlefields of the Civil War. It is startling information that San Francisco was supposed to have more college men at the time than any other American city. Women, on stage and in the literary life, appeared important.

Those devoted to Californiana, as well as the numbers increasingly interested in American literature and history, will find enchantment in this book. Henry George is shown motivated to write his Progress and Poverty. The tale of H. H. Bancroft's writing of his famous history has unique interest.

"San Francisco's Literary Frontier" is not in itself a literary tour de force. But it is encyclopedic in its range of facts and episodes, and delightful to read.

Gil Blas de Santillana

■ Hay muchas novelas picarescas escritos en la lengua castellana y tal vez la mas divertida de éstas es "Gil Blas de Santillana," por el Padre Isla. Sin duda alguna la versión original de "Gil Blas" fué escrita por un francés, Alain-René Lesage, que a su vez la tomó de "La Vida del escudero Marcos de Obregon," por Vincente Espinel.

Las aventuras de Gil Blas, hombre agudo y sagaz ofrecen un cuento rico en humor y emoción.

Como el inmortal "Don Quijote," ha sido traducida en muchas lenguas y es la base de la comédia del mismo nombre en que han tomado parte tantos actores famosos, entre ellos el gran Edwin Booth.

National League Library Service

SO STANDS THE ROCK; Anne Miller Downes. $2.50. Strong as the Vermont hills, this novel is in the proud tradition that marks all line novels of the American land and people.

PURSLANE; Bernice Kelly Harris. $2.50. A book intensely alive and human from beginning to end, giving a picture of the South which emphasizes beauty as well as backache.

ALBERT EINSTEIN; H. Gordon Garbedian. $3.75. This stirring life in all its phases — great scientist and equally great in the role of humanitarian — worker for world peace and social justice.

LISTEN FOR THE VOICES; Anne Colver $2.50. Concord in its golden age lives again in this novel in which the lives of imaginary characters are woven with the great figures of the time— Emerson, the Alcotts, Hawthorne and Lowell.

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NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD; Vincent Sheean. $2.75. A brilliant, provocative analysis of events in Europe from the Spring of 1938 to the present.

FACTORIES IN THE FIELD; Carey McWilliams. $2.50. A finely documented history of California agricultural labor today and of the past eighty years.

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR; Sean O'Casey. $2.50. The story of the author's life as a child in Dublin streets, a Dublin school and a Dublin church.

SAN FRANCISCO'S LITERARY FRONTIER; Franklin T. Walker. $5.00. Against a background of social and cultural history, the author tells the stories of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce and a host of minor figures.

YOU CAN LIVE IN AN APARTMENT; Dorothy Duncan. $2.00. This self-help book does everything but make the beds and wash the dishes.

* * *

"WHAT TO SEE AT THE FAIR" is one of the interesting topics chosen for Discussion Groups conducted by Mrs. Monte McGee. To become more proficient in self-expression, conversation is treated as an art to be developed and practiced, resulting in greater freedom, an improved speaking voice, and enlarged vocabulary of effective words.

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NEW ARRIVALS

FROM JAVA come many things of artistic beauty: some new, others old, but all are interesting and unusual. Hand-carved decorative birds standing about eight inches in height, painted by hand in vivid contrasting colors. Other importations include a wide variety of brass bells, cow bells, water buffalo bells and camel bells in various shapes and sizes... Old Temple Bowls with lids are interesting and distinctively Javanese in appearance... Old lacquer boxes from Sumatra delicately decorated with gold leaf.

FROM PERSIA — Bowls, plates, braziers of hand-wrought copper with a burnished pewter wash, crude yet distinctively artistic.

FROM BALI—Large brass temple bowls with delicate ornamental design.

These are but a few of the recent importations, so make it a point to "just look and see" the many new and interesting things just received.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

(Continued from page 17)

its activities and to extend an invitation to them to be OUR guests in the future.

Across the estuary of the Platte between the Argentine and Brazil is little Uruguay with its capital, Montevideo, one of the three largest cities of the coast. From our too brief visit, I was impressed with its many fine buildings, among them the Governor's Palace and the University, broad parked avenues and numerous beautiful squares and parks. To me it had a more tropical atmosphere than Buenos Aires has. The fine beaches are among the major attractions, with good hotels, and are easily accessible from the city. Sports play their part here as in the other cities, with racing, golfing, tennis, yachting, etc., as popular.

Our next stop at Santos, the great coffee port, gave us an opportunity of taking the magnificent and scenic drive to Sao Paulo, Brazil's second largest city. Situated inland on a plateau some 3000 feet above sea level, it is a most modern and progressive cosmopolitan city, the center of an immense hinterland awaiting development. Its beautiful homes set in the midst of luxuriant and tropical gardens attest the prosperity of the inhabitants and its busy streets, fine shops, and modern business buildings are centers of commercial activity.

Its educational facilities are also very fine. Perhaps of greatest interest to the tourist is the famous Butantan Institute or "snake farm." Here are, I do not know how many varieties of snakes, kept and "cultivated" for experimental poison purposes. When an attendant would casually pick up one of the deadliest of these slithery creatures and as casually remove its poison fang for the edification of his tense audience, I think his pleasure at their reaction fully matched their horror at his nonchalant act! At least he seemed to enjoy it!

The approach to a foreign city one is meeting for the first time is always with mixed feelings of anticipation. So when the steamer is carrying one nearer and nearer Rio de Janeiro, queries flock in, one after the other, faster and faster, as of all South American cities this arouses the keenest expectancy because of its famous harbor.

Our approach was in the early morning through a tantalizing fog which teased us by occasionally lifting to give us a fleeting glimpse of a mountain eminence, the Sugar Loaf, like a guardian rising so close on our port side, or the sheer peak of the Corcovado, upon which rises the towering figure of the Christ, a replica of the Christ of the Andes.

As we slowly steamed in and as though we had been teased to the proper amount of expectancy, the fog suddenly dissipated itself and the glory of that harbor and city burst upon us in all the superb beauty of its coloring and magnificent setting. Rio's harbor truly fully deserves all that has been written of it in extravagant praise and the city is worthy of its setting!

Its "atmosphere" is distinctive. The Avenida Rio Branco, the main artery, is over a mile in length and is lined with ornate buildings, including the banks, steamship offices, hotels, etc. This merges into the Avenida Beira Mar, which, with its royal palms, handsome villas, tropical gardens and spacious parks—with which the city abounds—offers one of the most beautiful of drives. Becoming later the Avenida Atlantica, it coasts the numerous bays for over six miles, leading to the many fine bathing beaches. The most popular of these is the Copacabana, where are most of the hotels—de luxe, first class and many moderately priced ones. Here too are the two most popular of the four Casinos—the Casino de Copacabana in the hotel of that name and the Casino Atlantico—both with restaurants adjoining.

The Botanical Gardens are very fine and contain some 6000 varieties of plants, a museum, herbarium, aquarium, orchid house and library. Among the former is the Victoria Regina water lily with pads twenty-one feet in circumference. The most arresting feature as one enters is the transverse avenues of one-hundred-foot palm trees.

There are numerous delightful excursions to be taken around Rio. The many islands in the bay, which are connected by ferry service, are favorite residential sections. An aerial railway in two stages carries one to the top of the Sugar Loaf, from which is gained a fine view of the harbor, islands and bays. A rack railway ascends the Corcovado, from the summit of which a superb panoramic view of city, harbor and mountains spreads itself out. Other excursions by motor or train invite one for a longer stay, especially the many summer resorts in the mountains near or far as one wishes.

In Rio I also had the pleasure of contacting the Women's Club, whose Secretary, Mrs. Mayman, acted as my very charming and knowing guide for a short sightseeing tour of the city. This club is smaller than the one of Buenos Aires and its membership is not confined to the American women alone, though they constitute the largest number. As they have no home of their own, they meet at one of the country clubs.

They will also, I hope, soon have a place on our reciprocal relations list.

Rio has no racial distinction. One finds the negro in all the commercial life working with Brazilians and others in all capacities in business. They mingle freely with the bathers on the beaches and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish which is which, as sun-bathing is as popular there as elsewhere.

Rio at night is fairyland. Resplendent in its millions of lights outlining bays and its miles of shore-line with its sparkling city, makes a never-to-be-forgotten picture—and on the Corcovado pinnacle, the illuminated statue of the Christ with arms extended hangs like a cross in the sky—silently giving its message to all.

We sailed out of this glowing harbor of sunset colors under this benediction.

TWO POEMS OF UNSOLICITED ADVICE

By Helen Salz

Reprinted from The Saturday Review of Literature.

To a Precious Poet

Strip not the burden
of living from life;
Beauty is guerdon
of suffering and strife.

Fated to perish
the tree without roots;
Lost who would cherish
only the fruits.

He who enraptured
snares Beauty alone
Finds he has captured
water or stone.

■

Moral Words to Utopians

Who tightly binds his feet together
with twisted rope,
In secret wings must certainly
have placed his hope.

Who throws his oars upon the stream
can hardly prove
Accelerated speed
unless he move.

Anachronism is a fact
beside a name;
And being thriftily equipped
part of the game.

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(Continued from page 10)

halls on the ground floor is modern and realistic in treatment, and might be expected to appeal primarily to persons versed in today's tendencies in art. Jane Berlandina's paintings along the walls of the upper balcony represent an older style. Symbolic of the cultural and epicurean arts of the city, their conception is fanciful, their appeal to people of entirely different tastes. And the two paintings in the large West Lounge, the work of Peter Ilyin, are splendidly idealized pictures of San Francisco's skyline—the aspirations of a great city reaching after even greater things.

Thus, in the paintings alone, is found an appeal for almost any kind of pictorial preference. The romantic, the fanciful, the realistic are here in a specially created setting; and, so far, no one has complained of incongruity; and even those who take issue with modern tendencies in art agree that the realistic pictorial story of San Francisco's economic grasp is a far more tactful display than would be a chart of statistics or a hand-book on local industries.

But this catholicity of appeal does not stop with the paintings. It extends to the sculptured fountain group in the rotunda, to the exhibit halls, and even to the luxurious lounge rooms on the second floor.

The fountain group, the massive sculptured whales of the interior court, are the clue to the modern note in the building's appointments. Unique in theme, they are appropriate both to the maritime history of San Francisco and to the Pacific Basin motif of the whole Exposition. The larger figure of the entwined whales is the work of Robert Howard, son of the late John Galen Howard of the University of California faculty, and author of numerous other art works on Treasure Island. The small figures of the young athletes breasting the sea on the backs of baby whales were done by Cecilia Graham, young Mills College graduate who studied modeling under Carl Miles, greatest, perhaps, of modern Swedish sculptors.

The upper lounges carry out the modern note with a tactfulness that is at once restrained, elegant and almost classical. Hand-loomed drapes from the Dorothy Liebes Studios frame the glass doors from the full height of twenty-foot ceilings. Massive electroliers wrought in aluminum cleverly conceal the source of light. Huge doors with specially designed locks and handles add to the impression of grandeur, and specially designed sofas and lounges fit the contours of the rooms, which, being singularly free from straight lines would present an entirely different appearance with ordinary stock furniture.

The Mayor's reception room is perhaps the most strikingly appointed room in the building. The deep red drapes combine effectively with teak-wood walls and massive doors of the same material. It is through this room that guests pass into the large West Lounge for official functions, such as the recent dinner in honor of the President of Nicaragua, the reception for the cadets of the Peruvian Navy, or the dinner for the Western Conference of Mayors.

Of the exhibit halls on the lower floor, three are given entirely to historical subjects. More immediately concerned with San Francisco are the ten dioramas—stirring scenes of the city's history from 1806, when Rezánov parleyed with Arguello and became engaged to the beautiful Concha, to 1915, when, only

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nine years out of the ashes, San Francisco celebrated the completion of the Panama Canal.

Appropriate, if not confined solely to San Francisco history, are the Wells Fargo Collection of relics from Gold Rush and Stage-Coach Days of California, and the Franciscan Mission Room, with relics that look back to the era of California's first contact with Western culture.

Each of these exhibits tells the story of its own age; the Wells Fargo display with its famous gold last spike that completed the transcontinental railroad, its authentic Concord coach, its collection of firearms and paintings and oddments that belonged once to famous characters who lived both within and without the law during those formative years; the Franciscan Room with its 500-year-old altar, the original Spanish gold still as bright as when it was applied; its heavy liturgical books, hand painted on parchment by the padres of early California; its cowhide cot, slept on, perhaps, by Padre Serra himself.

Equally well mounted and selected are the exhibits that tell what San Francisco is doing today. Both the Recreation Room and that of the Department of Education are concerned with the accomplishments of our children. Items selected for display are revealing, both for the high degree of talent producible in our schools and for the pedagogical efficiency which has brought this talent to light. Art works and hand crafts, such as ceramics, weaving, wood carving, millinery and needlework, make up the bulk of the Education Display, which is changed periodically.

To students of municipal government, the Public Utilities Hall is an interesting source of information. Photo-murals, relief charts, diagrams, tell the story of the Hetch Hetchy projects, the Municipal Railway System and the Municipal Airports. Lacking the human interest of the other displays, the Public Utilities Exhibit compensates by a clear exposition of a subject matter very close to the interests of the tax-paying citizen.

No mere recital of visible details, however, will tell just why San Francisco Building has succeeded in catching the spirit of the city itself. Nor does the wide range of its artistic appeal tell the story, nor would elaboration on the informal atmosphere, nor comment on the abundance and variety of its musical events. It may be that San Franciscans themselves, who drop in to rest or to smoke or to enjoy the music—or the strangers who are never strangers long—have carried some of that feeling with them—transplanted San Francisco to the World's Fair building that bears its name.

(Continued from page 12)

to her in advance, if she proves that she needs it for some special purpose. If she dies in service, her children—or her parents—receive a sum of money equal to a year's salary, and she can arrange so that her minor children can have a subsidy while they are in school.

To receive all these benefits the teacher must give monthly 10 per cent of her salary to the institution that governs this social insurance—and likewise at the time of her promotion, deposit one-half the difference between her current monthly salary and that which she will receive. Promotions and salary increases are automatic. The teachers' salary is increased by 10 per cent every three years until she has taught thirty years—in other words, her salary is doubled by the time she has taught thirty years. If she remains a rural teacher, or is a teacher in a city school where she is not promoted to head of one of these establishments, she still receives this increase in salary. She may be promoted to a principalship of some kind of school, but to attain such promotion she must pass examinations. As soon as she has taught thirty years she is entitled to retirement pension equal to her last salary.

Chile is extending trade and technical education. Schools for the study of the nitrate industry have been established in the Antolagasta area, which is the center of the great nitrate industry.

At Santiago there is a school of arts and crafts and a large endowed engineering school. Elementary schools are combining practical agricultural education with their regular work in some rural areas.

The Government of Chile provides university scholarships for students of unusual promise in many fields, so they may have opportunity to continue their studies abroad.

Chile has taken a long step forward in its provision for protective legislation for women and children. Children under 14 years of age are prohibited from working—and certain employment, regarded as dangerous to morals or health, is prohibited to young people under 18 years of age.

There are laws protecting women against unduly strenuous labor, and for their further protection during pregnancy and child-birth. Home work, night work and work underground are all guarded against. The eight-hour day has been universal in Chile since 1924—and as in the United States the week-end rest period is increasingly beginning at 1:00 o'clock on Saturday afternoons.

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Autumn Festival

■ Treasure Island on San Francisco Bay at the California World's Fair is going to turn back the clock. Designed to give 1939 fair-goers a spicy taste of what their forebearers enjoyed in the way of expositions, the Treasure Island show is planning a rip-roarin' Autumn Festival featuring things you've read about but seldom, if ever, seen.

Three days have been set aside for this event—Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 23-25. Tied together by the central theme of an old-fashioned "Country Fair"—as distinguished from the more modern "County Fair"—unique competitive and entertainment meets are now being planned and will be arranged for the edification of Exposition visitors.

Perhaps the most promising of the projects is the "Rural Olympics," a competitive program open to both sexes, all ages, country and city people alike. These "Olympics" will run for the three days of the Festival, with prizes for individual winners and more elaborate awards for finalists in the more difficult events. The tentative program includes such events as:

Sheep-dog trials, sheep-shearing, log-sawing, log-rolling, tree-chopping, rock-drilling, milking, butter-churning, archery, sling-shot contests, corn-husking, tafty pulls, horse-saddling, hog-calling, rolling-pin-throwing, tug-of-war, three-legged races, sack races, pie-eating, apple-bobbing, horse-shoe pitching, chicken-picking, melon-eating, cheese-rolling, net-winding and casting events for fishermen, fly and bait-casting for other varieties of fishermen, an old-fashioned turkey-shoot — and numerous other events.

Special night entertainments in keeping with the "Country Fair" theme are now being arranged. Various nationals from the vineyard districts and other sectors are expected to contribute entertainment typical of their heritage and old-time customs.

Though the "Olympics" are largely rural in character, many of the events up for decision are calculated to draw urban as well as rural competition. The "Country Boys" might well be expected to hold the edge in such "sports" as milking, churning, sheep-shearing and possibly even hog-calling.

But the "City Slickers" figure to do all right in the cheese-rolling event, for instance — a North Beach pastime for many years—and certainly need give no quarter in any of the races or the tug-of-war. As for the pie-eating and watermelon consuming, each is a matter of individual capability, and such genius knows neither city nor county limits!

The "Rural Olympics," which include some 25 events varying from log-cutting to tafty-pulling, will be carried on throughout the three days of the festival. Plans are now being formulated to crown an "Olympic Champion," the most capable performer in a "Rural Decathlon," on the third day of the contests.

Fiddlers and other instrumentalists, ballad singers and old-fashioned team dancers are now being sought to participate in the program. In this phase of the Autumn Festival as in the "Olympics," city and country folk will be united, in that supervised playgrounds are expected to furnish quite as much participating talent as will the rural communities.

Participants in the "folk lore" program of the Festival will receive admission tickets for the day of their event and the following day, together with a souvenir. Contestants in the "Rural Olympics," on the other hand, will compete for valuable merchandise prizes "on their own."

The Opera Association

■ Broadening its activity in the music field, the San Francisco Opera Association has entered the concert management business with the organization of a special Concert Division for the presentation in San Francisco of artists and attractions of the NBC Artists Service of the National Broadcasting Company, and the Columbia Concerts Corporation of the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

The Concert Division has the same governing body as the Opera Association with Gaetano Merola as general director in special charge of its artistic direction, and Edward F. Moffatt, secretary-treasurer, supervising and directing the financial operations.

Artists and attractions listed for the first season are for the most part favorites of former seasons. They will be presented in two groups, a Regular Series and a Sunday Series, each carrying seven attractions. All will appear in Memorial Opera House:

The always welcome artists returning are vocalists Kirsten Flagstad, Marian Anderson, Nelson Eddy and Lawrence Tibbett; Fritz Kreisler and Yehudi Menuhin, violinists; Jose Iturbi, pianist, and the Jooss Ballet. Jan Kiepura, tenor, who made so successful a debut here last season, as well as Argentintita and Her Dance Ensemble, will again appear. Pianist Artur Rubinstein will be heard

as recitalist instead of soloist with the Symphony.

Less familiar to San Francisco concert-goers will be Lina Pagliughi, phenomenal coloratura soprano, returning to her home city on her premiere American tour; Bartlett and Robertson, among the world's finest duo-pianists, and Soprano Helen Jepson, heard here with the San Francisco Opera Company but not in concert.

Dates and artists for the regular series performances are:

October 13—"Manon," with Favero, Schipa, Bonelli, Cordon, Oliviero, Cehanovsky. Conductor, Merola.

October 16—"Die Walkure," with Lawrence Melchior, Flagstad, Meisle, Votipka, Glatz, Huehn, Ernster. Conductor, Leinsdorf.

October 18—"Madame Butterfly," with Favero, Ziliani, Glatz, Tagliabue, Oliviero, Cehanovsky. Conductor, Papi.

October 20—"Tristan und Isolde," with Melchior, Flagstad, Meisle, Huehn, Cehanovsky, Oliviero, Garner. Conductor, McArthur.

October 23—"Rigoletto," with Tibbett, Pons, Ziliani, Votipka. Glatz, Ernster, Cordon, Oliviero, Cehanovsky. Conductor, Papi.

October 25—"Il Matrimonio Segreto," with Schipa, Favero, Stignani, Glatz, Baccaloni, Bonelli. Conductor, Leinsdorf.

October 27—"Otello," with Martinelli, Tibbett, Caniglia, Votipka, Oliviero, Cehanovsky, Ernster. Conductor, Merola.

October 31—"Tosca," with Caniglia, Ziliani, Tibbett, Cordon, Baccaloni, Oliviero. Conductor, Papi.

November 2—"Barber of Seville," with Pons, Martini, Bonelli, Baccaloni, Cordon, Oliviero. Conductor, Merola.

November 3—"Fidelio," with Flagstad, Melchior, Ernster, Boerner, Clemens, Destal, Huehn. Conductor, Leinsdorf.

The popular series performances are dated for:

October 21 — "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Stignani, Ziliani, Tagliabue, with Merola conducting, and "Don Pasquale," with Baccaloni, Favero, Bartlett, Bonelli. Conductor, Papi.

October 24 — "Die Walkure," with Flagstad, Melchior, Glatz, Lawrence, Votipka, Destal, Ernster. Conductor, McArthur.

October 29 — Matinee — "Rigoletto," with Tibbett, Pons, Ziliani, Cordon, Ernster. Conductor, Papi.

November 4 — "Il Trovatore," with Caniglia, Martinelli, Stignani, Tagliabue, Baccaloni, Cordon. Conductor, Papi.

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San Francisco Museum of Art

Exhibitions for September, 1939

Scenes of San Francisco, original oils and watercolors, photographs, etc.: September 3-October 8.

"Guernica," the great mural by Picasso, depicting the bombing of the town of Guernica during the Spanish War: August 27-September 18.

Photographs by Ansel Adams, San Francisco photographer: September 17.

Works by Antonio Sotomayor: September 19-October 10.

Oils and Drawings by William Glackens: September 3-24.

Paintings by Carl Rabus: September 26-October 15.

Notes on "Guernica":

This enormous mural (11 feet 7 inches by 25 feet 10 inches) was painted for the Spanish Pavilion of the Paris Exposition of 1937. For the first time, Picasso was spurred by an intense social conviction, and he has poured into this painting the result of the most fertile investigation in art in our time. With the mural will be shown 59 of the preparatory studies, some sketches, some large complete works, many of them in oil. "Guernica" has been shown only in London and New York, and will be shown briefly in Los Angeles and in Chicago before becoming a part of the great Picasso show the Museum of Modern Art is organizing for November. It will be shown here entirely free of charge; in New York it was shown with a charge for the benefit of Spanish refugees. Along with the mural will be a study exhibition prepared by the Museum to help interpret to visitors the value of this important work.

"Guernica" is an indictment of all modern war, aside from the fact that it was inspired by one of the incidents of the Spanish War. It will be one of the most important exhibitions the Museum plans for the year. In view of the sort of pointless discussion going on now about the Brague, we feel that this work should be approached entirely from an artistic angle; we do not want political issues which are in no way pertinent raised. We will be happy to cooperate with you in your reviews and criticism of it, in your effort to interpret the work to the public.

Art at the Exposition

A series of six meetings held alternately in the Museum (illustrated by slides and devoted to fundamental discussion impossible in a gallery tour) and in the Fine Arts Building at the Exposition. It is designed to examine further the fine paintings gathered for the Exposition and is open to everyone. The course does not duplicate any other course given by the Museum. Meetings will be held on Tuesday nights at 8 o'clock.

August 29 (at the Museum): Importance of the religious theme, and conditions of its use in early European art.

September 5 (at the Exposition): Tour of the Flemish and Italian primitives and Italian Renaissance galleries.

September 12 (at the Museum): The evolution of the portrait in European art.

September 19 (at the Exposition): Tour of primitive to 19th Century galleries.

September 26 (at the Museum): Modern Individualism in art.

October 3 (at the Exposition): Tour of selected European and American examples and discussion of prize winners.

Fee is $3.00 (free to members of the San Francisco Museum of Art). Registration may be made by mail or at the Information Desk of the Museum.

The Witch-Tree of Carmel

Reprinted from "Westward."

By itself it stands,
The grey witch-tree,
Weirdly over rock and sands,
Its skeleton branches
Reach out, seaward,
Like bony arms and hands
And scrawny wisps of hair;
All other trees, seemingly aware,
Turn away in nature fear.
Why are you here, witch-tree?
Could it be that you
Are some lost soul,
Clinging in mockery
In this uncanny way
To ghosts of things?
Or did some ocean sprite
Venture too far one night—
Leaving the frothy spray;
Turning this way
Into mystic witchery
For punishment?
Or maybe some one's heart,
Sea-blown, wind-tossed,
Swept landward from some distant port,
Broken on these scraggy rocks,
Took root again and chanced to be
A lonely grey witch-tree,
Ever to stretch its empty, twisted arms
Out, out to sea
To some one else's heart.

—Bliss Phillips, Salinas.

Cheese Soufflé

(Chef at Pension Piccioli, Florence, Italy)

2 tablespoons melted butter
1 large tablespoon flour
2 large tablespoons grated cheese
dash of salt
1 cup milk
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
nutmeg

Melt two tablespoons butter, blend in flour and cook for 2 minutes. Add milk and mix to a smooth paste, then blend in cheese (use any kind you prefer, but plain type that comes in tin foil is very good; use about one-third cake). Cook a few minutes longer and remove from fire. When nearly cold add, one at a time, the egg yolks, a little salt and a dash of nutmeg, if liked. Bake from ½ to ¾ of an hour in a moderate oven (350°). Use a well-buttered baking dish or individual dishes. Serves five or six persons. (Miss) L. A. Herrick.

Minestrone Soup

soup stock
2 lbs. shelled cranberry beans
1 lb. Italian string beans
2 leeks, cut fine
1 large dry, or a bunch of green, onions
1 medium potato, diced
1 whole potato, mashed and rubbed through a strainer
2 tomatoes, chopped up
2 Italian squash, sliced thin
1 cup of macaroni
seasoning

For seasoning, make a paste of the following: several sprigs of parsley, 1 clove of garlic, 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese.

Make stock, using either beef shin or beef and veal shin with some meat if desired. Add the vegetables and cook until all are tender, then add the macaroni. When ready to serve, add the paste made of the seasoning. This is a meal in itself and needs no other accompaniment unless it is a green salad

Mrs. Angus Allmond Jr.

Peach and Cantaloupe Conserve

1 pint of diced peaches
2 lemons, juice and rind
¾ cup chopped walnuts
1 pint diced cantaloupe
3 cups sugar

Combine all ingredients but the nuts —cook slowly until clear and thick; add the nuts and pour into glasses; seal with paraffine.

Mrs. Payson J. Treat.

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Murals—Large and Small

(Continued from page 11)

timore, Wernersville, Pennsylvania, Detroit, and New Jersey—and besides altar pieces in two Sacred Heart Convents, I did all the paintings in a large Passionist Monastery Church in Union City, New Jersey. . . . I have also painted reredoses for eight Protestant Churches and designed the ceramics in the Chicago University Chapel, and the mosaics in St. Bartholomew's and in the Temple Emanu-El, in New York City.

In the secular field, I suppose that my eight commissions in the Nebraska State Capitol still stand as my most important work, but the mosaics in the Irving Trust Company, in New York, and the painted lobby ceiling of the same building, were large undertakings, as were the mosaic and brick decorations in the Walker-Lespenard Telephone Building, and the big mosaic floor of the Baltimore Trust Company Building in Baltimore.

Taking the work from the angle of medium rather than subject matter, it again is very varied, with the emphasis on mosaic of all sorts, including glass enamel, marble, terra-cotta, ceramics and even concrete. . . . Lately, I have been doing a good deal of designing for metal. The large plaques on the theaters at Rockefeller Center are in metal—as is a small postoffice job in Chicago—a private office decoration there, and two large decorations at the World's Fair in New York. One of these is on the Johns-Manville Building, and the other, my favorite of all my Fair jobs, is on the Medicine and Public Health Building. It shows Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, banishing the Dragon of Superstition, and it has been beautifully executed for me by the Rambusch Company.

I am deeply interested in glass mosaic and I often lecture in the subject, at the Metropolitan Museum, and elsewhere. . . . I have traveled quite extensively to see all the great mosaics, and three years ago I went to Russia to see the Twelfth Century mosaics in Kiev.

But mosaic does not belong only to the past—it is a great modern medium, and with its great beauty of texture and color, and its absolute permanency—it offers decorative possibilities to the modern architect and designer which they do well to consider. The economic difficulties of the day have forced us to experiment with methods of using mosaic cheaply and by combining it in small quantities with less expensive materials, beautiful results can be obtained at a cost which competes with paint.

I have two sets of decorations in mosaic at the New York World's Fair—"The Family" and "The School" in the Educational and Science Building, in which ten per cent of mosaic in a field of marble terrazzo, carries the fifteen-by-thirty-foot spaces, and the long decoration on the Telephone Building, where gold mosaic figures in relief are set against brilliant red glass-terrazzo.

I have always liked working in professional organizations, but in this day of group pressure, the committee life of an artist leaves very little time for work. The New York Fair raised many questions including that of unionization, and there were a few months last year when I was on twelve active committees. . . . I have had the honor of serving as President of the National Society of Mural Painters, and for two years I was First Vice President of the Architectural League of New York, a men's society which finally paid ten women the great compliment of taking us into membership. For years, I was Vice President of the Art Student's League and of the Liturgical Arts Society — and for five years, Director of Mural Decoration in the Beaux Arts Institute of Design—and there are directorships in other art societies.

It has made a busy and varied life, full of hard work, and during these long, lean years in the architectural world, I have been lucky to have the work to do. . . . To have a job which you love doing—what more would anyone ask? Well, perhaps a chance to go places one wishes to go and see beautiful things and renew old friendships — and now that I am on my way to San Francisco, I shall have those, too.

MARIPOSA LILY

(Calochortus cataline)

"Butterfly, butterfly, fly away home!"
But the butterfly stood, well rooted to earth,
And fluttered its wings in delicate mirth.

"Butterfly, butterfly, fly away home!"
The butterfly nodded up to the sky,
From its silken dress, with its crimson eye.

"Butterfly, butterfly, come, oh come;
Your wings are petals, for all of your art,"
And the lily flew right straight to my heart.

—Caroline Hazard.

"These Women"

—By Elsa Putnam Powel

(Reprinted from the American Women's Club Magazine, London)

■ James Flannigan was not a ladies' man, in spite of his six feet two inches, his red cheeks, and his candid blue eyes. He could be polite to the weaker sex, but "niver a wan of thim would get around him by their wheedling wiles," so he had reached the age of twenty-six without having been caught by Cupid.

His post was at the intersection of two busy thoroughfares which lead into the city of Boston, and, standing there in his spotless uniform, he was a fine sight to see.

One hot day (it had been ninety in the shade at noon) a slim young flapper, approaching him in a stylish open roadster, completely ignored his upraised white-gloved hand, so he pulled her up suddenly with a shrill blast from his whistle. Walking over to her car, he spoke crossly:

"Have ye no eyes in yer head, young lady, to be telling ye when it is the time to shtop?"

Two liquid brown eyes looked sadly into his, and the entrancing owner of them replied, "If you speak to me that way I'll cry."

James Flannigan was nonplussed. He mopped his brow and, finding no reply, walked slowly back to his post, muttering something about "The impidence of thim young babies!" as she shot past him on her way.

Another day, just before dusk, he noticed a brand-new Ford parked opposite "Jacques' Salon de Beauté," near a sign reading "Parking Twenty Minutes."

He looked at his watch, and a half-hour later he saw the same car still there, lights out. He waited a few more minutes, then walked over to the Ford and tagged it. It was the busiest time of day, an hour after sundown, and he had to keep his wits about him at his crossing, but he managed to watch the Ford, nevertheless, "out of the tail of his eye," and at last saw a pretty curly-haired girl who approached it and unlocked the door.

She saw the tag, and taking it in her hand, went over to his "island," saying: "Officer, when you hear why I didn't come out sooner, and why I didn't have my parking lights on, I know you will take back this thing" (holding the yellow tag up coyly). She became quite confiding "You see, I am going to have a coming-out party and, of course, I must be as beautiful as possible. You can't imagine how dreadfully I look with straight hair! Well, I decided to have a 'permanent.' Do you know what that is?"

"Me sister had wan wance," said James Flannigan, grinning sheepishly.

"Then, of course, you know all about it," she said, flashing him a smile; "how one is tied to a kind of octopus suspended from the ceiling, and cannot possibly get away until it is removed. This afternoon there was a short circuit, and, when they took my octopus off, the curls on only one side of my head were 'cooked'! One couldn't go to one's coming-out party with one side of one's head curly and the other side straight, could one?

"So, although I knew I ought to go out and turn on my parking lights, I simply had to get tied up to the octopus again and finish my permanent, otherwise one side of me would have looked like a Fiji Islander and the other side like a Chinese!

"And now," with another ravishing smile, "you understand how it was quite impossible for me to put on the lights; and here is the tag."

James Flannigan's grin had been getting broader and broader. He slowly tore up the ticket, as he stalked back to his post shaking with laughter.

Once more a woman stepped between James Flannigan and his duty. Again it was a car that was parked overtime—but only five minutes too long this time. James went across the highway to its owner, who was just about to start the engine. She was petite and fair-haired with big grey eyes, and a dimple in her chin. He was fingering a yellow ticket.

He said "Sure, and if ye wuz a man I wad be tagging ye for parking five minutes overtime, but since ye be a lady—er, perhaps this time——"

She turned upon him indignantly, her eyes flashing

"If I were a man you would have tagged me! Is that what you call performing your duty? I will speak to my father who is Superintendent of the Public Roads!" she said, hopping in and driving rapidly away.

James Flannigan took off his hat and scratched his head, muttering to himself: "I think I will take meself into Andy Corcoran's saloon to-morrow. He's advertised for a new bartender. Surely no women at all will be althor putting their feet on Andy's rail!"

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

OCTOBER
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 9

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLU
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COP

Women's City Club Calendar
OCTOBER . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT — OCTOBER 23, 24, 25

OCTOBER, 1939

2—**Firelighting**	**Lounge**		8:00 p.m.
Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, speaker. Musical program.			
German Round Table—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorfl presiding	**D. R. Annex**		6:00 p.m.
5—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 212**	10:00 a.m.-4:00	p.m.
Current Economic Events—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**		12:00 noon
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**D. R. Annex**		12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**M. D. R.**		6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**		8:00 p.m.
Concert presented from Mission High School, featuring the School Orchestra.			
6—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**		11:00 a.m.
11—**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**		12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner	**Nat. Del. Room**		6:15 p.m.
Mrs. Thomas A Stoddard will review: "Anglo-Saxony and Its Tradition," George Catlin; "Each to the Other," Christopher La Farge; "Death Loses a Pair of Wings," Robin Tompson.			
12—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**D. R. Annex**		12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**M. D. R.**		6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**		8:00 p.m.
"An Airway Trip to New York," presented by American Airlines; also "A Trip to Guatemala," Pan-American Airways. Both to be in colored film.			
13—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**		11:00 a.m.
16—**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorfl presiding	**D. R. Annex**		6:00 p.m.
17—**Garden Round Table Ramble to Treasure Island**			1:00 p.m.
Pass through entrance gates and meet in group to left.			
Tour of Courts—with special tea at Yerba Buena Club. Fee $1.25.			
19—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 212**	10:00 a.m. to 4:00	p.m.
Current Economic Events—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**		12:00 noon
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**D. R. Annex**		12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**M. D. R.**		6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**		8:00 p.m.
Elizabeth C. Hamilton presents a program of Seventeenth Century English Songs and Madrigals by chorus of eighteen trained voices.			
20—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**		11:00 a.m.
23—**PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT**—Tea 3:30 to 5:00, 35c	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.-9:00	p.m.
24—**PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT**—Tea 3:30 to 5:00, 35c	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.-9:00	p.m.
25—**PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT**—Tea 3:30 to 5:00, 35c	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.-9:00	p.m.
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**		12:15 p.m.
26—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**		12:00 noon
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**D. R. Annex**		12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**M. D. R.**		6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**		8:00 p.m.
Musical Program by Galileo High School—courtesy of Miss Constance Keohan.			
27—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**		11:00 a.m.

NOVEMBER, 1939

2—**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	**Auditorium**		12:00 noon
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**D. R. Annex**		12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	**M. D. R.**		6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**		8:00 p.m.
Mr. John Howell to lecture on "Sir Francis Drake in California in 1579"—with reading by Mrs. John Howell.			
3—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 212**		11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII October, 1939 Number 9

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THE CHANNEL
Photograph by C. Stanton Loeber

The President's Message

As the tide of a busy season carries us onward, and events all about crowd upon our calendar, it is well for us briefly to take our bearings and note wherein and why The National League for Woman's Service differs from the ever-increasing number of organizations and their ensuing activities. Instinctively we turn to those whose vision wrote into our constitution: "The object of this organization shall be to offer opportunities for the guidance, the training and the development of women through the various departments of service to women." A brief sentence this, that has stood the test of time and still remains the thought of the moment as well as the need. Guidance, training, development—progression, unselfish, and inspiring—it appeals to every woman and should unite the membership in deeper appreciation of our National League and a more purposeful accomplishment of our service to women in our community.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS by Dr. Paul F. Cadman — lectures held each Thursday at 12 o'clock in the Auditorium. Course tickets are still available, deduction being allowed for previous lectures. Single admission: 55 cents members, 66 cents non-members; course tickets for ten lectures (prorated): $4.50 members, $5.50 non-members.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES in French are held every Thursday at the noon and dinner hour. Spanish Round Table, every second and fourth Wednesday at the noon hour. German Round Table, first and third Monday of each month at the dinner hour. Members interested in any of these languages are urged to attend.

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Handmade pottery birds from Persia. These containers are most attractive when used in flower arrangements, or as ash trays, cigarette or match holders.

Novelty stationery.

Scrapbooks and books for snapshots.

Decorated place mats of tin with cork backing, also in plywood with hand-painted Tyrolean border.

Orders are now being taken for Personal Christmas Cards.

■ SWIMMING POOL: We wish to announce the following classes to begin in October:

An Adult Class for Beginners every Wednesday at 5:30 p.m.

Classes for Girl Scouts every Saturday morning from 10:30 to 11:30.

For further details about these classes telephone or call at Swimming Pool Office.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: We are always happy to welcome organization meetings. If members of the Club who belong to other organizations will think of us when plans are being made for luncheon or dinner meetings, we shall be very glad to submit prices and menus for any size group.

■ FIFTH GARDEN ROUND TABLE RAMBLE TO TREASURE ISLAND: On Tuesday, October 17th, the Garden Round Table Group led by Miss Clara Schaeffer will make a tour of the Exposition grounds, at which time Miss Schaeffer will give an outline of the planting color schemes in the different courts. The ramble will be followed by a special tea in the Dining Room of the Yerba Buena Club—fee $1.25. Please make reservations at least two days in advance at the Information Desk, Fourth Floor.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has planned the following programs for your entertainment this month: On October 5th, Mission High School will present a musical program featuring the School Orchestra. On October 12th, "An Airway Trip to New York" will be presented by American Airlines in colored motion pictures, as well as a colored film of "A Trip to Guatemala" by the Pan-American Airways. On October 19th, Elizabeth C. Hamilton will present a program of Seventeenth Century English songs and madrigals by choruses of eighteen trained voices. On October 26th, Galileo High School will give a musical program through the courtesy of Miss Constance Keohan. The introductory program for November will be presented by Mr. John Howell, who will lecture on "Sir Francis Drake in California in 1579," with a reading by Mrs. John Howell.

■ BEAUTY SALON: The new hair styles for the Autumn Season with unusual wave designs, varied ringlets and exciting puffs and rolls, all executed with professional finesse, will find favor among smart women.

Our Beauty Salon with its staff of expert operators is anxious to please and serve you. Call GArfield 8400 for an appointment.

■ The versatility of the Beauty Salon was shown in the recent warm spell when the driers blew cold instead of hot air for the convenience of patrons having a shampoo. Instead of proving an ordeal this became a pleasure. This "word to the wise" says that this department of the Club meets emergencies in the latest modern way.

■ The washing of the face of our Clubhouse and the fundamental renewals of iron work and window sills throughout the building unfortunately coincided with the unprecedented heat spell which San Francisco staged last week. As this renewing is the first of its kind since our building was builded years ago (a tribute to the original workmanship), it is as unusual a phenomenon as the thermometer readings which coincided with it. The National League for Woman's Service, as tenant of the Post Street Investment Company, keeps its house in good order as a matter of policy. Although a goodly sum was spent and the renovation came at a busy time in the use of the Clubhouse by visitors, unfortunately the smell of paint in hot weather trying the patience of many of our tenants, we can now feel pleased at its accomplishment, for the inner satisfaction is ours that our building is at all times being kept in good repair.

■ The tea in honor of Mrs. Coolidge was regretfully canceled as the Magazine was to be bound last month. Unforeseen circumstances had arisen which suddenly took Mrs. Coolidge South and her gracious letter to Miss Donohoe in explanation told how much she had appreciated the Club's gesture of hospitality. We hope that at some future time we may have the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Coolidge in our Clubhouse, for we would like her to know that we are grateful to her for her generosity to our community and her continuous generosities nationally to the field of music.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES consistently interest a large group of members. Classes are held every Tuesday at 1:00 p.m. and Thursday at 1:00 and 7:00 p.m. Mrs. Ruth Tanbara, instructor. Fee $2.00 for three lessons.

■ MEMBERS' PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST: Exhibit of pictures to be held in the Auditorium on October 23rd, 24th and 25th, from 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Members are invited to participate in the Exhibit and to bring their friends to view the photographs during these days. Tea will be served each day from 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock—35 cents.

■ FIRELIGHTING: Annual Firelighting Ceremony will be held Monday evening, October 2nd, in the Lounge of the Clubhouse. Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin will be the speaker of the evening. Mrs. William B. Hamilton will light the fire and a musical program will be given.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Not because the book is new, but because the book is also notable, is always the reason the book is selected for review by Mrs. T. A. Stoddard. Therefore, since with the oncoming of this autumn season the challenge to democracy may become more potent, a brief survey of some notable book that deals with a phase of the essentials of democracy and its defense, will be included each month. The book brought to notice in September was "Let the Record Speak," by Dorothy Thompson. The book for October is "Anglo-Saxony and Its Tradition," by George Catlin. The main discussion will be concerning a new method of writing novels—novels in cadence. Two novels in cadence selected are: "Each to the Other," by Christopher La Farge, a story of love and intrigue, and the notable novel about William Gorgas and his conquest of yellow fever in Panama, "Death Loses a Pair of Wings," by Robin Lampson. The Book Review Dinner will be at 6:15 o'clock, on the second Wednesday, October 11th, in the National Defenders' Room.

Members Photography Contest

Sponsored by

Women's City Club

October 23 - 24 - 25 • 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Auditorium

•

Jury of Selection

P. Douglas Anderson, F.R.P.S.

C. Stanton Loeber

George Allen Young

•

Rules

All members are eligible to participate. Amateur photographers are cordially invited to contribute work.

Four prints in any photographic medium may be submitted. Hand colored prints are not acceptable.

All prints must be mounted on 16x20 or 14x18 white or light-tone boards.

Each mount must bear on the back Name and address of the entrant and marked for photography contest.

Prints will be returned to sender as soon after the close of the exhibition as possible.

Participants will be notified immediately of results.

*ALL ENTRIES MUST BE MADE BEFORE OCTOBER 16.

The Women's City Club
cordially invites
members and their friends
to attend
the Photography Contest
in the Auditorium
of the
Women's City Club Building
October 23-24-25
11 A. M. to 9 P. M.

▪

Tea will be served in the Auditorium each afternoon

"ART"

by Charles D. Lindstrom

"SUNDAY MORNING," Old Church in Gloucester.
Painted by Bertha W. Glass.

■ Paintings by Bertha Walker Glass fill the San Francisco Art Association Gallery at the San Francisco Museum of Art this month with a variety of treatments and motifs from New York, Gloucester, Missouri and many another region. They are brilliant in color and vigorous in expression, and all bear evidence of a most thorough training and a tranquil taste.

Mrs. Glass began her training in art at the Massachusetts Art School in Boston. After being graduated she studied at the Art Students League in New York and at the Breckenridge School of Painting. Eighteen summers she spent in Gloucester painting and taking an active part in the famous summer art colony there. Good friend of Haley Lever, David Burliuk and the other leaders of the colony, she exhibited in the North Shore Arts Association and helped found the Gloucester Society. She also studied in Woodstock with Andrew Dasburg and Charles Rosen. Mrs. Glass was chairman of the Gallery Committee and served on the Juries of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in New York City, 42 West 57th Street.

A still greater variety of motif she attained by making four trips between New York and San Francisco through the Panama Canal to paint scenes of Central American ports for the Grace Line.

One of her New England landscapes was reproduced in color on the cover of the Literary Digest during that magazine's later days.

Her paintings have been exhibited in the National Academy and the Argent Galleries in New York City, in exhibitions of the Chicago Artists, and the All-American Annual in the Chicago Art Institute and other important art associations.

Some eight years ago she came from New York to San Francisco to make her home, and her work has been shown frequently since then at the San Francisco Museum of Art in exhibitions of the San Francisco Art Association.

Mrs. Glass' present one-man show will be on view from October 9th through October 23rd. The following pictures will be included in the exhibit:

Marina, Madrones, California Oaks, Carmel, Monterey, Missouri Spring, Broadway at 63rd, Circles and Angles, Sunday Morning, Gloucester, Across the Harbor, Seventh Avenue, Main Street, Summer, Street in Salvador, Golden Days, Drying Sails, Houses, Tulips, Church at Woodstock.

Editorial

■ With a defiant gesture Summer went out in San Francisco in a blaze of heat, and the calendar told us that October and the annual firelighting would soon be upon us. Home again! With what grateful hearts did we foregather this particular year and realize how blessed we were to be in this land of plenty at peace where we are ALLOWED to come home. The annual firelighting is a symbol. It is often too hot a night for our briskly-burning fireplace to mean anything but a gesture. But the lighting of the taper which sets our sails for a fall and winter course has to us a meaning which grips our hearts. The National League for Woman's Service comes home, refreshed from its summer outing, ready for Service to one another, ready for Service as its motto says "For God, for country, for home."

■ As announced in the September Magazine, photography in its varying forms will be the motif of three days in October at the Club, when the amateur photographers of the Club membership, at Miss Donohoe's suggestion, will share with us their "talent." The poster pages of this issue of the Magazine tell the facts of the Members' Photography Contest. A further word now as to the judges. The Club feels honored to announce the names of these three experts who have kindly consented to judge for us. Mr. Loeber is a Past President of the San Francisco Camera Club. Mr. C. Stanton Loeber ranks with the country's leading pictorial photographers. For many years he has contributed to leading magazines and periodicals throughout the United States and abroad. He is an authority on the various methods of after treatment of prints. His outstanding contributions on character study are widely known and recognized. Mr. Anderson is head of the University of California Extension Courses in Photography and as pictorialist, judge and teacher, is peculiarly fitted to act on any jury. Mr. Young is editor of Camera Craft, widely known for his sound and analytical print analysis. Each month he sits as one of three judges deciding the winning prints for his magazine's monthly competitions. We hope that modesty (false or real) will not hold back any member who can exhibit, and that the distinction of these able judges will not discourage or frighten any amateur, for it is our experience that the greater the man, the more kindly his criticism of others.

The groups for entries are as follows:

Group No. 1—Candid Camera.
Group No. 2—Colored pictures.
Group No. 3—Movies.
Group No. 4—Sky, Land, Seascapes.
Group No. 5—Portraits.
Group No. 6—Animals.
Group No. 7—1939 Exposition Pictures.
Group No. 8—Miscellaneous.

■ With the beginning of the Fall semester, we sign up for another term in the history of the National League for Woman's Service. In times of stress volunteer service is emotionally an outlet, in times of peace it is an intellectual necessity. In its twenty-seven years of service in California The League has consistently maintained its hundreds of thousands of hours each year, carefully guarding its program against any hasty decision which might send it into channels where it would not be necessary or where it would overlap the services of others. So today in these momentous hours of history, we refuse to be catapulted into any duplication of effort or any unnecessary outlet. Thus when the call for any service shall be made, the membership may feel the assurance that it is imperative and demanding and that a survey of the work to be done has preceded the call.

As we return this month from vacation, and rededicate ourselves on the occasion of the Firelighting, we again put our ranks in order and welcome all new volunteers who will answer to serve in our various detachments. Before this editorial shall be read the Fall meeting of volunteers will have been held, and plans announced for the renewal of services by groups. Let any who can, "sign up" their qualifications and their preferences.

■ Those who have enjoyed the paintings of Theodore Wores which have hung these many years on the walls of the National Defenders Club room and later of the Main Dining room of our clubhouse remember with pride Mr. Wores' kindly interest always in the National League for Woman's Service as well as his talent as an artist. His painting of the Golden Gate with lupine-covered foreground and his other of the Saratoga orchard in fullness of Spring blossom are familiar to us all.

In the death of Mr. Wores a fortnight ago, the Woman's City Club has lost a real friend. In loving memory we pay tribute to a distinguished artist of San Francisco, Theodore Wores.

Photographic Centenary

by Clive Rattigan

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■ The year 1939 has been chosen both in England and France to celebrate the centenary of photography, and with that centenary are intimately connected two names: that of the Englishman, W. H. Fox Talbot, and that of the Frenchman, Louis Daguerre.

In a sense the beginnings of photography were very much earlier. One might perhaps with some truth attribute the first step, on the optical side, to that father of all philosophy and science, Aristotle, to whom modern man is ever apt to hark back for guidance and illumination when much boasted civilization is found to be disappointingly defective. It was Aristotle, in fact, who first recorded the phenomenon that light entering a small aperture in the wall of a darkened room throws on the opposite wall an inverted image of whatever lies outside that aperture.

But in the "Dark Ages" Aristotle and ancient culture were forgotten and so it came about that that famous universalist, Leonardo da Vinci, made the same discovery and amused the couriers of Duke Lodovico of Milan with his camera obscura. Independently of da Vinci another Italian in the middle of the sixteenth century, Giovanni Battista della Porta, proceeded to describe and enlarge upon the "magic" of the camera obscura in a widely-read book. Thereafter the "darkened room," wherein people could sit and watch the "magic," was put to uses not very unlike our modern film shows. By the seventeenth century even something of the nature of a portable camera had made its appearance. This was a small box with a lens at one end and a translucent screen at the other. Then followed in the first half of the eighteenth century Johann Heinrich Schulze's fateful experiments, proving the sensitivity to light of salts of silver. The French Revolution and the rise of the bourgeoisie in the later years of that century helped to produce a popular craze for portraits that was responsible for the birth of the silhouette, the physionotrace and the "Claude glass," and for frequent employment of the camera obscura and camera lucida as mechanical aids to the uninspired artist.

These and other early developments, with which one must associate the names also of Thomas Wedgwood, Davy, Reade and Nicéphore Niépce, the partner of Daguerre, prepared the way for those first two practical and competing methods of taking photographs, the daguerreotype (on metal) and the talbotype or calotype (on paper), which were to launch photography on its fascinating and sensational career of ever-expanding utility and popularity, till it was to be raised to the status of a high art and become an indispensable handmaid to science in almost every conceivable direction, an educative agency in illustrating the news of the day and bringing the world to see and better understand itself, and a source of endless pleasure and enjoyment to millions of people both in its uses for dramatic representation and its employment for recording pictorially the personal experiences and contacts of the individual man, woman and child.

Both Daguerre and Talbot had been experimenting long before 1839, but that year has been chosen as the starting point of the centenary because in January, 1839, announcements were made to the Académie des Sciences in Paris and the Royal Society in London respectively regarding the Daguerre and Talbot processes and also because details of the Daguerre process were in the following August given out to the world by the orders of the French Government which had granted pensions to Daguerre and Niépce's son.

Curiously enough, though Talbot's negative-positive technique was to be the foundation of all modern photography, it was the Daguerreotype that at first proved to be the most popular method, in spite of all its many drawbacks. Stranger still it was not Daguerre himself who was responsible for or who took particular interest in improving his process. That was left to enthusiasts on the Continent and in America, while Daguerre himself returned to his earlier occupation of scenic artist.

Talbot, in contrast with Daguerre, continued his researches and his practice of photography. He patented his process as calotype in 1841 and published an album of photographic prints three years later under the title "The Pencil of Nature," the first publication to be illustrated (Continued on page 23

Marion L. Partridge
Oakland, Calif.

Photography As a Hobby

by Ida M. Reed

■ In these hurry-up times we all notice an increasing tendency toward specialization of all kinds. Our occupations in particular are becoming highly specialized, with the result that the average woman today is becoming more and more in need of some supplemental activity which will help to broaden her interests and help to develop herself into a well-rounded personality. A hobby, particularly one which is linked to the arts, can be very helpful in that respect.

Women have come to the point where they no longer think they should be classed as an isolated group. They look upon the world as consisting of men, women and children, and so naturally turn to the things that are going to make them companions and co-workers of men and children. A hobby is a means of accomplishing this end, for it takes the person into new and interesting lines of thought and effort. Moreover, it may unite in common interest all humans irrespective of age or sex. Some women have hobbies that are play and some have hobbies that are philanthropic. In San Francisco there is a group of women who have a hobby of making useful citizens of crippled children. Other groups feed the hungry, clothe the needy and care for the sick. Besides activities of this kind, there should be others fitted to the personality of the woman who desires to keep herself interested and interesting.

Sketching, painting, and kindred arts are ways of keeping the mind fresh and open to life itself and the beauties of the earth. Not all, however, have the ability to sketch or paint, but everyone can handle a camera and "shoot" a picture already made by nature.

Photography as a hobby brings pleasure with every click of the shutter, for even if the picture taken is only a record picture—there's a record for all time to bring back the pleasure of the moment.

As the booklet, "How to Use Your Camera," says:

"The camera is not the mysterious, difficult-to-operate instrument that many suppose. It is simply a machine designed to take pictures, and as is true for all machines, the operator must be able to recognize its various parts and understand what they do in making the whole thing work . . . such an understanding is easily and quickly attained, for the camera is essentially a very (Continued on page 30

"A Few Grapes" Johanna Heim
San Francisco, Calif.

Decorative Arts Display

At Western World's Fair Mirrors Trends of Today

by Henriette Horak

■ A home, whether it be on the range, in the so-called residential section of a city, in a towering apartment house, on the edge of a cliff—or where you will—is essentially the basis for the design of living. Man's need of shelter has always expressed itself in the terms of walls and a roof—a defense of self against the whims of nature.

Even man's earliest efforts at home building were not strictly functional, however. He decorated his cave with the soft skins of animals, with bits of bright stone and shells, or with anything that caught his fancy. Each successive type of home built by him mirrored his progress in civilizing and enlightening himself, and established a mode or a trend.

Today's trend in both the architecture and interior decoration of the home has been tagged as contemporary or modern, with accents on the words functional and fantasy. The keynote of the trend, whether it be interpreted in laminated wood by Finland's Aalto, or in plastics by America's Cora Scovil and Swedlow, is simplicity. The interiors of the homes of the world are becoming "decorative arts" conscious.

Focal point of home interest this year has been the Decorative Arts Show of the Golden Gate International Exposition, on San Francisco's Treasure Island. The Show, under the direction of Dorothy Wright Liebes, has set the country to talking! Nothing quite like it has ever been done before. It is a symposium of Decorative Arts on an international scale, presented in terms of coordinated rooms, units, vitrines, workshops and vitalized exhibits embracing the entire broad field of decorative arts.

Dorothy Liebes, well known for her own hand-woven textiles, spent months in Europe and in this country, seeking the finest examples of decorative arts obtainable for exhibition in the Golden Gate International Exposition's Fine Arts Palace. "In showing decorative arts in the Fair's Fine Arts Palace," states Mrs. Liebes, "we have worked upon the thesis

"Space for Living, designed and assembled by Paul T. Frankl and Gardner Dailey.

Imaginary Embassy

that all manifestations of art are important in modern life, and that the function of decorative arts, therefore, is to bring the fine arts into still closer relationship with the every-day requirements of an every-day world."

In general, the tone of the Decorative Arts Exhibit is modern, contemporary, bringing together the world's top ranking artists, designers, craftsmen and manufacturers. More specifically, it is a blend of the functional and the fantastic. The Exhibit has achieved the midway line between the two, and blends the starkness of the functional with imagination color, and gaiety characteristic of fantasy.

The Exhibit sets a new high in textures, and stresses the dimensional qualities in decorative arts.

It is an attempt, on a large scale, to recognize the artist behind decorative arts designs. There has been a tendency to subordinate the artist-designer and to laud the manufacturer only. This Exhibit recognizes both.

It stresses outdoor living, and encourages the bringing of gardens indoors.

It gives an entirely new slant to the architecture of displays, and makes sculpture more important as a complement to architecture.

The major emphasis of the Decorative Arts Show is upon craft and handmade objects, but machine-made products have their place in the Exhibit.

Thirteen completely furnished rooms, four terraces, a collage by the San Francisco women artists, three ateliers, and exhibits of ceramics, modern enamels, costume design, furniture, glass, lace, liturgical art, jewels, wall paper, silver, sculpture, textiles, fabrics, rugs, bookbinding and book illustration, and other special exhibits, in coordinated arrangements, comprise the Decorative Arts Show at the World's Fair of the West.

Rooms

A room shows not only the association of one object to another, but the relationship of a whole unit to life. Implied all about us, but not fully illustrated, are growing tendencies in living, such as: the one-room many-purpose apartment, the living-dining room, and out-of-door living spaces as part of the house. Such tendencies in usage are a basis of meaning for the terms "modern" and "contemporary." The rooms in the Decorative Arts Division of this Exposition are the means of showing these relationships. Every room represents original creation by a personality of our own day. No room is intended to be a copy-book pattern. Every room has developed from the idea of what an imagined person, not a real client, might require.

The thirteen rooms in the Decorative Arts Show include:

1. COUNTRY BED AND SITTING ROOM, assembled by Svenskt Tenn, Stockholm, and designed by Estrid Erikson and Professor Josef Frank, of Stockholm, Sweden.

In the room are: bed of mahogany and manila rattan, table of birch root, red lacquer tray and walnut stand, chair upholstered in hand-printed linen, walnut table with limestone top, secertary shelf covered with green leather, (Continued on page 24

A Shelf of Californiana

by Esther Phillips

■ Buying books is a lot of fun. Sometimes I buy a book because a monotonous journey is in prospect; sometimes a vacation calls for leisurely reading of a good book. Sometimes I buy a book for no reason in the world except that I feel in the mood to buy a book. Sometimes I feel poor, and nothing gives me such a feeling of wealth as buying a book. Perhaps you buy books for these and other reasons. But did you ever look over your library, intending to weed out those not worth keeping on your small shelves, and find that your scatter-brained buying had here and there followed a pattern? Not much of a pattern, perhaps, nothing to boast about; but still there was a connecting thought beween some scatered volumes? It was thus, to my astonishment, that I found that I, a native of California, had acquired a modest shelf of books about California.

I began with Dr. Herbert E. Bolton's "Outposts of Empire." This is an account of the two expeditions of Juan Baptista de Anza from Sonora, Mexico, to California. In the first expedition in 1774 he found the route by land to the San Diego and San Gabriel Valley Missions, which had previously depended entirely on little sailing vessels dispatched irregularly from San Blas, Mexico, with supplies. In his second expedition in 1776 Anza brought soldiers and colonists to San Francisco Bay. He selected the military reservation which is our present Presidio, and helped found Mission Dolores. His explorations extended down the Peninsula and into Alameda, Santa Clara and Contra Costa Counties. The tall redwood which gave Palo Alto its name, and Stanford University its seal, still stands. Anza and Father Font sighted it at a distance of twenty miles and measured it with fair accuracy. You would be surprised to find how many landmarks, described in their diaries in 1776, were found by Dr. Bolton in 1930.

Richard Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" bears re-reading. He was a college student in poor health who came around Cape Horn in 1834 as a sailor on a sailing ship to improve his health. (Of all things!) His ship spent two years running up and down the California coast (San Diego, San Pedro, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Monterey and Yerba Buena), collecting, curing and stowing a cargo of hides. There is no other picture of the California of that day which takes its place. It is ever a source of surprise to me that so vivid a picture of California was drawn so short a time before the gold rush.

I used to wonder where was the marsh for which the beautiful "Marsh Creek Road" was named. I found my error when I picked up Dr. George Lyman's "John Marsh, Pioneer." Marsh was a Harvard graduate, with some medical training, who lived for ten years in the Indian country of Minnesota and Michigan. He fled to Missouri in 1833 to avoid arrest for selling guns to Indians. He came to California in 1836. He first practiced medicine in Los Angeles, then came north and secured a huge grant of land from the Mexican government located for the most part in what is now Contra Costa County. He combined the practice of medicine and surgery with cattle raising until his murder in 1856. Dr. Lyman is to be congratulated on giving us an interesting picture of a strange character and of a little-known pioneer in our state history.

Two diaries belong in my shelf of Californiana. Sarah Royce's "Frontier Lady" describes her journey across the plains in 1849 and her early years in California. William Brewer's "Up and Down California" gives us a complete picture of the California of 1860-1864. I have told you about the Royce and Brewer diaries in an earlier article. (They have a Jekyll-and-Hyde life, those diaries, skipping from my diary shelf to my Californiana shelf as the fancy seizes them.)

I have three books about our lovely Sierra Nevada Mountains. Francis Farquhar's "Place Names of the High Sierras" has preserved the origin of names which otherwise might have been lost. It is an excellent hand book. "A Guide to the John Muir Trail" was written by Walter A. Starr, Jr., and was published in his memory after his tragic death in 1933 climbing the Minarets of Madera County. Walter Starr was one of the most promising of the younger lawyers of San Francisco and was a skillful and intrepid mountain climber. His maps and trail descriptions are a fitting memorial. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" was written in 1872 and was republished three years ago. King was on the staff of the (Continued on page 30

Flying to Cuba

by Ethel Young Macpherson

■ Watching the clipper ships from Nassau and Cuba come in at Miami Airport is a thrilling sight, so great crowds gather there each day.

The plane first appears through the clouds like a bird playing hide and seek, then gradually grows larger, its outlines plainly distinguished. Descending obliquely towards the water, at first barely skimming the surface, it rides in like a great winged motor boat. One after another they come in and the crowds are loath to disperse. Enthralled by the sight, dreams of foreign lands sprang uppermost in our minds, so one sunny day we took flight, reaching Cuba in an hour and a half.

We flew first over the most southerly land of Florida, its flatness likening it to a great picture puzzle—the frequent indentations of the coast line, the many small islands, the waterways and roads, the orchards, groves and smaller groups of trees like little green rosettes on the barren sandy land, formed the irregular pieces of the picture. In the distance the highway stretched for miles over the open sea to the island town of Key West. Never shall we forget the coloring of land, sea and sky. Near the coast, where the ocean caressed the shore it was the palest of emerald greens, and in the deeper places the loveliest of blue greens, whose crystal-clear depths revealed a fairy land of form and rainbow coloring, contrasting sharply with the indigo blue of the gulf stream, whose ruffled surface glinted with the reflected rays of a tropical sun as if embedded with millions of pieces of mica. Here and there, like tiny white specks, great fish sported in the blue and the shadow of our plane ever accompanied us. The opalescent coloring of the blue sky and the white and ever-changing grey clouds upon the horizon, like the misty outlines of a great city, formed a soul-stirring picture alone worth the trip.

Like low-banked clouds appeared the outlines of the island, and soon we could distinguish Morro Castle, the hoary old fort at the entrance to the harbor, and later the mellow tints of buildings, centuries old.

A sweet gesture of welcome was tendered by small urchins, their arms full of mariposa lilies, handfuls of which they tossed into our motor as we sped to our hotel.

Great is the contrast between the old colonial part with its cathedrals, palaces and fortresses, sleepy plazas and narrow, irregular streets and the newer prosperous suburb of Vedado with its wide royal palm avenues and tree-lined (Continued on page 31

Photographic San Francisco

by C. Stanton Loeber

■ Photography is my hobby—the most fascinating and absorbing interest I've ever known. It has brought friendships, laughs, lasting pleasures.

I talk photography, preach photography, eat and sleep photography. Mine has become a one-track mind. But it's fun—the greatest.

And sometimes a print finds its way into some salon. Then, some one longing for the green grass of far-off fields, asks, "But where? Where can you find pictures?"

And the answer is always the same: "Right here in San Francisco." For this city-by-the-Golden-Gate is the cameraist's heaven.

Rome was built on seven hills, it's said. San Francisco has thirteen, and from each are pictures for any man's camera.

Swirling summer fogs shroud skyscrapers into ghostlike forms that are ready-made for the camera. Suddenly these fogs dissolve—and there is a soft diffused light unequaled anywhere for photography.

Sails dot the bay, smoking ferries and sleek liners slide under the bridges, the famed Embarcadero stretches below in a half circle.

Stroll along this waterfront. Ships of all the seas berth beside its piers. Frayed hawsers, anchor chains, bits of rope, circling seagulls and the ships themselves—all are picture material.

At each end of the Embarcadero are two of the city's best picture spots—the world-famous Fisherman's Wharf, known to everyone—and the but-little-known "Channel."

Banana boats from the tropics unload here. Grain and hay barges glide past the drawbridges to dump their cargoes into the rickety hay barns where scores of cats chase other scores of rats and a fine, thirty-one-year-old horse nibbles his oats.

Lumber schooners disgorge redwood from the Mendocino and Humboldt forests. Piles of sweet-smelling Oregon pine lie on the docks. And the whine of whirling saws in the yards mingles with the lazy tooting of barges. Picture possibilities are everywhere.

A speedboat darts into the channel, its staccato motor roaring. A tugboat chugs by. The water smooths out in long ripples and if you are quick with your camera and the sun is low in the sky, there's a picture of sunlight dancing on water.

Wander along the cliffs of Lands End. There are camera pictures in the rocks and dashing spray.

Stand on the Esplanade above Seal Rocks and at ten or eleven in the morning watch the breakers roll in. Watch the line of sunlight that glistens along the curling wall of water.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun is low and

"FOREST FLOCK"
By C. Stanton Loeber

shadows long, note these shadow patterns as people wander by. Many shots have been made here later to grace the walls of some salon.

Loaf through the sand dunes at the western edge of the Sunset District. Let your camera pick out the sand patterns, the curving, shadowed ridge of a sand bank. Here we have desert photography in our own back yard.

Golden Gate Park—out where it meets the sea—shelters a drove of wooly sheep. In the spring they lamb just as on any ranch. Pictures are here.

Sheep are excellent lawn mowers. So this band is usually busy trimming the big lawn opposite Spreckels' Lake.

But when the afternoon sun sinks low, they are herded—herdsmen riding in a rattling Model T Ford—back to their paddock. If the day is fogless, follow them.

They cross the driveway and shuffle along a winding back road. Scuffling feet raise clouds of dust. But you'd find pictures—pictures of slanting sunrays stabbing through dust-filled air to point out white sheep against a forest of trees.

If it is color you like in photography—the brilliant Kodachrome or Dufay color in either stills or movies—then Golden Gate Park is your Mecca.

Color, in the spring, comes to the blazing banks of rhododendron and azaleas.

Visit the Conservatory, turn your movie camera, with its load of color, onto the fish pond, the water lilies, the goldfish. Photograph the lavender orchids, the red hibiscus, the myriads of gorgeously colored flowers.

And if your movie has a fast lens—f 1.4 or f 1.5—and you can slow it down to eight frames per second, go movie fishing in the Aquarium.

For you can photograph the vividly marked South Sea fish in all their natural color. And on the movie screen in your own living room, they'll swim again, just as brilliant in color and as large as life.

It's lots of fun.

If you like people and the things they say and think—whether it's robes or rags they wear—go to Chinatown's Portsmouth Square, go along the Embarcadero, go down to the Municipal Fishing Pier.

Here are faces lined and seamed by the suns and storms of the seven seas—faces telling lifetime histories—faces begging for the lens to record their saga.

More than one of these sun-seamed heroes has become a character on some salon wall—all unknown to himself. For these character-shots must be taken on the sly. Somehow, a staring lens robs them of naturalness, steals away the personalities that are theirs.

It's a lot of fun—photography! San Francisco is the ideal city—scenically and climatically. What more can one ask?

W & J SLOANE

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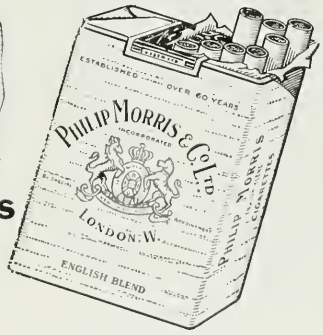

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Opera

■ That tickets for the popular series operas of the San Francisco Opera Association season, which opens October 13, still are available is announced by the management to dispel the persistent rumor that all performances are sold out.

The popular series operas are: the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Don Pasquale," October 21; "Die Walkure," October 24; "Rigoletto," matinee October 29, and "Il Trovatore," November 4, final opera of the season.

In every department of operatic endeavor — artists, orchestra, chorus and production — the popular operas fully measure up to the regular subscription series operas. The artists include the brilliant and familiar names of Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Giovanni Martinelli, Richard Bonelli and others of equal lustre.

Sharing honors with these favorites of former seasons will be Maria Canaglia and Marjorie Lawrence, leading sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Michael Bartlett, young American tenor of movie and concert fame, and Fred Destal, noted Russian bass-baritone. All will make San Francisco debuts this season.

Most recent additions to the star list are Dusolina Giannini, illustrious dramatic soprano, who will make her first opera appearance here as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," replacing Ebe Stignani, and Alexander Kipnis, well remembered as leading basso with the old Chicago Civic Opera Company, who appears instead of Dezso Ernster.

Museum Director Honored

After the summer conventions of three museum associations, the San Francisco Museum of Art finds itself signally honored by the election of its director, Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, to important posts in all three organizations. For the third successive year, she was elected president of the Western Association of Art Museum Directors. On her recent trip to Washington, D. C., she was elected trustee and third vice-president of the American Federation of Arts. And during the Museums Convention in San Francisco last month, she was elected to the council of the American Association of Museums.

Of these honors, Dr. Morley says: "They should be regarded not at all as personal achievements—they are not, in any sense. On the contrary they mean simply that our Museum is taking its place among the active and important museums of the country, and I, as its representative, receive recognition which belongs rather to the institution than to the individual."

National League Library Service

WATCH FOR THE DAWN; Stuart Cloete. $2.50. In "Watch for the Dawn" Stuart Cloete proves that he thoroughly understands the people and the events that made up colonial life on the Cape.

COUNTRY LAWYER; Bellamy Partridge. $2.75. Based on events related by the country lawyer himself, and on cases and records from his files, there are found incidents both in court and out, appealing and moving, humorous, pathetic and tragic.

THE PRIORY; Dorothy Whipple. $2.50. Ironical intelligence behind a supple wit makes this novel one to be read and remembered.

DEMOCRACY: TODAY AND TOMORROW; Eduard Benes. $3.00. A defense of the theory of democracy by the former President of Czechoslovakia.

AMERICAS TO THE SOUTH; John Whitaker. $2.50. An expert journalist's first-hand account of conditions in the Latin-American countries.

CHILDREN OF GOD; Vardis Fisher. $3.00. The Harper Prize Novel for 1939 has as its background the whole history of the Mormon Church.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS; Anthony Eden. $3.50. A record of British foreign policy from 1924 through 1938.

SOARING WINGS; George Palmer Putnam. $2.50. The informal and intimate life story of Amelia Earhart, told by her former husband.

THOREAU; Henry Seidel Canby. $3.75. Years of research by the former editor of "The Saturday Review of Literature" have gone into this fresh interpretation of the great New England writer.

IN DEFENSE OF FRANCE; Edouard Daladier. $2.50. The case of France in the present world crisis by the one man closest to it.

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Mezzanine
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★For a Limited Time Only

Harvest Time for the Needlework Guild of America

■ October and approaching harvest time. To some of us it means counting our blessings, and to others it means trying to figure out how we can stretch already scanty clothing so that it will do for the winter. For many years it has been the ambition of the Needlework Guild of America to make the lot of the latter a little easier.

At the time of the national convention held in San Francisco three years ago a group of members who were doing Volunteer duty decided that a Section of this organization could be started to make a contribution to this worth-while work. It was decided that the group would not only represent the Women's City Club, but also would honor the memory of Mrs. John Leale, a former National Vice-President and a San Francisco President of the organization.

Since that time there has been a small but faithful group of members of the Women's City Club who have been meeting on the first and third Thursdays of each month, sewing and preparing new garments to be added to the Fall Harvest of the parent organization at its annual In-Gathering. All that is required to become a member is twenty-five cents a month, a thimble or a crochet hook, the ability to use them, and a willingness to give all or a part of the days set aside for the work. New members will be welcomed.

Later in October the group that has been sewing will hold open house to the members. There will be on display the articles that have been made. Since the group is small, and due to the fact that the work is done on limited capital, the output is not as representative of the membership of the Women's City Club as it might be, and as In-Gathering time approaches, this invitation is extended to the membership to add to the contribution. The requirements are two new garments of the same kind and size, or cash in any amount that a member wishes to give. There is special need this year for garments for men, and the following articles are suggested men's shirts, size 15½-inch neck, 35-inch sleeve; men's socks, size 11, and men's pajamas, medium size.

Members who are not now members of some other Section of the Needlework Guild are urged to bring or send their donations to the Club Building Please put your name and address on each package so that your name may be added to the membership of the Women's City Club Section.

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The League Shop

★PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARD BOOKS ARE NOW ON DISPLAY IN THE LEAGUE SHOP

San Francisco Mobilizes For Human Needs

The Community Chest fund-raising campaign for its eighty-five agencies will be conducted from October 9 to 20.

The slogan this year is "Of the people . . . by the people . . . for the people." Few slogans in the history of the Community Chest since its birth in 1922 have been more completely descriptive and appropriate to the Chest than this one.

The Chest arose as a voluntary expression and wish "of the people." It has been supported for sixteen years voluntarily "by the people." Completely tolerant of political, religious, or racial affiliations, it is "for the people."

Men and women of America realize today that they must show that democracy in action works—that it provides for its people. Certainly no greater service can be rendered democracy than full support of her democratic institutions.

OPEN HOUSE WEEK

Open House Week is a new innovation for the Chest and will be held from October 2-7 just prior to the opening of the campaign.

Agency directors are working in close cooperation with Chest headquarters in planning interesting exhibits and activities which will illustrate the work of their respective agencies when Mr. and Mrs. San Francisco pay them a call.

Many of the agency staff members have approached clubs and other organizations and have arranged for large group visits to their agencies. The invitations have been accepted with enthusiasm. San Francisco apparently intends to enjoy this forthcoming opportunity of seeing welfare work as it is carried on in metropolitan San Francisco.

With campaign organization almost completed, approximately 6000 voluntary workers have signified their intention of playing important roles in the coming campaign.

Chest officials announced that campaign and administration costs had taken only 5.3 per cent of the funds collected last year, giving San Francisco one of the finest financial records in the country.

"There is only one explanation of that splendid record," Sloss said "We have 1500 people voluntarily working for the Chest the year 'round, and these together with the 4500 others who help during the campaign make it possible for the Chest to pass along 94.7 per cent of every dollar to those who are in need."

Prior to the advent of the Chest, forty cents out of every dollar went for administration and other operative costs now eliminated.

Chest officials announced that the dramatic Torch-Lighting Pageant will be held again this year Sunday night, October 8, at the Civic Center Plaza on the eve of the campaign.

Red Cross Day at the Golden Gate International Exposition

■ With the European situation presenting many grave problems, it is encouraging to know that there is one organization—the Red Cross—which remains above all conflict and is found bringing comfort and healing to all who need her administrations.

Each year the American Red Cross brings before the American public its aims and ideals through regional meetings held in the fall. This year the meeting to be called for Northern California is to be held on Treasure Island and, therefore, the officials of the Golden Gate International Exposition have fittingly designated Friday, October 20, as "American Red Cross Day at the Fair."

The high point of this memorial day will be a luncheon in the ballroom of the California State Building at 12:15 p.m., when Mrs. August Belmont of New York City will address the guests. Mrs. Belmont, a former San Franciscan, is a devoted worker in the Red Cross and is a member of its Central Committee. A brief address will also be made by Mr. Herman Hughes, Counselor of the American Red Cross at Washington, D. C. The luncheon will be followed by a demonstration of Red Cross First Aid, Life Saving and Water Safety methods.

A most cordial invitation is extended to all San Franciscans to attend the luncheon and to remain for the afternoon's session. Souvenir tickets including admission to the Fair and to the luncheon will cost $2.00 and will be on sale at the San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross at 1136 Eddy Street. Tickets for the luncheon only will be $1.55.

We sincerely hope that hundreds of San Franciscans will take advantage of this opportunity to renew their interest in the American Red Cross and its peacetime as well as war-time programs.

The Photographic Centenary

(Continued from page 12)

with actual photographs.

Talbot, of course, owed much to the discovery by Sir John Herschel of the effects of what is commonly called "hypo" on silver salts. Till he took advantage of this discovery his photographs lacked the quality of permanency. And it was Frederick Scott Archer, not Talbot, who discovered the practical technique for supporting a collodion emulsion on glass that was to revolutionize portraiture and deprive the daguerreotype of its claims to an unequalled perfection of detail. None the less, while France with every justice honours the memory of Daguerre and Niépce, to the English-speaking world it is Talbot who has the only real right to be regarded as the father both of modern photography and modern photogravure. And that is not the full extent of his fame, for, in addition to being a fine classical scholar, a notable linguist and a distinguished mathematician, he was among the first of Europe's archaeologists to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria.

In the 'fifties Talbot abandoned all his patent rights and thus helped greatly to widen the field of photographic practitioners. Photography developed rapidly in many directions. Roger Fenton in the Crimean War and Matthew Brady in the American Civil War inaugurated a new line that was to develop into the Press photography, newsreel and documentary film of to-day, while the artistic side of photography, which had had as its first exponents in the 'forties the Scottish painter David Octavius Hill and his partner, Robert Adamson, received fresh inspiration from the experiments of "the sentimental sculptor" Adam Salomon and that remarkable Victorian personality, Julia Margaret Cameron, who, presented with a camera at the age of fifty, discovered for herself new ways of producing brilliant portrait studies of prominent people of her acquaintance.

With the substitution of the dry for the wet plate, due largely to the experiments of another amateur, the physician, R. L. Maddox, in the early 'seventies, photography entered upon its next phase of vastly-increased potentialities. It now began to be directed towards moving as well as still objects, the Englishman, Eadweard Muybridge, the Frenchmen, Etienne Jules Marey and Paul Nadar, and the German, Ottomar Anschutz, being among the principal high-speed pioneers. Finally, photography was brought within the reach of the million through the American George Eastman's invention and marketing of the Kodak and by improvements in film negatives and lenses, which reduced the necessity of a high degree of skill in the handling of the camera and thus gave immense encouragement to the efforts of the amateur.

Space forbids any detailed consideration of the many developments of photography in recent times—the aesthetic and practical values of experiments in perspective and precision of detail, the technique and achievements of the miniature camera, the enormous progress and specialised features of Press photography, the promise of and results obtained in colour photography, the vast variety of uses to which the camera and photographic emulsion are put to assist the work of scientific research (including that of medicine), the employment of infra-red rays to penetrate darkness and haze and finally the sensational success of that comparatively young branch of photography, cinematography. Suffice it to say that it is difficult now to imagine any direction in which photography does not exert its influence on the pleasures, health and general activities of human life.

In view of this fact and of the large public concerned in the practice of photography to-day, the centenary exhibition so admirably arranged by the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum had a very special value and importance which no doubt accounted for its continuance from January 25th till after Easter. It proved to be in fact a pronounced success, claiming the attention of many thousands of visitors. All the exhibits, whether original photographs or prints taken from them, belonged to the Museum itself, and though the exhibition is now at an end, the collection of early photographs can still be viewed by anyone desirous of seeing them, by application to the Museum Library.

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The exhibits were chosen for their historic and artistic interest and though they were mainly the work of English photographers from 1839 to the turn of the century, due honor was paid to the daguerreotype by displaying two specimens of this process under lighting arrangements that served to bring out the delicate detail of the portraits. Fox Talbot's "Pencil of Nature" had naturally pride of place among books illustrated by photographs, and visitors to the Exhibition could not fail to be struck with the amazing skill and artistic handling of the portraits executed by Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson, Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron and Frederick Hollyer (1872-1900).

A number of Roger Fenton's Crimean pictures were shown as also an album of photographs taken after the Indian Mutiny and a series of photographs relating to the Paris Commune of 1871. Finally, there was the exhibit of what was described as "the first Press photograph," representing the opening of the Crystal Palace by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in June, 1854.

Decorative Arts Display

(Continued from page 14)

armchair of ash, upholstered in leather, floor lamp of brass and iron with silk shade, two handwoven rugs, rug of "Flossa" and a rya rug, pewter vase, hand mirror of brass, two bottles with brass tops, and other small accessories.

2. DINING ROOM FROM FINLAND, designed by Alvar and Aino Marsio Aalto, and arranged by Beth Armstrong of Armstrong, Carter and Kenyon, San Francisco.

The dining table is of lacquered birch, solid and laminated wood, top of plywood veneered in flame birch; chairs are of lacquered birch, upholstered in baste. Other furnishings include a utility table of birch, tea wagon with a blue tile top, upholstered chair of lacquered birch, rug by Loja Saarienen, table top decoration "Celestial Movement" by Esther Bruton, abstract sculpture designed by Giacometti, screen by Pablo Picasso, and glass abstraction by Naum Gabo.

3. TAPESTRY SALON, assembled by Mme. Marie Cuttoli, Paris. Andre Szivessy, architect, also of Paris.

The room is built around Mme. Cuttoli's collection of priceless tapestries. Outstanding features include: the only full sized sculpture ever done by Modigliani, ceramics by Raoul Dufy in their first showing, Aubusson tapestry chairs designed by Dufy, table and sculpture

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by Henri Laurens, four-panel tapestry screen designed by Jean Lurcat, and "Fleurs du mal," a tapestry by Georges Rouault.

4. ANTEROOM IN AN IMAGINARY EMBASSY, exhibit of furniture and decorative objects by Cosden, Inc., New York. Designed by Victor Proetz.

Decorative highlights of the Embassy include a pair of doors of white lacquer, with alternating rectangular and circular panels of gold and tooling, mounted with sculptured pewter bas-reliefs representing the four elements — Earth, Water, Fire and Air — and four heroic masks. The sculptured pewter was executed by Laurits Christian Eichner. Other features are: a commode of black Brazilian rosewood, looking glass, two armchairs in black clouded lacquer, wall lights formed of oval bands of clear and silvered crystal baguettes, block-printed curtains, covered urn of light unglazed terra cotta, and a floor of Zenitherm, with border set with steel mullets on tessellated ground

5. ROOM FOR BACHELOR, American Institute of Decorators, Northern California District Chapter, Design Competition. Designed by F. Eldon Baldauf, San Francisco.

Mural above the fireplace was executed by Jane Berlandina, and the bas-relief above the bed by Cecilia Graham, San Francisco. Other features include: dressing cabinet of vermillion wood, bed of leather veneer, corner "hobby" cabinet of vermilion wood, lacquer end table, low table of brass and leather veneer, two "easy" chairs, side chairs, and chaise longue of vermilion wood Upholstery textiles, draperies and bedspread were woven by Bara Weaves, San Francisco. A lacquer screen in the room was designed by Jean Dunand, of Paris, and "Reflections," hand-tufted rug of wool was designed by Frances T. Miller, and woven by Alfred Porter.

6. CONDENSED LIVING AND DINING ROOM, designed and assembled by Paul Bry and executed by Brown-Saltman.

The room is furnished with: couch upholstered in peau d'ange; sideboard in bleached wood and stained pear wood; coffee table in bleached wood and stained pear wood; shadow box for sculpture painted to simulate plaster; goatskin rug; dining table of bleached wood; six dining chairs of bleached wood, upholstered with fabric laced with copper; upholstered arm chair; combined desk and bookcase of bleached wood, and an armchair of wood, upholstered in peau d'ange.

7. "SOUVENIR DE PARIS," designed and assembled by Etienne Kohlmann, Paris, and coordinated by Mme. Rose Adler, Paris.

This charming French room, "papered" with oyster shells set in plaster, and having a baked earth floor, is one of the most modern rooms in the Decorative Arts Show. Some of its main features include: sculpture by Gabriel Sebastien, chairs of straw and of lacquered iron, light rubber carpet designed by Etienne Kohlmann, circus tent mirror by Tita Terrisse, screen, hanging wall desk, dressing table, plaster sculptured table, sculptured drapery, costume designs by Jeanne Lanvin and Elsa Schiaparelli, and furniture by Kohlmann.

A concealed phonograph floods the room with French folk music several times during each day, and sprays of Schiaparelli perfume give it scent.

8. DESERT LIVING ROOM, designed and arranged by William Haines, Hollywood.

Georgia O'Keelle's famous painting "Skull and the Rose," loaned by Wright Luddington, was the inspiration for the desert room and holds the center of attention above the silver and turquoise fireplace. The walls are of California Joshua wood, the floor covered with leather, and sheer mohair curtains hang at the two winndows. A desk and backgammon table are covered with rawhide; two saddle chairs are done in burnished leather, laced with rawhide. There's a coffee table of buckeye burl and rawhide, a sofa covered in felt and leather and laced with rawhide, and a hearth cushion of dyed angora. Light brackets are of lucite and silver, andirons of lucite and crystal, and two sculptured heads were designed by Liza Monk and carved by Helmuth Foth.

9. ENGLISH DRESSING ROOM, designed and assembled by Duncan Miller, Ltd., London.

Traditional English stability is reflected in the furniture unit combining bookshelves, photograph, radio cabinet and bar, made of sycamore, cork and rubber. The occasional chair in the room is in sycamore covered in face cloth. Other furnishings include a magazine table, lamp, chaise longue of birch with fur cover and cushion, reading chair and bookrest of birch, upright chair of birch with brown fur cover, rug designed by Ashley Havinden, curtains woven by the Edinburgh Weavers, sculptured by Henry Moore, picture and relief by John Piper, coffee set by Victor Skellern, and a painted cigarette box designed by Gerald Summers.

10. DINNER FOR EIGHT, dining room

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assembled by Rena Rosenthal, and designed by Tommi Parzinger.

An extension-drop dining table, chairs, buffet, and wheeled serving table are all of holly. Wall draperies are of raw silk. A pair of porcelain vases, oval brass bowl, two crystal decanters, one crystal bowl, lacquered wood fruit, gold bronze side-lights with candles, gold bronze plant holders, two brass candlesticks, large porcelain bowl, and a dinner service complete the room. Use of chartreuse leather on commode adds novelty and charm.

11. TOWN BEDROOM, designed and assembled by McMillen Inc., New York.

A distinct air of cosmopolitan formality prevails in this bedroom, built around a rare painting by Modigliani, and a glass dresser and commode made for McMillen by Ramsay of Paris. Other outstanding pieces include an upholstered bed, pair of ceramic lamps of glazed and unglazed pottery designed by Geza de Vegh, pair of plaster and glass tables, side chairs in leather and gold ormolu, lacquered and mirrored commode, dressing table of mirror, hand-tufted rug, silver accessories designed by George Jensen, and a bedspread of taffeta. The wall covering is of velvet and satin chair upholstery.

12. DRESSING ROOM, designed and assembled by Gilbert Rohde, New York.

Distinguishing features in this room ensemble are a patent leather wall, and a tile wall. A pair of chests of dark broad-striped Paldao wood, sofa upholstered in velvet, upholstered chair, a vanity, table with top of plate glass and legs of lucite, rugs, and an oil painting, "Green Paper," by Raymond Breinin, round out the furnishings.

13. CONTEMPORARY LIVING ROOM, designed by Kem Weber, Los Angeles, and assembled by Louis Dix Druehl for the John Breuner Co. San Francisco.

Spacious, yet complete, the ensemble of furnishings in the room includes a day bed with back cushions, low table of Prima-vera with lacquered top, upholstered chair, chair of wood tension construction, desk of Prima-vera, floor covering of linoleum, hand-tufted rug designed by Carston Foge, and sculpture by Isamu Noguchi.

THE AMERICAN DESIGN GROUP ensemble features a yacht club chair and stool, by Gilmer V. Black; terrace couch and chair of plywood by Bertrand Goldberg; Rhodoid Transparent by Professor L. Moholy-Nagy; table, chairs, benches by Grabe and Van Beuren; game table and chairs and coffee table by Rodgers and Priestley; combination desk and dressing table, designed by Charles W Ross, Jr.; wood accessories by James Prestini, metal accessories by Hagerstrom Studio for Metal Craft; lamp and plastic construction by Lucile Knoche, and Permanen-Tuft rug designed by Mathew H. Jellett.

In the Unit and Gallery groupings are: ITALIAN GALLERY, for which the material was collected and arranged by Frances Elkins; SETTING FOR A SWEDISH COLLECTION, designed and executed by G. A. Berg and Olof Ostberg, Sweden; POWDER ROOM, designed and assembled by William Pahlmann, TAPESTRY SALON, assembled by Mme. Marie Cuttoli, Paris; a laminated birch plywood unit by Marcel Breuer, and Robert E. Locher unit.

Terraces

Examples of outdoor living are presented in four versions in the Decorative Arts Show. All four stress the architectural trend, especially strong in California, which conceives of the outdoors and indoors as a harmonious unit. By this conception, exterior walls become transparent, garden-spaces are welcome extensions of interiors, and vice versa. Roof terraces, living and sleeping porches are today vital in residential design.

This trend is interpreted by William Wilson Wurster in his "A Sea Side Terrace"; Richard J. Neutra, "Sports Terrace"; Eleanor Forbes, Rudolph Blesh and Leonard Linden, "Outdoor Dining Terrace," and "Space for Living," designed and assembled by Paul T. Frankl, with Gardner Dailey as architect.

Workshops

"Form and ornament of craft objects depend on an understanding of material and its appropriate handling for the technique in question," states Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, Director, San Francisco Museum of Art. "Demonstration of the making of such objects therefore helps the layman to reach some sure basis of judgment and appreciation of their quality. It is for this reason that so much emphasis is laid in this Decorative Arts Exhibit upon the workshops illustrating craft techniques."

Three workshops — dropped a little below the level on which spectators stand looking down into them — are devoted to three important crafts, fundamentally different in technique: bookbinding, ceramics, and weaving. All three, continuing ancient traditions, have found appropriate contemporary forms, and in a modern world of machine production, maintain their importance.

Visitors to the Golden Gate International Exposition are thus able to see decorative arts in process of creation — they watch the loom, the potter's wheel, and the bookbinder's tools, and then again see the finished objects — a fine textile, handsome vase, or an exquisitely bound book.

Ceramics

The pieces loaned to the Decorative Arts Show by the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts are a collection of Contemporary American Ceramics, selected from the Seventh National Ceramic Exhibition assembled by the Museum.

In addition, many new names are included among the exhibitors of ceramics, a field which is emerging rapidly as a major art.

Modern Enamels

"Powdered glass and metallic oxides fused in the heat of the flame form the simple materials with which the enamel worker decorates his metal ground, a ground which, in the earlier Medieval enamels, was usually gold, then copper, and occasionally silver, and in the Renaissance and later enamels, was usually copper," according to William Mathewson Milliken, Director, Cleveland Museum of Art, an authority on modern enamels.

Textiles

"Textiles have always presented one of the most completely satisfactory sources for the cultural study of any age and people," states Dorothy Wright Liebes, Director of the Decorative Arts Show, and expert weaver in her own right.

"It is the purpose of the collection on Treasure Island, gathered from Europe and America, to demonstrate the remarkable technical and aesthetic achievement in textiles. Never was there more demand for artists to design, nor more facility in the machine world to carry out the designer's ideas. Since this Decorative Arts Exhibit is an artist-craftsman's show, the stress is rather more on the hand technique, which in turn inspires and suggests future possibilities for the machine."

Glass

While glassmaking is an ancient art, and most of the techniques used today have been known for centuries, the form and decoration of the various types are characterized by so definite a style that they have the stamp of "modern." Simplicity, dignity, delight in material, are common denominators of the contemporary age of glass.

The Decorative Arts Exhibit at the Golden Gate Exposition gives recognition to the importance of glass in the modern era by showing the work of recognized masters in the art of glassmaking.

Lace

Fine laces always have had an important place in home decoration. Modern laces follow techniques used in the late Renaissance, the period of greatest lace production in Europe, but shun set rules of design.

Dorothy Wright Liebes went to Europe for specimens of modern laces for her Decorative Arts Show and selected the works of: Olga Asta & Company, Laura Colarieti Tosti, Bice Colleoni, M. Jesurum & Cia, Luigi Radice, Pia Di Valmarana, and Venetian Laces, all of Italy; Noel Dentelles, France; Greta Sjunneson Sandberg, Sweden, and Wiener Werkstaette, and Emmy Zweybrueck, Germany.

Silver

If the catchword "streamlined" be used to express the mood and theme of the contemporary era in creative design, nowhere is it more evident than in the production of silver. No longer a virtuoso of techniques, the modern silversmith may be called an engineer in silver. Modern silver is built, and the silversmith becomes master of construction, proportions and balance. In seeking for plain forms he goes back to the simple geometric and stereometric forms: a teapot is a composition of a cylindrical body with a flat lid, a circular handle and a triangular spout. Decoration no longer overgrows the form.

The silver pieces in the Decorative Arts Section were selected to mirror the era, and silversmiths represented include: Just Anderson, Sigvard Bernadotte, Porter Blanchard, E. J. Conroy, Margaret Craver, Margaret De Patta, Laurits Eichner, Baron Erik Fleming, L. V. M. Helander, Frantz Hingelberg, Leland Hyde, H. P. Jacobson, V. C. Morris, Georg Jensen, Peter Muller-Munk, Harald Nielsen, Henry Pilstrup, Puiforcat Orfevre, Johan Rohde, William Spratling, Frederick M. Stark, and Stone Associates.

Wall Paper

During the American Institute of Decorators Convention in San Francisco this year, there was a special exhibit of modern wall papers in the Decorative Arts Show on Treasure Island. Among

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the exhibitors were. Nancy McClelland, Lorraine Yerkes, Mrs. Kenneth Torrance, Katzenbach and Warren, Margaret Owen, Teresa Kilham, John Little, Richard Ferg, William Yeo and a number of others.

Jewels

Magazine editor Frances McFadden says, in her introduction to the jewelry exhibit in the Decorative Arts Show: "Perhaps the most exciting development is the new decorative trend in jewelry. Good taste no longer means restraint. If the design is fine, the pieces can be of rajah proportions. Huge clips, bold and brilliant bracelets, mammoth ornaments worn like royal decorations. You'll see designs based on architectural motifs, like the swirls of the Baroque period . . ."

Collections of rare jewels in modern settings will be shown in the Decorative Arts Exhibit throughout the Exposition. Opening the glittering parade were Cartier Inc., New York and Paris, and Edwin H. Tomkins, New York and Paris, also representing Boucheron, Paris.

Costume Design

Arresting feature of the Decorative Arts Show is the "SHOW WINDOW OF THE FUTURE," an eloquent tribute to American designers. Designed by Eleanor LeMaire, and coordinated by Aimee Larkin, the window displays ensembles by Muriel King, Elizabeth Hawes, Helen Cookman, Clare Potter, Lily Daché, and John Frederics. The ensembles are worn by impressionistic, plastic mannequins styled by Helen Cole and executed by Cora Scovil.

Liturgical Art

The Liturgical Arts movement is an effort to reform taste in designing and making of everything used in the liturgy of the church. It deals only with the making of objects used in divine workship. The rules for making of all objects used in the liturgy are meticulous and exacting, and were made centuries ago, yet they permit the greatest freedom of style and design because they are based on sound principles of aesthetics.

Included in the Liturgical Arts section of the Decorative Arts Exhibit are: tabernacle of brass and stainless steel, decorated with cut crystal and enamel; altar frontal, green silk brocade textile decoration; pair of altar candlesticks, carved wood, laid in silver leaf; reredos of carved oak; Calvary group, loaned by Dominican College, San Rafael; pair of altar vases, loaned by St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco; stained glass window, done by Jeannette Dyer Spencer; wrought iron gates, by Anthony Russ Anthony, San Gabriel, California; altar textiles, from the Licium, Stockholm, Sweden; enamels by Kenneth Francis Bates, and silver by Puiforcat Orfevre, Paris. Members of the celebrated Monterey Guild who are contributing to this section are: Charlton Fortune, Rot Zoellen, Robert Petersen, Lloyd Hecht, Alice T. Langford, Ethel M. Little, August Gay, and Richard Friedline. Charlton Fortune assembled the entire unit.

Suspended House

New, startling, and architecturally unconventional is Paul Nelson's "Suspended House," shown in model form in the Decorative Arts Exhibit. The hypothetical house anticipates a new society — a more perfect social state where the needs of the individual are all-important — and was built with the satisfaction of those needs in mind.

To satisfy man's need for isolation, a geometrical form is used to inclose the habitation. The exterior walls have diamond-shaped panes. Each lozenged pane is slightly inclined, reflecting light differently, thus giving an appearance of opacity. In other collective architecture the form is open, while here it is closed. The architecture of the house develops within, in keeping with the principle of enriching the individual—a fact that distinguishes this house from the traditional one in which the facade and its decoration play the important part.

Suspended construction is used in Nelson's house to permit within this closed geometrical form the maximum of liberty and flexibility of distribution. Such a construction permits free volumes and curves in contrast with the constraint of the cubical form. It permits as well a heightening of the impression of seclusion by a complete separation from all material contact with the exterior world.

Bookbinding and Book Illustration

Fine bookbinding is being demonstrated in an atelier in the Decorative Arts Exhibit, in connection with a display of tools and materials used in the various processes of bookbinding. A collection of beautifully bound books, gathered by Morgan A. Gunst of San Francisco in many parts of the world completes the extensive exhibit of books bound by hand.

Book illustration, in the past so important a part of fine bookbinding, has come into its own again. At no time since the middle ages has book illustration been so important. Experts in

the art, like Picasso, Matisse, Max Ernst, and Rouault lead the field in the individuality of the art. Names less illustrious, perhaps, but eminent, are numerous today in publishers' lists of fine editions. Among them are many Americans, some, like Grant Wood, well known painters.

Works on exhibit in the Decorative Arts Section are a cross-section of the international field, and pay homage to the modern masters of the ancient art.

While Dorothy Liebes is solely responsible for the Decorative Arts Exhibit at the Golden Gate International Exposition, she availed herself of a committee of experts upon whom she could call for advice and cooperation. Advising her were: Ernst Amberg, Richard F. Bach, Mrs. Cabot Brown, Mrs. Norman Chandler, Mrs. Walter Dillingham, Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker, Jr., Jean-Michel Frank, Mrs. Charles Goodspeed, Morgan A. Gunst, Miss Frances Heard, Mrs. Roger Lapham, Miss Aimee Larkin, Mrs. Samuel Lewisohn, Mrs. Charles J. Liebman, Miss Frances McFadden, Grover Magnin, Miss Margaret McElroy, Dr. Elizabeth Moses, Dr. Lila M. O'Neale, Professor Mary F. Patterson, Mrs. Atherton Richards, Miss Mary Fanton Roberts, Mrs. Philip Spaulding, Mrs. Eldridge Spencer, Charles Messer Stowe, Mrs. James Ward Thorne, Richardson Wright, Miss Grace Alexandra Young, Raymond Armsby, Mrs. Cabot Brown, Templeton Crocker, Charles Stafford Duncan, Walter Gordon, Miss Marion Hartwell, Dr. Walter Heil, Mrs. Sydney Joseph, Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, and Mrs. Eldridge Spencer.

Mrs. James Ward Thorne brought her entire collection of 32 miniature rooms which portray the whole history of furnishing and decoration for the last 400 years, for exhibition in the Decorative Arts Show on Treasure Island. The models are built on a scale of one inch to the foot, and each piece of furniture, and all the decorative accessories are faithful to the periods, which range all the way from Louis XII in fifteenth century France to England's Victorian era.

These rooms provide a perfect liaison between the past and the present of the Decorative Arts Show.

The Decorative Arts Exhibit will remain during the duration of the World's Fair of the West, until December 2, when Treasure Island will become a municipal airport.

(A 112-page catalogue of the Decorative Arts Exhibit may be purchased from Decorative Arts Division, Palace of Fine Arts, Golden Gate International Exposition, Treasure Island, San Francisco. The price is $1.00.)

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(Continued from page 13)

simple machine. An automobile, for example, is much more complicated to operate. Imagine how confused you would be if you were to step into a car for the first time, unable to recognize which part was the clutch, the brake, the gear shift, the choke, the ignition, etc. Few people would be so foolhardy as to try to drive under such circumstances and yet many people attempt to take pictures without knowing one end of the camera from the other. Is it any wonder that they do not get good results?

* * *

"Pictures become interesting when they tell their story clearly and well. Bad backgrounds, bad lighting, bad posing, bad camera angles, and too much camera consciousness on the part of your subject, are just a few of the things which can spoil the story-telling quality of your pictures. It is really quite easy to learn to avoid such things, and when you do avoid them you will be astounded at how much more exciting and satisfying your picture will be.

"There is one other important factor in picture making. It has to do with the use of imagination and originality in selecting your subject matter, your lighting, your camera angles, etc. . . ."

As the author says, photography is not a difficult hobby for those who want to learn. Its technique can be mastered. However, photography has an important ingredient that makes it the ideal hobby. Its constant growth and expansion give it a never-ending interest, and nature itself offers a continual challenge to the photographer by presenting picture possibilities at every turn, constantly changing in light and shade patterns as the sun moves across the sky.

Photography is also a versatile hobby. It can be easily adapted to the kind of pictures you want to make; be they landscapes, babies, ships or grains of sand. It is versatile too in its adaptability to your willingness to do it all or little, for if you fail to find the darkroom fascinating, there are many photographic supply houses who will develop your films and print your pictures.

For women, photography is particularly adapted. This is shown by the number of famous women photographers. For instance, in the international ratings of salon exhibitors for the past year, there are three women among the first fifteen photographers. Photographic clubs for women are being formed throughout the United States, and this year in the East a photographic salon for women was successfully presented.

So we see that women are taking an increasingly important place in photography and are finding this fascinating hobby very much to their liking. For it is not just a humdrum hobby but one full of variety. So if variety is the spice of life and women like variety—then photography is the hobby for them.

(Continued from page 18)

California Geological Survey for several years and became head of the United States Geological Survey. He made the first climbs of Mount Tyndall and Mount Lassen and gave Mount Tyndall its name. He was one of the early climbers of Mount Whitney. His book is truly a classic. I pity you mountain lovers who miss reading this book.

Gertrude Atherton's "Adventures of a Novelist" has a place on my shelf. She was born in San Francisco in 1858. Her childhood and young girlhood were spent partly in San Francisco and partly on a fruit farm near San Jose. Married at eighteen, she alternated for ten years between Menlo Park, San Francisco, and ranch life near Salinas and Oroville. Her literary career carried her far from San Francisco. Sketches of her life in New York, Paris, London and Munich are of interest, but to a Californian the cream of the book is her picture of Californians and California prior to 1900. I like her autobiography better than anything she has written.

We are brought almost to date with Charles Dobie's delightful "San Francisco: A Pageant." This is not an exhaustive picture. The author has taken bits of history, stories, particular scenes of the past and present which appeal to his fancy. My favorite chapter is "The Street of the Bazaars." The very next time I went to Chinatown after reading it I saw the Chinese drug store clerks operating the quaint machines for chopping herbs, just as Dobie describes them. I suppose they had done it for years, but I never even saw them, until Dobie's book told me about them. That's the value of all learning, isn't it? The eyes of the mind are opened.

I have one book of delightful photographs, S. G. Morley's "Covered Bridges of California." It represents Professor Morley's explorations of the by-ways of California in search of the picturesque covered bridges which are the boast of the New Englander. He found over thirty, and new ones in course of construction.

There is a gap in my shelf of Californiana. Yes, you saw it. I have nothing for the years between 1776 and 1834. Can you suggest something?

Flying to Cuba

(Continued from page 17)

boulevards upon which palatial private residences, with lovely tropical gardens, face.

In the narrow streets of the old part one sees street vendors, relic of the past, and their cries of florero, dulcero and billetes de lotería (flowers, sweets—and lottery tickets), combined with the honking of motor horns, are sounds that continually assail one's ears. The Cubans, a gay and hospitable people, live out of doors—windows open to the breezes.

At nine o'clock each evening the shot from the "La Parca," cannon at Morro Castle, is heard. In the colonial days, it was the Havanese curfew, now it sounds the hour when life begins. Casinos, night clubs and bars of various standards are everywhere — "Sloppy Joe's" being the popular American "hang-out." The many street cafes, some with women orchestras, recall Paris. At Sans Souci, the fashionable cabaret under the palms and the laurels, where the elite gather, we saw many beautiful women with sparkling eyes and Parisian chic. They carry and manipulate their little fans with grace.

An evening spent at the Fronton watching Jai Alai, the national Spanish ball game, was interesting. Played upon an indoor court, it is the swiftest in the world. The ball is caught on the rebound in a basket curved like a great horn, strapped to the wrist, and then dexterously thrown against the wall. The contestants wear white trousers and either blue or white shirts with a red silk sash. Noisy betting on the side-line, in charge of toreodores wearing bright red berets, is continuous.

Visiting the National Capitol building, which shelters the "Goddess of the Republic," a fifty-seven-foot statue of bronze, finished in gold-leaf, we were attracted by a unique feature. In the floor of the great reception hall, embedded in black onyx, is a 24-carat diamond — from this point all distances along the great Central Highway are measured.

In Fraternity Park nearby grows the Ceiba tree, planted in 1928 as a symbol of friendship uniting the twenty-one republics of America. Walking through Central Park, we reached the Prado, down the center of which extends a colorful stone promenade, with marble seats at frequent intervals. The overhanging branches of great laurel trees form a shady retreat extending to the Malecón, that drive along the bay, so lovely at night and a fitting background for the monuments to General Maximo Goméz, to Maceo, and the Maine Memorial.

After a morning spent at Morro Castle, which stands upon a solid rock rising 120 feet above the sea, we sought the Templete, a small shrine beside which grows a great Ceiba, offshoot of the original under which the first Mass was said in 1519.

Beautiful La Merced Church, with its patio tropical with palms, cacti and singing birds and its lovely coquina grotto, although situated in the heart of the old city, is the church of fashionable weddings. Thousands of electric lights, outlining the inner structure, greatly enhance the interior of the old church.

On a trip to Mariel, through Marianao, where the many private aristocratic beach clubs are located, we passed beautiful villas and lincas with groves of papayas, mangoes, avocados and plantations of sugar cane and tobacco —great high bluffs, green with tropical vegetation, sheltered nestled groups of bohios. Leaving the highway at Guanajay, with its colorful houses, and motoring over a winding road, shaded by great laurel with an occasional flaming frombayan, we arrived at Mariel on its beautiful land-locked bay. Above the town, upon the top of a high hill, rises an old medieval-looking castle. It is here that the National Training School for Naval Officers is located.

Motoring to Varadera Beach, past pineapple, banana and great sugar plantations, we went through quaint villages and the old Spanish towns of Matanzas and Cardenas. The countryside is most picturesque with its white bohios, roofs of thatch and doors more frequently of blue, nestled in the lush tropical vegetation. Forests of wild royal palm were everywhere and growing on the tops of the distant hills looked like great sentinels overlooking the landscape. From the heights above Matazanas we looked down upon the Yumuri Valley, famous beauty spot when the royal poincianos are blooming. At Varadero, we lunched upon the terrace of the Kawama Club, under a great blue umbrella with the whitest of sand at our feet and a jade-green sea softly lapping the shore, deepening to blue-green and then to cerulean blue—the demarcation of each color clearly seen. Great turtles were lazily swimming in the foreground. Here sun and clouds paint unbelievable pictures with the sands and waters of this Playa Azul.

Our time in Cuba passed, but in our memory will linger recollections of twelve happy days.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

NOVEMBER
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 10

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
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Women's City Club Calendar
NOVEMBER . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

November — 1939

2—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.—4 p.m.
	Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:00 m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main D. R.	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program:	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
	Dr. Clifford M. Drury, of San Anselmo, will speak on "Pioneer Women of the West."		
3—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
6—	**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding	D. R. Annex	6:00 p.m.
8—	**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
	Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review: "Can America Stay Neutral?"—by Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong "Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels"—Chas. A Beard "The Deadly Parallel"—by C. Hartley Grattan.	Natl. Def. Rm.	6:15 p.m.
9—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12:00 m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main D. R.	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program:	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
	Joint Concert presented by Agnes Jarvis, Mezzo-Soprano, and Frederic Saatman, pianist.		
10—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
13—	**PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT**	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.—9:00 p.m.
	Tea will be served each afternoon—35c.	Auditorium	3:30 p.m.—5:00 p.m.
14—	**PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT**	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.—9:00 p.m.
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	French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main D. R.	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program:	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
	Mr. John Howell to lecture on "Sir Francis Drake in California in 1579."—with reading by Mrs. John Howell.		
17—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
20—	**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding	Annex	6:00 p.m.
22—	**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
23—	**Thanksgiving Day Dinner**—$1.50 a plate	Main D. R.	2 p.m. to 8 p.m.
24—	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
30—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	Auditorium	12 m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main D. R.	6:15 p.m.
	THANKSGIVING BRIDGE LUNCHEON—$1.50 a plate—Bridge following in Lounge.	Main D. R.	1:00 p.m.
	THANKSGIVING BRIDGE DINNER $1.50 a plate. Bridge following in Lounge.	Main D. R.	6:30 p.m.

SYMPHONY TEA (DATE TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER)
CHILDREN'S TOY TEA — DECEMBER 16TH
MEMBERS' XMAS PROGRAM — DECEMBER 14TH

December—1939

1—	**French Conversational Class**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
4—	**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding	D. R. Annex	6:00 p.m.
7—	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mme. Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main D. R.	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program:	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
	Program of Dances presented by the Lillian Thomas Studio of the Dance.		

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII November, 1939 Number 10

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SCRIP BOOKS
for use in all Departments

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for use in Beauty Salon, League Shop, Dining Room, Swimming Pool

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS
available for all magazines in the Library Department

ORDERS FOR BOOKS
for sale in the Library Department

*SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BOXES
of book matches with National League Insignia

*SPECIAL PLACE CARDS
with National League Insignia

*SPECIAL ENGRAVED STATIONERY
with National League Emblem

*SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CARDS
with etching of Roof Garden

*(All of above obtainable in League Shop)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ REINSTATEMENTS AND NEW MEMBERSHIPS: From November 1st old members may be reinstated by payment of the reinstatement fee of $5.00 and pro rated dues. New members as well may have the benefit of pro ration of dues to March 1st. For those who may be thinking of new memberships as Christmas presents this pro ration will considerably reduce the initial payment.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS LECTURES by Dr. Paul Cadman will be held each Thursday during November at the noon hour with the exception of Thanksgiving Day, November 23rd. The closing lecture of the series will be on Thursday, November 30th. Pro rated course tickets are still available.

■ MEMBERS' PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST: Because of the unexpected closing of the Exposition on October 29th, the dates of the Photography Contest have been changed to November 13th, 14th, and 15th. For those who intend to exhibit, the following is a reprint of the rules which appeared in the October Magazine:

RULES

All members are eligible to participate. Amateur photographers are cordially invited to contribute work.

Four prints in any photographic medium may be submitted. Hand-colored prints are not acceptable.

All prints must be mounted on 16x20 or 14x18 white or light-tone boards.

Each mount must bear on the back name and address of the entrant and marked for photography contest.

Prints will be returned to sender as soon after the close of the exhibition as possible.

Participants will be notified immediately of results.

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY NOVEMBER 9.

■ TEA IN HONOR OF MONSIEUR PIERRE MONTEUX and the SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA will be held in the Clubhouse during the first week of December, depending upon the arrival from Italy of Monsieur and Madame Monteux. Watch bulletin boards for definite announcements. Tea will be served from 4:00 to 6:00 o'clock on the Fourth Floor—35 cents.

■ THANKSGIVING DAY, November 23rd, will be celebrated by a Special Dinner which will be served in the Main Dining Room from 2:00 o'clock to 8:00 o'clock. Dinner is $1.50 a plate. If turkey is to be carved at table, $1.75 a plate. Reservations should be made in advance. Private dining rooms will be provided for large groups.

■ SPECIAL THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON AND DINNER at $1.50 a plate with bridge following in the Lounge will be held on Thursday, November 30th. This will be a delightful way for those who wish to adhere to the old Thanksgiving date to celebrate the day. Reservations must be made in advance. Luncheon will be served at 1:00 o'clock and dinner at 7:00 o'clock.

■ CHRISTMAS RAMBLE TO YOSEMITE: A Ramble will be given to The Ahwahnee in Yosemite over Christmas Day. Group will leave Southern Pacific station, Third and Townsend, at 8:15 a. m., December 23rd. Luncheon in Merced — arrive Yosemite at 3:30. The famous Bracebridge Dinner will be served Christmas Night. Leave Ahwahnee Tuesday, December 26th, after luncheon, and arrive in San Francisco at 10:00 p. m. Fee, all inclusive, $65.00 single and $60.00 double accommodations. Ten-dollar deposit required on all reservations must be in by December 1st or available rooms will have to be cancelled.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: "Timeliness" has become the watchword of required reading. Americans find themselves obliged to take time off to try to find out why the world has gone to pieces, and what to do and think about Peace and War. In the world at home, the national debate over neutrality is now engaging the attention of the American people. Three handbooks providing a background for calm discussion of American neutrality, both of yesterday and today, and setting forth both sides of the question of ways and means for keeping this country out of war are:

1. "Can America Stay Neutral?" by Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

2. "Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels" by Charles A. Beard.

3. "The Deadly Parallel" by C. Hartley Grattan.

In the world abroad, Finland, the little country that pays its war debt to America, is in trouble. Finnish life is vividly portrayed in a strong and timely novel, "Sun and Storm," by Unto Seppanen. In the world of ideals, many Americans doubt that everything for which they stand is as fine as they believed it to be. "Christmas Holiday," a novel by Somerset Maugham, is a penetrating and timely study of such a tangled skein of thought. Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review these books at the Book Review Dinner on the second Wednesday evening, November 8th, at 6:00 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: The following programs have been arranged for this month by Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman: On November 2nd, Dr. Clifford M. Drury of San Anselmo will speak on "Pioneer Women of the West." On November 9th, a joint concert will be presented by Agnes Jarvis, mezzo-soprano, and Frederic Saatman, pianist. November 16th, Mr. John Howell will lecture on "Sir Francis Drake in California in 1579," and reading by Mrs. John Howell. The following Thursday being Thanksgiving, there will be no program. The introductory program for December will be presented by the Lillian Thomas Studio of the Dance.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Help the departments through the busy holiday season by giving a few hours a week in Volunteer Service. Mrs. Henry Alves will be glad to add your name to her list and to place you in whichever department you prefer to serve.

■ EMPLOYEES' CHRISTMAS FUND cards will be mailed out the last week in November. May we request that checks be sent in as soon as possible to better facilitate the distribution of the bonus well before Christmas? We hope that this year every member will contribute some amount — large or small — to this fund.

■ SWIMMING POOL: New classes for Girl Scouts are being formed and will start Saturday, November 25th. The time, 10:30 to 11:30 a. m.

We also plan to start a Junior Life-Saving Class to meet every Thursday at 4:00 p. m. No extra fee is charged for instruction in Life Saving.

Entrants please register in advance for these classes.

■ BEAUTY SALON: One's hair must be radiant during the busy opera and holiday month. Now is the time to give your attention to the necessary beauty services. It is the pleasure of our staff to be of service and take care of your individual needs.

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Hand-blown glass vases for long-stemmed flowers — colors, turquoise, green and crystal. Prices, $1 to $4.

Pottery bottles from Persia — effective used as vases, book-ends or for a bit of color in the room.

Paper guest towels and cocktail napkins in new colors and designs.

Our complete stock of Christmas cards, wrappings and seals on sale in the League Shop.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES are held each month as follows:

GERMAN—first and third Mondays at 6:00 p. m.
FRENCH—each Thursday at noon and 6:30 p. m.
SPANISH—second and fourth Wednesdays at noon.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Why not add hand-sewn gloves to your Christmas list this year? Mrs. Earl Tanbara, Instructor, conducts classes in the Clubhouse each Tuesday and Thursday at 1:00 p. m. and Thursday evenings at 7:00. Complete instructions, $2.00; material extra.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES are continuing without interruption through the holiday season. Appointments may be made at the Executive Office.

Tower of the Sun

The President's Message

Anticipating the glow that emanates from the very word Thanksgiving, we look forward to November days more eagerly than the chilling approach of winter warrants, and by our own brightly burning fireside reflect what the National League for Woman's Service offers to each one of us. ¶ As a club it is comparable to other organizations the world over. As the National League for Woman's Service, the unique position created by our Volunteer Service program challenges universal attention, while its practice brings to each member the realization of the wisdom that inaugurated such a scheme — to the League itself, an ever strengthening purpose. ¶ May a better understanding of the National League for Woman's Service be an added note of cheer on Thanksgiving Day to every member of the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Fall Events

November

Members Photography Contest

In cooperation with the Exposition's Women's Day, this exhibit was postponed from October 23-24-25, to

November 13 - 14 - 15

Closing date for entries, Thursday, November 9

Rules, see page 4

Thanksgiving Luncheon and Bridge

Thursday, November 30

Luncheon will be served in the Main Dining Room at one o'clock---Bridge to follow in the Lounge

$1.50 a plate plus tax

Thanksgiving Dinner and Bridge

Thursday, November 30

Dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room at half past six o'clock---Bridge to follow in the Lounge

$1.50 a plate plus tax

December

Symphony Tea—In Honor of Pierre Monteux

And San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

(Date to be announced later)

Children's Toy Tea, December 16, 2:30

Members Christmas Program, December 14, 8:30

Editorial

■ As we approach Thanksgiving Day this year, perhaps more than ever before we should delve deeper into its meaning. We should reach beyond the economic value of this holiday to the "why" of its celebration. History tells us that the first Thanksgiving Day was set aside to honor the God of Bounty, the God who alone created the seed, warmed and watered it with the sun and clouds of Heaven. The last Thursday of November happened to be the day the Pilgrim Fathers chose for this first Thanksgiving Day, but the Harvest Festival of other lands is likewise symbolic of their tradition of gratitude. So we see that after all, although some of us regret a change of traditions, date of the day itself is of secondary importance. It is the meaning that really counts.

In America this year we have particular reasons for our thankfulness. As some one wisely said, "The world does not owe every man a living. The world is a place where every man can make a living," and we are fortunate in that we find ourselves in that very small portion of the world where today production is still uninterrupted. For this privilege we should give thanks.

Then too, we abide in a land at peace. We women of America are not facing the sorrows of the firing-line and we can still cherish the hope that the peoples of the world will heed the voice of the Christmas Carols soon to ring "upon the midnight clear" and that wars may cease. We offer thanks to a Providence that ordained that we should be born on a separate continent where we are citizens of a nation more independent economically than our European brothers.

Lastly, we are free men and women. We are volunteers in all we do. No conscription for the good of the whole presses us together in common defense. We can choose our own course. Individually we can fit ourselves for the blessings of the abundant life.

Thanksgiving Day for us then has a new and fuller meaning as we recognize its significance in 1939. We thank our God with solemn prayerfulness for the opportunity of living in a land of plenty and of peace, and we pray that the significance of the holiday may enter the hearts of a people blessed by the God of seed-time and of harvest.

■ Pursuant to the policy of cooperation with the Women's Board of the Golden Gate International Exposition since its inception before the Exposition opened, the Women's City Club immediately postponed the Members Photography Contest when Women's Day at the Fair was announced for October twenty-fifth. The new dates of the exhibit in the Clubhouse are all the more important for exhibitors and judges have graciously accepted the postponement, and those of us who will attend the exhibit will find much real enjoyment and talent. Let us mark our calendars immediately—November 13th, 14th, and 15th — Members Photographic Exhibit at the Women's City Club.

■ "Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life." Without its music, San Francisco would be a dull fog-swept sand-dune. With it, she has become a cosmopolitan metropolis. Artists from every corner of the globe have found welcome at her portal. The high standard of her symphony and opera and concerts each year is evidence of her appreciation of this art.

It has been the happy privilege of the Women's City Club to honor each winter the Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra and the men and women of the Orchestra itself. For five seasons Monsieur Monteux has come to us with a friendly smile and Mme. Monteux has graciously told us what her husband has been achieving in France while absent from California. The Women's City Club will be delighted to welcome again these friends of the music world at a tea in the Lounge in December.

■ The firelighting in the Lounge on October second was as usual each year an historic event for the National League for Woman's Service of California. Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin was the speaker and as she ably outlined the scope of the Pacific Area and the functioning of the Institute of Pacific Relations, we envisioned the boundless opportunities for peaceful understanding of nations of varying origins and customs, and the danger of misunderstanding of conflicting ideals and motives. She left us with the solemn thought that it was our duty not to hate what we did not understand but rather our possible privilege to learn to love what still bewildered us. Let us heed her warning.

Proposal for a Permanent Pacific House

by Philip M. Youtz

Consultant and Director of the Pacific Area

■ What shall be done with the series of beautiful pictorial maps of the Pacific Area which have attracted millions of visitors to Pacific House, the theme building of the Golden Gate International Exposition, after the Fair closes on October 29, 1939?

These illustrated maps and other exhibits are masterpieces of their kind created by a group of internationally famous artists, among whom are included Miguel Covarrubias, Hilaire Hiler, Antonio Sotomayor, Edgar Dorsey Taylor and Antonio Ruiz. Under the inspiration of the Exposition, these artists have produced a group of maps of permanent value not only because of their intrinsic beauty, originality and vitality as art, but also because of their scientific accuracy, educational effectiveness and public appeal.

Shall these fine works of art be lost to the public after the Exposition closes? Shall they be separated and scattered by the human vultures who always seek their prey after a community effort such as a world's fair? Shall they be assigned to institutions which have little direct interest in the improvement of the cultural and commercial relations in the Pacific Hemisphere as a whole?

The question resolves itself into the larger one: Shall Pacific House with its message of international goodwill and its emphasis on the mutual interests of the peoples of the Pacific be destroyed after the Exposition closes? Or shall this theme building which has accomplished so much in the way of research and education during the brief period of the Exposition, rise again as a permanent institution where it may continue and broaden its work for international cooperation in art, science and commerce? Can California afford to allow Pacific House, which has brought to the state a panorama of the

Above. Leaded glass Trade Routes Map of the Pacific (Edgar Dorsey Taylor artist.)

On the right: Library—Pacific House

Terra cotta map of Pacific Area by Antonio Sotomayer. Topographical fountain in the center of Pacific House.

Pacific Hemisphere and world-wide prestige, to be razed to the ground after October 29th?

Through Pacific House, California served notice to the country that the Atlantic seaboard with its close European relations was no longer this nation's only point of contact with the outside world. Pacific House demonstrated that the Golden Gate opens outward to foreign lands of promise as rich as the fruit-laden fields of California. To Americans mourning over the passing of the last frontier, beckons a new and almost limitless opportunity for foreign contacts and reciprocal commercial and cultural exchange. The Pacific offers a broad highway to the Orient, to the East Indies, to Australia and to Latin America.

America's manifest destiny lies in the extension of the Good Neighbor policy through the Pacific Hemisphere. Bordering on the Pacific lies Canada, with which we have had an unbroken record of peaceful relations; Alaska, which stands at the threshold of a vast commercial development; Siberia with its need for machinery; Japan and China, offering us our greatest potential markets; the East Indies, where tropical agriculture and natural resources create a vast array of products; Australia and New Zealand, sister English-speaking commonwealths that look to us for cooperation in developing their vast frontiers; and last and perhaps most important of all, Latin America, which we have so long misunderstood. The opportunities for cultural and commercial exchange in the Pacific Hemisphere are almost limitless.

The San Francisco Bay area prides itself on its cosmopolitan character and its international outlook. Because of its geographic position and its magnificent natural harbor, this area is in a position to become the capital of a new Pacific empire, founded not on conquest but on cooperation and commerce. Preparation for this role of leadership involves many factors such as the development of shipping, the expansion of air routes, the widening of commercial interests abroad and increasing knowledge and understanding of the Pacific Area.

To this knowledge of the Pacific Area the Golden Gate International Exposition has made a very important contribution by its emphasis on the Pageant of the Pacific through Pacific House and the foreign pavilions of the Department of the Pacific Area. These have for the first time presented the geography, cultures and commercial opportunities of the Pacific so that they could be appreciated as a single vast panorama. Public imagination has been aroused by the Exposition and there is a strong popular demand that Pacific House be continued as a permanent institution.

The idea of a permanent Pacific House devoted to extending our knowledge of the Pacific Hemisphere through scientific and commercial research, and through public education and promotion, appeals to the imagination as a project worthy of the vision and enterprise of the State of California. Indeed such an institution would offer the state its best guarantee of intellectual and commercial leadership.

The character of a permanent Pacific House has been partially demonstrated by the theme building of the Golden Gate Inter- (Continued on page 29

Decorating the Thanksgiving Table

by Alice Burr

■ A friend of mine took a course in flower arrangement. When Thanksgiving came, her dinner table was a gorgeous mass of chrysanthemums that did credit to her training. "The table looked all right," said she, "but it took ten dollars' worth of flowers before I got any effect. I don't believe I can afford to go very deeply into flower arrangement."

I lay no claims to being an expert in flower arrangement but I have had training in other arts, and one of the things I learned is that the creation of beauty depends less upon a full purse than it does upon open eyes and a little practice in using those eyes. So in discussing this subject of Thanksgiving table decorations I shall suggest where to look for beauty for dimes rather than for dollars.

Whether our dinner is to be formal or informal decides the type of arrangement. In either case we shall want a festive spirit. Let us take the formal dinner first, the one at which our finest Lenox china and our best crystal and silver are to appear. I hold that it is not necessary to get giant chrysanthemums at four dollars and a half a dozen in order to have a decoration that is in keeping. Instead, I recommend a trip to a fruit and vegetable market, a trip with open eyes. Look at a head of chicory but not as though it were the makings of a salad. Notice its lovely gradations of greens from a deep bottle to the palest of yellow. See its crinkled texture. Is there anything grown in a hot house more lovely? A red cabbage will suddenly rise above it cold slaw destiny. How beautifully it goes with the Bermuda onions in the next bin and those red grapes just beyond. An egg plant for a bit of dark contrast and perhaps a few radishes for a spot of bright color will keep us from having everything the same tone.

Now that we have become a bit color conscious we notice that broccoli has lovely violet tones amidst its soft gray green and that the spines of the prickly pears pick up the same violet tone, making them harmonious with the broccoli.

Soon we find ourselves with a wealth of material and when we have made our choice (remembering our dishes and our linen which decide our color scheme) and have arranged (Continued on page 19

Thanksgiving table arrangement by Alice Burr.

Lights Out

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

Rainbow Fountain — Court of Flowers.

■ A diminishing sound of marching feet — faint music growing fainter — slow lowering of a Star-Spangled Banner — lights slowly fading into dark. All a prelude to an army's bugler's sounding of Taps. Lights out — and the curtain of oblivion fell on a dream city.

Treasure Island — the glory and the wonder and the beauty that have been a world's for the past nine months — passed as a vision in the night.

The Golden Gate International Exposition is no more! The 1939 World's Fair of the West as ten million visitors saw it and thrilled to its magic — is over. For those of us who saw it often and loved it, its memory can never fade. It will be as impossible to forget its loveliness as it was to remain unmoved in the fairy beauty of its lights and fountains — its courts and gardens. Since it was a fair of all the people, it is not improper to call to mind — along with those dreams of its loveliness — that some of its magic beauty was the work of women.

Women's Day — with a capital W — in the final week focussed a measure of attention on some of the contributions of women to the beauty — indoors and out — of the Golden Gate International Exposition. That brilliant group of women artists — muralists, sculptors, artist craftsmen, as well as those inspired workers in flowers whose decorations won the plaudits of a nation — were singled out for a day — to permit thousands who had enjoyed their work the opportunity to tell them so. The trio of Bruton sisters, whose colored relief, "The Peace Makers," in the Court of Pacifica challenged all viewers; the sculptors whose figures adorned the Sunken Fountain of Western Waters, Helen Phillips, Adeline Kent, Cecelia Graham, Ruth Cravath Wakefield; Clara Huntington's benign St. Francis; the feeder of the birds and Lulu Hawkins Braghetta, whose "Paths of Darkness" paradoxically were bright spots in the art of the Temple Compound; Dorothy Puccinelli, Helen Forbes; Jane Berlandina, whose murals in the San Francisco Building and elsewhere struck a festive note; Marian Simpson of the California Building; Jeanette Dyer Spencer, whose artist's touch was found; Dorothy Liebes, whose energy vitalized one of the most brilliant departments of the Exposition — these and others will be remembered in the long story of beauty — which is to be our joy forever.

Unique in the history of expositions at home or abroad was that venture in cooperation among women which resulted in the building and operating of the Yerba Buena Club. With a larger membership than any women's club known—drawn from a wider geographical area (its members came from Europe and the Orient, from Canada to Mexico), the Yerba Buena Club — whose furnishing was the artistry of Frances Elkins and her assistants — provided the hospitality to visitors from far and near which is synonymous with California's name. Financed and operated by women, the Yerba Buena Club's story furnished another brilliant chapter in the part played by women in the Exposition.

Not the least important factor in the charm and the success of the Club were the gardens and terraces and the flower decorations which were the labor of "the Worns"— (Continued on page 23

Women Should Ski

by Mary Curry Tresidder

■ Ten or twelve years ago, when skiing in Yosemite got beyond a few mad dashes down the old toboggan track, people kept telling us that California was a land of sunshine, and that the idea of making it a skiing center was ridiculous. Each year, however, sees thousands of beginners taking up skiing. Year by year people are finding that it is not the place which has the most snow that counts so much as the place that combines plenty of snow for skiing with the maximum number of days on which you can use the snow for skiing—days when you aren't lost in a heavy snowstorm or smothered in fog or battered by freezing winds. And that is what California has for the skier, through a good deal of the Sierra Nevada.

A winter scene in Yosemite Valley.

Californians are learning to ski, and California women are rapidly becoming good skiers. Before the Women's Ski Team was organized by Mrs. Dudley Wolfe for the 1936 Winter Olympic Games there were a few good women skiers here and there, mostly Eastern girls who had skied abroad, plus a few from the Northwest and elsewhere. The last three or four years have seen a great increase in their numbers. Clarita Heath of Pasadena, who is no Amazon but just a slender, graceful little blonde girl, who learned to ski abroad just in time for the 1936 Olympics, is our outstanding woman skier, and ranks high on any list of the ten best in the world. We have others coming on apace.

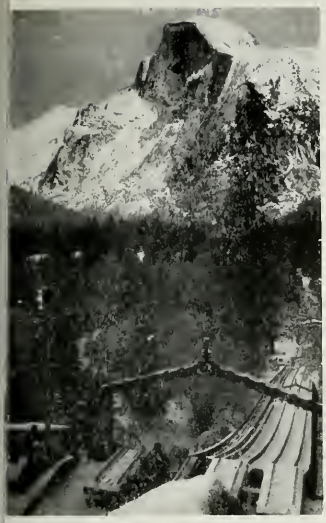
Skiing is a splendid sport for women, and one in which they can excel. For the average woman in city life, if she can get away to the mountains in winter at all—the woman of so-called leisure, particularly—skiing opens a new world, one where the blood races and the muscles grow strong; you breathe in the winter air and gain a sense of well-being. Winter becomes a season of delight instead of a tiresome period of bad weather and colds.

Skiing gives a sense of freedom, an exhilaration which comes only with a few of the active sports of motion, such as flying, swimming, riding, skating, surfing and the like. It may be intense or placid, strenuous or gentle, according to your temperament. The men of the family may grasp it more readily, but give the women a little time and instruction, and they can compete with them without much of a handicap.

It is a wonderful group sport, yet lends itself to the solitary mind. It isn't wise to go off the beaten path entirely alone, but you can be very much on your own. Then, too, there is a great deal of comradeship and democracy on the ski trails, mixed with independence. It is no place for the clinging vine; woe be unto you if your skis are always in need of waxing at the last minute and you always have odds and ends to be carried or retrieved.

Incidentally, most women look well in ski clothes; they are practical, functional, and all that.

Skiing does have one drawback in that it tends to turn its adherents into fanatics, but if it can give



The Toboggan Slide in Yosemite Valley

them a vital interest, a more vigorous approach to problems, make them look at the world with a brighter eye, surely that is compensation.

My woman friends in the forties often say to me, "Oh, skiing looks like fun, and I wish I had taken it up earlier, but now I'm too old to learn." My assurances to the contrary sound like propaganda to them, I know, but I really mean them. I have seen much older people begin it and enjoy it. They will never be experts, naturally, but they can get a great deal of the pleasure skiing gives. Try it and see.

Modern ski-schools with their up-to-date methods of teaching, and the simpler modern technique, and the "upskis" everywhere to save you labor when your time and energy are limited—all these combine to make learning to ski a much easier and shorter process. There are even courses in ski calisthenics, to get your muscles in shape and tone you up generally. One of the Yosemite instructors will be giving such a course in San Francisco again this year, beginning about the tenth of November.

If I were starting now I probably would be about as accomplished a skier in two years as I am after ten. On the other hand, I wouldn't lose the last ten winters on skis out of my life for anything. I would have missed some wonderful days, because I would have stuck to a practice slope most of the time instead of skiing willy-nilly, and I wouldn't know as much about snowcraft and the mountaineering end of it as I have learned through many long scouting trips with Jules Fritsch, when my skiing technique was poor but my endurance and desire to go places were topnotch.

I was one of the slowest pupils on skis that you can imagine, so I do know whereof I speak when I say that people can learn in spite of difficulties. I have seen a few worse beginners in my life, but not many. As I look back, it seems to me that I was always floundering in the snow, but I loved skiing and refused to give up, although my husband, who had begun a season before I did, has told me since that he had no expectation that I would ever learn. I hope that may encourage some of you! I am not a speedy or an expert skier today, but I do get around, thanks to my persistence, and (Continued on page 27

Upski at Badger Pass; Ski House in background

Modern Innocence Abroad

A Letter from Howard Allen to His Mother

(Newspaper Clipping)

Exciting days are these for Howard Allen and his sister, Miss Elizabeth Allen, who have been in Europe for some months but are now in Rio de Janeiro.

Miss Allen left home last fall to study in New York City for six months before going to France in time for Easter in Paris. Later she visited Italy, Greece, Russia, and Finland, thence going to Bergen in Norway.

Howard Allen, who graduated from Tamalpais High School in June, sailed for France on a French freighter July 27, arriving August 22.

After spending two days in Paris he started for the German border, four days before war was declared, traveling on a train that carried mostly French troops. Arrived at the border he, with one other Norwegian boy, entrained on a train carrying German soldiers across Germany. He joined his sister at Bergen, whence they flew on a Scandinavian amphibian plane to North Cape, the extreme northern point of Europe. There they took a Norwegian boat for Spitzbergen, a group of islands 10 degrees south of the north pole. Returning to Stockholm by train, the boat having been ordered back by the government, they went to Bergen, whence they sailed on September 27 for Rio de Janeiro, where they will make an extended stay.

September 5, 1939.

Dear Family:

Well, to begin with, Beth and I decided that there was going to be a war —and to see some more of Europe would be difficult if we didn't go North. We found that there was a ship sailing from Tromso on the 29th of August—that was the next day. The only way we could get to Tromso so quickly as that was to fly. We made the great decision and got our tickets (a reduction) at 5:30 a. m. August 29th, two shivering figures were seen making their way along the cobbles of Bergen—they were we. We went to the airport half an hour too soon—just to be in time. The planes were seaplanes and very large. (It is the only seaplane route in Europe.) The flight was marvelous over those huge mountains, fjords and ice packs. We stopped at seven different places. It was like a beautiful "shoot-the-shoots" coming down to land in some little fjord or mountain lake. We flew from 7:00 a. m. until 4:20 p. m. and in that time crossed the Arctic Circle. When we got out of the plane at Tromso did we know it!!!

Tromso is a pretty good size place—as big as Belvedere, or rather about as many people. We met Bob Ransom, who had spent eight days at the Sailors' Rest waiting for this ship to sail for the frozen North.

Here we got on the good ship "Lyngen" (about the size of the old Marin). This boat was the last going up to Svalsbard to bring supplies to the trappers there. We left at 7:30 p. m. and left the fjord to go along the coast to Hammerfest (where we arrived the next day). Then to Nord Cape—the very tip of Europe. Then the ship stuck its nose out into the cold, wet Greenland Sea. For the next day or so things were a little difficult to recall. All I know is that the sea was rather rough—the air rather chilled, and that my bunk wouldn't stay still.

When we were at Tromso Bee and I bought long "undies" and wool sox, which were a good investment.

You better get out the maps to see where we have been. We passed Bear Island. Was it bare—only snow. This same night we saw the lower tip of Svalbard far ahead. All we could see was a cone of white snow sparkling in the weak sunlight—but it looked enchanting just the same.

At 1:00 a. m. the next morning we called at our first port, Hounsund, to drop supplies at the radio station there. The bay was full of ice and the sun (which was shining at 1:30 a. m.) sparkled and glistened on every bit of ice and snow.

Beth, Bob and I are the only so-called passengers on board. There are a couple of trappers on board but they don't count.

That night we called at Longyear ben (city). It is the largest place up here and was founded by the American, Longyear. He found coal in the hills and started a mine which he sold to Norway at the start of the Great War (1914). There are about 200 people here, all miners. Also there is a radio station where we sent a wire to tell you that we were safe and had passage home if war became too serious. (Hope you got it.)

Here we went to see some dogs (team dogs) at a house. Gosh! what

"Woogie" in comparison to an Iceland high-bred dogteam leader.

brutes. They would put "Woogie" to shame. They were fighting over a piece of dried fish—what a life.

We have an ice pilot on board who was with Byrd in the Antarctic a year or so ago. He's a swell guy and speaks English the best of any on board.

The next morning at 1:02 a. m. we were up to see another place. We had come into a small bay called Sassen Bay. Every time we come into a small cove or bay it is very hard to sleep

because there is so much ice on the water that we are always smacking into a "baby burg" and when you are down below sleeping it sounds as though the darn things are going to poke their heads through the side and climb in bed.

At this Sassen Bay there was just a little house on the rocky shore at the edge of an ice field. Beth, Bob and I piled into a long boat and went ashore with a load of supplies. We helped unload the boat. After it was all unloaded we went into the house.

It was very nice and looked just as any other house does only it has double walls and windows. There were potted plants inside. As you enter there is a small closet that you step into. You shut the main door behind you and then open the door ahead of you and step into the kitchen. This little room is to cut down the cold air that enters the house. We were greeted by the trapper who lived there. His name is Hilmar Nois and he is very famous. He has been on various Arctic Explorations and searched for Amundsen when he was lost. Nois has been a trapper here for 23 years and has a large dog team. His leader came up on the ship with us and would growl all night. They gave us coffee and a glass of very good Dutch beer and cake. He has a radio in the house and is able to keep in touch with the outside world all year. After this we wandered around outside, walking across the frozen tundra and gathered a bunch of Arctic flowers of which I pressed some and am enclosing a few.

We said goodby to the trapper and went back to the ship. Probably we were the last people to see this quay till the ice breaker comes to bring him supplies next year. He lives here all winter through the darkness for four solid months, trapping foxes and shooting seal and bear.

Skins are very cheap here. A seal skin costs about $1.00 and a bear skin about $5.00. By the way—when we were in Hommund we shot a seal. The sailors brought it on board, skinned and salted the meat. We see all sorts of Arctic bird life. They are very different from those birds at home but seem to be of the same families, i.e. sea gull, sparrow and duck. A couple of birds have bumps on their noses and look cross-eyed at you. Most are very tame and swim around the boat and quack in Norwegian.

Arctic Whatsit.

Each day we prowl around the fjords of ice and come into the beautiful little coves where some lonely trapper has stowed himself away to hunt foxes. The beaches are strewn with wood which the trappers use for the fire. There are no trees on Svalbard—most of the wood drifts from Siberia because the currents set down from that part of the world. Svalbard (English-Spitsbergen) is a mixture of Jaelandish and Nordski which means cold shore. I can see where the word came from.

The ship had planned to go as far north as possible to see how far south the ice pack has come, but as we reached the north tip of Svalbard we got a radio message to come back to Norway because the "Lyngen" is a government ship and is needed as coast guard service.

Each night we keep all lights concealed for fear of subs—on the way up a Russian sub was sighted—cruising about the lower tip of Bear Island.

I have made a map of the course of the "Lyngen" and you can see about what I am talking. We didn't go up to the pack ice but we saw plenty of ice just the same. After going around the north end of Svalbard we retraced our steps and came back down to Longyearbyen. We came within six hundred miles of the North Pole, about the distance from San Francisco to Los Angeles, a short trip by train. We couldn't make it because it was rather late in the year.

We are now on the way back to Norway where we will go down into Sweden to Stockholm where I can get my visé to South America. Oh, I thought Bee might have told you. We have made reservations on a Nordski ship going to Rio. You will know exactly what we are going to do by the time that this letter gets to you. We didn't know if we could take this ship and at the present time we still don't, but tomorrow we will arrive at Tromso where we will get a letter from the Consul telling us what to do and how to do it. This darn war. Golly, all the swell kids that I met both French, English, and German who are bound to die in the war. You in America, probably, get a better and less affected flow of news than we do; besides we have a hard time understanding Norwegian. Oh, well, we have kept perfectly safe and will continue to do so.

As we go south from the Ice we are getting much warmer tonight. Bob, Bee and I are sitting in a cabin talking and reading and it has gotten so warm that we have stripped down to the long undies. We have tons of books—some about Svalbard and the north lands, several mysteries and a new on politics and Hitler, etc.—i.e. Mussolini's Roman Empire by Garratt and Grey Steel.

You can't imagine what a marvelous time we are having—all the darn people you meet, especially up here—mostly engineers, scientists, and trappers, all are as interested in hearing about California in exchange for stories of this part of the world.

Of course we are heartbroken to have to leave Europe. I didn't even get a chance to see France or Italy, let alone England and Scotland or the Central Europe, but just the same what I have seen has been worth it all and I don't feel too badly.

We live mostly on fish, of course there are various types of fish, but when they are boiled all types taste alike and all food is boiled in this neck of the woods, or at least on board the "Lyngen." It's not so bad as all that but at times it does get a little dull. Steady diet of fish is good for the brain they say but I don't know much about that sort of thing.

I found out that the temperature is 10 degrees above 0 degrees, that is, 10 degrees C. Here I am sitting in my shirt sleeves—golly—that ice sure turned my blood to oil.

We are going to save our long undies and drop them over the side as we cross the Equator (that is if we cross it).

Well, that's about all. We arrive at Tromso tomorrow and from there we will do whatever the consul tells us to do, so fear not, we won't do anything we shouldn't—no sir, not us.

This letter might not come in with the others in proper order because of the war, but I hope you get it just the same.

I miss you and can hardly wait to get some letters from home which I hope are in Bergen.

So loads of love,

Your Son, Brother, Nephew, etc.

This is to be added to the other letter. I didn't mail the letter because there is no mail service from here, that is if I wait for a few days till we arrive at Stockholm and mail it there you would receive it sooner.

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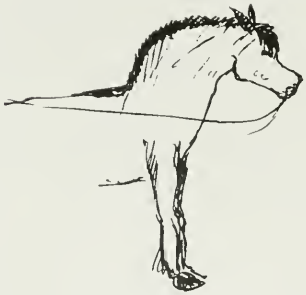
In the Heart of Chinatown

My second visit to Tromso is even better than the first. We (Bee, Bob and I) are sitting in a cafe, writing and looking out the windows at the people. The Lapps are thick here. What fabulous people. They are so short yet they wear so darn much that they look like

Lapps — The faces have a mixture of Russian and Chinese look. All are very bowlegged, boots turn up at end—usually carrying a very dead fish.

balls of rags. There isn't much to write about but I'll draw some of the things that go by. The horses are on the Mongolian style—mostly a light bay, with high, stiff mane and thick neck and



Thick neck—stiff mane—thin muzzle
Rear not any different from other horses

thin muzzles. They only have two gaits —stop and gallop — a cart with two wheels comes thundering down behind you and whizzes by with a snort—that's the usual procedure. If you almost get hit everyone bursts out laughing—if you do get hit half the town would come down with laughing fits—the kids giggle at everything (very happy people).

We had planned to take a bus from here part way to Stockholm, but they told us that the bus service wasn't running now because they have no drivers (very strange people). We are waiting for a boat that can make the proper connections with the train that arrives in Stockholm three days from now.

I have written to all sorts of people (i.e. Mr. Wood, Marge R.) so I feel that I have kept up my correspondence.

I would like to know what has happened to the struggle buggy. I sure could use it up here in the land of few drivers. I haven't gotten any letters from home since Paris where I picked up Beth's mail and there was the letter that I had mailed before leaving home (the one Dad wrote that famous Sunday).

Riding bicycles up here is as common as everywhere else in Europe, yet to see some dignified old gent come toot-

Fish dinner in rear.

ing home after work on his bike with the daily fish strapped to the back.

Fish, as I must have said, is the main food of the whole nation. But the food is good with lots of milk. Norge is the first place I have found that has really good cake—we just had a few slices for lunch with milk.

We noticed that Norge is the land of many babies—almost every woman is dragging a few behind her, while she pushes some more before her. The children are very quiet and always look healthy as a bear. Little babies are bundled up in loads of knitted things, all neatly embroidered and with pretty designs. After they bundle them all up the poor kids can't walk a step—all they can do is waddle around and coo.

Well we decided to mail the letter from here so—

So long

Love, Howie.

(Continued from page 12)

everything properly, we discover that the lowly vegetable can vie with nature's finest flowers.

If our dinner is to be informal we have still a wider range from which to choose. We are no longer limited by our table linen. Most attractive place doilies may be made from a combination of different colored kindergarten construction paper, cutting each color a little smaller than the one beneath, thus producing a border effect. The Chinese papers, too, are at hand, including the gold and silver ones.

The containers for our arrangement need not be of as fine material. We may use just a bright, new cake tin from the five and ten stores, or, perhaps a wooden chopping bowl, or even no container at all, making our fruit and vegetable arrangement simply massed on a big paper paper doily.

We can be very informal and have our centerpiece an arrangement suggesting a story, somewhat on the idea of the Japanese sand tray pictures. A Pilgrim Father scene might be made using a few rocks with some bits of foliage for trees, "their giant branches tossed." Log cabins out of twigs are not hard to build and Puritans may be cut out of paper. A source of rocks is near at hand at Hunter's Point, lovely gray green ones of all shapes.

But whether our dinner is a formal one for twenty or a cosy one for six, our decoration will be a success only if we know a few simple rules of form and color. The human eye is a very temperamental organ. When it sees just two colors it has a peculiar habit of seesawing from one to the other, getting no satisfaction out of either. Add a third hue of the right value and intensity and the eye has a stepping stone from one to the other and begins to enjoy its journey. The eye has a jaded appetite. It finds equal areas of color monotonous. Give it a graded sequence of amounts and it travels happily from one to the other. It likes one color to be dominant and the rest to be subordinate. So, in making our Thanksgiving table decoration let us bear these facts in mind and choose materials that go in easy steps from light to dark and from hue to hue.

When it comes to the form or shape of our arrangement, we find again that the eye has certain characteristics. It does not like to be confused. It demands that one form be dominant. The closer that shape is to the basic forms of the sphere, the cylinder and the cone, the more satisfied it is.

Everything we see is made of lines,

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mass or dot or a combination of them. In a successful decoration one of these predominates and the others are subordinate. A good example of an arrangement in which line is the most important factor is the Japanese one of three flowers, known as "Heaven, Earth and Man." But if you look at one of these arrangements you will see always something added to give mass and dot—sometimes a small, low grouping of leaves or flowers for mass and perhaps a few pebbles for dots.

Another quality of the eye must be borne in mind. It likes to enter a composition, travel an orderly course and come back to its starting point. We must take this into consideration in the contour of our arrangement and in any repeats of color that we may use.

The study of form and color can take a lifetime but if we use these few principles we shall find that we have entered the path of beauty and may decorate our tables for dimes instead of dollars.

San Francisco Symphony

■ A season of surpassing financial return as well as artistic brilliance for the twenty-eighth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, is forecast by the heavy early advance sale of season tickets.

A flood of season seat reservations poured in immediately following release of the opening announcement, according to Business Manager Howard K. Skinner, with the steady flow of orders since registered piling up an early total greater than any former season.

A series of 12 Friday afternoon and Saturday night concert pairs make up the regular subscription season in Memorial Opera House. Conductor Pierre Monteux, on the stand for his fifth season, will introduce a brilliant galaxy of guest artists.

Dates and guest artists of the concerts are: December 8-9, opening concert; December 15-16, Igor Stravinsky, guest conductor; January 5-6, orchestral program; January 19-20, Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist; January 26-27, Jascha Heifetz, violinist; February 9-10, Jussi Bjoerling, tenor; February 16-17, orchestral program.

Guest soloist for March 8-9 will be Alex Templeton, pianist; March 15-16, orchestral program; March 29-30, Carlos Chavez, guest conductor; April 12-13, Walter Gieseking, pianist; April 19-20, closing concert featuring the Coolidge Quartet.

How Ships Are Served

■ On the way below, the Mate pokes his head into the radio shack. "Hey, Sparks," he calls, "don't forget to get us some books." The Radio Operator grins. He knows there will be plenty of "beefs" from the entire crew if he doesn't have a new library on board when the ship is out at sea again.

He takes the postal card which he finds thumb-tacked to the lid of the Green Box and lills in the blank spaces indicating where the ship will dock and how long she will be in port. Remembering the mess boy's request for "Gone With the Wind," and that an oiler had wanted a Spanish grammar, he makes a note of these on the card which he will mail as soon as the ship docks.

At the office of the American Merchant Marine Library Association, this card is turned over to the Librarian, who uses considerable care to be sure that the two books which have been requested are included, and also in the selection of the remainder of the forty books which go into the ship library. Some of the men will be accustomed to reading very little, others will be well read, and their reading tastes and abilities will vary widely. Historical and social novels must be included as well as murder mysteries and westerns. In order that the selection will be well rounded, each library contains at least one book in each of the major fields of knowledge.

The books are packed in a Green Box, as illustrated, which has been repainted and overhauled since its last trip to sea. Literature supplied by the United States Public Health Service, and Manuals for Citizenship provided by the Daughters of the American Revolution are placed in each library. Every crew library contains a Bible and a copy of "The Seamen's Handbook for Shore Leave" by Mrs. Henry Howard. The latter is published by the Association and is sold both to seamen and the public for 50 cents, a price which barely covers the cost of publication.

Each of the seven port offices of the Association sends in a weekly report to Headquarters showing in detail the work accomplished, ships served, etc. While a ship may receive service at any port office, each ship is assigned to a particular port. Most of the services are regular to the point of being automatic.

A sustaining member of the Association's $35 will equip one ship with four libraries in a year, or one lighthouse for a year. Your contribution is deductible from income tax returns. Every American should contribute to the building up of the American Merchant Marine.

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The Balance of Power

(Verses written by Adrian Ross. First sung forty years ago in a comic opera.)

You take some States not less than three,
We'll call them A and B and C;
Not Russia, France or Germany
But each a simple letter;
Supposing A should buy a gun
Then B must purchase more than one
And C who will not be outdone,
Must go a cannon better.

Now A if not entirely mad,
Another gun or so will add,
As many as the others had,
Until he overtops them,
And B and C will purchase more,
Exactly as they did before,
And heap up implements of war
Till lack of money stops them.

And this is the Balance of Power,
Humanity's loveliest flower;
If we were not afraid
Of the guns we have made,
We should all be at war in an hour!
The war-clouds may threaten and lower
But never will burst in a shower,
For we haven't the cash
To do anything rash,
Upsetting the Balance of Power.

Now B, on some convenient day,
Will make a secret league with A,
In which they practically say,
They'll go for C together.
The secret, being one of State,
Is certain to evaporate,
And C may soon anticipate
Extremely sultry weather.

Then C his neighbors will fatigue
With patriotic, base intrigue,
Until he makes a secret league
With each of both the others,
So any two to fight are loath,
Because the third is bound by oath
To fight against and for them both,
As enemies and brothers!

And this is the Balance of Power
Diplomacy's climax and flower;
If we did not surmise
We were all telling lies,
We should all be at war in an hour,
The war-clouds may threaten and lower
But never will burst in a shower,
For we cannot depend
On a foe or a friend,
When it comes to the Balance of Power

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Swim AT THE CLUB

for Thanksgiving
Give

See's
Oldtime Home Made
CANDIES

Lights Out

(Continued from page 13)

those sisters whose artistic skill and imagination have made them as successful workers in flowers as are other artists whose names and fame rest upon their success in other media. For royalty from many lands—for princes and presidents, for distinguished women and for just plain folk, Miss Isabelle Worn and her sister, Mrs. Perry, outdid themselves—beyond which there is no greater praise! Materials with which to work comprised no mean part of the Club's floral decoration—and from the gardens and estates of various members of the Club, Board of Directors and the Women's Board, came endless supplies of California's most beautiful shrubs and flowers.

The members of the Women's City Club will feel an added pride in the realization that our beloved President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, was a constant assistant of Miss Worn in making of the Club a spot of floral beauty.

The Exposition's achievements by women include one of the most notable pieces of cooperation and volunteer service which could be found anywhere. In the Hall of Flowers—the building erected of a new construction material—we demonstrated a new spirit among men and women, expressed in their common love of flowers and their nine-months' long display of the choicest and rarest of specimen blooms. Under the superb direction of Miss Jean Boyd of the San Francisco Garden Club and Mrs. Marie Kelly, aided by indefatigable chairmen from neighboring counties and from distant places, the Hall of Flowers will remain an inimitable part of the history of Treasure Island.

So also will the unique Recreation Building and its environs, where San Francisco's Josephine Randall as director, with her assistants, presented throughout the period of the Exposition a new conception of the philosophy and practice of recreation in a changing world.

Indeed, to write of the part played by women and women's organizations in the success of the Golden Gate International Exposition demands that recognition be given to the two years' service to the Exposition rendered by the Club as a whole. Through the invaluable publicity and promotion work afforded by the pages of its Magazine, consistently over a period of more than twenty months, the Women's City Club Magazine has presented to its readers the story of various aspects of the Exposition as they unfolded. Through group attendance on Club rambles, and through the presentation of programs covering persons and exhibits in the Pageant of the Pacific has the National League for Woman's Service borne a generous share of the community responsibility for making a success of our Exposition.

Other groups aided as well—state organizations through their officers and units, hospitality committees of city and county women, along lines reaching to and from Treasure Island — all had a part.

Lights out — in the Administration Building as elsewhere — but there last of all. For in four rooms looking out over Treasure Garden—and across the Port of the Trade Winds—was centered the work of the Women's Board of the Exposition—that group of nine women who through three years planned and wrought—continually giving their time and strength, their money and their effort to the Exposition they loved.

Feeling a deep responsibility for women's part in preparing and maintaining the jewel which was Treasure Island—a conscience for keeping alight the flame of beauty which shone on the rippling waters of San Francisco Bay—willing always to carry more than their share of the load, their work accomplished as the bugler sounded Taps.

One could almost have wished he had added a "ruffle" for the women of the Exposition and the Women's Board. It would have made a pleasant echo down through the years!

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HATS

The Millinery this season fills everyone with optimism. For it means that not only have we "clicked" with the smart new styles, but everyone, it seems, can wear them . . . from the puffed velvet trimmings in front or back to suit your type to the hand-knitted or velvet snoods.

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The League Shop

National League Library Service

■ "The time has come" to give serious thought to making that all-important book list for Christmas. There is fine and varied material to be had and the following list merely suggests but a few of the important fall books. These, and any others you have in mind, may be ordered through the Library.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS; Louis Bromfield. $3.00. This fat volume contains three full-length novels, two novelettes and four short stories. None of this material has ever been published before in book form in America.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY; A. A. Milne. $3.00. The creator of Christopher Robin tells the story of his own life with all the charm and humor one would expect.

IMPERIAL TWILIGHT; Bertita Harding. $3.50. Bertita Harding continues her dual biographies of the ill-fated House of Hapsburg with the tale of Karl and Zita of Hungary.

IT'S A WOMAN'S BUSINESS; Estella Hamburger. $2.50. One of the most important woman executives in the merchandising fields gives not only an inside story of the workings of the great stores, but also a lively account of the mystery behind women's styles and fashions.

THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM; Hermann Raushning. $3.00. A former president of the Danzig Senate tells of his disillusionment with Nazi tactics and warns the world of Hitler's destructive aims.

HARDLY A MAN IS NOW ALIVE; Dan Beard. $3.00. A perfect gift for boys of all ages is this life of Dan Beard, woodsman, artist, conservationist and founder of the "Boy Scout." The illustrations are the author's own and will be treasured for their skill, humor and undeniable charm.

THOREAU; Henry Seidel Canby. $3.75. No previous book has given us anything like so varied a picture of one of the most impressive native thinkers and writers that New England has produced.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S STORY; George Biddle. $4.00. While this book will be read for its critical and even for its historical values, it remains what it is called, a story — richly spread, lively, substantial.

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES: FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE PRESENT DAY; Thomas Craven. $10.00. Mr. Craven has prepared this beautiful book for the layman and nothing could be more direct, more lucidly informative, than his brief introduction and the page of comment with which he faces each one of his 144 plates.

SHAKESPEARE; Mark Van Doren. $3.00. A poet-scholar reinterprets the familiar dramas and gives them new meaning.

A VICTORIAN IN THE MODERN WORLD; Hutchins Hapgood. $5.00. Hutchins Hapgood gives new glimpses of a bright world that seems increasingly interesting and important, as the future grows darker.

ESCAPE; Ethel Vance. $2.50. In this haunting novel, the characters are fighting for something integral within themselves, something more precious than love or even life, and this makes the book, already so admirable a tale of adventure in itself, profoundly exciting.

ARARAT; Elgin Groseclose. $2.50. Ararat is one of those books that people are going to argue about, puzzle over, attack and defend, and remember. It is the work of a thoughtful and civilized mind, of a man who can tell a rapid and exciting story and yet make ideas as exciting as physical adventure.

MAID OF SARK; Sibyl Hathaway. $2.50. The story is retold by Mrs. Hathaway from an old French text. The book is illustrated with color plates from paintings by J. M. V. Turner and with halftone reproductions of island scenes, and there is also a map of the island. It is a telling evocation of a beautiful and unique corner of the world.

LET THE RECORD SPEAK; Dorothy Thompson. $2.75. This is Dorothy Thompson's long view of the storm that threatens democracy.

THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL; Stanley Vestal. $3.00. Allowing us to watch these wagon trains traverse the Trail, he has stopped at key points to tell the stories which gave them their meaning.

Juvenile

MINNIE THE MERMAID; Tom and Elizabeth Orton Jones. 75 cents. Hilarious and fanciful nursery tale with many pictures in color.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO; Berta and Elmer Hader. $2.00. The little red chick who was hatched in a nest of duck's eggs. Lovely pictures in color and simple text for small readers.

SUSIE MARIAR; Lois Lenski. $1.00. A gay picture book describing Susie's progress from "frying pan to fire."

FRANCIE ON THE RUN; Hilda Von Stockum. $2.00. The adventures of a little Irish boy who started for home but went the wrong way.

MR. SCRUNCH; Helen and Alf Evers. $1.00. Discover the amazing inventions that Mr. Scrunch manufactured for the comfort and convenience of the animals on his farm.

PEANUT BUTTER'S SLIDE; Grace Paull. $1.00. A picture book full of contagious humor about Sport and Skinny and Peanut Butter (the goat), who all took a tremendous delight in sliding down things.

DANIEL BOONE; Sanlord Tousey. 50 cents. The life of the frontiersman in word and pictures for young people.

OH SUSANNAH; Ruth Holberg. $1.50. A little girl of the frontier town of Minneapolis of the 1870's goes on a visit to her great-grandmother in Vermont.

ALL ABOUT DAVID; Elizabeth Mifflin Boyd. $1.50. David is a real American boy who has exciting times in an everyday world.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY; Edwin Way Teale. $2.00. A comprehensive book on photography, including taking pictures, developing, printing, and enlarging, enlivened by many anecdotes.

CONQUESTS OF SCIENCE; Ray Compton and Charles S. Nettels. $1.75. Boys and girls will get through this book personal experiences of scientists. Though each selection is short, common properties of enthusiasm and the scientific spirit give the book an effect of continuous narrative.

KANGUK: A BOY OF BERING STRAIT; William Albee. $2.00. This is a first-hand report on primitive life in the Far North, coming straight from one who lived it.

CIRCUS SHOES; Noel Streatfeild. $2.00. If you intend to read aloud to the children this winter, this book will entertain the entire family.

MOXIE AND HANTY AND BUNTY; Margot Austin. $1.00. These naive drawings and simple, tender little scenes of farm life in Oregon are straight out of a child's world.

LET'S GO OUTDOORS; Harriet E. Huntington. $2.00. These handsome photographs of small outdoor animals found in almost any garden or backyard are fine introductions to nature study.

GUIDEPOSTS OF THE SEA; Irving Conklin. $2.00. The force of pure fact properly presented proves itself in these well-chosen photographs and plain text making clear the most interesting features of certain modern aids to navigation.

THE GIANT WHO LIKED CHOCOLATE CAKE; Estella H. Lane. $1.50. Mrs. Lane is a born story-teller and these twenty-one briel tales are refreshingly new.

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Catering Department

Women's City Club

GArfield 8400

A Page of Holiday Recipes from the Women's City Club Dining Room

■ Our Club is noted for its delicious food as well as for the exquisite charm of its Clubhouse, making it an ideal place in which its members may entertain, either for large and formal functions or for the smaller, informal affairs. This month we have prepared some recipes which are especially suitable for this season of the year, reduced in quantity for home serving.

AVOCADO RING

1¼ tablespoons gelatine
3 tablespoons cold water
¼ cup boiling water
2 large or 3 medium avocados
2½ tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cayenne
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
4½ tablespoons mayonnaise
3 cups whipped cream

Soak gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in boiling water. Rub avocados through a sieve and add lemon juice to them. Add remaining seasonings and combine this with the whipped cream. Fold in the dissolved gelatine. Place in a ring mold and place on ice for 3 or 4 hours. Serve with strips of avocados and grapefruit sections. Serve French Dressing with this.

TURKEY CROQUETTES

3 cups finely minced turkey (cooked)
½ cup rice (cooked)
Juice of ½ lemon
Slice of onion, minced
Sprig of parsley, minced
Beaten egg
Cracker crumbs
3 tablespoons sweet cream or gravy
black pepper
Cayenne
Salt
Hot lard or olive oil

Mix the minced turkey, rice and cream together; add the lemon juice, onion, parsley, pepper and salt; make in any shape desired; dip in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry in hot lard. Note: If the egg is beaten with a tablespoon of water, the croquettes can be dipped much more easily. Serve with cream sauce and cranberries.

CRANBERRY SAUCE
(25 Servings)

2¼ lbs. sugar—1½ quarts water—3 lbs. cranberries

Boil sugar and water together five minutes. Add cranberries and boil, without stirring until all the skins pop open Remove from fire and allow the sauce to remain in the vessel until cool.

BAKED HAM

1 ham—(10 to 12 lbs.)
1 cup brown sugar
6 tart apples
1 tablespoon cloves
2 tablespoons celery seed

Cover ham with cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point and boil ten minutes; discard cooking water. Cover just to the top with cold water, add other ingredients and cook slowly until tender, about three hours, except for some of the new type partially cooked hams. (The manufacturers state cooking times on the labels of these hams.) Remove from fire and let cool in cooking water. Lift out of cooking water, skin, stick fat surface with cloves. Pat in brown sugar and bake one hour, in moderate oven, 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Baste occasionally with fruit juices, cider or gingerale.

PUMPKIN PIE

1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup boiling water
⅞ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1¼ cups strained, cooked or canned pumpkin
1 cup evaporated milk
3 tablespoons orange juice

Make a smooth paste of the spices and water. Add with the sugar, salt and beaten eggs to the pumpkin. Stir to blend thoroughly, then add milk. Heat over boiling water to the scalding point, add orange juice and pour immediately into a hot, baked unpricked pie shell. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes, then reduce to a slow oven (300° F.) and bake until filling is just set. Baking requires about 25 minutes. Yield: 1 pie.

TO BAKE AN UNPRICKED PIE SHELL

In order to bake a crust that will maintain its shape without having been pierced with small holes, line one pie tin with the pastry and place another pie tin of the same size on top. Bake upside down in a hot oven (425° F.) for about ten minutes. Pre-baked shells for pumpkin or custard pies are prepared in this manner.

Women Should Ski

(Continued from page 15)

I can take credit for starting a number of better skiers than I shall ever be, and for exploring many of our present runs.

For myself, I like to go back into the ski-school classes; I like to feel that I can do things a shade better than I could a month ago, and that enough skill will carry me on through the fifties surely, through the sixties perhaps, still getting pleasure and exhilaration from that finest of all sports.

My hope in respect to skiing is not that in those years I shall be able to race down the harder and harder courses that will develop. Downhill running is the essence of skiing to many, I know, and I am keen about it even though I haven't the skill and the complete lack of fears and inhibitions that lets these youngsters take everything regardless of consequences. Ten years from now, however, I should like still to be able to take a leisurely tour through the Yosemite Sierra—where I hope there will be a series of ski cabins at the present High Sierra Camps. I should like to ski through open meadows where the granular crystals gleam in early morning, past icebound lakes that I know well and over mountain passes, taking a good slope neatly when I find one. I have acquired the taste, and it grows with what it feeds on.

DREAMS

I hoarded little dreams
But the world went by.
My wistful fancy followed
With yearning and a sigh.

My dreams, I said, will serve me
Until the time comes, when
As thistledown they'll scatter
For the fine big deeds of men.

Realities came crowding
The dreams into the past,
With but their echoes living,
Like a song bird in a blast.

For, all the gold men barter,
Of heart and hand and brain,
To drain the dregs of living
Are shot throughout with pain.

And now, with heart grown weary,
I turn with little ruth
From all that men have garnered
To the dear lost dreams of youth.

—Florence R. Keene.

Appreciation

■ Visitors from New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania participating in the International Lawn Bowling Tournament wish to express appreciation and gratitude for the courtesy extended to them by the Women's City Club.

They found it very restful to slip into the quietness of the Club Lounge after a strenuous game of bowls or a complicated money exchange, or a sightseeing trip.

It was indeed an experience unlooked for to luxuriate in the Beauty Salon and cheat time by having a lunch tray while the dryer did its work.

Dinner at the Club had a strong attraction for the men of the party—not only because of being guests of the ladies but the flavor and excellence of the food had a strong appeal.

Sincerely,

Margaret Geddis.

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Bibliography — Current Economic Events

Dr. Paul F. Cadman

THE EASTERN BALTIC

Rothery, Agnes E. Finland. The New Nation. Viking Press. 257pp. 1936.

Though Miss Rothery's book is listed as a travel book, it is such in the best sense of that word. She considers not only the cultural and physical features of the country but also its political and economic conditions. And it is written in very readable style.

Butler, Ralph, The New Eastern Europe. Longmans, Green & Co., London. 1919.

"Caesar knew Gaul better than the Western nations knew Eastern Europe." Mr. Butler begins his book with this quotation. There is a gap in our libraries of literature on the Baltic states. There was one spurt of interest in this region immediately following the War, when the question of boundaries for these new states was being debated. Among the works of that period, is Mr. Butler's whose first chapters: The Fourth Scandinavian State, The New Balticum, The New Lithuania evidence scholarly approach.

The following periodical references are stimulating, if only to show how quickly the international scene shifts and how dangerous is any forecast:

The Baltic States in a Nutcracker. Vera Micheles Dean. Christian Science Monitor. June 24, 1939.

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From a Parchment-Covered Scrap-Book of 1808

■ My dear friend

I send you a set of boxes for your dressing table of valuable ornaments, which I beg you will use constantly, as they are exceedingly becoming, and will I am sure wear well —

A mirror. Humility.
A fine eye water: Benevolence.
A wash to smooth wrinkles: Contentment.
A pair of earrings: Attention.
Best white paint: Innocence.
A life salve: Cheerfulness.
A mixture giving sweetness to the voice: Mildness and Truth.
A general and universal beautifier: Good Humour.
Best rouge: Modesty.

Never rise from your toilet without being adorned with these, and then you will be in a proper dress for any company whatever, and cannot fail of being admired and of appearing lovely

Yours

Proposal for Permanent Pacific House

(Continued from page 11)

national Exposition. What is needed is not an aloof scientific institution, not a static museum, not a social club and not a research library or not an international chamber of commerce for the Pacific, but a combination of all of these elements in a new type of institution, a focal center where all of the interests of the Pacific will meet. The institution must be both a research organization and a promotion enterprise; it must seek out accurate information and see to it that this information is made available to the public. It must be impartial, non-political, democratic, and in its relation with foreign peoples it must adopt an attitude of reciprocity and neighborliness. Above all it must not be a competitor with any existing institutions either in the Bay Area or in the greater Pacific Area, but rather seek to act as a liaison agency between all organizations interested in Pacific problems.

A modest financial expenditure combined with a long-range plan would be sufficient to start a permanent Pacific House. The problem of financing a new institution need not prove a heavy burden if its plan is realized by gradual steps. Fortunately the activities and the collections which seem appropriate for the institution do not require a large expenditure. Possibilities exist for securing federal, state or city appropriations and many of the collections may be donated once the value of the institution is demonstrated.

A permanent building for Pacific House should be located on an accessible site where busy men of large interests will enjoy dropping in for frequent visits or the public find the building sufficiently convenient for daily use. The charm of Pacific House on Treasure Island, with its lagoon location, emphasizes the advantages of sufficient space so that the building may have planting and possibly a lagoon or reflecting basin around it. Such a setting would greatly enhance the effectiveness of a building devoted to the presentation of the cultures and resources of the Pacific.

The building itself in accordance with contemporary ideas of institutional planning should be a functional, fireproof structure depending on fine proportion for its dignity and beauty rather than on costly ornamentation. It should be flexible and have sufficient area for extensive future development.

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The entrance or orientation hall of the new Pacific House would offer a dramatic setting for the series of colorful mural maps created for the Exposition These were all prepared on movable units and executed in permanent materials, so that they could be completely salvaged. With the oval terracotta fountain showing the geography of the area, the colorful glass map of the trade routes and the series of mural maps showing the flora and fauna, peoples, economy, art, housing, transportation, exploration and countries, this hall would become a focal point of interest for visitors.

One of the unique attractions at the Golden Gate International Exposition is the representative collection of Pacific Basin Arts gathered by Doctor Langdon Warner for the Fine Arts Palace. This collection is composed of loan material which must be returned The Bay Area should have a permanent collection of this type. An advantage of specializing in this field of art is that most of it is still available for purchase at a comparatively reasonable price, whereas European art, especially in the field of the Old Masters, is so costly as to be beyond the range of all but the most wealthy institutions. The careful assembling of a permanent collection of Pacific Area art at this time while prices are moderate, would be a far-sighted investment for the future. Educationally it would appeal to the public imagination and would lead to sympathetic understanding of Pacific cultures. Tolstoy has defined art as a universal language —as such the art collection might be used as an effective means of communication between the United States and the peoples of the Pacific.

Another group of collections which has never been brought together for the Pacific Area as a whole relates to the scientific field. The new Pacific House should have good summary collections of the geology, paleontology zoology and botany of the entire Pacific region. Such collections would form the basis for an intensive scientific study of the area and many features of them would be of definite commercial value. They would be the foundation for research in the resources of Pacific countries.

To be of maximum value to business men engaged in foreign trade, Pacific House should have commercial collections presenting the typical products and raw materials of each country. Many of the foreign pavilions in the Pacific Area at the Golden Gate Exposition have shown such collections and they have proved a far more vivid way of interesting buyers in foreign commodities than the printed word or the salesman. This feature of Pacific House, if properly developed, might ultimately pay the entire investment in commercial returns.

This rapid sketch of the collections appropriate to a permanent Pacific House has included art, science and commerce under one roof. To really understand the Pacific Area we need to know something of all these aspects and their important interrelations. There are institutions which study special subjects and limited portions of the Pacific region. The unique feature of Pacific House would be the presentation of the area from all angles and the attempt to synthesize the collections so as to reveal their reciprocal influences. The collections at Pacific House would summarize and correlate what other institutions present in part and in detail. The purpose would be to present a dramatic outline of the complex story of the whole Pacific.

One of the most popular sections of Pacific House has been the library. Contrary to expectation, visitors have flocked to this not only as an exhibit but as a research center. There is no library in the Bay Area which specializes in books on the Pacific: moreover, the state is weak in foreign-language libraries dealing with the Pacific Area. The new Pacific House should have everything that is printed on the region, not only in English but in Russian, Japanese, Chinese, French, Dutch and Spanish, with competent librarians capable of making rapid and accurate English abstracts for the use of American scholars and business men. A good library would be indispensable for scientific and commercial research, for building up effective art and science collections and for keeping track of the cultural contributions of foreign nations.

In order to endow Pacific House with an atmosphere which would have more public appeal than the average museum or library, the building might have certain club features, such as a comfortable lounge an excellent restaurant and private dining rooms. These social features would make it possible for the institution to entertain distinguished guests from the Pacific Area and if properly managed would pay their own cost without subsidy.

The building should have a moderate-sized auditorium and several classrooms where public addresses, cinema, international dance programs, plays and conferences might be held as a regular public educational program extending throughout the year.

The activities of Pacific House should range from purely scientific to public services. For example, on the scientific side the institution might well be the permanent home of certain scientific organizations with a secretary to keep in touch with the research work carried on in each of the Pacific countries and to correspond with the different scholars in the Area. If funds permitted there would be an unusual opportunity for publication of the contributions of these men in more than one language so that they would be mutually available. Pacific House might well sponsor scientific expeditions to different parts of the area and serve as a clearing house for the findings of these investigators. At present the findings of different expeditions and different explorers are widely scattered and require many months of research to re-discover.

On the popular side Pacific House might act as a non-commercial and hence non-competitive travel bureau advising the public as to itineraries and offering bibliographies which would prepare people to enjoy their travels to the maximum. This service might be made the means of building up a supporting clientele.

The institution that has been outlined would bring to this community scientific, cultural and commercial leadership in the Pacific Area. It would not duplicate the work of any existing institution but would afford an agency in which institutions throughout the Pacific Hemisphere could cooperate and share their important findings. Within a decade or so Pacific House would be able to assemble collections that would attract visitors from all parts of the country who wanted to study the cultures of the Pacific.

This brief outline of the possibilities of Pacific House has purposely omitted all mention of political problems in the Pacific Area. It seems a wise policy for an institution devoted to the cooperative study of the Pacific to deal with objective facts on which men of every nation, political conviction, race or religion may cooperate and to avoid subjects on which there may be partisanship and division of opinion. By emphasizing common interests of Pacific peoples and avoiding issues which divide people a permanent Pacific House might exert a great force for unity in the Pacific Area and lay the foundation for a new era of friendly cooperation among the neighboring countries of the Pacific.

Pursuing this policy the new institution should not operate as a purely American enterprise but as a true Pacific Area undertaking. Wherever possible in its investigations scholars of different nationalities and races should be invited to cooperate. Pacific House would thus have the advantage of drawing on the genius of every nation and race for the purpose of contributing to a wider knowledge of the Pacific Hemisphere. If in its program of research, publication and collecting, the work can be carried on cooperativey Pacific House will demonstrate a new type of internationalism founded on mutual interest and appreciation.

For the San Francisco Bay Area a permanent House would create a new horizon as broad as the Pacific Ocean itself. It would pay back its investment many times in its contribution to pure science, international relations, public education and commerce, and it would retain permanently for this community the pre-eminence in the Pacific Hemisphere which the Golden Gate International Exposition temporarily has brought to it.

Is this recommendation visionary? Not for a community that has successfully staged a fifty million dollar exposition. The plan calls for a modest investment in a part of the exposition that has been tried out and found valuable. The investment required can be small at the start but the plan should be generous and far-sighted. Any money spent by the community becomes a permanent investment of the kind which will repay itself manyfold. The expenditure can be fully justified on the basis of commerce, science, art or education. The question is not whether the recommendation is visionary but whether the community has the vision to create such a cultural center for the Pacific Area.

Thursday Evening Concert

■ Joint Concert by AGNES JARVIS, mezzo-soprano, and FREDERIC SAATMAN, pianist, on November 9th: Miss Jarvis, whose home is in the South, will present a program Thursday evening November 9th, before the Women's City Club and its guests. Miss Jarvis is possessed of a rich, warm voice, and had a good part of her training in Europe, where she sang in concert both on the Continent and in England.

Frederic Saatman, concert pianist, is not unknown to the East Bay and San Francisco. He has appeared at International House, Sacramento Saturday Club, and he concertized on both the Continent and England, besides Australia, New Zealand, and the South American countries.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

DECEMBER
1939
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 11

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
DECEMBER . . . 1939

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday. Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m

DECEMBER, 1939

1— **Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	9:30 to 12:3
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11 a.m
4—**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding	D. R. Annex	6 p.m
5—**SYMPHONY TEA** — Honoring M. and Mme. Pierre Monteux, Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra	American Room	4-6 p.m
Red Cross Sewing	Room 214	1 to 5 p.m
7—**Adult's Swimming Party**—Old Fashioned Bathing Suit Parade. Games and Races. Luncheon following in Cafeteria.	Pool	10:30 a.m
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m
Thursday Evening Program: "Program of dances presented by the Lillian Thomas Studio of the Dance"	Auditorium	8 p.m
8—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	9:30 to 12:3
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11 a.m
12—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	1 to 5 p.m
13—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m
Book Review Dinner: Mrs. T. A Stoddard will read humorous and delightful selections from a new "surprise" Book	Natl. Def. Room	6:15 p.m
14—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m
Pre-Christmas Luncheon—$1.25. Christmas Carols will be sung during luncheon hour. Please make reservations in advance.	Main Dining Room	1 p.m
Pre-Christmas Luncheon — Eighty-five Cents.	Cafeteria	1 p.m
French Round Table—Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m
Pre-Christmas Dinner—$1.25, preceding Christmas Program. Please make reservations in advance.	Main Dining Room	6:30 p.m
Adult's Christmas Program: Christmas Carols by Trinity Choir. Christmas Play, "The Other Wise Man" — Mrs. Hugh Brown	Auditorium	8 p.m
15—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	9:30 to 12:30
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11 a.m.
16—**Children's Christmas Toy Tea**—Oakland Junior League will present "Cinderella," Christmas Tree and Santa Claus. Admission, Seventy-five Cents, including refreshments.	Auditorium	2:30 p.m.
18—**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding	D. R. Annex	6 p.m.
19—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	1 to 5 p.m.
21—**French Round Table** — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table — Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
22—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	9:30 to 12:30
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11 a.m.
25—**Christmas Day Dinner,** $1.50. Please make reservations in advance.	Main Dining Room	2 to 8 p.m.
26—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	1 to 5 p.m.
27—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
28—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
29—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	9:30 to 12:30
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11 a.m.

JANUARY, 1940

1— **Special New Year's Day Dinner,** $1.25—Please make reservations in advance.	Main Dining Room	5 to 8
2—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	1 to 5 p.m.
3—**Drama Reading** — Mrs. Hugh Brown. "The Man Who Came to Dinner" Course tickets, five readings: Members, $2.25; Non-Members, $2.75. Members, single, Fifty-five Cents; Non-Members, Sixty-six Cents, including tax.	Auditorium	10:45 a.m.
4—**Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10 to 4 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	D. R. Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
5—**Red Cross Sewing**	Room 214	9:30 to 12:30
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11 a.m.
6—**Twelfth Night Dinner and Program** — $1.25. Please make reservations in advance	Main Dining Room	6:30 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly
at 465 Post Street

Telephone
GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ SYMPHONY TEA — December 5th, Fourth Floor — In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Monteux, Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Members and guests are invited to attend this annual function, which is given each year in welcome to the beloved leader of the Symphony and those who make this outstanding musical activity possible to San Francisco. Tea, thirty-five cents.

■ COLOR COMPOSITION CLASS: Wana Derge, returning from her sabbatical, will offer classes in Color and Composition beginning January 23rd. These will be followed by and are pre-requisite to Flower Arrangement Classes. This teaching is a fundamental art training and is so brief and practical that it is proving of great value to professionals and at the same time to home people as a cultural study. An exhibit will be held Tuesday, January 16th, 11:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m., in the Club Auditorium. Miss Derge will give talks at 2:00 and 7:15 p. m. Open to the public without fee.

■ CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY — Saturday afternoon, December 16th. Each year our tiny children look forward in anticipation to the Children's Toy Tea, when they are entertained by a delightful program. This year the lovely play "Cinderella" will be given by the Oakland Junior League in the Auditorium at 2:30 o'clock. Program including refreshments, seventy-five cents. Our huge basket will be at the door ready to receive toys for under-privileged children. Each child is requested to bring his gift along with him, wrapped and labeled so that it will reach the proper-aged child intact.

■ RED CROSS — A National League unit of the Red Cross has been established in the Clubhouse with Miss Alicia Mosgrove as General Chairman. Miss Catherine Allen is chairman of the knitting group and Miss Stella Huntington chairman of the sewing group. Supplies are available in Room 214, where Miss Allen and Miss Huntington may be contacted every Tuesday afternoon from 1:00 to 4:30 o'clock and every Friday morning from 10:00 to 1:00 o'clock. Sewing is being done in the Clubhouse. Knitting may be taken home. Members interested in this work are asked to come in on these days or if not convenient to register for work at the Information Desk, Fourth Floor, giving available time so that other sections may be formed.

■ DRAMA READINGS — Mrs. Hugh Brown will appear on the first Wednesday of each month in a series of five dramatic readings, presenting the latest New York plays. The first reading, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," is to be held on Wednesday, January 3rd and subsequent readings on each first Wednesday through May. Course tickets are available at $2.25 members and $2.75 non members. Single admission, fifty-five cents and sixty-six cents non-members, tax included. The readings will be held in the Auditorium at 10:45 a. m. Course tickets are transferrable or may be used collectively. On sale at Information Desk, Fourth Floor or at Front Office.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS — Dr. Paul Cadman is to "carry on" in a Spring series of Thursday noon-hour lectures. This course of twelve lectures will open on January 11th and continue through April 11th. Thursdays which fall on George Washington's Birthday (February 22nd) and Maundy Thursday (March 21st) will be omitted, otherwise the dates run consecutively. Course tickets—members, $5.50; non-members, $6.60. Single admission, members, fifty-five cents; non-members, sixty-six cents, including tax. Tickets are available now at Information Desk, Fourth Floor. May we suggest course tickets as Christmas gifts?

■ MEMBERS' CHRISTMAS PROGRAM — Thursday Evening, December 14th, at 8:00 o'clock, Trinity Choir, under the direction of Mr. Benjamin S. Moore, has graciously acceded to our request to sing carols for us. On the same program Mrs. Hugh Brown will read a short Christmas story, "The Other Wise Man." Before this program in the Auditorium our usual pre-Christmas dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room, at 6:30, $1.25 a plate. Please make reservations in advance. Reserved seats in the Auditorium will be held for dinner guests. Members and guests are invited.

■ CHRISTMAS DAY — December 25th, will be celebrated by a Special Dinner which will be served in the Main Dining Room from 2:00 o'clock to 8:00 o'clock. Dinner is $1.50 a plate. If turkey is to be carved at table, $1.75 a plate. Reservations should be made in advance. Private dining rooms will be provided for large groups.

■ NEEDLEWORK GUILD — Will discontinue their meetings for the month of December and will resume them in January, the first meeting to be on the fourth.

■ SPECIAL PRE-CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON will be served in the Main Dining Room and Cafeteria on Thursday, December 14th. Carols will be sung by the choir of the Recreation Commission. Luncheon, Main Dining Room, $1.25 a plate; Cafeteria Luncheon, eighty-five cents. Please make reservations in advance.

■ CHRISTMAS GIFTS — We suggest merchandise orders on our various departments, or scrip books usable in all departments — swimming pool, beauty salon, League Shop, restaurant department or bedrooms. We ask you also to remember that gift books and magazine subscriptions are available in the Library. Give happiness to your friends and bring prosperity to the Club.

■ LEAGUE SHOP — The League Shop is overflowing with lovely and unusual Christmas gifts of all descriptions, and is featuring Patty Charlesworth Candies. An auxiliary display table will be found in the Main Lobby the first days of December, manned by volunteers, so that members may have a clearer idea of the actual variety of gifts which our Shop offers, but which, because of lack of space cannot always be in view. Be an early Christmas shopper and take advantage of this opportunity to select gifts from our new stock.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER — Christmas is coming! Let us pause! Be light-hearted for a brief happy while, in this turbulent world of ours. Let us approach this gay and festive season in a gay and festive mood. As an incentive toward a merry mood, for this month of December, Mrs. T. A. Stoddard plans, chiefly, to entertain. Mrs. Stoddard will read aloud, humorous selections for laughter, and delightful selections for beauty, taken from the "Surprise," the new book chosen for survey. Laughter and joyful adventure in Beauty will be the order of the evening at the Book Review Dinner, Wednesday, December 13, at 6:00 o'clock, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ SYMPHONY TICKETS — The Club, recognizing the unique position of the Symphony Association in the life of San Francisco, decided to show its appreciation by securing two season tickets for the use of its members and guests. These seats are now available upon application at the Executive Office. It is hoped that this will be of particular value to our out-of-town members. The Symphony dates are December 8, 9, 15, and 16; January 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, and 27; February 9, 10, 16, and 17; March 8, 9, 15, 16, 29, and 30; April 12, 13, 19, and 20.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES — Continue uninterruptedly through the Christmas holidays. A valuable Christmas gift suggestion — a course of twelve lessons to some friend eager to study.

■ EMPLOYEES FUND — Notices reminding members of the Employees' Fund have been mailed to the membership. May we urge an early response to this request so that the Christmas Bonus may be distributed promptly. This is the one opportunity which the membership is given each year to show real appreciation of the loyal service of the Women's City Club Staff.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has planned for December 7th a program to be presented by the Lillian Thomas Studio of the Dance.

Miss Thomas, who is a former member of the Hirsh-Arnold Ballet and the San Francisco Opera Ballet, has her studio in Forest Hill and will present some of her pupils on December 7th.

Among the dances will be a ballet entitled "Characters from Storyland," including Puck, Little Women, Alice in Wonderland, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Little Red Riding Hood, Miss Muffet, and Little Bo-Peep.

These programs will be discontinued until January 11th.

■ NOMINATING COMMITTEE — Appointed by the Board of Directors at its last meeting invites suggestions for Board Members. Miss Alicia Mosgrove, Chairman.

■ BEAUTY SALON — When in doubt about Christmas Shopping be sure to remember that our Beauty Salon has a lovely supply of colognes that all dainty women enjoy. Also nourishing hand creams, powders and face creams. Merchandise orders are available and will be accepted on service in the Beauty Salon as well as purchases. Do not fail to have your permanent wave before the holidays.

■ SWIMMING PARTY — On Thursday, December 7th, at 10:30 a. m. a Party for Members and their Guests will be held in the Swimming Pool. Interest will be heightened by a competitive "old fashioned" bathing suit parade, games and races. Wear a relic of "the old swimmin' hole" and come — not to watch but to participate in the fun. Prizes will be given. (No children.)

■ GLOVE MAKING CLASSES — not too late to make a pair of lovely hand-sewn gloves for Christmas. Mrs. Tanbara holds her classes Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:00 o'clock, Thursday evenings at 7:00 o'clock. Instructions, $2.00; material extra.

■ IMPORTED ENGLISH CANDIES — Tea Biscuits, shortbreads, etc., on sale in League Shop or third floor and at front office. Boxed in attractive cartons for Christmas gifts, or in individual packages. Ask to see them.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

—Charles Wesley

December at the Club

SYMPHONY TEA

Tuesday — December 5th — 4 to 6 o'clock
Guests of Honor
MONSIEUR AND MME. PIERRE MONTEUX
and the
Officers and Directors of the Symphony Board
MRS. LENORA WOOD ARMSBY, President
Tea — 35c

★

PRE-CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Thursday — December 14th — Noon
Carols: by the choir of the Recreation Commission
Main Dining Room, $1.25 a plate — Cafeteria, 85c

★

MEMBERS' CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Thursday — December 14th — Special Christmas Dinner
Following the dinner a program in the Auditorium
Reading — by Mrs. Hugh Brown — "The Other Wise Man"
Carols — by Trinity Episcopal Choir, under the direction of
Mr. Benjamin S. Moore

CAROLS

Bell Carol
Up and Sing
Jesu Bambino
Whence Come Ye?
Carol of the Russian Children
The Shepherds' Story
Sleep, My Jesus, Sleep
I Hear Along Our Street
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing
Shepherds' Christmas Song
Bring a Torch, Jeanette Isabella

Dinner, $1.25 a plate

Reserved seats in the Auditorium will be held for dinner guests

★

CHILDREN'S TOY TEA

Saturday — December 16th — 2:30 o'clock
Oakland Junior League will present "Cinderella"—
Santa Claus and Christmas Tree — Refreshments
Tickets — All Inclusive — 75c

Each child is asked to bring a toy for the Christmas Basket

★

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DINNER

Monday — December 25th — 2 to 8 o'clock
Main Dining Room, or Special Parties in Private Dining Rooms
Dinner, $1.50 a plate — Turkey carved at the table, $1.75

Editorial

■ Once a year we are allowed a tangible way of showing our appreciation to those who all year greet us with eagerness to serve. We have accepted for a twelvemonth; now, at Christmas, we can reciprocate. The postcards just mailed make it easy for us to send our contributions. If every member will promptly return these reminders with at least one dollar attached, the Christmas bonus will be as generous as it has always been and our own holiday season will be blessed with the spirit of giving which carries its own rich reward.

■ New members mean growth in an organization. Growth for the National League for Woman's Service means increased service to the community. We grant that personal service which is concrete is not possible for all, but we insist that support of the idea of Service is possible to all. Every woman in San Francisco who believes in this thing which permeates goodness and brings it to life should, we feel, be a member of this organization. Have you a friend whom you have never asked to join? Why not invite her now, and if she has a daughter coming of age, invite her, too.

■ The Women's City Club has grown so accustomed to a "full house" that it will feel lonesome if all the bedrooms are not used each night as they have been throughout the Exposition Year. The staff has shown itself capable of handling a "maximum of occupancy," the guests have gone away charmed with the home atmosphere of the Clubhouse. It is hoped members will continue to stay with us overnight and will give the guest-card to visitors who likewise will avail themselves of this privilege. Some day when the columns of the Magazine are not so full as now, we shall share with our readers the letters of appreciation which prove how grateful our guests always are.

■ The establishment of Red Cross units in the National League for Woman's Service means but one thing—the League was ready when the official call came. It connotes, too, that not until necessary was work begun. The responsibility of this decision rightfully belonged to the American Red Cross, and the policy of the National League guarded its membership against unneeded effort.

Two sewing days are now finding busy hands in Room 214 and, as more members signify their desire to help, other hours will be added. Wool and knitting needles are being distributed for work at home and Volunteer Service leads us into the contribution which neutrality alone can make—help to the needy made destitute by international crisis.

■ Merry Christmas! This year the age-old greeting carries with it a peculiar nostalgia as we remember other Christmases in a world at peace. We know that on this earth today are many who find "merry" an irony. We recall a Christmas Day in the trenches —another generation, another war. And now, twenty-five years later, the same sorry scene, the same futility. "Why such a thing a second time within the experience of many of us?", we ask. "Has not the Christmas message of the angels reached into our heart of hearts? Must we fight for the right by destroying individual freedom? Must we, as barbarians, resort to arms to settle our differences?" The Spirit answers "No!" But the fact remains—war rages. Men are not at peace although the Prince of Peace has come.

To the war-stricken peoples of the earth, our Christmas love; to our own Americans, our Christmas greetings of peace and mutual respect. In the midst of our merriment at the Christmastide 1939, we pledge ourselves to be tender in thought toward those whose hearts ache with sorrow or anxiety or fear. We shall call "Merry Christmas" with sympathetic understanding for all, for the "Man of Sorrows, acquainted with Grief," was born to give us hope and to lead us in the courageous fight for personal liberty of thought—

"The hopes and fears of all the years
Are wed in Thee to-night."

"Christmas Carols"

by Rosalind Keep

"What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our Heavenly King?"
—Herrick.

■ At the Yuletide Season, carols, those "masterpieces of tantalizing simplicity," as John Matthews Manly calls them, catch the imagination of rich and poor, young and old. They are in our hearts and in the air — newsboys whistle them, commuters hum them, choir boys sing them, signboards carry them, radios release them to the four corners of the globe — they add color and significance to secular as well as religious occasions, for they voice the common emotions of healthy folk in language everyone can understand and music in which everyone can share. This year in many of the great cities of the world, children's voices will not be heard and church bells will not peal forth their message of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

The story of the origin of carols is a long and fascinating one. Dr. William J. Phillips of Queen's College, Oxford, suggests that perhaps the first carol sung by mortals may have been heard in 1223 in the small village of Grecia, near Assisi, Italy. There St. Francis, pausing for the Christmas season on his journey from Rome, gained permission to reproduce in the church the manger scene of Bethlehem. The story goes that the people "gathered round the village church with tapers and torches, making luminous the December night. They poured out their hearts in praises to God, and the friars sang new canticles." This simple service in a tiny Italian village, may have been the origin not only of the Christmas carol, but also of the Christmas Mystery Plays. Such settings are familiar in many churches today and carols continue to flourish and grow more popular as time goes on.

The only break in the continuity of carol singing in England occurred during the Reformation, when churches were despoiled and whitewashed, organs were broken up and removed, and Christmas carols and all Christmas festivities were suppressed, with an attempt to do away with Christmas itself. In 1644, Christmas Day happened to fall on the last Wednesday in the month, and as it was one of the regular fast days, there could be no celebrating that year. In 1652 Parliament even went so far as to order that "no observation shall be had of the twenty-fifth of

December — commonly called Christmas Day." No services were allowed in the churches on that day and Evelyn, the diarist, and others were arrested for having committed a breach of the ordinance of Parliament by receiving Holy Communion. But freedom-loving people were bound to rebel and before long they recovered their ancient winter festival and with it a revival of the carols.

The first century of colonial life in America saw few days of pleasure and any English church celebrations were strictly forbidden; new holidays were not established quickly, for sober church gatherings were thought recreation enough. To illustrate how anxious the Pilgrims were to "beate down every sprout of Episcopaeie," an entry in a Plymouth Pilgrim's diary reads: "1620, Monday the 25, being Christmas Day we went on shore, some to fell tymber, some to saw, some to rine, and some to carry, so no man rested all that day; but towards night, some, as they were at worke, heard a noyse of some Indians, which caused vs all to goe to our muskets, but we heard no further, so we came aboard againe, and left some twentie to keep the court of gard. We began to drink water aboord, but at night the master caused vs to have some Beere, and so on boord we had diverse times, now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all." Years later Christmas celebrations had made almost no headway.

Most of the old carols in England came into existence during the two and a half centuries between the death of Chaucer in 1400 and the ejection of the Rev. Robert Herrick from his parish by Oliver Cromwell in 1647. Many were lost after the Restoration, but others travelled underground and were preserved in folk-song, while the poorly printed broad sheets that appeared annually in various parts of the country aided the people's memory. The eighteenth century practically ignored the carol, though it still continued in parts of England. Goldsmith comments in The Vicar of Wakefield that the parishoners "kept up the Christmas carol." Washington Irving mentions in his Sketch Book that when he was in Yorkshire in 1820: "I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below my

window. I listened and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house playing under the windows." Then he adds, half apologetically, that "even the sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the midnight watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony."

When Charles Dickens was a boy, the carol seemed to be on the verge of extinction, and William Hone, the author of the Every Day Book, prophesied that carol singing would shortly disappear. Davies Gilbert in 1822 published the first modern collection of traditional carols and printed a second edition the following year, but he too thought of the carol as a thing of the past. Ten years later William Sandys published "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," commenting that carols still existed "in the Northern countries and some of the Midland, but they get more neglected every year."

Even the meaning of the word carol had lost its significance and suggested only printed matter suitable for Christmas. Fortunately, however, the crude broadsheets continued to preserve the tradition among the common people, but printers, especially in London found "the taste (Continued on page 22

Christmas Decoration

by Lloyd Meiere Bowers

■ In all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, no feast or holiday calls for such exciting preparation as Xmas.

Xmas is a universal celebration, and has a deeply religious meaning. To ignore the Infant Christ, cradeled in a manger, not to see a Star shining over Bethlehem or visualize the Three Wise Men bringing their gifts, is to miss the whole Spirit of the season. However, down the ages, nations have added their traditions and customs. From England came the Yule Log, from Germany the Xmas tree, until now the symbols of Xmas are myriad. A sprig of holly or mistletoe, bells ringing, reindeer with a sleigh, Santa Claus — they all bring a flutter of excitement, a pleasurable feeling of friendliness.

It is natural that we turn to decoration as a means of expressing the joy and happiness we feel at Xmas, and modern inventions have added greatly to the scope and possibilities of our display. Before the days of electricity candle flames flickered dangerously from the draught of an open door, and a feeling of watchful apprehension accompanied the short-lived celebration around a lighted Xmas tree. Now the brilliance of safe illumination can be enjoyed all through the holidays. Electricity has done more than give safety to an indoor tree. By means of extension cords and flood lights, houses and gardens have come into their share of Xmas decoration. Garden clubs and civic organizations, by awarding prizes, have done excellent work in sponsoring this trend. Glowing trees aglitter in every garden add to everyone's pleasure in the neighborhood, and to the beauty of the community. In addition to the colored lights, made to withstand the elements, there are obtainable this year weather-proof ornaments, made of aluminum painted in gay colors, simulated candy canes, and toys that flutter in the wind. On the principle that you can't overdo a Xmas tree, it is much more effective to decorate a small tree lavishly, than a large tree sparsely. Single colors or at the most two are the more striking. Door-ways have become the object of special attention, and a lovely gesture of welcome it is. Simple garlands of evergreens, or holly wreaths will become much more impressive if a flood light is hidden behind a nearby shrub.

We are fortunate in the abundance of material we have at hand to decorate the interior of our homes. Not only do we have the holly, mistletoe and evergreens of the East, but our native toyon, with its mass of red berries, the pyracantha, cotoneaster, pepper, and many other berried shrubs. Our redwood with its compact brown cones, makes a most effective Xmas green. Don't overlook the use of candles. There is no light more pleasing or flattering, and Xmas candles have become so specialized. There are bayberry candles with their delightful fragrance, large mystic candles that glow with a soft radiance through their entire length, and will last the full holiday festivities. The same translucent wax comes also in the shape of Xmas trees, the flame a bright star shining at its top. They come in amusing snow men with carrot noses and high hats. Candle holders have become very Xmas conscious too. Kneeling angels holding tall tapers, on either side of a mantel are in themselves a lovely decoration.

The Xmas dinner table is where one's artistic ability in decoration can run riot in the diversified material to choose from. Enchanting trees are made of new plastics, with matching wreathes, swags and place mats. Gold and silver foil trees and decoration are rich looking; glass Xmas tree balls piled high are colorful. Table cloths of colored tarlaton over metal paper is striking. It would be impossible to enumerate the possibilities, but keep always a simple color scheme in mind; strong in contract for effect, but harmonious with the room itself and the dinner service to be used.

The Xmas package is where individuality has the greatest play. It is your own personal trimming to your gift, an added embellishment, like the icing on a cake. The most practical gift can become positively glamorous, merely by its wrapping. Though it is only a passing glory, Xmas packages can come very close to being works of art.

It used to be that white tissue paper and a red or green satin ribbon were all that was necessary, but those days are gone forever. Some one printed holly sprigs on the white paper and that was the beginning of our highly specialized wrappings.

There are papers for baby (Continued on page 24

Sejour in Europe

by Janet Peck

Torre di Bellosguardo — Florence, Italy

■ "Nice to see you once in every twenty years," caustic comment of one to whom I had vowed to return every second year to Europe. To be sure, last visit was ten years ago. Then, the continental greater and lesser states were busy air-conditioning their national houses. A few small adjustments remain; mostly the appeasing of hypersensitive border minorities.

In light of recent events the "sejour" in Europe was well timed. It hadn't the excitement of new wonders . . . in fact, it was a return. Members of my family had maintained a home in Europe quite thirty years, with not a few interims, for 'reprocessing" by visits "home."

The "S.S. Queen Mary" offers social contact on the solar system plan. Divine scheme of orbit escapes. On the last day the young man at the next single table remarked the "fine placing and spacing of words" in a note put on his table instead of mine. This fixed him as a teacher . . . quite right; the head-master in a preparatory school, being obliged always to be in perfect form. Seeing without looking how his chin was being raised in order to negotiate the side of his collar before addressing me, I had ample time to make casual acknowledgement before giving "complete attention." So many little forms of deport-ment or habit in England, escape notice while one is being absorbed in the great attractions.

This note from the purser with a humorous word of condolence, followed by thanks for the "bon-voy-age-surprise-gift" from a buoyant, gifted young couple nearing the top of the ladder of national recog-nition. Could the gift, having such weight, perhaps, be a plaster reproduction of an original work. . . . A souvenir to carry around Europe? The unfailing re-minder of the "Seaman's Fund" concert and auction, solved the situation and the surprise gift brought forty-eight dollars. Lying in a basket in a bed of rainbow tissue with gay ribbons around its gilded throat lay a "magnum of champagne!" with no one but the head-master to divide it with! The auctioneer in the smoking room did nobly.

In entering Southampton water I overhead a stocky Britisher as he buttoned up his coat say: "Good old Britain! Where else could you get such a fine old English drizzle?" As he spoke, the old "Mauretania" was being towed, dismasted, disembowled to her last reward, a fitting day for her departed glory.

I remained in London only twenty-four hours, then took ship for Ireland. The Irish sea is tempermental. The boats are fair. Finding a hot water bottle in the berth was touching but awakened suspicion. The boat ride up the harbour to Cork Pier is delightful. The right bank with its undulating horizon of low hills, gradual slope to water is, for miles, ornamental with park-like planting of estates. The views from these homes across the wide river to the meadows and beyond, has endless fascination.

"How did your chauffeur know among the crowd coming off the boat who was I?" "Why," said my hostess at Mallow Castle, "America is written all over you." Sorry, ladies — but I tried to look my best.

Ireland was a revelation. Southern Ireland is the most exuberantly wet place north of the tropics but we motored much, however. Sometimes the land-scape like a patched quilt (Continued on page 26

A Christmas Soldier

by June Lucas

Scene: The City of Saint Francis.
Time: Christmas Eve, 1939.

■ Every hour the night grew lovelier. When Bill Donovan went on duty at four o'clock that afternoon the great bridge across the Golden Gate seemed to sway in silver curtains of fog and mist. It was cold then and he was glad of the sheltering box-like turret in which he stood while collecting bridge fares. Traffic was heavy and cars were crowded with merry people—happy, tired children coming home after Christmas parties in the gay city, too sleepy to get their usual thrill out of the bridge crossing. Bill's ears rang with the calls of "Merry Christmas"—he knew so many of the regular patrons of that swinging highway.

As the evening came on the fog floated away from the bridge towers and crept back over the hills that guard the coast line. The wind had died away, the city looked as if the night had thrown a myriad of stars over the Earth—the sky could not hold them all. Millions of lights pricked the dark carpet night had spread over streets and dwellings into patterns ever changing. It was Christmas Eve in the City of Saint Francis.

Bill Donovan had no warning—no lights on the front of a car. Suddenly a hand from a rough, loose sleeve the bridge lights made brown in color, placed a coin on the window ledge and two figures were before him. They were at the wrong window for pedestrians but Bill was not thinking of that. He could not make them out—there was a blurring indistinctness about the two figures — the one who put the money down was a priest, evidently—the robe across broad shoulders, no hat—the other, a soldier in a uniform Bill did not recognize.

"Your change, Sir." The robed figure turned back and held out his hand. "My first crossing—I do not know your ways."

Bill thought the voice unusual — the soldier said nothing but moved slowly on. Bill Donovan would not have taken further notice of the pair if a strange thing had not happened. As he dropped the change into the priest's hand the coins turned into very bright, shining pieces. Bill glanced quickly at the lights—they were as usual and the effect of their rays upon everything around him was the same—the silver ring he wore on his little finger was the dull-looking object those bridge lights always made it. Before he could speak a car crowded with passengers claimed his attention and the priest and the soldier were moving on to the foot-path over the bridge. It was eleven-thirty by his wrist watch and many cars went through his lane before the walking figures were out of sight. Then — he never **could** explain why — he pressed the signal button for a motorcycle traffic cop. . . .

"Trouble, Bill?" Bill Donovan looked into the tired face of Jim Austin—for a moment he forgot why he had signaled. "You ought not to be on again tonight, Jim. You look all in."

Jim Austin smiled, "I'm O. K., Bill—it's not as cold as it was and I have so many sweaters on my uniform bulges like a Santa Claus. What do you want? You signaled."

"I don't like your looks, Jim. What's the matter?" Bill's voice was rough with friendly anxiety. "Oh, the usual luck." Jim's tone was bitter. "The kid's awful sick tonight. I hated to leave the wife alone but if I'm to pay for anything I've got to stay on the job. It's Christmas Eve—maybe my luck will change. Well?" Jim looked inquiringly at Bill.

Bill Donovan laughed nervously, "I'm probably seein' things but two guys just went through here on foot that made me feel creepy," and he rapidly described the priest and soldier. He hesitated over the coins—Jim would think him off in the head if he told any fairy stories like that and yet that was why he had signalled—so he went ahead. "They turned shining right in his hand, Jim, believe it or not. Oh, I don't know, maybe it's all right but I wish you'd catch up with 'em and see if they are going down to Fort Baker."

"Certainly, Bill, I'll have a look," and Jim Austin swung his motorcycle into the right-hand lane nearest the footwalk. He was amused at Donovan. "Maybe they are ghosts coming home for Christmas —I'll find 'em."

"They may be spies—if so, you'll be famous, Jim," called Bill Donovan after the slowly moving, sputtering motorcycle.

Jim Austin's luck, as he called it, had been in and out of bounds since the Armistice in 1918. He would never forget his fight back to life in that freezing little hospital in the occupied area—flu, then pneumonia, and more flu before he headed for home, for California where life was warm and sweet and Peggy was waiting for him. Then the long two years it took before his cough cleared away. It had not been too bad for he was home and the blue sky, the brown hills, the liveoaks folding in the fragrant canyons, all made him feel secure. The shadow of that Western Front slowly receded before the advancing battalion of youth and love. War became something far away. He had won the things he had dreamed of before he went to France; a home, Peggy, their son.

Then out of the sky, it seemed, the blow fell—little Tom died so quickly, so terribly—there was no time to think, to wonder—three short days and the boy was just a memory that cut into Jim's heart and mind like a bittersweet thorn. The doctor had said little but his careful examinations of Jim Austin's chest—his questions—the old war history of illness, the cough—back it all came and Jim Austin once more began the fight for health. The war had cost him his son. Once more he paid in years for that war. Ten long years lay between the memory of Tom and little Jim, rollicking little Jim—sound as a nut and merry like Peggy, marching along toward his sixth birthday.

When Jim Austin had taken a heavy cold three months ago he had hurried to his doctor, terrified and bitter of tongue but the doctor said he was all right—he must be careful of course but Peggy and little Jim were safe. He must get over it as soon as possible, though. He knew tonight he was not over it. He knew little Jim was very sick. How could even a sturdy youngster buck pneumonia? He had been afraid to stay at home—he had been afraid to leave Peggy. His heart was full of anguish and bitterness. He was in no mood for either spies or spooks.

But Bill Donovan was sober and there must be something in it. He held his motor down and moved slowly. There they were, not far ahead. He could see the two figures—the one in the robe, short and stocky—the soldier tall and slight. The soldier had his arm around the priest's shoulders. They were walking slowly. Jim moved with even less speed, sort of idled the motor along as if waiting for a car. Automobiles were going both ways on the bridge but seeing a traffic cop no one was speeding so if anything did happen he would have plenty of witnesses.

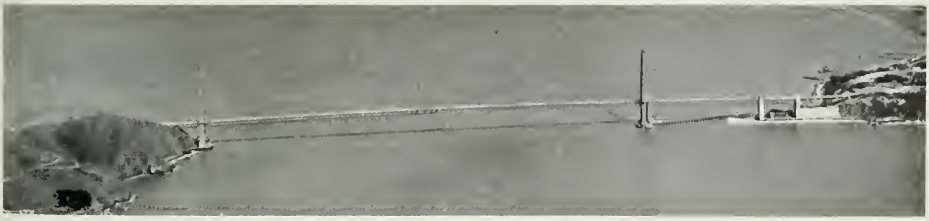
When the strolling figures reached the end of the bridge they stopped and leaned on the railing looking out over the bay, the dark waters deeply reflecting the stars and the city in the distance. The robed figure stood facing the bridge they had crossed so that Jim saw his face, the strange color cast by the bridge lights giving it a radiance that for a second startled Jim. The soldier leaned with his arms on the railing, his back to the motorcycle. Jim Austin came to a full stop resting one foot on the edge of the footwalk just by the men. He expected a greeting—people usually smiled and said "hello" to Jim Austin. The priest did not notice him and for some reason Jim did not speak. After all, he could rest there as if he were watching the coming traffic. The priest was speaking softly but distinctly. Jim could hear every word.

"I know, my son, it has been a grieving thing for you to come with me tonight. I have been coming back to earth on the Eve of His birth so many centuries. Never have I found it so dark. No star tonight over Bethlehem—no shepherds on the hills—and soldiers quarreling at the Inn over the loot they'd stolen in Nazareth. All the way the world is full of hatred and greed—so many heart-broken people. I can't seem to find any special one who needs me. Perhaps I am getting too old. I didn't want to come alone. Do you wish you had not come to earth this night?"

The soldier straightened his tall figure and stretched his arm toward the sparkling city. When he spoke Jim thought his voice held all the sorrows in the world.

"No, I am glad, Saint Francis. I am glad to see that city, the only one we have seen tonight not blacked out. It is your city, you say. I wish it were mine."

(Continued on page 28



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In the Heart of Chinatown

The Photography Contest

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

First Award "Textures" — Old and New — By Dr. Mary H. Layman

■ A new field of interest among its members was uncovered last month by the three days' amateur photography contest—the first sponsored by the National League for Woman's Service.

November 13, 14 and 15 witnessed the exhibit of seventy-eight photographs of widely varied subjects — all the work of members of the Women's City Club — attractively displayed in the Auditorium.

Before the doors were opened to the public, three distinguished judges of photography and photographic work had spent hours selecting the best pictures on display.

P. Douglas Alexander, F. R. P. S. and editor of Camera Craft magazine; C. Stanton Loeber, past president of the San Francisco Camera Club, and George Allen Young of the University of California Extension Division, department of photography, comprising the jury of award, gave the first prize to Dr. Mary H. Layman's "Textures—Old and New." To Dr. Layman went also the third prize ribbon for her study "Between Hauls," a scene of especial appeal to San Franciscans.

Mary MacCrae Corbus of Los Gatos won the second prize for her "Reflections"—Alaskan waters.

Honorable mentions were made of another of Dr. Layman's photographs, a candid camera enlargement of Helene Hjort (guest exhibitor), and photographs submitted by Elsie A. Campbell, Mrs. Arthur T. Brice, Jr., and Charlotte Williams.

In classes by themselves, and winning honorable mention were the colored slides of desert flowers and scenes — the work of Mrs. Einar Wismer and the moving pictures in color by Mr. S. M. Haslett.

During the afternoons and evenings of the exhibit, colored photographs of the Exposition—the work of Miss Henrietta Moffat—were shown as an added attraction.

The first amateur photography contest brought out more than pictures to be displayed and judged. It gave ample proof of the fact that members of the Women's City Club are travellers—and that in this year of 1939 travel and cameras are complementary terms.

A survey of the subjects shown ranged from scenes in Alaska and the Far East—from Argentina and the Philippines, from England and France to Mexico and Hawaii. Bridges and embankments, old temples and shrines, silhouettes of trees and mountains and

marine views to awaken wanderlust were displayed in pleasant repetition.

Approximately eight hundred visitors enjoyed the scenes — somewhere in England, or at Sproat Lake, Vancouver, or even a Garden Gate at Skyacres— native children of Alert Bay, British Columbia and a Mexican lad with a huge sombrero, seemed natural neighbors of important looking dogs.

Cactus gardens and sheltering trees —guardian of the gate in one picture— reflected the appreciation of beauty which makes cameras so important a part of one's avocational equipment today.

Exhibitors in this first contest sponsored by the Club availed themselves of the opportunity to hear Mr. Loeber, one of the jury of award, and himself a master photographer, discuss some of the fine points in photograph. Mr. Loeber was a guest speaker on the final evening of the show, during which he conversed with a goodly number of women who had entries on the walls

The success of this first venture into the field of amateur photography struck a satisfactory note in the scale of interests and activities of Club members. And already, by popular request, suggestions and plans are being noted for the second members' amateur photography contest some time in the fall of 1940.

Mention of the exhibit would be incomplete were it to omit acknowledgment of the satisfactory arrangements provided for the display of the entries, and of the tea service which added so much to a pleasant feature.

The Permanent Pacific House In San Francisco

■ Following the public interest in Pacific House, created at the Golden Gate International Exposition by its Department of the Pacific Area, and realizing the part it should play in the life of California, the Department, on October 4 1939, incorporated under the laws of the State of California as a permanent non-profit organization to be known as Pacific House.

The incorporation enables the committee of the Department to maintain its activities as a continuing creative unit. Pacific House plans to be a functioning center in San Francisco — the crossroads for commerce, trade, transportation and communications as well as an intermingling place of the cultures of the Americas, the Orient and other countries of the Pacific Basin.

The Board of Directors of Pacific House consists of.

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President; Dr. Carl Alsberg, Mrs. William Denman, Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mr. Galen M. Fisher, Mr. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, Mr. Roger Lapman, Mr. Herman Phleger, Mr. Stewart Rawlings, Judge M C. Sloss, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul.

(Signed)
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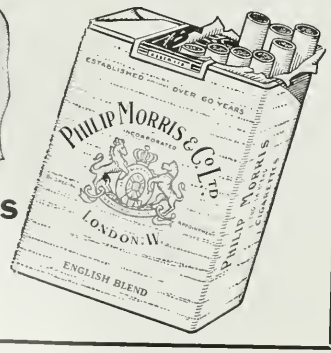

Tune in

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TUES. 8:30 P.M. **KPO**

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National League Library Service

■ This is a list of books that have become available since our suggestions for Christmas buying appeared in the November magazine. Again may we remind you that the Library, through this special service, is prepared to help you with all your book problems.

SEVEN AGAINST THE YEARS; Sterling North. $2.50. This dramatic and thoughtful novel follows seven university classmates through the first decade after their graduation.

THE NAZARENE; Sholem Asch. $2.75. With reverence, Asch tells the story of Jesus in the years of His ministry, putting the story into the words of three men of the period.

FOUR-PART SETTING; Ann Bridge. $2.50. During a pleasure journey through the mountains beyond Peking, four people work out their emotional problems.

KITTY FOYLE; Christopher Morley. $2.50. The truthful confession of an American girl.

THE SISTER OF THE ANGELS; Elizabeth Goudge. $1.50. A heart-warming Christmas story.

THE TORGUTS; W. L. River. $2.50. An epic story of Asia, of a mass migration that took place many years ago, but that is intensely modern in its implication.

MAUD; Richard Lee Strout. $3.50. A real diary of a real girl, who lived in Cairo, Illinois, in the '80's and '90's.

THE DANUBE; Emil Lengyel. $3.75. More than the history of a river, this is the story of the countries through which it flows, the people who have lived on its banks, its great cities, and the conflicts it has known through two thousand years of fateful history.

THE CHANGING WEST; William Allen White. $1.50. A thoughtful interpretation of the social and economic significance of the West in American life today.

THE SACRAMENTO; Julian Dana. $2.50. A young Californian tells the story of the "River of Gold," the newest addition to the colorful Rivers of America series.

GHOSTS OF LONDON; H. V. Morton. $3.00. A description of the ancient customs and ceremonies of London which mark the historical continuity of its life.

THE GEESE FLY HIGH; Florence Page Jaques. $3.00. The true story of an unusual open-air winter vacation, following the wildfowl down the Mississippi flyway to the marshes of Arkansas and Louisiana.

A CAPE COD SKETCH BOOK; Jack Frost. $1.50. One of New England's best-loved artists gives us one hundred new human interest drawings of Cape Cod, with fascinating text for each.

GOOD MAINE FOOD; Marjorie Mosser. $2.50. The most intriguing recipes for food and drink of New England today and yesterday.

GREEN GROWS THE CITY; Beverley Nichols. $2.50. How a desolate strip of earth belonging to a London house was transformed into a charming garden.

FINDING NEW SUBJECTS FOR YOUR CAMERA; Jacob Deschin. $2.50. New ideas for the amateur for pictures, angles, lighting, posing and arranging.

JUVENILE

THE HOLLYBERRYS; Alice Dalgliesh and Cleo Bennett. $1.50. The Hollyberrys are an entertaining family who build a house in the country, buy a car, go on picnics, plant a garden and do many of the other things families do.

THE WALT DISNEY EDITION OF PINOCCHIO. $1.00. Walt Disney's conception of this favorite children's story.

FARAWAY MEADOW; Thomas Handforth. $2.00. A nonsense tale of ponies and buffalos in the Vale of Kashmir.

LITTLE AMISH SCHOOL HOUSE; Ella Maie Seyfert. $2.00. A quaint tale of the Amish folk of Pennsylvania and their ways of life.

THE LITTLE MERMAID; Dorothy P. Lathrop. $2.50. A favorite Andersen fairy tale retold and illustrated by an author-artist who has added greatly to the store of lovely children's books.

ANIMALS OF AMERICAN HISTORY; Paul Bransom and Helen Dean Fish. $2.00. Stories of animals important in American history, with pictures by a noted animal artist.

I AM A PUEBLO INDIAN GIRL; E-Yeh-Shure. $1.50. A little Indian's own story of her everyday life, with drawings by native Indian artists.

THE TREASURE HUNTER; Isabel Proudfit. $2.50. A narrative biography of Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN FIGHTING SHIPS; Joseph Leeming. $2.50. The history of our Navy in the annals of its ships from the first, the Allred, to the destroyers of today.

HEROES ON YOUR STAMPS; John C. Gregory. $2.00. A very intelligent boy of fourteen who is vitally interested in stamps tells what appeals to him in the lives of the characters whose portraits appear on our United States postage stamps.

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I Have Been Reading

THE NAZARENE; by Sholem Asch (translated by Maurice Samuel); G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. $2.75. Reviewed by Mabel C. Nourse.

■ "The Nazarene"; by Sholem Asch; using the principle of reincarnation, Sholem Asch in his novel, "The Nazarene," ingeniously links the present day with that period of time in which Christ was on earth. The story is told by a Roman, by one of Christ's disciples, and by a young man of the people in Jerusalem.

In this book, Pan Viadomsky, an eccentric scholar living in Warsaw, cannot forget that in a former incarnation he was Cornelius, who fought in the Roman legions with Pontius Pilate. They came to the province of Judaea together, Pilate to become Procurator and Cornelius to become Ciliarch, or, as the Jews called him, Hegemon of Jerusalem. He was stationed at Antonia, the fortress on the summits above the temple. He is feted by the High Priests, visits the summer palace of Herod and participates in the life of the wealthy in the Upper City, but he also encounters the teacher from Galilee among the poor and down-trodden in the Lower City. Cornelius senses the danger to the empire in Jesus' influence over these people.

The disciple, Judah Ish-Kiriot, too, has his reincarnation in the present day, but the tragedy of that passover week nearly two thousand years ago, is told through Judas by means of a lost gospel. The author depicts Judah as a holy man, strong in knowledge of the writ, but wavering in faith in his teacher, because of his over-eagerness for the redemption. He betrays his rabbi, Yeshua ben Joseph, so that events may be hastened that will force a sign from the Rabbi of Nazareth, proving that he is indeed the Messiah. Only when Judah beholds Him on the cross at Golgotha is he without doubt.

The viewpoint of the Jews is told through Joseph, a pupil of the Rabbi Nicodemus, a beloved teacher and leader of the Pharisees. The latter is in sympathy with the Rabbi of Nazareth, but does not always understand him. He defends him at the investigation held by the High Priest, which was demanded by the Hegemon. It is the Rabbi Nicodemus and the wealthy Joseph Arimathea and others of this companionship, who lovingly remove Jesus from the cross before sun-down and prepare the body according to the Jewish precepts

for burial. For them, his story ends there. In the words of the Rabbi Nicodemus, "It is enough that Rabbi Yeshua lived like a righteous man, sought after God, drew men nearer to heaven and died in utter purity, that I shall bow my head to his memory and recall him with benediction."

Sholem Asch has the ability to write with amazing clearness. He gives us the background of antiquity in detail, with a vividness and naturalness that is the charm of this book. With unforgettable realism we see the glory of Jerusalem as a world city, we feel how heavy was the heart of Jesus when he saw the enslavement of humanity among the weavers and dyers of the wicked city of Tyre. We live again with Jesus in the days of his teaching

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STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1939.

State of California, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Willis Hickox, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club, San Francisco, California; Editor Pro Tem., Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco; Business Manager, Willis Hickox, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Women's City Club, San Francisco, California.

President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, San Francisco, California.

Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Hall, Palo Alto, California.

Treasurer, Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

WILLIS HICKOX, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1939.

(Seal) BERTHA RIESE ADLER.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires May 27, 1942.)

Christmas Suggestions

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(Continued from page 11)

of their customers rather inclined toward hymns, mostly those in use among dissenting congregations, than to the genuine Christmas carols."

But someway the old carol persisted, despite sophisticated efforts to "enlarge the rustic knowledge and improve the rustic ear." By the middle of the eighteenth century there began a revival of the old carol and societies did valiant work. Anonymous small volumes of genuine folk-carols were published. The new movement in the Church of England encouraged young clergy to "think wistfully about carols." But the greatest impetus came from a rare old Swedish book, "Piae Cantiones," full of fine old sixteenth century tunes. The Rev. J. M. Neale and the Rev. T. Helmore translated them. While these revived an interest in carols they actually retarded the recovery of the English carols. It was in 1871 that the Rev. H. R. Bramley, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford and Dr. John Stainer, then organist of the college, wrote the second chapter of the nineteenth century revival by publishing forty-two Christmas Carols, New and Old. The influence of this book was enormous. Thirty years later the Cowley Carol Book reprinted a score of Neale's carols with their foreign folk tunes.

Today, many of the old carols are restored, thanks to the peasants and the gypsies, to the indefatigable efforts of scholarly musicians, and also to the genuine quality of folk carols themselves.

Personal Service

■ Miss Barbara Oliver now offers a type of personal service for which everyone is in need She has a competent and pleasant staff prepared to tackle anything from the most annoying odd job to the furnishing of an entire house. At an hour's notice she will shop for you, purchase gifts or clothing or deliver personal packages. She even keeps you reminded of those anniversary dates you invariably forget.

If you are away from your home during the day Miss Oliver will take your telephone calls. If away on vacation she will intercept them through the telephone company. She will forward your mail or answer it if necessary; make train, ship, or plane reservations.

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New Classes for Girl Scouts are now in progress and are being held every Saturday morning from 10:30 to 11:30 through December and January. Kindly register at once if you are interested.

Swim AT THE CLUB

Greetings and an Invitation To "Service" Wives

■ The commissioned services of the United States are the Army, the Navy, the Coast Guard, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the Public Health. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to make sure that the wife of every commissioned officer stationed in the San Francisco Area knows of the privilege which we would give her: that of joining our Club by payment of dues but without payment of an initiation fee.

From time to time, officers and members of the Board of Directors have written the Commandant or officer in charge and have asked him to tell the officers of his service about the membership which is open to their wives. But Commandments change, officers come and go. For the most part, your Board of Directors must depend on the individual Club member who tells the wife of an officer that the City Club invites her to membership under this privilege and will be delighted to receive her acceptance.

During the past fifteen years we have been fortunate in having in our membership many charming "service" women whose husbands have been stationed in San Francisco and who have accepted our invitation. Army daughters have enjoyed our beautiful swimming pool. We love to see them with us. How we hate to see them go! But your Board is conscious that there must be many a woman eligible to membership during her husband's tour of duty who would gladly accept our invitation, but who does not know that the invitation has been given to her.

Do you, who read this paragraph, know any such woman? If so, won't you send a marked copy of this magazine to her? All that she need do is to come to the Executive Secretary's office with evidence that her husband is an officer on the active list of his service. Members of the Board of Directors will welcome the opportunity to act as first, second, and third sponsors.

Likewise, do you know the wife of a retired officer who would enjoy membership in our Club? Or the widow of a deceased officer? They could join as regular members on payment of initiation fee ($27.50 including tax) and dues ($9.00 per year). They have seen much of the world. Their presence in our midst would enrich our Club life. Your Board of Directors would be happy to have a great many of them on our membership list. Do you know one of them? If so, won't you send her a marked copy of this magazine?

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

RHODA'S TIES ARE HERE AGAIN
I am showing all-silk, hand-made men's neckties for your Christmas Gifts, especially priced at $1.00 for my customers.

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Gifts for Christmas

The colorful shop of Madame Butterfly is now literally teeming with fascinating gifts for Christmas.

LOUNGING ROBES, PAJAMAS, RAVISHING NEGLIGEES and KIMONOS beautifully fashioned from the finest of silks.

HISTORICAL DOLLS exquisitely dressed in authentic costumes. Some represent long life, while others are ladies of the theatre — each tell a story. (These are the same type dolls as seen at the Japanese Pavilion at the Exposition). Prices range from $4.50.

CLOISONNE this year is more artistic and decorative than ever before. Cigarette Boxes with ash trays to match in delicate colors— from $15.00 to $125.00. Cloisonne Vases, Rose Jars and Incense Burners in artistic forms.

IVORY and PRECIOUS STONES are the finest obtainable. Each piece has been personally selected from outstanding craftsmen in the Orient and would satisfy the demands of the most exacting collector.

BOWLS FOR FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS in various colors and unusual designs.

HANDKERCHIEFS always make an acceptable gift, and the selection of really fine hankies now on display at the Shop of Madame Butterfly is really worth seeing.

■

Madame Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue—San Francisco

Christmas Dinner

December 25th

Orange Basket, Supreme
Sea Food Coupe, Supreme W. C. C.

★

Celery Olives Pickles

★

Cream of Fresh Mushrooms Au Crutons

★

Fresh Lobster Newburg en Patty

★

Roast Young Tom Turkey with Sage Dressing and Cranberry Sauce
Broiled Filet Mignon, Maitre d'Hotel

★

Candied Sweet Potatoes Mashed Potatoes
Baby Lima Beans Glazed Banana Squash
Mashed White Turnips

★

Dinner Rolls

★

Pickled Beet and Celery Root Salad, Chiffonade Dressing

★

Frozen Egg Nog Santa Claus Parfait
Plum Pudding with Brandy Sauce Fruit Cake

★

Assorted Cheese and Crackers
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Christmas Decoration

(Continued from page 12)

presents, for birthdays, with Xmas papers offering by far the largest variety. Cellophane alone has almost doubled the possibilities and attractiveness of Xmas wrapping. Metallic papers make entrancing packages. Try a copper paper with copper ribbon, combined with a narrower ribbon of peach pink satin. Tuck a few redwood cones under the bow with a bit of the green. Pepper berries used on a package of pink metal paper is an unusual combination. Eucalyptus nuts varnished or painted, as well as many of our California seed pods delight Easteners, and are very distinctive. Papers and brocaded ribbons from Chinatown, with dangling Chinese coins, give an oriental splendor to a gift. Pure white on magenta paper makes a most sophisticated appearance, as would a French blue used with magenta. Tan paper with brown ribbon with a spray of varnished dates makes an appropriate covering for a man's gift. Remember a figured paper looks best with a plain ribbon, whereas a fancy ribbon needs a plain paper. Keep the package simple; too many seals and stickers detract from the effect of the whole.

It is not only what you use to wrap your gift, but HOW you wrap it that counts, so maybe a few helpful hints will not be amiss.

Never wrap a package loosely! Ribbons that slip off and ends that unfold rob a package of all charm.

Cut your paper to fit the package! Too much paper is cumbersome and as bad as not enough.

Never be in a hurry wrapping a package unless you are a past master at the art.

Odd shaped gifts are difficult to wrap and should be boxed or padded with tissue to make a wrapable shape.

Wrap the ribbon tightly and tie in a plain knot before attempting the bow.

Know before you start a package just what you are going to use and how, go at it with firm decision, and KEEP GOING. Starting over and over destroys the freshness of the material, and the result is very apt to be messy.

Put as much thought and care into wrapping your gift as you did on the gift itself. It will add greatly to your enjoyment of giving, and to the pleasure of the recipient.

May I wish you all a Merry Xmas — a very happy New Year, and success in your Xmas decorations.

HOLIDAY FEASTS

Recipes from the Club Dining Room

PLUM PUDDING

2 lb.	bread crubs
1½ lb.	suet finely chopped
½ lb.	flour
1¼ lb.	brown sugar
2 lb.	raisins
½ lb.	chopped candied orange peel
½ lb.	maraschino cherries
4	whole chopped apples
¼	teaspoon soda
2	lemons juice and peel
¼ oz.	allspice
¼ oz.	nutmeg
¼ oz.	cinnamon
1 pt.	milk
¾ pt.	brandy
8	eggs

Mix all the ingredients together in a bowl thoroughly, then put in air-tight container and steam for about four hours; serve with any pudding sauce preferred.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

1 lb.	4 oz. sugar
1 lb.	butter
1 lb.	eggs
1 lb.	6 oz. flour
½ lb.	candied cherries
½ lb.	walnuts
2 lb.	raisins
5 lb.	Eng-skell fruit mix (or mixed candied fruits)

Sieve granulated sugar. Cream with this one pound of butter light. Then gradually add one pound of eggs; when these are properly incorporated, mix in the 1 lb. 6 oz. of special cake flour; when this is ready, then mix ½ lb. candied cherries, ½ lb. walnuts, 2 lb. raisins, 5 lb. Eng-skell fruit mix together thoroughly; have fruit in a bowl and mix the pound cake batter through fruit thoroughly. This cake should be baked in an oven 310°, not over 315°, and cake should be allowed to stand after it is baked for several weeks. A three-pound cake will take about three or three and a half hours to bake.

OYSTER DRESSING FOR TWELVE-POUND TURKEY

1	large onion
1	cup diced celery
1½	teaspoons marjoram
1	teaspoon rosemary
½	teaspoon thyme
½	cup chopped parsley
2	eggs
3 lb.	bread crumbs
100	California oysters

Cook onions and celery together, when done, add marjoram, rosemary, thyme and parsley. Soak bread crumbs for five minutes, squeeze out water as much as possible, then add seasonings, eggs and salt. When thoroughly mixed and seasoned, add oysters and stuff turkey.

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Sejour in Europe

(Continued from page 13)

(crazy quilt) with dark lines (hedges) demarking the tiny acre field of diversified planting, vibrates like an impressionistic "chef-d'oeuvre." Certainly such motives justify exaggerated impressionism.

The sweep of country after a rain with clouds lying just above the deep line of far horizon, a sun ray shooting across the composition. . . . Tipperary country seen from a height calls for exaltation. Of course there are, as well, dramatic and sullen contrasts in Irish landscape.

The Dublin Museum mutely answers many of the riddles of ancient Ireland. The rare and splendid exhibits ranging from prehistoric Viking, Danish, Roman periods, all preserved until now in Mother Earth's care and specimens are still being formed in the bogs. Glory to the Peat Lands! Such rare workmanship in soft pure gold in finest tracery! Splendid collars — beads, fibulas, rings, earrings, all out of the thinnest wafer of metal, unbelievably beautiful!

From stone walls hidden since medieval days and later, have come to light, applique of gold on bronze, like St. Patrick's bell! etc., etc.

The library of Trinity College has its rare treasures in parchment, vellum, etc. The whole tone of the book-lined recesses and walls in rich brown leather glinted in dull gold recalls the impetus the bookbinders and collectors of the Renaissance, gave to succeeding generations of book culture. The illumined book of Kels, 13th century, alone is worth the trip.

The brother and niece of my distinguished neighbor, Dr. Egan, in San Francisco proved that Dublin's name for hospitality was more than justified. I was motored from place to place, parks, cathedrals, tea houses and theatre . . . not missing the curious exhibit in a crypt of St. Michans where bodies mumified! and where vaulted open cells have drapes of black cobwebs. Here's one race alone of spiders which survives in an atmosphere that is deadly to any other living insect or animal. Glancing at a mummy . . . an aesethete wouldn't hesitate in the choice of obliterating ashes as substitute.

London is to each and everyone, a "discovery"—and, once settled in it, finds there is no end to it.

"Autumn season," after daughters and sons are returned to school—and the home fires begin again to glow—is the time one is certain to see nearly all his

friends. Art exhibitions, new plays staged with early pantomine and Christmas shopping — condensed within proscribed area — and time limit—is an auspicious hint for those who only know "the season."

The unexpected individual always pops up!

The impact of surprise when the Dimancesco's, former envoy to San Francisco, and I met in the "Hay Market," forced a temporary blocade of much amused onlookers. They were in London, he to prepare the visit of the King of Roumania and son Michael. The banquets and receptions were among the most beautiful ever given a foreign monarch. I was invited to the reception in the Embassy. The king makes a very pleasant impression: Well setup, fresh complexion, thick light brown hair, and that certain smiling fullness under the eye that makes the "Laughling Cavalier," by Franz Hals, an instantaneous friend. Finding me in a group near father and son, Mr. Dimancesco grasped my hand, swung me around in front of the king saying, "Your Majesty, this is California." Then Carol more than smiled—said, "Yes, I know all about it."

So much has been torn down in London, especially Mayfair, and rebuilt so-called "modern," I was very sad. Our latter home was leveled — though no great pity architecturally. Even then — Autumn '38, the great ravines dug in Hyde Park portended worse than streamlined architecture!

Sad contrast to the former peaceful countryside, unchangeable it would seem! But tea time, the Czech subject — unsuppressible those days, had altered the calm of country life. Now, 1939, the climax is on.

Many friendships grew out of wartime cooperation. Knowing the tragedy of 1914-1918 the stoic endurance; the splendid spirit during those years; memory registers only too painfully what they are passing through today.

Then came a sudden departure for Florence. If there were space for prints of "Torre di Bello Squardo" on the top of the hill of the same name, words would be useless. Here is where Dante and his friend, first owner, "Cavalcanti," looked out on the city, with its duomo, Santa Croce and the many other towers of churches and palaces. My friend is the third owner in over 400 years. In those years it has ever accumulated beauty in itself and in its outlook. Hope when the world becomes normal you may visit it.

GIFTS

★ Glass Flower Containers, Hand Blocked Linen Smocks, Garden Accessories, Decorative Porcelain Vases, Table Mats, Wooden Salad Sets, Woolen Lap Robes and everything imaginable to make Christmas shopping a pleasure.

★ Make your Christmas packages individual with our Decorative Papers, Seals and Ribbons. A wide choice for your selection now at the League Shop.

★ Baskets always make a fascinating gift. Wood Baskets, Lunch Baskets, Picnic Baskets, Flower Baskets, Imported Baskets, Domestic Baskets . . . Baskets for all purposes.

★ The League Shop this year can boast of having an exclusive line of unusual Christmas Cards. Some old fashioned, others modern . . . all are really distinctive and original.

★ Our shop is overflowing with Pacific Area imports . . . Siamese Old Brass Temple Dishes and Candlesticks. Textiles and Wood Carvings from Bali. Antique Javanese Brasses, Antique Chinese Pewter Wine Bottles. These suggest only a few of our exclusive imports.

★ For the Children: Dolls, Trains, Sand Boats, Dump Carts, Wooly Animals, Ten Pin Sets, Doll House Furniture and many others, too numerous to mention. Note: The toys at the League Shop are truly distinctive, having been selected from the world's finest markets.

★ Candy wreaths for children wrapped in cellophane—Bouquets of Lolly Pops, English Toffee . . . famous imported candies include Fry's Cream Bars, Cadbury's Chocolates, Riley's Assorted Toffee, Patty Charlesworth's Caramels, Peanut Brittle and other Christmas Candies . . . also Scotch Shortbreads.

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Christmas Soldier

(Continued from page 15)

Saint Francis smiled. "I have been wondering which city, which country you call your own. In Paris when we stood there in the dark by the unknown soldier's tomb you looked so sad. I thought you must be home but when you leaned against the Cenotaph in old London, there were tears upon your face—just as there in that little Bavarian village this afternoon. Ah, it's a sad night for both of us," and Saint Francis pulled his cowl over his head and wiped his glistening cheeks, "Why did you want to come with me, my son?"

The soldier waited a moment, then turned toward Saint Francis. "Those new young soldiers who have joined us lately—they are so bitter—they say they do not know why they have had to die. I told them there must be a reason. I tried to tell them why I had to die, why I was buried with such honors so that men would remember their dreams and find for all men the way of peace."

"What did they say, my son?" Saint Francis put his worn wrinkled hand on the soldier's arm.

"They laughed, Brother Francis. Yes, they laughed. They said I didn't know the world they came from— I had been buried too deep and honored with words that meant nothing."

"I know, my son, I know. They laughed at me and the birds once, but people laugh sometimes because of the pain inside their hearts. Now this night you have seen the agony which those young soldiers have left behind. It's love the world needs, both the living and the dead—there are so many dead on earth, son—so many living where we live. We will have much to do when we get back tonight—and midnight is near."

"But is there nothing we can do here?" the soldier's voice pleaded Jim Austin sat his motorcycle like a statue—now he could see the beautiful face of the soldier — he heard the voice distinctly. They did not see him—that must be the only explanation for he could have touched them.

"Can't we give just one human soul faith in the power of the way of love before we go back? I don't see how I can face those boys without it—their bitter laughter."

Saint Francis spoke gently — "It's a long road — little by little the way is built. Faith in the greatest thing in the world comes out of agony, out of suffering. Men say miracles happen when it is just the way of love and forgiveness. I always meet some need here on this night clearly—someone to whom I can speak but tonight I see no one. Perhaps we have talked too long. Did you hear anyone speak, my son?"

Jim Austin was always sure he did speak—he was thinking of little Jim so sick, of Peggy so anxious, of the miserable fear of his own stubborn cough. He was always sure that he called for help.

"No, Brother Francis, I can hear so many things, so much hate in my ears —so much blackness before my eyes it is hard to see. I didn't live for anything. I didn't die for anything. I haven't any pride left. But I wish I could do something now for somebody — perhaps I wouldn't feel so numb inside here" and the soldier held one thin white hand over his heart. Then he spoke again— "My buddy lives out here somewhere. I didn't know until his little son joined us. Of late I have felt he needed something—he was a brave guy."

The soldier paused and lifted his face to the stars.

Saint Francis waited, humming to himself. Jim Austin did not, could not move —the light seemed strange just there— the fog was coming back over the hill once more. It would be thick—it would hide everything from him — he must speak.

Then Saint Francis ended the little song he hummed—"My son, this night I'll give my chance of helping to you. Anything you wish for one in need this holy night will come to pass. But it must be soon for the hour of our returning is almost here."

The soldier smiled down at the little saint. "You are a grand pal, Brother Francis, I wish I could tell the world it isn't soldiers in tombs but saints on earth that's needed if love and forgiveness are to win over all we have seen tonight." The soldier paused and Jim Austin was sure he was looking right into his deeply shadowed eyes when the soldier went on "I feel my Buddy very near me. I ask you for his need, Saint Francis. If anyone he loves is in danger, save them—if he is sick, make him well—if he is bitter, help him to forgive."

"Amen," whispered Saint Francis, "Amen." There were tears on the soldier's face and far away across the waters great chimes were ringing in the birthday of a man of sorrows who was acquainted with grief.

* * *

"Say, what's the matter, Jim? Bill got anxious and sent me after you." Another traffic cop had stopped beside the motionless Jim Austin. Quickly Jim threw his head back and drew in a deep breath of fog before he answered—he

expected to cough but he didn't. "I'm O. K."

The two men turned in a wide circle and headed back for the toll entrance. Jim Austin left his motorcycle just by Bill Donovan's turret and before Bill could move, had squeezed himself in beside him and picked up the telephone. His eyes were shining.

"Well, what do you think you're doing?" Bill looked at him sharply. "What's the matter, Jim? You look like another man."

As Jim dialed and waited he smiled at Bill Donovan—his eyes full of unshed tears. "I am, Bill." Then "Is that you, Peggy? How—He IS? Grand, old gal. No, I'm not coughing. I'm fine. I'll be home in an hour. Bye."

When Jim Austin stepped back to his motorcycle, Bill Donovan was watching him, puzzled, almost alarmed. "Say, did you find those guys? Did you talk to them? Who are they?"

"A priest and a soldier just like you said, Bill. The soldier called the priest 'Brother Francis' but he didn't call the soldier by any name. I think I know who the soldier is—I left him in France. I never expected to see him again but he always had a way over there of turning up when he was needed bad."

"Do you think they'll come back this way?" Bill Donovan was suspicious of Jim Austin's report. It sounded screwy and it added to the jitters the two strange men had given him.

"No, I think they've faded out for tonight. The wife says the kid's better. So it looks like Christmas to me."

"Fine, Jim, you certainly got a change of luck comin' to you. So long."

• • •

Christmas afternoon little Jim felt bright enough to demand his favorite story. His father was watching him closely as he lay on the foot of the bed to keep the small boy contented. "Is the unknown soldier a real man, Dad?"

"Yes, son."

"Who is he, Dad?"

Jim Austin was thinking hard. The Doctor only an hour ago had used a word he had always been a bit shy of. "It's one of those miracles, Austin, this boy's condition—as for your chest, I can hardly believe my own stethoscope." Jim Austin could still see the figures on the bridge—he could hear that soldier's voice. He was only a traffic cop but he knew it had all happened—he couldn't make it out but the evidence was deep in his heart and right before him. "Who is he, Dad?" Jimmy wanted an answer.

"He is my own buddy, son."

Little Jim looked his surprise, then—"How do you know, Dad?"

"I heard him say he was."

"Oh, gee, Dad, you're kidding me. How could you hear him? That would be like a fairy story and you said the unknown soldier was a real man." The boy's eyes were getting drowsy with normal sleep. His father knew he must not get excited. "It's all right, son, it was just a real miracle." Jimmy opened his eyes again. "Oh, that's things my teacher says only God can do or Saints, maybe. O. K., Dad, I believe you."

"Thanks, Jimmy, that helps a lot."

Bedrooms

■ Members will be interested, we know, to hear that the bedrooms in the Clubhouse were practically filled during the last months of the Exposition; many times every bedroom being in use. Judging from the nice things we have heard from our visitors, they enjoyed the use of the Clubhouse very much, indeed.

Now that the Exposition has closed, rooms are again available, and we hope that members and their guests will continue to make use of them.

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THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
Announces

A SERIES OF FIVE MORNING READINGS OF CURRENT NEW YORK STAGE SUCCESSES BY THE TALENTED LOCAL DRAMATIC INTERPRETER

MRS. HUGH BROWN

FIRST WEDNESDAYS IN JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL AND MAY
10:45 A. M. — AUDITORIUM
Series Tickets (Transferable)
Members: $2.25.
Non-Members: $2.75.
Single Admission: Members, 55c.; Non-Members, 66c.
Including Tax

First Play To Be Read January Third
THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
By George Kaufman and Moss Hart

■ Plays! Plays! Dramatist! Theatre! Is anything more alluring than the New York theatrical season! Is any information more to be desired than that dealing with the theatrical program for the current year!

If you are going to New York all you need to know is that George Kaufman and Moss Hart (that inexhaustible team of theatrical improvisors) have a new hit on Broadway. Put that down as a must. And Gertrude Lawrence is making a hit in SKYLARK. You can't wait to see that — and Vicki Baum has written a play — that's bound to be good — what's the name! Who's in it? And oh, yes, what's the name of that play Katherine Hepburn has been playing all summer? You'll be

COSTLY COMPLIMENT

MR. A: What are you doing up here at the City Hall, Jim? In trouble with the law?

MR. B: No, not so far. I've just been trying to learn something about the law.

MR. A: How so?

MR. B: Well, I guess this is my twentieth visit out here. Dick Roe appointed me his executor, you know. He tried to pay me a compliment . .

★ ★ ★

To name a friend executor of your Will may turn out to be an imposition. And perhaps costly to your heirs, through his illness, absence, or untimely death. Why not investigate the ability of your bank tn act as executor? Ask for booklet.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Member F. D. I. C.

sure to take that in. And hasn't Maxwell Anderson a new play coming up? You must watch for that — etc., etc., etc. These are your thoughts as they fade off into details of luggage and furs and evening bags.

And now what about those of us who have no hope of getting to New York and who love the theatre passionately? Answer! Mrs. Hugh Brown — talented local reader of plays who brings the New York theatrical season so close that we feel we have had a television view of what's going on "on the old street." Through Mrs. Brown's remarkable gift for visualization we can here see the plays way ahead of production (and no bad actors in the cast either) — we keep abreast of George Kaufman and Moss Hart — we know about THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, that rollicking comedy written around the irrepressible Alexander Woolcott (how would you like to have him slip on the sidewalk at your doorstep and come in for a month's visit?) We understand why Katherine Hepburn could last all summer in PHILADELPHIA STORY — no wonder, it's a Phil Barry play (you remember — he's the man who wrote Holliday and Paris bound. And SKYLARK?) Ah yes, Gertrude Lawrence. Well—perhaps the play is only "so-so," but it's a perfect vehicle for Miss Lawrence, and Mrs. Brown will do it justice even if she isn't possessed of all those magnetic Lawrence mannerisms.

What about Vicki Baum's play SUMMER NIGHT? Sounds romantic. Mrs. Brown will study it and bring it to us with every fine nuance of line pointed up. That's the satisfying thing about this intelligent reader — she's clever enough and skilled enough to reach inside a play and produce it, as a reading, with all the fine edge of a professional director. It comes fresh to the listener, too. You catch Mrs. Brown's enthusiasm for the play, for the dramatist himself, for the thing he saw in his mind when he wrote down the words.

Mrs. Brown has a rare talent, a flair for interpretation. Through the tones of her voice she will take you anywhere and create for you different characters by the slenderest differences of intonation — and we say it with relief, Mrs. Brown is as natural and unaffected and gay as summer rain. So the Club introduces to you five delightful mornings on BROADWAY THROUGH A READER'S EYES. The reader, Mrs. Hugh Brown. The time, 10:45 a. m., the first Wednesday of each of five spring months — January to May, inclusive, in the Auditorium. The first play: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER.

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When winter's chill is in the air and the days are dreary and rain-swept, be wise and stay pleasantly comfortable with the soothing warmth of GAS HEAT.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

JANUARY
1940
VOLUME XIII • NUMBER 12

Women's City Club Calendar
JANUARY . . . 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

JANUARY — 1940

1	**New Year's Day Dinner,** $1.25 a plate	Main Dining Room 5:00 to 8:00 p.m.
3	**Drama Reading**—Mrs. Hugh Brown. "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Course tickets, five readings: Members, $2.25; Non-Members, $2.75; Members, single, 55 cents; Non-Members, 66 cents—including tax.	Auditorium 10:45 a.m.
4	**Needlework Guild**	Room 212 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
5	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 11:00 a.m.
6	**Twelfth Night—"Christmas in Many Lands"**—Dinner, $1.25 a plate	Auditorium 6:30 p.m.
8	**ANNUAL ELECTION — BOARD OF DIRECTORS**	Clubhouse 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
10	**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room 12:15 p.m.
	Book Review Dinner Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review "The American Drama Since 1918" by Joseph Wood Krutch.	National Defenders Rm. 6:15 p.m.
11	**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium 12:00 noon
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program "New Zealand—Yesterday and Today." Lecture illustrated with motion pictures, Mr. A. E. Carroll, representative of New Zealand Government—G. G. I. E.	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
12	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 11:00 a.m.
15	**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding	Annex 6:00 p.m.
16	**Wana Derge Alumni Exhibit of Pictures Painted with Flowers and Objects** Talk at 2 p. m. and 7:15 p. m. Open to public.	Auditorium 11:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.
18	**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium 12:00 noon
	Needlework Guild	Room 212 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding.	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program "Home Is What You Make It." Illustrated with colored motion pictures. Mr. R. A. McWilliamson. Courtesy W. & J. Sloane.	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
19	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 11:00 a.m.
23	**Wana Derge—Color and Composition.** First in a series of seven classes (Fee $12.00)	Room 209 1:00 p.m.
24	**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room 12:15 p.m.
25	**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium 12:00 noon
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding.	Annex 12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program "America's Stake in World Affairs," Dr. Alfred G. Fisk.	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
26	**French Conversational Class**	Room 212 11:00 a.m.

FEBRUARY — 1940

1	**Current Economic Events**—Dr. Paul Cadman	Auditorium 12:00 noon
	Needlework Guild	Room 212 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding.	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program Discussion of the Educational and Emotional Influence of the Movie Theater on Children—Claude A. Shull, Ed.D.; Mary H. Layman, M.D.	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
2	**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212 11:00 a.m.
5	**German Round Table**—Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding	Annex 6:00 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIII JANUARY, 1940 Number 12

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SPRING COURSE

of

TWELVE LECTURES

by Dr. Paul F. Cadman

"Current Economic Events"

Beginning Thursday, January 11, 12 o'clock, for twelve consecutive weeks, with the exception of Washington's Birthday, February 22, and Maundy Thursday, March 21.

■■■■■■■

Dr. Cadman has just returned from the East where he was the guest-speaker before the Omaha Forum, the forty-fourth Congress of American Industry in New York, and the Bankers' Association of Youngstown, Ohio. Refreshed by new contacts and stimulated by the discussions at these meetings, he will bring us again weekly comment and analysis of the social scene throughout the world. The focus of attention during the Spring Course in 1940 will range from the European conflicts to our own domestic political scene, where the activities of a pre-president year are already claiming the head-lines.

■■■■■■■

Course Tickets — Members, $5.50
Non-Members, $6.60. Fees Tax Included.

Single Admissions: Members, 55c; Non-Members, 66c. (Tax Included)

Yours — Every Kind Of Winter Fun

Have you ever joined in one of Yosemite's ice carnivals — staged with mile-high granite walls for a backdrop? Or thrilled to the tinkle of sleighbells in the still white night? Or skimmed over long fast ski slopes — returning to the cheery comfort of the Ahwahnee Hotel's blazing log-fire? Experiences not to be missed!

A complete winter sports program — with ideal weather, sheltered from icy winds — and living facilities on a par with the magnificent, world-famed setting! Make the distingnished Ahwahnee — or pleasant Yosemite Lodge — your address for a week or two. This year it's extra easy to come, with the All-Year Highway completed.

This year . . . special all-expense rates for a week of winter sports.

For skiers, every kind of terrain — the "upski" — a comfortable ski house — and California's oldest and best Ski School.

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Reservations:
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All-Year Highway now completely rebuilt!

For skaters — the West's largest outdoor rink — 60,000 square feet of natural ice — a competent staff of instructors.

ELECTION DAY *Monday, January 8th*

ELECTION OF CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE
NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE
OF CALIFORNIA
1940 - 1943

The Annual Election for the Board of Directors by the League Membership will be held between the hours of 9:00 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. Monday, January 8, 1940.

The Nominating Committee of the National League for Woman's Service (founder of the Women's City Club of San Francisco) submits the following names as candidates for the Board of Directors, to be voted upon at the Annual Election, Monday, January 8th.

Those not voting in person may mail ballot in sealed envelope with name on outside, in time to reach the office on or before January 8th.

Article 8, Constitution and By-Laws: "There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the annual election."

BALLOT

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

RETURN THIS BALLOT ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 8, 1940

VOTE FOR TEN

MRS. H. B. ALLEN ☐
MRS. H. L. ALVES ☐
MRS. HAROLD H. BJORNSTROM ☐
MISS LOTUS COOMBS ☐
MISS BERTHA J. DALE ☐
MISS KATHARINE DONOHOE ☐
MRS. JOHN O. DRESSER ☐
MRS. HAZEL PEDLAR FAULKNER ☐
MRS. W. B. HAMILTON ☐
MISS HARRIET T. PARSONS ☐
☐
☐
☐

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ BILLS FOR DUES will be mailed out February 15th. Help save expense of second notices by mailing checks in promptly.

■ CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS — Dr. Paul Cadman's new Spring course will start on January 11th, as usual, at the noon hour. Course tickets — members, $5.50; non-members, $6.60, including tax; single admission, members, 55c; non-members, 66c.

■ DRAMA READINGS — Mrs. Hugh Brown will bring to us on the first Wednesday of each month the very latest New York plays. Be up to the minute and join this group. Course tickets are available at Information Desk — Fourth Floor and at front office. Members' course tickets are $2.25; non-members, $2.75; members' single admission, 55c; non-members, 66c, tax included.

■ EXHIBIT OF PICTURES PAINTED WITH FLOWERS AND OBJECTS: Wana Derge Alumni will be held in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse on January 16th. Open from 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. with talks by Miss Derge at 2:00 p.m. and 7:15 p.m. This exhibit is open to the public and there is no admission charge.

■ COLOR AND COMPOSITION CLASSES under the direction of Wana Derge will start Tuesday, January 23rd. See page 29 for details.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE — We need Volunteer help in all departments. Make a New Year's resolution to enter your name on the Volunteer list and help carry on the traditions of the National League.

■ FOR SALE IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Leaf-gathering baskets on wheels. Various shaped and sized baskets for carrying cut flowers. Garden baskets with tools. Cactus fiber cord in colors for tying up bunches of greens or blossoms.

■ PAST AND PRESENT BOARD MEMBERS' LUNCHEON — An annual function to be held this year on January 23rd at which our President welcomes newly-elected Board Members and honors retiring Board Members who have served through past years, as well as those who continue to give their services to the National League.

■ BOOK MART frequently brings forth this question from prospective donors: "What type of book do you want?" We answer: "All types, because every book that is given finds a buyer."

■ ANNUAL ELECTION: Monday, January 8th, members may cast their ballot in the Clubhouse or vote by mail. The ballot will be found on page 5. If mailing, check each name in the space designated, place in an envelope with name and address of member plainly marked on outside and send or bring to the Clubhouse before 6 o'clock, January 8th. If voting in the Clubhouse, members will find Volunteers in attendance to accept ballots.

■ SYMPHONY TICKETS — The Club, recognizing the unique position of the Symphony Association in the life of San Francisco, decided to show its appreciation by securing two season tickets for the use of its members and guests. These seats are now available upon application at the Executive Office. It is hoped that this will be of particular value to our out-of-town members. The concert dates are Friday afternoons — January 5, 19, and 26; February 9 and 16; March 8, 15 and 29, and April 12 and 19. Tickets must be called for before noon on the day of each concert.

■ EMPLOYEES' FUND: The staff of the Women's City Club wishes to thank members of the Club who have made contribution to the Employees' Fund, thereby making possible the distribution of the Christmas bonus.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Drama will be Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard's topic for discussion at the first meeting of the new year. "The American Drama Since 1918," by Joseph Wood Krutch will be the book. With London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna curtained by a background of natural darkness at nightfall, Europe's capacity for entertainment is extremely slim, and New York bids fair to be a battered world's one amusement center. Today, American drama takes the center of the world's stage. What is the criterion of a good play? In the judgment of a play, is the final concern with the ideas represented in a play? What is the quality of a playwright's imagination? Is it like the imagination of a novelist? What literary form is required of a playwright? Because of the winter season the Book Review Dinner hour has been set forward to six o'clock. The time is the second Wednesday evening, January 10th, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS — Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman, has planned for her first program in the new year, which will be on January 11th, "New Zealand -- Yesterday and Today," a lecture illustrated with motion pictures by Mr. A. E. Carroll, Representative of New Zealand Government at the Golden Gate International Exposition. January 18th, "Home is What You Make It," a lecture by Mr. R. A. McWilliamson, illustrated with colored motion pictures, through the courtesy of W. and J. Sloane. On January 25th, Dr. Alfred G. Fisk will speak on "America's Stake in World Affairs." The introductory program for February will be Discussion of the Educational and Emotional Influence of the Movie Theater on Children, by Claude A. Shull, Ed. D., and Mary H. Layman, M. D.

■ Another club makes us envious with a long list of new members and their sponsors, but elsewhere in the same magazine we read that the initiation fee has been waived for a month.

Why cannot we waive our initiation fee? Because our dues are nominal and our initiation fee from new members each year is particularly important to us, and is a substantial factor in our income. We allow three instalment payments of the total obligation — $36.50 ($25.00 initiation fee, $2.50 Federal tax, $9.00 annual dues.)

The growth of any organization is dependent on two factors — the continuance of membership year after year and the increase of the rolls of membership regularly by new entrants. Now is the time to interest new friends in the National League for Women's Service.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES under the direction of Mrs. Earl Tanbara will be held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock and Thursday evenings at 7:00 o'clock. Complete instructions — $2.00; material extra.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Your hair must be well groomed if you want to look your best. A permanent wave is a necessity if one is not blessed with a natural wave. Our permanents are given by expert operators and the best solutions are used. Try them in our Beauty Salon and you will never be without one again. Moderate prices in all lines of work.

Now that the holiday season is over and all your friends and relatives have been remembered, it is time to think of oneself and how to improve one's looks and personality for the coming year. A course of facials will revitalize your skin and take years off your looks.

Call GArfield 8400 for an appointment.

■ SWIMMING POOL — Because of the interest shown in the swimming classes now being held for Girl Scouts, we are going to continue them through the month of January, same time as heretofore, 10:30 every Saturday morning.

Beginning February third, and every Saturday morning at 10:30 until class is finished, there will be a new class for Girl Scouts. Girls between the ages of 10 years to 14 years who are not Scouts, are invited to join these classes. For further information, please inquire at Pool Office.

Swimming classes for adult swimmers are held every Thursday morning at 11:15. Join and get slim.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Classes in French, Spanish and Italian are available. Call or write in for information so that classes may be formed at hours convenient to all pupils.

■ USE OF THE CLUBHOUSE — Use of the Clubhouse by the membership is paramount in the success of the Club. Let us continue to be proud of our record. Use your Clubhouse at every opportunity.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES — French Round Table, every Thursday at 12:15 p.m. Mlle. Lemaire presiding. French Round Table, every Thursday at 6:15 p.m. Mlle. Le Brun de Surville presiding. Spanish Round Table, second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 12:15. Senorita Angela Montiel presiding. German Round Table, first and third Monday at 6:00 p.m. Frau Martha Hack Kunstorff presiding.

San Francisco Girls Choir—The Recreation Department of San Francisco.

The President's Message

The world of our Clubhouse is a busy one twelve months of the year, and one of its busiest years is about to close. It may be of interest to members not so closely in touch with the building, to hear that our percentage of occupancy during 1939 was consistently higher than last year. 2,710 Special Exposition Guest Cards were issued, many of these of course mere gestures of hospitality, tying into the program of cooperation set for ourselves during the Exposition year. Members and their friends from far and near enjoyed the privileges of our Clubhouse and expressed their pleasure in no uncertain terms. With all the added numbers and extra activity the building maintained its atmosphere of restfulness and peace—an attribute not often stressed but appreciated by many. These qualifications we bring to your attention not in a spirit of boastfulness but a deep appreciation that the high standards and smooth running of our departments is maintained by a staff whose pride and pleasure is devoted service to the Women's City Club. Our members' response to this consistent, if silent, service may be demonstrated by more frequent use of the Clubhouse and its departments and in this thought we voice our wish for a very Happy and Prosperous New Year to all those whose interest, work and membership combine to make of the National League for Woman's Service a factor in the life of our beloved city.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

COMING EVENTS

■

TWELFTH NIGHT

January 6

Celebrated in true old-world fashion—Epiphany cake — Mulled wine beside the glowing hearth. Pageantry — story telling — a most colorful festival.

BOOK MART and RAG FAIR

February 13 - 14 - 15 - 16

Book Stalls from the Seine, just the right height, loaded with rarities. Tea by lamp light, checkered table cloths. Bargains at the Rag Counter.

■

For Classes - Courses - Book Reviews - Drama Reading
See Calendar and Announcements

Editorial

HAPPY NEW YEAR! What a hollow sound these words have this year until we delve deeply into their meaning! Then if we do, we see that the phrase means opportunity for a new start, and we can indeed rejoice, for the events of the past year — the misery and sorrow to millions deprived of free-will — are something that certainly need a complete reversal. Janus must surely face forward in 1940—not back.

In no part of the earth's surface can a people say "Happy New Year" with more sincerity. Here is bounty of opportunity, and dangerous attack from a foreign foe is not imminent. But who are we to be so especially favored by Providence? No planning of our own has given us this birthplace. With humble hearts we survey our blessings and with the simple faith that the ten commandments still hold and that a people without a God cannot prosper. Thus do we enter into 1940 resolved to make the new year happier.

But resolutions generalized mean little, whereas resolutions made concrete mean much. Let us say nothing we would not write and sign; let us not be boastful, except of the handiwork of our own vision and accomplishment; let us in our affluence in the New World remember the poverty of the Old World; and finally let us resolve to keep our own house in order so that thieves may not break through and steal, thereby preserving the America which was builded upon freedom in its varying multifold applications.

Then can we honestly say to one another,
"A Happy New Year to All!"

A January number of a Magazine feels "the letdown" which follows the Season leading up to the series of holidays which is universally celebrated throughout the world. The mind has suddenly stopped short at Christmas. An end has come. Now what? This is reason number One why January issues of periodicals are not always exciting. Reason number Two is that they "go to print" in the midst of the busy pre-Christmas season, and the Editor finds "no" an easy answer to his requests for stories.

It is with considerable pride then that we point to this number of the Women's City Club Magazine. Twelfth Night and its significance is our one January theme at the Clubhouse and Virginia Chilton gives us a background sketch of this "Little Christmas" so that we may the better enjoy the Epiphany dinner.

Robert Rea brings us factual information about the San Francisco Public Library, of which we know so few statistics (many of us of course know the human side of this story for we often turn to the Main Library and its branches for help in solving some mystery. How many times has the Magazine blessed this fountain of knowledge). Mrs. Walter Jones explains for our readers the cosmpolitan make-up of San Francisco and very cleverly points out that although we are often individualists of one-generation Americans, we are nevertheless interested in the "other fellow" and his native festivals, and proud to call these colonies San Franciscans.

Betty Jean Shanedling brings us the history of the making of "The Pagoda," which some of us were fortunate enough to see at the Exposition and into this history she weaves much of information regarding jade (incidentally the printing of this story "counts" for this Stanford student.)

Kathryn Eshleman Wahl intrigues us to share in winter sports, a pastime which more and more we in snowless San Francisco are finding available to us in rink and in mountain districts only a few hours distant by motor. Finally, Madame Monteux brings us her personal experiences of "Snow" in many lands. Her wit and characteristic presentation of this story remind us of the charming informal talks Mme. Monteux gives us each year when guest-of-honor at our Symphony Tea in the Lounge.

Instead of Book Reviews, we have asked Miss Bruner to clear our Library shelves with us, and under her facile pen, the Little Man on the ladder is busily working for us this month.

What a galaxy for a January issue of any magazine!

TO THE NEW YEAR

Oh child New Year, on whom the mantle falls
Of the departing year, who leaves to thee,
The labors, tasks, the duties and the calls
Which are the heirlooms of the past, to be
A precious trust, the heritage of time.
How will thou face the future all alone?
How front the foes of sin, and vice, and crime,
Which muster round with force and might unknown?
Take courage, child of time, be not dismayed,
Equip thyself with faith and hope and love,
And seek for strength and wisdom from above;
With these to help thee, never be afraid.
Go forth with gladness on thine untrod way,
And strength will come to thee from day to day.

—E. D. Nalder.

Festivals of the Nations in San Francisco

by Adelyn Brickley Jones

■ San Francisco was born in a festive mood. Down the centuries her theme song has been "A Canticle of Joy," a heritage from her patron, the singing saint of Assisi. The hymns of praise she sang to the accompaniment of the mission bells of Dolores filled her heart with gladness.

In the "Days of the Dons" the stranger was welcomed with the cordial greeting, "Our House is yours!" Merry making enlivened work and play. The spirit of fiesta characterized the barbecues at the ranchos, the bear and cock fights in the sand dune arenas, and the religious observances of the saints' days.

During the gold rush era the signal atop Telegraph Hill announced the approach of a ship through the Golden Gate. A holiday was declared and the people of the town rushed to the water front to meet more Argonauts seeking the Golden Fleece. In the "fabulous fifties" Rincon Hill was crowned with stone front mansions where lordly millionaires entertained with lavish hospitality. Later, the bonanza kings made Nob Hill the center of wealth and fashion.

The "City of Enchantment" lured people from every country on the globe. It became a meeting place of the nations — a port of all flags. The new comers brought the rich traditions of their homelands and built a cosmopolitan city. Each group evidenced a love of home and a religious fervor. The festivals of the mother countries were fittingly celebrated in the new land, and the customs established at that time are carried on by the present generation.

Twenty foreign settlements within the city lend a picturesque charm. The national groups include an alphabetical list from Armenians to Yugo-Slavs. White men, black men, yellow men and brown live here in neighborly amity. During the religious festivals of the many denominations the spirit of the most beloved of all saints hovers over his city. Jew, Christian, Buddhist, and Mohammedan alike feels a freedom to worship according to his desire in this tolerant city with a soul.

It has been said that San Francisco "has a pageant for breakfast, a fiesta for luncheon, and a carnival for dinner." A calendar of events for the year lists numerous celebrations sponsored by foreign colonies with the entire populace joining in the festivities.

The holiday season brings old-world customs to new-world settings. Stars blaze on outdoor Christmas trees. Carols ring in welcome to the New Born King. In the national churches devout worshippers offer obeisance to the Babe of Bethlehem. Children visit the French church to receive "Le Petit Noel"; the Spanish church to see the Nacimiento, or Nativity scene; the Italian church where in the Presepio the Bambino lies on a bed of straw; and the German church to sing "O Holy Night" in honor of Christkind. The Mexicans look forward to "Los Posadas" — the visits of friends during the nine days preceding Christmas.

The Swedish celebrate "Jul," or Christmastide with great ceremony and the rites have come down from the days of the Norsemen. December 13, St. Lucia's Day, is supposed to be the darkest day in the year, so "star lanterns" are carried by the "waits" as they sing from door to door. A month of celebration is ushered in when the daughter of the household appears in the early morning with a circle of lighted candles attached to a green wreath on her head. She brings presents to the family and is called "Lucia."

To the Jugo-Slavs, who belong to the Greek Orthodox church, comes thirteen days behind the Gregorian calendar. During that time, the feast of the Slava, open house prevails.

The Russian Orthodox priests, in full vestments, lead the Yuletide service, duplicating the ceremonies held during the Czarist regime. The refugees, who found sanctuary here, lift their lusty voices in a liturgy of antiphonal songs.

"Twelfth Night" or the "Feast of the Epiphany," is a joyous close to the Christmas season, a happy mingling of religious and social activities.

On the "Feast of Tabernacles" or "Succoth," a harvest festival of the ancient days of Israel is celebrated with special prayers of thanksgiving in the synagogues. On the Jewish New Year, Rosh-hashana, an apple is dipped in honey, tasted, and the words repeated: "May it be His will that the year that is to come be a sweet year."

The Chinese New Year is a relic of the old Imperial calendar. On the first seven days elaborate feasts are

Chinese New Year Festival — February 6 to 13.

held. The shops and bazaars are closed, fireworks are displayed, and the Dance of the Magnificent Lion brings good fortune to all who participate. The ancient rites have been abolished since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. A former San Franciscan, the Chinese Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the first president of the Chinese republic is honored by a stainless steel monument erected to his memory in Chinatown. Appropriate exercises of the occasion are held here. Annual rice bowl parties are the incentive for generous giving of funds for the relief of stricken Chinese in the war areas. During the "Feast of the Lanterns" or "Fah Dang Wui," a local queen with her courtiers, rule Chinatown.

When the full moon rises above the pagoda-like roofs the cares and troubles are surrendered at "the altar of blessings," during the Moon Festival. The great green dragon parades down the Street of One Thousand Fish, into the Alley of the Imperial Consort of Heaven, and along the Lane of Golden Chrysanthemums.

The "Festival of the Dolls" is a quaint custom of the Japanese colony. It centers around the daughters of the household. The little girls, arrayed in embroidered ceremonial kimonas sing and dance and twirl their parasols before the shrines of tiny dolls. According to legend, these are the images of the living maidens formerly sacrificed to the river god. On "Boys Day," the air is filled with balloons and paper fish float from bamboo poles on every house. The carp are symbols of success in life and the size of each fish represents the age of the man-child.

The change of seasons brings colorful exhibits of Japanese flower arrangements in local shops and hotels. The annual cherry blossom festival transplants a bit of old Nippon to the Japanese tea garden in Golden Gate Park.

In the spring a touch of nostalgia comes to the Britisher when he reads Robert Browning's lines, "O to be in England, now that April's here."

The anniversary of Shakespeare's birth provides the opportunity for the student and lovers of flowers to wend their way to the Garden of Shakespeare's Flowers in Golden Gate Park, and place wreaths on the bronze bust of the poet-dramatist in the ivy covered brick wall. In the world of fantasy he created they sing with him, "I scorn to change my fate with kings."

After a "wee doch an' dorris," the Scottish pipers, with a sprig of heather in their bright plaid caps parade out to the Robert Burns statue in Golden Gate Park to remember the birthday of the famous poet of the Highlands.

The annual Eisteddfod of the Welsh singing society is a well attended musical event.

On Saint Patrick's Day San Francisco becomes "a little bit of Ireland." The United Irish Societies may claim "the top o' the mornin," but the rest of the day is shared with rollicking enthusiasm with the Italians, the Mystic Shriner and other groups. Exercises honoring the Irish patriot and martyr, Robert Emmet, take place annually at his monument in Golden Gate Park. His immortal "Speech from the Dock" is eloquently repeated.

The Scandinavians assemble annually for the Midsommarafton, or Midsummer Festival. Originally it was held in honor of Balder, the god of light and sun. From the local Swedish (Continued on page 25

Pagoda in Jade

by Betty-Jean Shandeling

■ A small boy stood watching an old man, fingers twisted with age, but still nimble and patient, more so than the fingers of a watch-maker. As the old man moved a bare foot up and down, little wheels spun, making a high-pitched sound like the echo of a butterfly-harp. Green dust fell from the singing wheel. And the boy spoke: "What, good father, are you doing?" And the old man said, "I am making a statue, in precious jade, of Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy."

The boy went to the old jade-cutter day after day, and finally he said, "Good father, I too would be a jade-cutter such as you. But I would learn to turn the jade into things even more beautiful than China has seen before."

The old man smiled at the boy and said, "My son, it is true of this world that more beauty has died with your ancestors than will be born anew in your lifetime. So learn to do what has been done before, and you will find enough of true beauty."

For centuries, perhaps to a day long before the birth of Christ, Chinese jade carvers have practiced this philosophy. They have "done what has been done before" until revolution and war have virtually made jade carving a lost art. In all China but one man, Chang Wen-ti, groped for the grand conception that would symbolize the words of Confucius: "Wise men have seen in jade all the virtues. Jade is soft, smooth, and shining, like kindness. It is hard, fine, and strong like intelligence. Its edges seem sharp, but do not cut, like justice. It hangs down to the ground, like humility. When struck it gives a clear ringing sound, like music. The stains in it, which are not hidden, and which add to its beauty, are like truthfulness. Its brightness is like Heaven, while its firm substance, born of the mountains and waters, is like the earth." After endless patient study, Chang conceived and executed the "Altar of the Sacred Jade Pagoda." The pagoda, which was a mecca at the Paris Exposition and the Golden Gate International Exposition, is soon to begin a tour of American cities. It was carved from a single piece of jade weighing eighteen thousand pounds, found in Burma. In general contour the Pagoda resembles the famous Lung-hwa Pagoda near Shanghai, but its proportions and the shapes of the component parts are much finer, being the result of intensive study of the numerous types found throughout China.

Upon completion of the plans of this enterprise, Mr. Chang put the design into the hands of one of the most renowned of China's jade artists. At times one hundred and fifty selected artisans and craftsmen were employed upon various phases of this work, much of which was very exacting in nature. For instance, the bells suspended from the eaves were carved from the same piece of jade as the eaves themselves. Chang estimates that one and a half million hours were spent upon this pagoda from the start till the competion. Because these craftsmen were working upon material of extraordinary hardness in efforts to produce an object of exquisitely delicate design, there were (Continued on page 22

Epiphany

by Virginia Chilton

That winter night on which the Holy Child was born in Bethlehem, there appeared in the heavens, as foretold by the Prophet, a star of great magnitude. On seeing it and recognizing the sign, the Three Wise Men, bearing gifts, set out on their journey. The star led them to Jerusalem where they were questioned by Herod, who had heard tales of this Child who was born to be "King of Israel." Leaving Jerusalem, the star preceded them as before and led them to the manger where the Christ-Child lay. There they knelt down in reverence and offered each one his gift: gold, to signify the Babe was King; frankincense, to show He was God, and myrrh, as a sign that He was man and so must die.

The feast of the Epiphany has been celebrated for centuries throughout the Christian world to commemorate the three manifestations of Christ—to the Gentiles in the persons of the Three Wise Men; to the Jews at His baptism in the Jordan, and to the disciples at the marriage feast in Cana.

The word Epiphany, meaning "appearance" or "manifestation," is of Greek origin and establishes the fact that the feast was first celebrated in the Eastern Church. In the Greek Church it has always been held as the feast next in importance to Easter. The fact that on this day the water is blessed for the year makes it probable that in the beginning more importance was given to the baptism in the Jordan than to the other two manifestations. However, the threefold commemoration of the Epiphany in the West dates from the fourth century at least.

Many legends and customs have grown from the original story of the Wise Men. In Italy and Russia it is told that outside of Jerusalem, on the way to Bethlehem, the Magi met an old woman who was sweeping her house. She asked them where they were going and when they told her she begged them to wait until she finished her sweeping and she would go with them. They told her they could not wait and bade her to follow them. When she finished she tried to do so. But they had gone beyond her sight and ever since that day she has been wandering the earth trying to find the Child Jesus. Each eve of the Epiphany she comes down the chimneys and leaves gifts for the children, hoping always to find the Child she seeks.

In Spain there is a cele- (Continued on page 28

The Wassail Bowl—
A Feature of the
Celebration of Epiphany.

The San Francisco Public Library

by Robert Rea

■ The San Francisco Public Library was founded in 1878, and was destroyed in the fire of 1906, at which time it had a collection of 160,000 volumes and a circulation of 830,000. It now has approximately 520,000 volumes and an annual circulation of almost 4,000,000 books. While no record is taken of books used for research purposes, it is estimated that the amount would be more than equal that for home use.

The library system consists of main library, 21 branches, and 6 deposit stations.

The following is a brief resume of the use and resources of various service departments by the librarians in charge:

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

Entering the San Francisco Public Library, one is impressed by the austere beauty of the Italian Renaissance room where utility as well as beauty has been competently combined. There is an average daily circulation of over 3,000 books from this department alone.

The non-fiction department is so organized that the patron receives his books with a minimum waste of time. Dictionary catalogs supply the reader with a permanent record of every book contained in the library under a three-fold entry: author, title, and subject. Cross-references aid in the search for material by suggesting other headings under which to look. Here, too, is the Information Desk where ever-ready and willing librarians are waiting to explain the use of the dictionary catalogs and other facilities of the library.

Trained librarians stationed at the Loan Desk receive requests and issue non-fiction books for home use. It is from this desk that the thousands of books stored in the seven tiers of the main stacks are made available to the public for circulation. This large collection of books is kept in perfect order by having a staff of college page-boys place the returned books each day to their proper shelves. Display shelves containing a selected collection of recent books of current interest are kept well filled for the reader's pleasure.

The ten panels in the corridor leading from the Circulation Department to the Reference Department are by Gottardo Piazzoni. They are an interpretation of California landscape.

GENERAL READING ROOM

The General Reading Room contains the open shelf collection of English and foreign fiction and a browsing collection of over three thousand volumes of popular non-fiction.

Copies of new fiction are issued for seven days and are not renewable. All other fiction is circulated for a two-week period and may be kept for a further two weeks if the library is notified.

The fiction collection numbers many thousands of volumes and is constantly being augmented. The foreign section contains novels in most of the foreign languages.

Application for popular books to be reserved may be made on special postal cards which must be purchased at the library. These postal cards are mailed to the applicants as the books become available.

The room adjoining the General Reading Room houses the collection of fine printing and binding known as the Max John Kuhl Memorial Collection. Examples from the renowned presses of the old world as well as representatives work of the finest modern presses are on display here.

The Frank Vincent Du Mond mural, "Pioneers Arriving in the West," on the north wall was originally painted for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and was installed in the library at the close of the Exposition. The companion mural, "Pioneers Leaving the East," is to be found in the Reference Department.

REFERENCE DESK

The rapid changes that have come into the life of every community during the past number of years have brought with them new needs and new questions to be solved. Only a large, carefully chosen, well-maintained reference collection can provide all the books necessary for the solution of these problems.

The Reference Department has a well-rounded collection of books that is invaluable not only to students, but also to the professional, business and industrial life of the community. This department accurately feels the pulse of the reading public. At present, there is a marked revival in the demand for

A Corner in the Children's Department at the Main Library.

books on ship building, chemistry, economics and finance. There is, also, a steady demand for books on dramatic literature.

The Art Department, which is operated through the Reference Department, is one of the largest on the Pacific Coast. It is used extensively by advertising and business firms, as well as artists. The various federal writers' research projects have taxed the resources of this department to the utmost during the last few years.

The ready reference service given over the telephone is an important feature. Newspapers avail themselves of it daily, as they must have information and facts upon a moment's notice.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The music collection of the library, as a separate department, was established in 1917. From a small collection of music and books about music it has grown to its present size of 6,500 volumes of music, 4,000 books on music, 9,000 pieces of sheet music, choral music, pictures, pamphlets and a clipping file. There is a yearly circulation of between fifty and sixty thousand.

Through these nearly twenty-three years of growth the department has added many special features both to the collection itself and to the services it renders to the public. An interesting development has been the collection of San Franciscoana. There are programs of events in the vital music life of the pioneer city up to the latest program in our municipal opera house. These later ones comprise bulletins, announcements, programs and clippings from all the daily papers.

Songs about early days in San Francisco and local imprints of any date whatever are included in this special collection.

For the historian and for the program maker there are many volumes of American popular songs; the earliest date is 1820, the latest 1939, a musical panorama of 119 years of American life.

Thanks to the various requests and problems of musicians, the department gives many unexpected services. The conflict of smaller events with the dates of visiting celebrities can be avoided by phoning the Music Department to look at its date register; students can keep tab on national prizes and competitions; a survey of musical activities in the city (clubs, choral societies, schools, etc.,) can be consulted for various needs; there is a piano room where music may be tried over before taking it home.

Except for a few reference books, the music is on open shelves, making it easily accessible.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

With the many stimuli offered by the present-day world, the children's librarians feel it is their duty to keep children interested in books, and to do everything possible to inculcate the love and joy of reading. Various means of doing this are used at the main and branch libraries.

During the school months classes visit the library for instruction in the arrangement of books, and the use of the card catalog. Also books are reviewed and stories told to the younger children. The children's librarians are often invited to be the guest speakers at school assemblies. This gives them the opportunity to interest boys and girls in using the library.

The library has co-operated with the Parent-Teachers Association in conducting (Continued on page 30

Snow

by Mrs. Pierre Monteux

■ It is curious, but no matter where one was born, or in what part of the world, at this time of the year, one's thoughts instinctively turn to snowy places, and I have taken for my subject SNOW, and the effect it has had on my life, both mentally, physically, and I can almost say, morally.

I was born on the coast of Maine in a little town called Salisbury Cove, a few miles from the famous summer resort of Bar Harbor. One of my earliest recollections of Salisbury Cove is the shore line covered with snow, and the floating ice beating and pushing against it during the long, cold winter. Sometimes the Bay would be absolutely frozen over, other times at low tide, when the ice had drifted out, I would go with my grandfather's hired man to dig clams in the cold, slimy mud. I would stand there shivering, in my high boots, dressed in three flannel petticoats, a thick woolen dress and heavy reefer, a heavy shawl around my shoulders, thick boots on my feet and woolen mittens on my hands—I would stand there shivering — and when I say shivering I mean that literally. My teeth clacked together in the cold air. But no one can imagine all of this who has not stood on a Maine shore line in the middle of January, watching a hired man dig down deeply into the black, oozing mud to pull out buried clams, what COLD really is. Even the thought of the clams to be steamed open later and made into delicious broth was not enough to stop my shivering. In spite of the bitter cold, my childhood thoughts and ambitions urged forward to the ice floe, and I could picture myself jumping gaily from cake to cake until I reached the middle, and I often wonder what it would have been like to have stood on a huge block of ice and come in on it with the incoming tide.

From Salisbury Cove my grandparents moved to Hancock, a hilly country farther inland. Here snow took on greater proportions for me, because the hills meant coasting, double runners, tobogganing, bob sleds, and even huge dish pans in which we would place our posteriors, and with much screaming and yelling, glide and turn like whirling Dervishes, down over the ice and across the pond below. Even though I am here in "Sunny California" with its delightful climate, I cannot help from thinking of the old skating pond, with the tall, dark fir trees around it, and of our crowd from the school, gliding back and forth over its snowy white surface. Our breaths would always show white in the still winter air—some of us old enough to enjoy a little flirtation would glide by in couples to the old fir trees, which were just big enough to hide behind, and steal a little kiss.

I can even now see my dear old Grandmother and my Aunt standing besides the pond where the boys had built a huge bon-fire, with enormous pots of steaming cocoa, and my Aunt Lilly, a master at making hot doughnuts, frying literally hundreds of them to appease our appetites sharpened by the cold, bitter, night air.

The memory of this gaiety and youthful pleasure has stayed with me somehow, and these bright nights, with the moon and stars shining down through the deep, dark woods have come back to me again and again, and have managed to be a sort of cleansing influence on my later years. I have had this same feeling when I have been in the great redwood forests in the northern part of California, but I think the combination of snow, the frozen pond, gleaming like a mirror, and the whispering fir trees, are one that one never forgets.

Our scene changes to Boston—dear, quaint old Boston!—and its Symphony Hall. From Maine, because I had a voice, I was sent to the New England Conservatory of Music. My budget was very small, and to attend the symphony concerts meant that nearly all of us at the Conservatory had to go early Friday mornings and wait there until half-past two in the afternoon to get our twenty-five-cent seats in the second balcony. You, who have never known a Boston winter with its snow, its sleet, and its hard-driving northeast wind, can never know what a price we paid for our music. The steps at Symphony Hall were long and wide, and had absolutely no cover over them, and Huntington Avenue, where we stood, was a long, bitter-cold, windy street. When there was a good soloist such as Nordica, Louise Homer, or the like, I have gone with my friends as early as eight o'clock in the morning to get a good seat for the afternoon concert, and wrapped up in all the heavy clothing I possessed, and with my lunch in my pocket (thermos bottles did not exist at that time), I have stood, stamping my feet, waving my arms wildly up and down to keep warm, with the Symphony Hall steps six and seven inches deep in

snow. Sometimes we could not even stand on the steps, but had to wait on the sidewalk, 400 and 500 of us, kept waiting for that exciting moment when the big doors would open and we could rush up and grab the coveted seat on the first row middle, from whence we would gather warmth by watching Boston society and its critics file in slowly and leisurely at two-thirty p.m. The orchestra would at last come on the stage, the conductor (Nikisch, later Muck, and still later, Monteux), in his old-fashioned cutaway coat, would lift his baton, and in a few minutes the snow, ice and bitter east wind would be forgotten and forgiven in the thrill of a great symphony or tone poem.

Now married, youth and Conservatory days a thing of the past, and traveling all over the world, SNOW has come to me in strange and remote places. I think one that made the greatest impression on me was in the winter of 1926, when we took the train in Brussels for Russia, across snow-covered Belgium, Germany, Poland, and Lithuania, we sped to Tallinn in Esthonia, where we arrived one cold winter night —40 degrees below zero. Not able to speak a word of the language, we stood on the platform at the railroad station trying to understand the strang mixture of Lay, as spoken there, and were at last directed to a hotel by a coachman speaking German. He covered us up with fur robes, and drove us to the most curious hostelleria I have ever been in, and we spent the night there in a room which contained a huge feather bed, and a mammoth porcelain stove reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and even if we had wanted to have a breath of fresh air, it would have been impossible, as the windows were all tightly frozen and could not be opened; in fact, I doubt if they had been opened in months, by the close smell of the room. Our train left in the morning, and again our Troika, with three horses to pull us, through a quaint old town, full of Russian influence, drove us to the station which was teeming with beggars and travelers, that early in the morning. They were so wrapped in leggings and heavy furs that one could only see their faces, and many looked as if they had slept in the station all night. It might interest you to hear what I had on: I remember distinctly I had on heavy woolen underwear, the heaviest to be found in Brussels; a thick petticoat, black velvet dress with long sleeves, silk stockings, golf stockings over them; heavy shoes and a sort of fur overboot; a sweater, a sealskin coat, bonnet and veil tied around the bonnet so my breath would not freeze. Incidentally, Mr. Monteux's breath did freeze, and his moustache for two solid months was always caked with icicles. This is hard to believe, but I swear by all the Russians, and a Russian winter, that it is true.

Our train, a very strange contraption, took us to Leningrad, and when I say "took us" I say it with some surprise, because I certainly never thought we would get there. It is a usual run of five or six hours, but it took us exactly seventeen (17) hours, and I thought at many times that it would break in two and leave us frozen by the wayside, with all of our baggage, somewhere between Tallinn and our destination.

When I tell you that the conductor, with his wife, son, and an old grandmother, had fixed up an apartment at the end of the wagon, a most slovenly apartment, in which they slept, did their cooking and all the other things pertaining to life's demands, you will not be surprised to know that we scratched from the moment of getting on the train until we left. I even scratch now to think of all the bugs and of their cousins, aunts, and uncles who were there en masse, and who really owned the train. At night the conductress came with a filthy blanket for me to cover myself with, but I preferred my fur coat, and freezing to death. At the frontier, in the middle of the night, at least seven Russian soldiers of the Red Army came in, made us get up, and searched us from top to bottom, ripped open the cushions of the car, tapped panels of the walls, got down on their knees and examined our baggage scrupulously, and then decided that the only thing that we could not take into Russia was all the music and scores which Mr. Monteux had carted from Paris. Upon seeing this, I became terribly excited, because much of his music was manuscript from Ravel, Milhaud, Stravinsky, and many other composers, so, without being able to speak one word of Russian, I pointed to the music, started to sing Prince Igor and conduct it, pointing to Mr. Monteux and the music, and really giving such a vivid pantomime that they began to laugh, went out into the corridor, and after a long whispering conference, came back with the music. After all of this excitement I was quite prepared to stand the freezing cold and the wild animals with which our compartment abounded.

We arrived in Leningrad about 4 o'clock in the morning, and even at that moment the station was full of beggars sleeping in their rags, their feet and legs tied up in newspapers to try to keep them warm. No one was there to meet us, and the porter took us in two sleighs—one in which he placed our baggage, and we piled into the other, as it is impossible to speak of our entrance into the sleigh in any other way, as we were simply mountains of clothes. In this way we rushed over the snow to the Hotel———.

How can I tell you of the square on which was the hotel and the famous Salle des Noblesse? We arrived there about 4:30 o'clock in the morning. It is surrounded by old Russian (Continued on page 28

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The Californian Alps

by Kathryn Eshleman Wahl

■ The young Austrian ski expert who had prudently fled his country with his savings some months before Anschluss, stood in the California highway and looked ecstatically at the white fields sloping above him.

"Where is the man who owns this?" he asked his American friends who had taken him sightseeing through California's snow fields, "Never, not even in the Tyrol, have I seen such ski terrain! It is just what I wished to buy for my winter resort. There is no need to look further."

He stopped in surprise, for his friends were convulsed with mysterious merriment. When they recovered sufficiently they explained that what he wished to buy was Lassen Peak, the center of one of America's national parks. There, he was told people were allowed to ski free.

Somewhat disappointed, he turned about in the highway and pointed north.

"That mountain there," he said uncertainly, "is it also the property of Uncle Sam, or may one buy land around it!"

The other mountain was Mt. Shasta, for he was standing halfway between the two great peaks of the Cascades, Lassen and Shasta. His friends assured him that near there he could buy his snowfields, and today he happily shows Californians the virtues of their own Alps.

He is one of many transplanted mountaineers who have been singing praises of our mountains in the last few years. For although he might be surprised to hear it, Herr Hitler is partly responsible for California's belated recognition of herself as a ski country unsurpassed. It was the unfeigned surprise of these exiled skiers at finding snowfields equal to the ones they had left behind that called attention to what we had been ignoring. This was a case of a country without honor among its own prophets, if a paraphrase may be permitted, because for years Californians' skiing was done in the Alps and other places with a romantic sound, while their own unsurpassed backyards remained clean of chicken tracks from crossed skis.

Of course, before the Austrian influx, local skiing had made its bid for popularity, largely through the efforts of the National Park service and the Forest service, and places like Yosemite had begun to collect their winter fan lists. But interest was comparatively small.

Today we are converted, and there are 71 ski clubs in California.

These clubs have home grounds with, in most cases, jumping scaffolds for their stars, and in all cases cleared gentle slopes for beginners and more difficult hills for their advanced members. Many

women are among these growing groups, because among other things it appeals to the same almost musical sense of balance that makes them love to dance.

In the last two years there has been an epidemic of installations of ski-lifts on the hills. The ski-lift, a sad commentary on human industry and ambition, is a device that takes the uphill out of the slope and makes skiing all downhill work. This has added greatly to its popularity among women.

There have been perhaps more new developments during the past summer, in preparation for this winter and spring, than in any year since the skiing boom began here. Almost every club has reported extensive improvements of its fields — things like clearing brush to take the maximum advantage of the year's fall of snow, enlarging fields, making them more accessible from highways, installing ski-lifts to tow lethargic athletes to the hilltops.

There is for instance Mt. Shasta. There a new $2500 jumping hill has been built to assure skiers of spectacles to watch; a ski tow has been installed, and the playhill has been improved by removal of brush.

At Lassen the famous Mt. Christie has been improved by building of a ski shelter, and one is scheduled for the Checking Station hill in the park itself. Rope ski tows have been established by the club at Mt. Christie and at the Checking Station.

Along the Donner Trail a series of highly developed areas awaits this year's skier. At Donner Lake the resort has been opened for winter sports. Above this, near the summit, is the Sugar Bowl skiing area, which is nearly ideal ski terrain, where a new lodge has been built, reached from the road by an over-the-snow machine. Skiers here are taken up Mt. Lincoln in a chair type tow, and here also is a skating rink.

At Soda Springs the hill has been newly cleared, and a J-bar ski tow, which neatly catches the skier above the knees will whisk him uphill. The Auburn Ski Club, one of the first in the State, has enlarged its areas at Cisco. At Rainbow an ice rink has been added. The Tahoe Club, famous when ski fame was fleeting, carries on with a new area developed on the slopes behind Tahoe Inn, with a small jumping hill and a ski tow. For major ski tournaments it will still use Olympic hill.

At Longbarn the entire sidehill has been cleared, and not one but two ski-lifts installed — a rope tow, which skiers grasp to be pulled uphill as they stand upright on their skis, and the aforementioned J-bar type for the less energetic. At Pinecrest there is a rope tow, and at Angels' Camp and Placerville you may ski among mementos of California's history in the sort of country where skied the famous Snowshoe Thompson, whose nine-foot skis first flew the mail to Reno.

Yosemite is in some ways most famous of California's winter sports resorts. Here the winter scenery is unparalleled. Ice skating is available, and Badger Pass has a luxurious sled type ski tow where one may sit comfortably while the work is taken out of skiing.

Negotiations are underway by the state chamber of commerce with the Southern Pacific railroad for a weekend ski tour to Soda Springs, which will bring skiers to that area at 6:30 a.m., instead of the 4.30 a.m. which used to find them arriving. This tour will also bring visitors to Cisco at a more reasonable hour.

The Feather River area, too, will be served by the railroads, with the Western Pacific bringing groups to Lake Norvell. At Johnsville, near here, brush has been cleared and a ski tow installed.

Swift single files of silhouettes this spring will make pencil lines across the sides of white slopes in almost every mountain area in California. And among these gliding skiers will be many people who a few years ago thought of California as a tropical state, and of skiing as a purely European pastime. But it took some exiled Europeans to show them that there is a skifield in every Californian's backyard.

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Pagoda in Jade

(Continued from page 14)

times when the slightest slip of the hand or tool might have ruined the whole object of their combined labors and shattered eternally the hopes of the sculptor. The work was continued more than ten years. In April, 1933, the original conception became a reality, the pride not only of the designer, but also of each of the skilled jade craftsmen who contributed to its successful execution.

Even among the old imperial collections Mr. Chang contends, there has never been anything comparable with this pagoda and that no emperor ever secured a piece of jade of such size and exquisite beauty. It compares favorably with any piece of similar work ever executed, even during the prolific periods of the Tang and Sung dynasties.

The pagoda is seven stories in height, yet but fifty inches high. It is octagonal in shape weighs almost eighty pounds, and is an assembled piece each separate member being a priceless example
er's art The ingeniously dove-
s fit together perfectly and
evable in detail. Each of the
is rimmed with tiny jade
miniature lanterns and bells hanging from the curling roofs. Doorways, windows, arches, and stairways flanked by fiery lions are without a flaw. Nine steps lead to the altar upon which the pagoda stands. A memorial gate bids you enter with a tablet bearing Chinese characters meaning: "The First in Heaven and on Earth." This gate, almost sixteen inches high and twenty-one inches wide is assembled of fifty pieces of carving.

Small, concealed electric lights illuminate the pagoda With light playing on the delicate shadings of green and white, the stone seems to absorb it, becoming soft and warm and alive and truly endowed as the Chinese believe, with powers akin to life.

Chinese prize rare specimens of green jade probably more highly than does the Occidental the diamond. Most highly prized is the vivid green variety closely resembling the verdant radiance of springtime. It is a warm, cheering green. The finest jade is highly translucent, and in bright light it glows with radiance. To the Chinese unworked jade is of little value. In order to merit admiration it must be fashioned into something ornamental preferably artistic. It is no wonder that they hold the pagoda so valuable.

The four Chinese characters written upon a plaque over the entrance to the first floor of the pagoda set forth the spirit which inspired its conception.

Translated they read, "Let your light shine in full radiance." Truly it represents not only a bold conception but a brave adventure.

Our Club As a Resort

—By Carol Green Wilson

■ For most of us January is apt to be a point midway between vacations. Window displays may intrigue with "clothes for the Southern Resorts." There may be a pang of envy when the gay serpentine flutters away and a lucky friend is started to enjoy the winter season in Honolulu. But fortunately we belong to a Club which provides for every need, even to giving us all-year-round summer. It is not necessary to buy either a bathing suit or a more expensive ticket than a street car token to go swimming in water as comfortably tempered as that of a pool at Palm Springs or Kona Inn. Our own pool is equipped so that any busy shopper or tired business woman can drop in for a refreshing dip in its crystal clear water in almost any spare hour and then go on about the day's routine. Fatigue and worry seemingly float away with every stroke and it is not necessary to wait for that promised weekend in the sunny South to pick up after the stress and strain of the holidays and annual stocktaking. Swimming, when such facilities as those of our Club are available, is one form of exercise which can be enjoyed any day in the year regardless of weather, and at any age, in groups or singly, as circumstances dictate.

Twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday evenings after five-thirty, it is possible to invite the men of the family or friends to make up swimming parties which have all the potentialities of vacation fun, followed by dinner upstairs if the holiday mood continues. It has been suggested, too, that it might be original to give some such parties among our women friends as a change in the winter social calendar, or else as a prologue to a bridge luncheon or supper which can always be arranged in the upstairs clubrooms.

There seem to be stock excuses, however, when an enthusiast offers such an invitation. "I'd love to swim but I am afraid of my sinuses." A few lessons in breathing technique from our patient and efficient coach, Miss Whelan, should eliminate that fear. "But it is so much trouble to dress . . . " Some of us have found that modern zipper-fastened clothes are no hindrance to almost daily use of

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the pool. The hair problem remains as the great unsolvable. Here, again there are those who come out from a lesson, head under and all, looking fresh and unmussed. The secret is a proper cap correctly put on and for some, a wave net underneath. Moreover, the Club maintains a Beauty Salon right next to the pool where a willing staff is ever ready to repair any real damage to the coiffure. After all, perhaps a few stray hairs can be forgiven when there is a sparkle in the eyes and a face from which nerve tension has disappeared.

Just before Christmas some of the ardent users of the pool gathered for a swimming party arranged by Miss Whelan and Mrs. Beecher. Amazing old bathing suits came out of moth balls and carnival races tested these boasted new nerves. Afterward we sat around a Cafeteria lunchtable for prize awarding and as we talked over our personal appreciation for the benefits the pool had brought to each of us we resolved to wish our fellow members a happier new year with this invitation to join us in future events of this kind, as well as in the regular pleasure of vacationing all through the year in the Women's City Club Pool.

The Visiting Nurse Association

■ "Shut-ins," old people and cripples, who are confined to their wheel chairs from one year to the next, were collected from their dreary, cheerless rooms on Wednesday, December 20th, and given a bang-up, good old-fashioned Christmas party at the headquarters of the Visiting Nurse Association, 1636 Bush Street.

An annual event arranged by the organization, this celebration is a day of days for countless shut-ins.

Known to thousands of homes throughout the city, the blue uniformed Visiting Nurse with her black bag, spends her days going from one home to another . . . to rich and poor, young and old to the employed and the unfortunate. No call is unanswered and like the country doctor she responds night and day. The fees are nominal, the care that of a registered, graduate nurse. Last month, Miss Helen Reynolds, director, reported that 3,272 visits were made to San Francisco homes.

An important feature of the work is instruction in the care of a new baby. Physicians recommend this invaluable training given to young mothers in the homes, while the Children's Hospital sponsors a very popular class for prospective mothers under the direction of the Visiting Nurse Association.

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A Festival of Nations

(Continued from page 13)

colony two girls are chosen to attend the queen. They represent Svea and Columbia — Sweden and America. "Vikings" and maidens in gay Swedish folk dress dance the "klappdans" around the May Pole while choral groups join in song in celebration of "the return of the green leaves."

On Leif Erikson's Day the Norwegians gather for a sangerlest and band concert in honor of the great discoverer. A pilgrimage is made on Memorial Day to the sloop "Gjoa" on the Ocean Beach to commemorate the arrival of Roald Amundsen in San Francisco after his discovery of the northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

On Slavonic Day thousands honor the memory of the Polish aide to General George Washington, General Pulaski. The Serbian clubhouse on St. Sava's Day becomes the meeting place for the Slavic families. Gay costumes and folk dances animate the reunions.

When the Russian "Yarmarka" or "Fair," transforms Stern Grove into a village in Russia, dazzling uniforms of imperial days and peasant costumes of the Caucasus lend atmospheric delight. Sword dancers, Cossack, gypsy, and Tcherkiss choruses, puppet shows, provide entertainment. Men and women dance on the greens to the music of the balalaika orchestra. Steaming samovars within "balagane" or booths tempt the appetite.

The "Fall of the Bastille" is remembered with an annual commemorative program by the French colony. Literary and patriotic exercises combine through the day and conclude with a costume ball in the evening.

The United German Societies keep alive the part played by the first Germans who came to America over two hundred and fifty years ago in a "Deutscher Day." A picnic is scheduled with athletic events, bowling tourneys, singing, dancing, and musical features.

"Little Italy" presents a cavalcade of pageantry. Christopher Columbus arrives at North Beach with his ships, the "Pinta," "the Nina," and the "Santa Maria." He is greeted by half a hundred "Indians" in story book fashion. Queen Isabella is crowned and her subjects bow low. The Neapolitan and Sicilian fisher folk attend the reverent ceremony of the blessing of the Virgin-blue boats before putting out to sea. Macaroni marathons determine how many miles of macaroni can be eaten in a day and cheese rolling contests are held weekly. "A Piedegrotta Festival" of song concludes with community singing of "Ciribiribi" and "Funiculi, Funicula."

Since San Francisco is a child of romantic old Spain, she assumes the glamorous role of a gay dancing figure with flowers in her hair. The "Fiesta de la Raza" or "Festival of the Races" is a gala event of the Union of Mexican Societies and the Society of Hispana Americanas. The lilting melodies, the clicking of castanets and the strumming of guitars recall the carefree days of the settlement around the old mission below Twin Peaks — before the pueblo of Yerba Buena was inhabited. This celebration is an exemplification of the enjoyment of life under the protection of the Stars and Stripes when the peaceful ideals of American group living become part of the daily experience.

San Francisco is endowed with the artistic inheritance of older civilizations. The cultural strains of the foreign colonies create a symphony of harmonious living — presenting a year round Festival of the Nations.

Telefonemas

■ Conchita . . . Gracias a Dios que ya pasó el barullo de las pascuas y que con calma podemos planear para el futuro.

Celia . . . Ya vienes con la sarta de tus resoluciones que no vas a cumplir.

Conchita . . . No seas tan pesimista. Recuerda el dicho que dice, "Año nuevo, Vida Nueva." Me acusas de inconstante, pero al menos lo intento. Qué me dices de personitas que nunca hacen un esfuerzo?

Celia . . . Oh! Conque tú crees en el dicho ingles, "Si al principio no triunfas ——." De todos modos, Feliz Año Nuevo. Hasta pronto.

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A Rainy Day in the Library

by Helen M. Bruner

■ Well. And so I promised myself that as soon as the holidays were over I'd take the first rainy Sunday, stay home and fix my book-case, did I? That surely needs doing. Such a lot of interesting and exciting books have come along this year, it's no wonder they're shoved in the way they are. And here's my nice, rainy Sunday.

First out come these six mystery stories. The Seamen's Institute is going to like them for its sea-going libraries. And there are always lots of new mysteries. One doesn't read them over and over. Too bad there isn't a sea tale or two, for sailors do enjoy their own element. Old joke — postman's holiday.

With them goes Escape. I think I'll label it propaganda. It's exciting, though. Shall I add Christ in concrete? The description of the Italian wedding feast is lovely. And so Victoria, an interesting historical novel; The tree of liberty, a grand American story; The yearling so pathetically beautiful: I hate to give them up. Then here's the Horse and Buggy Doctor. They say the new Country Lawyer is good, too

Quite a space I've made. Shall I put Kitty Foyle in by my two old favorites of Morley's, Parnassus on wheels and the Haunted bookshop? Why doesn't he write more like them? I think Kitty Foyle is going to shock me.

Here's this new book Cousin Mary gave me. She said anyone with the least bit of Irish in her would love it. Dark Patrick by Seumas MacManus. That's Irish enough, I'm sure. And see this delicious foreword. For a quick cure Maura McCadden takes her whole box of pills at one time because she did not want to "waste weeks on the curing." Mr. MacManus warns the reader, "to insure sound sleep, pleasant dreams and beneficial after-effects from this gathering of Dark Patrick stories, the reader is exhorted to follow, not Maura's practice, but her prescription — one only, each night, before retiring."

Prefaces are so interesting. Take Carl Sandburg's preface to his huge, new book on Abraham Lincoln. It's beautiful. Never did I see a bibliography made so entertaining and acknowledgments so readable. It's a masterpiece clear through the four volumes.

Biographies. I can't give up any of my biographies. My big, four volume R. E. Lee by Douglas Freeman, I've kept four years. And my new Benjamin Franklin by Carl Van Doren. What a character Franklin was. I notice that any biography, any history dated during his time seems to revolve around him. If people didn't know him politically or socially they corresponded with him about scientific things or had seen him with his broken spectacles and broad-brimmed hat somewhere or other.

And the new book on Thoreau. When I was a child I used to wonder why the grown-ups liked Walden so much. They didn't need his simple philosophy, his love of nature, his quietude, half as much as we do now.

Here's my new river book, The Sacramento. What an idea that was, a river the hero of a book. They have been heroes, too; the Kennebec, the Hudson, lots of others. I wonder who is going to write the stories of all the rest of them.

But shall I put Mr. Dana's Sacramento with my other rivers or with my Cali-

fornia books? If I put it with the California books I'll have to make some room. It ought to go right near Lincoln Steffen's autobiography; he was a Sacramento boy. Why not let someone else enjoy Sr. Scherer's biography of William T. Coleman and Professor Stewart's story of the Donner party? There are so many fascinating characters and romantic stories in California. Or is it just that we see them and feel them and people elsewhere haven't found their's yet?

I must give up ALL this and heaven, too. Mrs. Field was clever to weave her own family tree into an exciting and interesting piece of fiction. Christmas holiday, the new one by Somerset Maugham goes. Of course it's good writing and different. Probably someone else will enjoy it more than I have. I'll keep his Story teller's pack, though. Short stories are good to have on hand for wakeful nights.

How about Grapes of wrath? Powerful writing, of course. More propaganda, though. Maybe I ought to keep it for ten years to see how it will strike me then. It will probably be a first edition then, too.

What fun this has been. Perhaps it will rain again next Sunday. Maybe I'd better look at those book-cases I saw in the store-window the other day, the uneven ones where you can fit books in some shelves and put a vase or bowl in others until the books, of course, crowd them out. And I mustn't forget to tell Walter about that new book I know he'll want to read Books that have changed our minds.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Vance, Ethel. Escape. 1939.
Di Donato, Pierto. Christ in Concrete. 1939.
Wilkins, Vaughan. And so — Victoria
Page, Elizabeth. The tree of liberty.
Rawlings, Mrs. Marjorie Kinnan. The yearling. 1938.
Hertzler, Arthur Emanuel. Horse and buggy doctor. 1938.
Partridge, Bellamy. Country lawyer. 1939.
Morley, Christopher Darlington. Kitty Foyle. 1939.
Morley, Christopher Darlington. Parnassus on wheels.
Morley, Christopher Darlington The haunted bookshop.
MacManus, Seumas. Dark Patrick. 1939.
Sandburg, Carl. Abraham Lincoln. 1939. 4v.
Freeman, Douglas Southall. R. E. Lee. 1934-35. 4v.
Van Doren, Carl Clinton. Benjamin Franklin. 1938.
Canby, Henry Seidel. Thoreau. 1939.
Dana, Julian. The Sacramento. 1939.
Collin, Robert Peter Tristram. Kennebec, cradle of Americans. 1937.
Carmer, Carl Lamson. The Hudson. 1939.
Steffens, Joseph Lincoln. Autobiography. 1931. 2v.
Scherer, James Augustin Brown. The lion of the Vigilantes. 1939.
Stewart, George Rippey. Ordeal by hunger. 1936.
Field, Mrs. Rachel Lyman. All this, and heaven too. 1939.
Maugham, William Somerset. Christmas holiday. 1939.
Maugham, William Somerset, comp. Teller of tales. 1939.
Steinbeck, John. Grapes of wrath. 1939.
Cowley, Malcolm & Smith, B eds. Books that have changed our minds. 1939.

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Epiphany (Continued from page 15)

bration similar to that in Russia and Italy but the presents are said to be distributed by one of the Three Wise Men, instead of by the old woman. The children place their shoes on the balcony or window-sill or near the chimney and wake in the morning to find them filled with gifts. According to the Spanish legend it is Balthasar—always represented as a blackamoor—who is the bringer of gifts.

In many parts of Italy and Spain the Epiphany is celebrated with parades and pageantry. Costumes to represent the Three Kings and their courts are worn and penny whistles, rattles and all sorts of noise-makers add to the gaiety and noise of the crowds.

The Twelfth Night or Epiphany Cake probably originated in France. A large bean was baked in the cake and when the pieces of cake were passed the person who received the slice containing the bean was designated King or Queen for the evening. He or she immediately chose a partner to share the reign and everything they did that evening was carefully watched and commented upon by the rest. Games and dancing added to the merriment.

In England too the Twelfth Night Cake was an established custom, though later the bean was discarded and the King and Queen were chosen by drawing tickets out of two bowls. The rest of the company were to represent the court attendants and everyone had to maintain his character during the rest of the evening.

In olden times in England it was the custom to bombard pasteboard castles with toy cannons and to shoot arrows at a pasteboard stag until the claret which it contained ran out on the table. To dissipate the odor of the powder used in the cannon the guests pelted one another with egg-shells which had been filled with rose water or perfume. Often two great pies would be put on the table; one containing live frogs, the other live birds, to frighten the curious person who opened them.

Among the simpler folk the day was one for revelry and pranks. The boys used to nail the coattails of unsuspecting idlers to a convenient window-ledge or pin them together and stand by to laugh at their efforts to free themselves. Minstrels would go through the streets and the Wassail Bowl was a feature of the celebration of Epiphany as it was at Christmas and the New Year. In many parts of England it was customary for the farmer to go around his fruit trees with a Wassail Bowl, singing a plea for good crops and sprinkling the trees with the spiced liquid.

Today many of the customs of those simpler days are gone, but in the churches the Feast of the Epiphany is still celebrated in its threefold meaning; and by Latin children is awaited with the same eagerness with which ours greet Christmas.

Snow (Continued from page 19)

palaces, their roofs heavy with snow — snow everywhere, and overhead a pale moon shining out of a grey sky—complete and utter silence — with only a sleigh bell heard now and then in the distance. A little kiosk in the middle of the square with a little minaret marking its roof—Christ and the Russian saints on its four walls, made of beautiful mosaic. Here, in this benumbing cold, of a Russian January morning, knelt an old man saying his prayers. Covered with old brown rags, a silver beard lending a spiritual purity to his wrinkled old face—his long, white hair straggling out over his rags, kneeling there in the snow saying his prayers. This was my first impression of Russia on a January morning —SNOW AND PRAYERS.

Snow and ice in Amsterdam had a very peculiar influence on our concerts. I will never forget the first year we were in Amsterdam—when Mr. Monteux conducted the famous Mengelperg Orchestra at the Concert Gebouw. The first time it happened was on a very cold, bitter Sunday afternoon, when all the canals were frozen, and snow was lying all over the fields. We dressed for the afternoon concert and hied ourselves forth through the cold, damp air, to the concert building. There did not seem to be a soul either buying tickets or getting ready to go into the hall, and we looked at each other with consternation in our eyes, both of us wondering, as all artists do from time to time, especially after being in a place for a month or two, if their success is en crescendo, or diminuendo. Hitherto the concerts had been very well attended, and at times the space had been sold out, but as we looked through the door into the vast hall, there did not seem to be more than one hundred people there, and I came back into the Artists' Room with a big lump in my throat, wondering what had happened. At that moment, the director of the concert, a tall, blond Dutchman, came into the room, dressed in sport clothes, with a stocking cap on his head, and with a gay laugh said to us, "Well, Mr. Monteux, don't expect much of an audience today; there will probably be nobody in the hall because when the canals are frozen everyone in Holland goes skating, and the minute the concert is finished I am going too." This

was literally true, because the ten years we were in Holland, we found it impossible to have a concert, rehearsal, or any kind of a meeting during the skating season. No one would come, and even the orchestra seemed to be distrait and without desire to make music when the sun was shining over the low fields and the Zuider Zee and canals were frozen over. At first it was difficult for a serious-minded conductor to understand this, but after awhile we learned to take it philosophically.

This is the end of my story on SNOW.

I Need a Maid

■ "Good morning, State Department of Employment," says a pleasant but businesslike voice over the telephone.

"This is Mrs. Housewife," comes the reply, equally pleasant and businesslike, but also desperate. "I would like to employ a maid. In fact, I MUST have a maid Mine left this morning."

"What do you require in a maid," replies the first voice, which in the future will be identified as the Department of Employment.

"I can't have just anybody," says Mrs. Housewife. "My husband is very particular about the way his eggs are served and Junior must be talked to sleep — not sung to sleep, mind you, TALKED to sleep."

"I see," says the Department.

"And, of course, the service must be perfect when my bridge club meets. They're such — well you know how your friends talk."

"Yes indeed," says the Department of Employment.

"She must wear her uniform neatly, must be intelligent, alert and cheerful. I can't bear to have people around who are always complaining about too much work."

"No, of course not," says the voice that is the Department of Employment.

"Do you think you can help me?" Mrs. Housewife pleads.

"We'll do our best," says the voice of the Department of Employment and puts down the telephone.

Before the order is duly entered the telephone rings again.

"Ay ban a Svenska lady," says the voice, "Ay tank ay vant a yob by da house."

"Wonderful, says the Department of Employment. "Can you cook eggs?"

"Ya sure, ay can cook eggs, but vould I? Not for my own mother."

"Would you wear a uniform?"

"Sure, if ay join da army. If I vork by da house, NO."

"Would you be willing to talk a little boy to sleep? Never mind the answer,

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Junior might get an accent. Are you cheerful?"

"Yah sure, I ban cheerful if I get lots of money; I get good place to sleep; the vork is not hard and the meals are pretty good Ya sure, I'm cheerful, ya betcha."

"Very well, come to the office. I think I have a job for you," says the voice of the Department of Employment. Then turning to her assistant, the voice continues: "Here is a housewife who needs a maid and here on the other hand is a maid who needs work. All we have to do is to get them together so they can have an understanding."

"Yes," says the assistant, "That's all we have to do."

The point of the story is that the State Department of Employment does get the two together; they reach an understanding; the Svenska lady agrees to cook eggs, wear a uniform and look cheerful; Mrs. Housewife agrees to let someone else talk Junior to sleep and everyone is happy.

How do they do it? That is known only by the highly trained employment technicians who meet this and similar problems daily. There is a whole division at the Department's office at 1696 Mission Street devoted to the business of bringing housewives and househelp together, not only face to face but in common understanding.

Play Reading! Something Special!

■ "The Time of Your Life" by William Saroyan will be read by Mrs. Hugh Brown on February 7th. This promises to be an outstanding event. Not only is the author a resident of San Francisco, but the play is set on Pacific Street in the heart of San Francisco's Barbary Coast.

The play is symbolic; Saroyan has written it with its customary hard-bitten tenderness. His dramatic approach is like that of Eugene O'Neill—his characters belong to the lower strata of society and are brushed in with such quick realism that one feels a sudden kinship with them. The same hopes and fears and dreams possess them that illumine us—the same disappointments and regrets. His central character buys toys for people who are sad, to make them stop crying. He is a man who knows there is some one person for each one of us —someone who raises us to the person we really want to be. The play is beautiful and thoughtful. Mrs. Brown excels in such interpretation; she will not miss a single nuance in the lines or slur a single character sketch.

Watch for future announcements of plays to be read.

(Continued from page 17)

book discussions for their members throughout the year.

There is a Vacation Reading Club each summer. Book lists are distributed and books are read and reported on from these special lists. When the children have read ten books they are given diplomas. This year the Reading Club was called EXPLORE TREASURE ISLAND THROUGH BOOKS. The lists were compiled of books of the Pacific Area countries. Many children all over the city enjoyed this club.

Story Hours are held on Saturday mornings, at 10:30 at the main library. They are planned to emphasize the birthdays of authors of children's books, and to create a love of literature by the telling of traditional folk tales.

The Children's Department at the main library has a circulating picture collection of 6,500.

PERIODICAL DEPARTMENT

The Periodical Department subscribes to over 700 current periodicals, selected to satisfy the demands made upon it by a large public desirous of obtaining the most up-to-date information on all topics. This wealth of information is made available by means of the periodical indexes covering all subjects. Many questions are answered daily by this department by telephone. Those periodicals that have a permanent value are bound and added to the collection. The circulation of the current popular magazines averages over 100 a day. Adjoining this department is the James D. Phelan Memorial Collection of first editions, manuscripts and letters of California writers.

NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT

The Newspaper Department receives over 400 newspapers from all parts of the world. It has bound files of San Francisco papers, some as far back as 1855. As most legal records were destroyed in 1906, many obtain notices of birth, marriage and death from the old newspaper files. These are of vital importance in securing pensions and passports, as well as for other legal matters. There are also bound files of New York and London papers.

BRANCH DEPARTMENT

The main library is supplemented by twenty-one branches and six deposit stations situated in the various districts of the city. Twelve branches are in permanent branch buildings and eight in rented stores. The branch collections range from 8,000 to 20,000 volumes. These collections consist of non-fiction, reference works, fiction and children's books. Several branches have separate children's rooms.

Recipes from the Club Dining Room

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

5 lbs. spareribs
2 medium onions, sliced
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon chili powder
¾ cup tomato catsup
½ teaspoon black pepper
½ teaspoon red pepper
¾ cup water

Select meaty spareribs and cut in two-inch pieces. Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper. Place in a roaster and cover with sliced onions. Pour over this the sauce made by combining the remaining ingredients. Cover and bake in 350° oven for three hours. Baste occasionally, turning the meat once or twice. Remove the cover during the last fifteen minutes of baking.

(Copied from the Colt Press)

LILIUOKALANI SALAD

Equal portions of persimmon, avocado, grapefruit, diced. Place in center of salad dish on lettuce leaf and around it place canned celery tips and sliced tomatoes. Chill and serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

CURRIED CHOPPED MEAT

1½ pounds ground round steak, 1 large onion (chopped), 2 cloves garlic (chopped), 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1½ teaspoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups canned cream, Melt butter, add onions and garlic. Fry until light brown. Add ginger and curry powder. Mix well, then add the ground meat. Stir until meat is thoroughly browned. Add the cream and simmer half-hour, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle with flour and mix well. Cook for 15 minutes, adding more cream if mixture becomes dry. Season with salt and pepper. Serve on platter with a border of mashed potatoes.

COCONUT MOUSSE

2 teaspoons gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
½ cup milk
1 cup grated coconut
1 tablespoon orange juice
2 cups whipping cream
1 cup grated coconut

Put gelatine in cold water. Heat milk and let stand with grated coconut for one-half hour. Squeeze through cloth. Melt gelatine over hot water and add to coconut milk. Add orange juice, sugar and whipped cream and second cup of grated coconut. Mix well and either pack in salt and ice for four hours or freeze in tray of refrigerator until firm.

MULLED WINE

(For Ten)

1 bottle California burgundy, claret or port
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup bar sugar or sweeten to taste
Rind of ½ lemon
2-inch stick of cinnamon
10 cloves

If port is used, less sugar is needed. Boil the water, sugar, lemon rind, cinnamon and cloves for fifteen minutes. Heat the wine separately. Add the above mixture and strain. Serve in cups. Fleck with nutmeg. If desired, garnish with a marshmallow stuck on a toothpick.

PORT WINE NEGUS

1 pint California port
Rind and juice of ½ lemon
½ cup boiling water
3 cubes sugar

Heat wine and place in a pitcher. Rub the sugar on the lemon rind. Add the sugar, rind and lemon juice to the wine. Now pour the boiling water into this mixture, sweeten to taste, strain, and pour into glasses. Fleck with nutmeg if desired.

AVOCADO RING

1¼ tablespoons belatine
3 tablespoons cold water
¼ cup boiling water
2 large or 3 medium avocados
2½ tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cayenne
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
4½ tablespoons mayonnaise
3 cups whipped cream

Soak gelatin in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Rub ovocados through a sieve and add lemon juice to them. Add remaining seasonings and combine this with the whipped cream. Fold in the dissolved gelatine. Place in a ring mold and place on ice for 3 or 4 hours. Serve French dressing with this.

Helen M. Wells.

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San Francisco

VOLUME XIV, NUMBER 1 • PRICE 15¢ PER COPY • FEBRUARY 1940

Women's City Club Calendar
FEBRUARY . . . 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR — FEBRUARY 13, 14, 15, 16

FEBRUARY — 1940

1—**Needlework Guild** — Room 212 — 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — Annex — 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding — Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program — Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
Discussion of the Educational and Emotional Influence of the Movie Theater on Children—Claude A. Shull, Ed.D.; Mary H. Layman, M.D.

2—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

7—**Drama Reading**—Mrs. Hugh Brown. "The Time of Your Life" — Auditorium — 10:45 a.m.
Course tickets still available. Members, single, 55c; non-members, 66c, including tax.

8—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — Annex — 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding — Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program — Lounge — 8:00 p.m.
Concert by Ramon Yauqua, tenor; Allan Lee Pears, pianist; Greta Geiringer, accompanist

9—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

13—**BOOK MART and RAG FAIR — Tea 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock — 35c** — Auditorium 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.

14—**BOOK MART and RAG FAIR — Tea 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock — 35c** — Auditorium 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding — Mural Room — 12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner — Nat. Defenders' Room — 6:00 p.m.
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review "The Eagles Gather," by Taylor Caldwell, which carries on the story of "Dynasty of Death"; also "No Arms, No Armour," by Robert Henriques, international winner of $15,000 prize contest.

15—**BOOK MART and RAG FAIR — Tea 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock — 35c** — Auditorium 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
Needlework Guild — Room 212 — 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — Annex — 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding — Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program — Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
Color motion picture program, "Sky-land Trails of the Kings," produced by the Sierra Club to further the cause of the Kings Canyon National Park

16—**BOOK MART and RAG FAIR — Tea 3:30 to 5:00 o'clock — 35c** — Auditorium 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

23—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

28—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding — Mural Room — 12:15 p.m.

29—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — Annex — 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding — Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program — Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
Address: "America's Stake in World Affairs," Dr. Alfred G. Fisk.

ANNUAL MEETING MARCH 14 — REPORTS 12:30

MARCH — 1940

1—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

6—**Drama Reading**—Mrs. Hugh Brown. "Life With Father" — Auditorium — 10:45 a.m.
Course tickets still available. Members, single, 55c; non-members, 66c, including tax.

7—**Needlework Guild** — Room 212 — 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — Annex — 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding — Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program — Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
Address: "[illegible] Loses a Pair of Wings," the story of a great American doctor, by [illegible].

8—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding — Room 212 — 11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV FEBRUARY, 1940 Number 1

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Miss Harriet T. Parsons
Miss Esther Phillips
Mrs. Stanley Powell
Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
Mrs. Paul Shoup
Mrs. C. R. Walter

The Annual Meeting of the National League for Woman's Service of California will be held at 465 Post Street Thursday, March 14 12 o'clock Cafeteria Luncheon Reports 12:30 o'clock

■

"It is not enough to be well informed It is necessary to understand"

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ BOOK MART: To be held February 13, 14, 15 and 16. We shall be in need of books and white elephants for this annual affair. Articles may be left at the Main Desk, or if members cannot deliver their things we shall be glad to send for them. Please make arrangements for pick-up through the Executive Office.

■ ON FEBRUARY 7th Mrs. Hugh Brown will read William Saroyan's play, "The Time of Your Life." Reflecting Mrs. Brown's own enthusiasm, the Magazine published an advanced notice of the play last month under the heading "Play Reading! Something Special!"

The play is symbolic, and using Mrs. Brown's own words "Saroyan has written it with its customary hard-bitten tenderness." The dominating conviction of this amazing young man is that the only life worth while is one that harms no other being. The play is beautiful and thoughtful. Don't miss the date, Wednesday, February 7th.

In March Mrs. Brown will read "Life with Father," the comedy whose nostalgic charm is now tickling Broadway into laughing recollection.

Course tickets are available at Information Desk—Fourth Floor. Members' course tickets are $2.25; non-members', $2.75; members' single admission, 55 cents; non-members', 66 cents, tax included. Course tickets are transferrable or may be used collectively.

■ ANNUAL MEETING: According to custom, the annual meeting which alternates between noon and evening, this year will be held at the noon hour on March 14th, in the Cafeteria. Cafeteria Service from 11:30 to 12:30 p.m. Reports will be read promptly at 12:30.

■ NEW MEMBERSHIPS: Will be sought this year as the trend now indicates, with applications being filed daily in the Executive Office. Members who have friends they would like to sponsor should do so now, as our membership is limited by the Constitution.

■ MEMBERS who resigned years ago have been so delighted to avail themselves of the privilege of re-entering for the normal fee of $5.00 that the Board of Directors have decided to continue this privilege in 1940. If you know some one who is eligible for this ruling, please give her this information.

■ SYMPHONY TICKETS: Seats are now available upon application at the Main Desk for the Friday afternoon concerts on February 9th and 16th; March 8th, 15th and 29th, and April 12th and 19th. Tickets must be called for before noon on the day of each concert.

■ IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Bargain tables on the Balcony. Here you will find interesting and useful merchandise greatly reduced.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has arranged the following schedule for this month: On February 1st there will be a Discussion of the Educational and Emotional Influence of the Movie Theater on Children by Claude A. Shull, Ed. D., and Mary H. Layman, M. D. On February 8th, Concert by Ramon Yauqua, tenor; Allan Lee Pears, pianist; Greta Geiringer, accompanist. February 15th will be a color motion picture program of "Sky-land Trails of the Kings," produced by the Sierra Club to further the cause of the Kings Canyon National Park. February 22nd, being Washington Birthday, there will be no program. On February 29th an address by Dr. Alfred G. Fisk, "America's Stake in World Affairs." The introductory program for March will be an address by Robin Lampson, "Death Loses a Pair of Wings." The story of a great American doctor. In his lecture Mr. Lampson will summarize the story, read from some of the outstanding passages of the book, and tell of his task in amassing the material—three years of hard work. The author is a native of California, born in Calaveras County and reared in Sonoma, Sacramento, and Woodland.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Continue on each Tuesday afternoon and Thursday afternoon and evening. Fee $2.00 for instructions — material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, Instructor.

■ CATERING SERVICE: Hors d'Oeuvres for Cocktails, Open Face Sandwiches for Tea, Jellied Salad Rings, Birthday or Wedding Cakes—carefully prepared by the Catering Department of the Women's City Club.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Our Beauty Salon is offering a 10 per cent discount on all Eugene Permanent Waves during the month of February. Our permanents are noted for their lasting satisfaction. Only the best materials are used—no limit to the number of curls. We invite you to visit the Beauty Salon and let us have the pleasure of serving you. Our operators are expert in all lines. Call GArfield 8400 for appointments.

■ ANNUAL ELECTION: By vote of the Membership on January 8th, the following Board Members were elected to the Board of Directors to serve for the term 1940-1943: Mrs. H. B. Allen, Mrs. H. L. Alves, Mrs. Harold H. Bjornstrom, Miss Lotus Coombs, Miss Bertha J. Dale, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Mrs. John O. Dresser, Mrs. Hazel Pedlar Faulkner, Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Miss Harriet T. Parsons.

■ DUES: Bills for dues will be mailed on February 15th. Prompt payment will relieve the Club of the expense of second notices.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French Round Tables: Mlle. Marie Lemaire, director, are held every Thursday at the noon hour. French Round Tables: Mlle. Le Brun de Surville, director, every Thursday at the dinner hour. Spanish Round Tables: Senorita Angela Montiel, every first and third Wednesday at the noon hour. Help improve your conversational ability in your chosen language.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Are now being formed in French and Spanish. Fee $6.00, twelve lessons, members, and $7.50, non-members. Mlle. Marie Lemaire and Mme. Rose Olivier, French Instructors; Senorita Angela Montiel, Spanish Instructor. Hours may be arranged to suit convenience of pupils—make arrangements through Executive Office for lessons.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Time and the individual; yesterday, today and tomorrow made alive by the sunlight of courage in the testament of personal independence, are the two themes upon which Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will center her book-review this month. Out of the welter of novels of the new year, written to amuse, to make one think or just to tell a story, the novels selected do all three, superlatively, and in addition sound a clear ringing note reaffirming the value of the priceless things which bring an individual happiness, love, a home, a child, work, living a life that is and must be wholly one's own. Besides the celebration of individuality, in these novels, the reader is caught up by the questions: Has this little moment of living no meaning by itself? Is yesterday just as true as today? Is the past and the future the same as the present? Is time only one road, one direction — forward? In these graceless days the confidence expressed in these novels is heartening. Three novels will be very briefly sketched:

1. "Portrait of Jennie" by Robert Nathan.
2. "Love in the Sun" by Leo Walmsley.
3. "Let the People Sing" by J. B. Priestley.

Two novels will be reviewed:

1. "The Eagles Gather," sequel to "Dynasty of Death" by Taylor Caldwell.
3. "No Arms, No Armour" by Robert Henriques, international winner of $15,000 All-Nations Prize Competition.

The Book Review Dinner is at 6 o'clock on the second Wednesday evening, February 14th, in the National Defenders' Room.

Saint Valentine's Day

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

■ The origin of Saint Valentine's Day and the history of the first valentine are as uncertain as is the course of true love of which they are traditionally symbolic.

As chancey as a first-class lottery, whose technique is directly traceable in them, were the earliest practices of Valentine Day. And almost without connection to its vagaries is the third-century saint whose name the day of lovers bears.

February 14th is St. Valentine's Day—It is the date upon which an early Christian martyr was beheaded because of his devotion to the Church. Also in mid-February did early Romans—those in the days before the Christian era—celebrate the festival of Lupercalia, an observance in recognition of the freeing of the city and its surroundings from ravenous wolves, thus leaving it free to lovers. Proximity of those two dates made it a simple task for the early church fathers to transmute the Lupercalian festival —pagan in origin—into the celebration of St. Valentine's feast day.

But there the connection of the Christian saint with the observance of St. Valentine's Day fades out—and the more generally accepted origin of the celebration of Valentine's Day is based on a bit of natural rather than church history.

Mid-February is the time when birds mate, according to the poets and the sages of the past—and what more natural time for men and maids to make their selection of mates? All of the early observance of Valentine's Day centered around the "ballot box"—the urn or bowl into which were put the names of equal numbers of lads and lasses. Written on individual cards or "Valentines" were the names of those participating in the celebration. And on the morning of February 14th each man drew from the urn a "Valentine" bearing the name of the young woman who thus became the recipient of his favors and attentions for the current year. With an encouraging latitude each young woman drew forth her Valentine—and so a different young man became her heart interest.

In England, Scotland, and France this ceremony was a sort of mock betrothal and was marked by the giving of presents.

The making of gifts on Valentine's Day is a relic of the old Roman celebration, but the sending of Valentines has nothing to do with the martyrs. Concerning the customs of Valentine's Day, an old writer—Bourne by name—wrote long ago:

"Three Egyptian words tell more about the customs of Valentine's Day than all the falsehoods concerning the saints. VA - FA is an Egyptian word which means to bear; Ren means the name, or to name; Ten means to determine. Thus the day of Va-Ren-Ten, or Valentine, is that of determining whose name shall be borne by each person in this mode of marriage by lots."

Can one sense an etymological origin for the still prevalent idea that marriage is a lottery?

The custom of sending caricatures—or comics—on Valentine's Day is probably based on asserting the freedom of choice — and making a mock of chance. Gradually the approach of Valentine's Day was marked by the exchange of pretty sentiments —written with flourishes on scented paper, profusely decorated with hearts, arrows, doves, and other love-tokens. Most of the sentiments were written in verse, and so universal did the sending of Valentines become, that one is little surprised to find the advent of a "ghost-writer." In 1797 a book entitled "The Young Man's Valentine Writer" appeared, and later a "Complete Valentine Writer" published in London, contained not only amorous sentiments, but messages appropriate to one's lawyer, or carpenter.

An English lexicographer — Bailey by name — whose dictionary was the forerunner of our present-day big dictionaries, wrote, "In England, about this time of year, February 14th, the birds choose their mates, and probably thence came the custom of the young men and maidens choosing Valentines, or special loving friends, on this day. Besides choosing persons, they exchanged gifts—then later only the gentlemen gave gifts with verses, and still later, only verses."

Our great-great-grandmothers received Valentines that bore the scent of musk and the breath of lavendar — received them with trembling hands, and blushed as they read — later crushing the delicate messages to their hearts. For the verses, which had been written with painstaking care, were not mere pretty sentiments, but were actual declarations of love.

(Continued on page 19

Book Mart and Rag Fair

THE DATE

February 13 - 14 - 15 - 16

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

■

THE HOUR

Eleven to Nine

Each day

■

THE PLACE

Auditorium

COMMITTEE

Miss Katharine Donohoe, Ex Officio

Catherine Allen	Marion Burr	Alicia Mosgrove
Eda Berino	Mrs. J. C. Goodell	Harriett Parsons

Come to the Club Auditorium on these festive days of February 13, 14, 15 and 16 and see the joy on the face of some one who buys your discard and at the same time buy for yourself what you can use. Bring with you your book-loving friends to this "little bit of Paris" in our midst, have a delicious cup of tea and French bread, and glow with the thought that you are helping to make the sixth Book Mart the success its predecessors have been.

Tea will be served each afternoon . . . Price 35 cents
Entertain your friends on this delightful occasion

Theatres of Destiny

by Paul F. Cadman

If I, not ignorant of defeat and pain,
Wounded by disenchantment, torn by strife
Twixt flesh and spirit, and the laws of life
Even from the dust can raise proud hope again,
Where hope seemed slain:

If, caught in the wild clamour of our day,
That builds on shattered thought its crude beliefs,
And noises unto heaven a thousand griefs,
I learn to cherish love, and haply pray,
Another way:

If, somehow, 'neath the ugliness that springs
From passion, and futility, and toil,
I see no baneful, hideous serpent coil;
But only truth that from her treasure brings
New and strange things:—

Be patient, O poor world, when from your wrongs
I turn to watch the dawn with rosy light
Stealing upon the fastnesses of night,
And, thrilled by faith, whereto all joy belongs,
Sing these glad songs.

■ I am sorry I cannot remember the name of the author of these beautiful lines. But they have been often with me as I contemplate the tragedies of the decade just closed. Again and again, men have marvelled at the events of an epoch and have characterized them as "momentous" or "earth-shaking," or those which "change the course of history." The first half of the twentieth century will long be described in such superlatives; and the "thirties" may mark one of the deepest troughs in the upward curve of civilization.

In the theaters of destiny, the world around, a thousand dramas are daily being enacted, and tragedy is the prevailing theme. Is it not times like these that call forth

Triumphant music of the great and strong, who
Risen from the dust, have swept a thousand
strings, vibrant with being.
To the stars arise their songs of passions and of
destinies
Immortal incense out of mortal things.

Was there ever a time when there were so many stimulating observers and commentators? Was there ever a time when communication was as swift and sure? Was there ever a time when the printed word reached man in such quantity? In truth, the "digest" devise has become a practical necessity. How can any lecturer hope to cope with such a harvest of events and interpretation?

Our experience through the four years of this course at the Women's City Club of San Francisco seems to me to be quite unique. I am not aware of anything comparable to it. It has been, in effect, a great venture. There was your response—positive and negative, but always encouraging. There was the corporate personality and spirit of the Club itself, providing what now seems to be the essential setting. There was the devoted staff making possible the breadth and depth of the underlying issues. Perhaps the greatest courtesy which an audience can pay a speaker is that silence, so intense that it can be felt. Now and again as we drove through some sequence to a conclusion, there was that spell which evoked understanding from us all and for us all.

This has been a great fellowship and I shall guard a precious souvenir of it.

* * *

Editor's note: The following poem — one of Dr. Cadman's favorites — has often been requested by members of his class.

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In freedom's crowning honor.

That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight;
I saw the morning break."

Editorial

■ The dignity of the new cover for our Magazine is appropriate to the National League for Woman's Service. The enlargement of the picture with which we are so familiar invites by its perspective past the handsome teak-wood doors on into the corridor of the Women's City Club, where warm hospitality awaits members and guests alike. With the hope that our readers will find pleasure in the cover for Volume XIV of the Women's City Club Magazine, we present it.

■ With the Book Mart uppermost in our minds, we bring to our readers stories which will make that occasion the more interesting. Pleasurably informative, these stories add to our store of previous years when other writers generously contributed. Mrs. Dohrmann makes us "binding conscious," and her pen makes us feel the very charm of this art which carries tradition into modern channels; Mr. Fields promises us soul satisfaction if we will but start collecting books which become personally precious to us as we search; Mr. Kerk takes us into paths the layman seldom knows, photoengraving, and no one is more expert to handle this subject; Mr. Towne by inheritance and by personal experience in the firm which bears his father's name is well equipped to tell us of "paper," a word we use casually in everyday life but revere in the world of books; and then we have two stories of travel, which in spring appeal to our wandering spirits, the one is by Miss Deane, who so recently peacefully bicycled through the very land which now so gallantly fights, the other is by Mrs. Faulkner, who delightfully leads us in travel down through the centuries to find out something about the origin of St. Valentine's Day; a bit of history rounds out our cycle for this issue. When the San Francisco Museum of Art opened its doors, there were some who doubted its need. This was five years ago. Today it survives and shares in the "art consciousness" for which this small community is gaining national reputation. Few cities its size can boast three museums, all well supported by the public they serve. Fitting a story of these five years. Lastly, Dr. Cadman in the busy days of farewell has generously taken time to add to our February Number with his own kindly message.

What a happy Valentine is this — the February issue of the Women's City Club Magazine.

■ The announcement by Dr. Cadman on January eleventh that the first lecture of the spring course was to be instead his last lecture to us because of the fact that he was leaving for New York City on February first to assume an advanced and responsible position in an advisory capacity, came as a distinct, and shall we say "unwelcome," surprise to the class. For three years its members have listened each week to the findings of the American Research Foundation and each week Dr. Cadman has brought to this class the synopsis of five readers' work. Such a rare opportunity comes but seldom and cannot be repeated. While there is regret that this is now cut short, there is joy that its worth has been recognized in wider fields and that Dr. Cadman has been selected to do a piece of work he is so well equipped to do. It is our pride, too, that Miss Bareis, his capable assistant, has also been recognized, and together with Dr. Cadman will have the inspiration in New York of fresh fields to conquer. As we say "Au Revoir" (reminding Dr. Cadman of his promise to write us occasionally for our columns), we thank him for three years of valuable research; we congratulate him on the honor which has come to him; we wish him success in his new field of effort, and bid him God-speed with the assurance of lasting friendships in the National League for Woman's Service.

■ If we followed Miss Bruner's advice as given us in the last number of the Women's City Club Magazine, we passed one of the rainy Sundays in January in our home library culling the books we just must keep and setting aside for the Book Mart the after-Christmas collection which we must give up else there be two rows to a shelf—unspeakable in any well-equipped library. In the selecting process we found to our dismay that it was not merely the picking out of those volumes which cluttered the shelves but often a far more serious decision, which favorite to give away.

But although Miss Bruner spoke of the Book Mart itself, no one said anything in the same number of the Magazine in behalf of the Rag Fair—that other fascinating side of our sale. The Chairman now writes us to ask for "anything" except clothing and furniture, for these require special handling and space which we cannot afford.

COURTESY CALIFORNIANS INC.

February 6, 1940 — "A red-letter day in San Francisco's Chinatown."

The President's Message

With the resumption of classes and courses following the holiday season, our City Club Member is apt, and we hope she does, to look forward to the Book Mart as the next activity of interest. However, in the interim of these quieter weeks at the beginning of the year, an event of interest takes place that speaks volumes for the spirit engendered by the National League for Woman's Service. It is the Annual Luncheon for Past and Present Board Members which this year took place on January twenty-third in the National Defenders' Room—not a gathering of numbers but always one that demonstrates the loyalty of many no longer so active in the Clubhouse, who by their faithfulness to, and interest in the organization, maintain a background of strength that new officers and old are quick and grateful to perceive and appreciate. This loyalty and confidence constitutes the greatest recompense to those who strive to uphold the ideals of the National League for Woman's Service and meet at the same time the problems of the hour in the daily business of the Women's City Club. If each member could but capture a spark engendered by this company of officer-members, then would the true value of membership in the National League for Woman's Service come home to each one.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

The Lure of Books

by George Fields

■ Recently a national magazine ran an article on San Francisco, and among the notables mentioned was Edwin Grabhorn, the San Francisco printer who has had more books selected for the annual Fifty Best Books exhibition of The American Institute of Graphic Arts than any other American printer. There are many collectors who have attempted to make a complete collection of Grabhorn imprints but it is doubtful if any will ever succeed. There are far too many elusive items but that makes the hunting more interesting. The Grabhorns have not only done much to make San Francisco known as a center of fine printing but their various Americana reprints have created new collectors of books relating to California and the West. How many must have purchased Sutter's Diary, Cheyenne Dawson's Narrative, John Henry Brown's Early Days in San Francisco and others of the Rare Americana Series for their fine printing to become interested in the subject of Western history and collectors of the older books. It is interesting to note that the first book of the series, The Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murietta, issued to subscribers in 1932 at $3, within a few weeks climbed to $25, and lucky is the collector who can obtain a copy today even at that price. It speaks well for the judicious choice of titles and the most excellent printing that every title in the series brings from two to eight times the original published price.

Many of the first-hand accounts of pioneer days in California are crudely written but there are few that are more interesting. John Henry Brown's Early Days in San Francisco is something of a literary curiosity. Brown could not spell and would not permit his printer to correct his copy but he could and did give a most interesting account of his experiences. In his book is described the first surgical operation performed in San Francisco of which he writes, "I will mention one more incident that occurred about this time, which may be of some interest. A whale ship arrived in port having on board a sailor who had broken his leg, and as the captain did not know how to get along with him, he concluded to leave him in the city. The doctor wanted to amputate his leg; but the man objected to it, until he found it had to be done to save his life. The doctor's name was Fewraguard (Fourgeaud); he was a Frenchman, and was considered to be a very skillful surgeon. In the month of September, 1847, Captain Fulsom (Folsom) called on me to assist during the operation, previous to this I had thought I was equal to any task or emergency; especially where nerve power was required, as I have seen men shot down, and even cut to pieces, and until this time I never realized that it was possible for me to be so tender-hearted. My part during the operation was to hold the man's arms over my shoulders, clasping his hand with both of mine. When I felt the cold perspiration on his hand I fainted, and had to be taken out of the room. I never fainted before or since. I do not think it was much over a minute from the time the operation commenced before the leg was cut off, so quickly was it done. This was probably the first surgical operation performed in the city of San Francisco."

Major William Downey, the founder of Downieville, has left us an interesting volume of memoirs, Hunting for Gold, which appeared in 1893 and is now scarce. There is a chapter in his book on the hanging of the Spanish woman, Juanita, at Downieville. That hot-tempered little lady enjoys the dubious distinction of being the first woman hanged in the state and merely because she was a bit too handy with a knife and with malice aforethought used it on an American miner who may well have deserved it. Major Downie was much impressed with the remarkable courage of the woman, who took the noose, placing it around her neck, leaped from the scaffold before the spectators realized her intention.

Walter Colton started the first newspaper, The Californian, in Monterey on August 15th, 1846. While acting as alcalde in Monterey, his chief judicial problem was to devise adequate means of inflicting penalties with no jail at his disposal. His breezy comments on the result he expressed in Three Years in California. In 1854 Ferdinand C. Ewer announced that he hoped San Francisco had matured enough to support a monthly magazine. His faith was borne out when The Pioneer appeared regularly for twenty-four months. In this magazine there first appeared those twenty-three letters signed by Dame Shirley which gives the most detailed and vivid picture of mining life during the gold rush period. They were written by Mrs. Louise

(Continued on page 27

The Artistry of Bookbinding

by Edith L. Dohrman

■ Carefully housed in the Fine Arts Building at the Exposition on Treasure Island last year was a very unusual and illuminating exhibition of modern hand-bound books. Unusual not only as to beauty of design and perfection of execution but illuminating and encouraging that in this day of restlessness and speed so many men and women could step aside and devote the very considerable time necessary to so ancient and fascinating a craft.

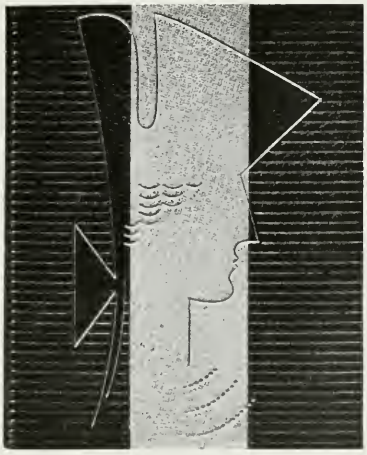
Lost in the mists of time is the name of the first man who felt the urge to record his thoughts on a palm leaf probably, wrapping it in another leaf for protection, the first hand-bound book. A far cry indeed from that unrecorded item to the examples of beautifully bound modern books so recently gathered together from most of the European countries and the United States.

The evolution of hand-bound books was a very slow and laborious process before it reached the so-called classical period of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and to finally emerge in our day the modern hand-bound book unhampered as to design and as to type of material used.

For centuries inscribed tablets of baked brick incased in protecting cases of baked clay, lead, bone, wood, and even gold, answered for books until the Egyptians perfected sheets of papyrus and fastened these together in a long band with a cylinder attached at each end, and we had our first rolled book to be used until well into the seventh century—when vellum or parchment came into common use. These sheets, sewed together and held with heavy wooden covers laced on with leather thongs or metal clasps, were the books of the Middle Ages. With the invention of printing and the discovery of rag paper, hand-bound books gradually came to assume the form of our books that we know and treasure today.

To speak of the great binders and collectors—the adoption of gold tooling from the East by Western Europe—the use of especially prepared goat, calf, seal, and pigskin—in fact to go into the forwarding of a book would make entirely too long and too technical an article. It will suffice to mention the fascinating tools one uses that change not with the years—for there is no shortcut to bookbinding—to emphasize that it requires patience, an eye for color and design, and is more than a satisfactory outlet for one's interest.

A paragraph on modern binding by Mr. Morgan A. Gunst, who was instrumental in securing for us the Exposition's beautiful collection, most comprehensively tells what modern (Continued on page 27



Manon Lescaut in two volumes.
Hand binding by Robert Bonfils, France.

The Process of Photo-engraving

by Stanley Kerk

■ An old Chinese proverb tells us that "one picture is worth a thousand words." The photo-engraving industry has paraphrased it thus: "Your story in picture leaves nothing untold." Now, a general discussion of photo-engraving leads one into semi-technical fields which to the layman may seem somewhat confusing. We shall, however, endeavor to confine the discussion of the King's English and begin with the accepted definition, viz: Photo-engraving is an interpretive art, founded upon photo-mechanical processes, enhanced by skill and artistry, which translate and convert tone values into relief printing, surfaces, from which exact reproductions of the original can be printed innumerable times.

Photo-engraving, in general, falls into three types of reproduction—line, halftone and color-process. A line engraving is a relief plate reproducing a drawing in which all elements are of full strength of the medium used, free from wash or diluted tones, such as the varying tones present in a photograph. For instance, the cover of this magazine is reproduced in line. Wash drawings and photographs, such as you see on these pages, are reproduced by the halftone process and a further development of the halftone process leads into the field of color-process.

The manufacture of any of these types calls for five major steps—making the negative, printing, etching, routing and finishing and finally proofing and blocking.

To make the negative. A piece of plain glass is washed chemically clean, is coated with a solution of albumen (the white of an ordinary egg) which serves as an adhesive, then a second coating of photographic collodion is applied to make it light-sensitive and finally it is immersed in a bath of silver nitrate solution. By this time, the glass has achieved the same photographic properties as the ordinary roll film you use in your own camera. Now, the copy to be reproduced is placed in position before the camera, which is adjusted to the size of the final reproduction, the sensitized plate is placed in the back of the camera and the exposure is made.

In the case of line engravings, the light is reflected from the image through the lens and directly on the sensitized glass. In the case of the halftone, the light passes through the lens and then through a screen, whose effect is roughly similar to an ordinary window screen, permitting the light to pass through only the open parts and register itself in the form of the image on the light sensitive plate. Actually, the screens are made of two sheets of optically flat glass, diagonally ruled with opaque lines crossing at right angles, cemented and bound together. The closer these ruled lines are, the finer the screen, and hence the more detail will be held in the reproduction. The paper which is to be used in the final printing is usually the determining factor as to the fineness of the screen; rough paper, such as newspaper, takes coarser screens, while smoother surfaces take a finer screen. Screens are made in graduating fineness from 50 lines to the inch in the coarser up to 200 lines to the inch in the finer screens.

After the exposure the plate is developed chemically, dried, coated with liquid rubber and plain collodion, dried again and then soaked in acetic acid to loosen the negative from the glass and permit handling, and now the first step—the making of the negative—is completed.

The next step is the print. Two metals are used in photo-engraving—zinc and copper. For line work and coarse screen halftones, zinc is usually used, while for fine screen and color-process reproductions, copper is used, the reason for the difference being that zinc etches much faster and cannot be controlled in etching with the same degree of certainty that copper can.

Now, to receive the print from the negative, the metal, too, must be made light-sensitive; zinc, by flowing with an albumen sensitizer, and copper, with a glue sensitizer, in both of which the sensitizing agent is ammonium dichromate. The plate is placed in a printing frame in vacuum-sealed contact with the negative and exposed to strong light from powerful arc lamps for approximately four minutes, removed from the printing frame and developed. In the case of zinc this is achieved by applying developing ink to the plate by means of a roller and washing it in clear water; in the case of copper, by merely heating it for four or five minutes over an open gas flame.

Step number three is etching. Here again the two metals receive different treatments. When the zinc plate was developed the (Continued on page 26

Paper Making

by Arthur W. Towne

■ Have you ever given any thought to the process required to develop that all-important item in your daily life called paper? Have you thought how many times a day you use something that is made of fibre, paper, or paper by-products?

History tells us that paper was first made in China about 105 A.D. The Egyptians used papyrus, but this should not be confused with paper as we know it today. The art of paper making traveled first to Samarkand about 750 A.D., then to Bagdad in 793, and to Damascus, reaching Morocco about the year 1100 A.D. A few years later it extended to Europe and reached America in about 1694. All paper during these years was made by hand until 1803 when an obscure Frenchman, Louis Robert, first manufactured paper successfully on a machine of his own invention.

The first paper mill in the new world was built by William Rittenhouse at Roxborough, near Germantown, in Pennsylvania. At that time commercial paper making was still in its infancy and the chief fibre was obtained from rags. Making paper was a slow, laborious job, but with ever-increasing demand and greater speed of the paper machine, there occurred a shortage of rags, and it became necessary for paper makers to find a satisfactory substitute. Various substitutes were tried, such as ropes, etc., but this did little to remedy the situation, and it was not until 1854 that a soda process was developed whereby fibre from trees could be used in the manufacture of white paper. This was done by reducing logs to small chips and cooking them in special liquors, which separated the fibre from the residue. Briefly, the paper machine operates by having the pulp or furnish, which at this state is approximately 99 per cent water, flow on to an endless wire screen. This screen allows the water to drain through, leaving a pulpy mass on the upper surface. It is in this state that the paper is run under a dandy roll, which by pressure imparts the watermark into the paper. The pulp or furnish used is made by combining different substances, the basis of which is fibre, the backbone of all plant life. This pulp mass is then run under pressure through a series of drying rolls, giving the desired finish or texture.

Just imagine how laborious it was to make paper by hand, turning out only a few sheets a day, while today we have huge fourdrinier paper making machines which will make up to 1500 feet of paper per minute, depending on the quality, grade, and nature of the paper. Naturally if a very good or permanent grade of paper is desired, rag pulp is used and the speed of the machine is slowed down. For less expensive utility papers, such as used in your newspaper or other volume grades, wood pulp is used and the machine is run at higher speed. Your currency is made of pure 100 per cent rag pulp, which will demonstrate to you the permanency and durability of paper. The average life of the paper dollar is phenomenal considering the fact that it is handled, folded, rolled, etc., according to the wishes of the user. The paper used in the making of first editions is 100 per cent rag also, as these books are printed on paper designed to withstand the ravages of time. The paper used in most magazines, however, is made of wood pulp, the grade depending upon the printing equipment, and the design, style and quality desired. The letterhead papers in use today, for example, are made from either all-wood fibre, all-rag fibre, or a combination of the two, depending upon the choice of the user and the purpose for which intended.

Household items, which are now so popular, such as facial tissue, paper towels, and picnic equipment —consisting of napkins, paper plates, cups, tablecloths, spoons, forks, etc. — as well as milk bottles, bags, shipping containers, wrapping paper, and many other products, are all made of wood pulp.

In the pioneer days of California, each printer carried his own supply of paper. Since the paper had to be brought around the Horn, which in itself was a long journey and ships were often many days overdue, the printers found themselves running short of paper; consequently it was necessary for one printer to purchase or borrow supplies of paper from another. It was this situation which prompted the founders of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, well-known wholesale paper supply house, to abandon the printing business and establish themselves as the pioneer paper merchants in San Francisco. This was in 1855, just one year after the new process of paper making was developed.

During the next twenty-four hours may we suggest that you take notice of all items made of paper which you consider necessary to your welfare? The result will prove interesting.

Eläköön Suomi

by Constance R. Dean

■ Was that singing? And not the "International" Communist Anthem either. And laughter? Not laughter; chromatic giggling. It didn't sound like any part of the five-year plan. Ever since we had gone through the thick barbed-wire frontier barrier, I had promised myself a relaxing contrast to that grim routine of factories and cities which is the tourists' Russia, and now that the first signs of freedom were upon me it was difficult to imagine the reality.

Wide, clean May-time Helsinki was fresh with draughts of air blowing off the water and insinuating themselves through the city.

It was not long before my Finnish friend Elisabett was leading me 'round a Smorgasbord table, delighting in the inspection of that customary and bewildering variety and mixing her research with what one soon discovers is just family gossip; how the Finnish national movement has been progressing. The welfare of their country, even the welfare of each citizen, is the property and concern of every individual. Scarcely could there be a country where so many of its inhabitants are known each to the other, are often feted in the papers on their birthdays. As Elisabett recited enthusiastically a summary of the financial report for the year, it sounded like the account of a well-run small corporation, not the government budget.

"It's no wonder you have paid your war debt so faithfully," I said.

"But, of course. How could we do otherwise? The only way to merit and hold the attention of the world is by our standard of national morality and efficiency."

Alternating a characteristic reserve with exuberant intensity, she walked with me along the water front out towards the islands, sometimes pivoting slowly to me with the flash in her black Carelian eyes, to say, "Listen, the birch trees."

The outcroppings were clustered with cabins built just out of the reach of the waves—homes of those who could not bear city life even for five days of the week. These people know their country thoroughly and wait for each new opportunity to go back onto one of its 35,000 lakes, to the timberland where "walk but the wind and I." Here, in these still forests, in this land of rapids, surely here, there should be a relief from that religiosity of programatising of daily Communist life.

So it was that a day's shopping equipped me with a ruck-sack, a stick, and some heavy socks, and I was one of the smiling crowd at the Lahti train on a Saturday morning, en route north to the Jyvaskyla boat to enjoy the freedom of a lone walking tour there. After little talking, no confusion, and much loading of bicycles, we all clambered up onto the third-class benches. There was a peculiar but typical attitude of serenity and gaiety about this trainload. My neighbor was an immaculate peasant woman, who peeked out from under her shawl, greeted me with a hearty display of white teeth and tranquilly turned back to look out the window. Opposite, a stolid red-cheeked man hugged a reed basket to him and rested a long unlit pipe on his chest. I read a dozen pictures of water and woodland in his wide-open dreaming eyes.

My station, just before Lahti, had a most obscure name and the fellow passengers were so confounded by my pronunciation that it would have been simpler to wait and read the signs as we made each arrival. But this problem had become theirs and until it was solved, no one stopped for an instant questioning me, offering pencils and papers and reading solemnly my hierglyphs. There was a murmur of triumph suddenly from one end of the train, upon which I turned to look at the high-cheeked, blonde girl who was to be from that moment one of my best friends. Her father was a professor at Helsinki and she spoke French, German, Swedish, Esthonian, Hungarian, and Russian. The matter of a mere railway stop was insignificantly easy to her.

We huddled on our ruck-sacks while she began tales of the winter nights off in their cabin, the deer meat, the spit at the hearth, the eternal fire, the hundred different newspapers, the bright glare of plentiful electric lights—until the short few days of spring passed without prelude into the summertime we were enjoying. We got off together, she, her mother and I, and boarded Suomi, a sixty-foot wood-burning boat, already creeping with weekenders. "Suomi," Aino explained, "means swamp, for we are called swamp-dwellers in Finnish just as we are in Swed-

PHOTO COURTESY OF PECK JUDAH

Lake Paijanne.

ish." (Finlanders, i e., fenlanders.) "But the Swedes" —and she wrinkled a very short nose—"have used our country for centuries as a buffer between themselves and Russia. In the ISOVIHA, the Great Wrath, of the eighteenth century all but 500,000 of us were destroyed and even now, we have barely recovered. But they have used not only our men—they have suppressed our language and dominated our finance."

Elisabett had already spoken of the Kasallis Osake Pankki, the joint stock bank which had been organized to break that control and to hear this young girl, too, talk with equal passion of economic tyranny, of pride in her own language, of national integrity, was a further revelation of Finnish spirit. I began to see their strength of determination, their calm; that silent tenacity of a people who are the heirs of woodsmen and grazers, of a people who sit with one or two companions through a peaceful eight-months winter. Of course, this disclosure should come from two women, in a country which has pioneered for equality and suffrage rights.

For a whole brief day, Aino and I sat together on the deck watching the boat pursue its maze-course along the serpentine lakes, buying lilies-of-the-valley from children at the handworked locks, leaning on the rail to sing back to groups of serenaders waving to us from their lonely private wharfs. In one spot, far out toward the center, the captain tossed the mail over to three men, in three canoes, holding each to the other, waiting for a Finlike monosyllable or two of gossip before turning reluctantly to go back up their separate streams, as we passed out of hearing. An hour farther on, Aino and her mother got off, and we took most solemn leave of each other for the last time in her country.

The next morning, Suomi blew her boisterous whistle to the city of Jyvaskyla, dropped three of us and disappeared behind the trees. This was a typical inland city, a new, clean, frame-building town, supported by paper mills and a furniture factory, centered around a block of park. But it had in it some of the world's best modern architecture, an office by Alvar Aalto, who at forty, is one of the most successfully influential men in his profession in the world and one of the most recognized furniture designers; a man who has done for his country's prominence in this field what Sibelius has in music. In Helsinki, Abo, and even up here in Jyvaskyla, his conspicuous, simple finesse catches and rests your attention.

At dusk I wandered down to the waterfront of this Grand Rapids of Finland and watched them move crates. When at last I was alone, there was only a clear green glow left in the sky, that strange coloring of a nightless summertime; and it was reflected cold and chartreuse on the even undulations of the lake, moved by just one silent fishing boat slipping in the current. I squinted at the rough translation from the Kalevala (their great national epic) which Aino had given me while we sat smelling the ship's wood smoke, looking at the silhouettes of the tundra ridges.

"He drew with care his silken fish net
Through the bays and winding channels,
Drew it through the placid waters,
Drew it through the blue-black of the ocean."*

The mythology of Suomi seemed to rise to life in that hour. Ukko, the great sky god, was dreaming in this thunder home Jumala, and leaving this silent world to Ahto and Tapio, (Continued on page 24

*This parallel of Aino's lines taken from John Martin Crawford's English translation . . . 1888.

Five Years of San Francisco Museum of Art

by Heinz Berggruen

African Marigolds, Oil by William Gaw.
San Francisco Museum of Art.

■ On the eighteenth of January, the San Francisco Museum of Art celebrated the Fifth Anniversary of its opening in the Civic Center. Many thousands, on that night, came to the Museum to participate in the celebration of one of the city's most active and most lively major institutions devoted to its cultural enrichment.

The five years of the San Francisco Museum of Art in its spacious and modern quarters in the War Memorial Building have been five extraordinary years. While San Francisco's reputation as one of the most music-loving and music-conscious cities in this country has been firmly established for a great many years, the activities of the San Francisco Museum of Art, together with the work of the other two Museums, the de Young and the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, have created an equally important place in the realm of the visual arts.

Today San Francisco is looked on as one of the country's leading cities in its contribution to the growth and support of the arts. Much of it is due to the policy of the Museum in the Civic Center.

When the San Francisco Museum of Art opened its new quarters on Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street in 1935, it introduced a great many ideas and principles which, in their originality and healthful realization of the Museum's main function, immediately gave it a special place. Aware of its cultural obligation towards the community, it emphasized from the beginning the educational angle of its work. As one of the few museums in the country, and as the only one in San Francisco, it has kept regular evening hours, being opened every week night until ten o'clock. Due to its convenient downtown location, many working people, who otherwise would have to reserve their Sunday for a Museum's visit, have thus an opportunity to see the galleries during the week.

Primarily the San Francisco Museum of Art is known for its concern with and its presentation of contemporary art. It is the West's modern museum, primarily devoted to the interpretation of the art of our time. Its function, in many ways, parallels the function of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Specializing in constantly changing exhibitions of contemporary art and its sources and background, the Museum aims at giving the public an intelligent and intelligible demonstration of the main trends of the works of living artists.

With the presentation of modern art, the Museum assumes a double responsibility: towards the public which, through the medium of exhibitions and illustrated lectures, is made familiar with the works of modern art, and also towards the artists who, through the display of their work, find stimulation and encouragement.

Realizing this double obligation, the San Francisco Museum of Art has made it its particular task to acquaint the public with the works of artists of this region. Three open-juried exhibitions are conducted for the Art Association (Continued on next page

annually, a series of small exhibitions by Art Association members is carried on continuously, and other group and one-man shows by local painters and sculptors are held to the number of some twenty each year.

With the increase of its service for the community, the Museum has grown from ten to twenty full-time workers, and an additional eight to ten part-time assistants come on Saturdays for the popular Children's Hours. The Museum's library has increased from half a dozen items to several hundred books and periodicals, all the most necessary and pertinent material on the contemporary field.

Exhibitions held at the Museum, which everybody interested in art will remember for their comprehensiveness and attractive presentation, include the Carnegie International, the Cezanne and Gauguin shows, History of Landscape Painting, African Negro Sculpture, Cubist and Abstract Art, Surrealism, and Contemporary Landscape Architecture and its Background.

During the last two years, the Museum has opened membership to those who have been responsive to its diverse activities and opportunities. A most individual service, including special lecture courses, invitations to previews, private guidance through the galleries and counsel on art questions, is extended to the members of the Museum.

The main exhibition which the Museum has organized in connection with its anniversary, is in a way a symbolic expression of its aims and functions. It is a show of contemporary art owned in the Bay Region. While organized by the Museum, practically all of the paintings and pieces of sculpture exhibited in this show come from private collections of San Francisco and of nearby communities.

To many this exhibition of more than 300 outstanding items of modern art has been a great and happy surprise. It indicated that the Museum is far from being alone in its active response to modern art. These works, in their totality, are more than a survey of the essential contemporary movements in art; they are a convincing sign that the people here take an active part in modern art.

For a museum specializing in a field that is as exploratory as the preoccupation with modern art, nothing can be more gratifying than to realize that the public is keeping faith with it in its active approach to the works of our contemporaries. The San Francisco Museum of Art now enters its second five-year period, guiding a steadily increasing public to a fuller appreciation of modern art and its sources.

Saint Valentine's Day

(Continued from page 6)

Before long, manufactured Valentines appeared, and took the place of individual ones. Because it was less trouble, men purchased their Valentine favors instead of writing them. Valentines thus lost much of their dignity and their true significance.

While the earliest records of the festive celebration of St. Valentine's Day are distinctly vulgar—in the sense of being of the people—it was a French nobleman, Charles, Duke of Orleans, who wrote the finest early Valentine verses extant. Taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, he wrote many Valentines while in prison, and some of these have been preserved.

In the 17th century, the sending of gifts became an important social custom. During the reign of England's Charles II, Samuel Pepys, diarist incomparable, wrote in 1667 of a Miss Stuart, who later became the Duchess of Richmond, and who drew the Duke of York as her Valentine. She received from him as her Valentine a jewel worth eight hundred pounds. The next year she drew the name of a gentleman who gave her a ring worth three hundred pounds!

A young lady who drew Mr. Pepys himself received from him as a present "some green silk stockings, garters and shoelaces, which pleased her very much," and to Mrs. Pepys, who once drew her husband for her Valentine, he gave "a ring made of Turkey-stone, set with diamonds." To quote him again, "I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me five pounds"—with fairness, however, he added, "that I must have laid if we had not had Valentines."

Going a bit further, he said, "This evening my wife did with great pleasure shew me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year—a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this, and what she had, she reckons she hath about one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other—and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

And the reader—we trust—will understand "wretch" to be used as a term of endearment.

The spirit and the accepted origin of Saint Valentine's Day are summed up in a stanza by Drayton, a poet of Shakespeare's time, who wrote: To his Valentine

"Each little bird this tide
Doth choose her loving peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year
As Nature is their guide.
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were."

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STRATFORD HALL

by Hazel E. Cummir

Reprinted from The American Home, September 1939 issue. Courtesy of Mrs. Norman Banks Livermore, California Director of Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc.

■ When John Adams wrote in 1779, "The family of Lee has more men of merit in it than any other family," he was thinking of the Stratford Lees, and more particularly of the five stalwart sons of Stratford under whose leadership Virginia was joined with Massachusetts and the Adamses in a patriotic coalition which was to win independence for the American colonies and bind them in a union that has stood for a hundred and fifty years. "The Lee-Adams Junto," scoffers called it. And certainly no other political combination in the history of America has so entirely engaged the attention of the country, or achieved the influence which was the portion of this first great alliance of two powerful commonwealths in the cause of American freedom.

For the Stratford Lees it meant the final flowering of the plans of the first Richard Lee, the "Emigrant" who had come to America in 1641 with but one ambition, to found his own line, and had forthwith established for it traditions of family pride and social and political leadership that persisted through six generations and produced some of the ablest statesmen America has known in her entire history.

Thomas Lee, the builder of Stratford and father of the five "Revolutionary Lees," was himself one of the ablest public men of his time. "President of Virginia" he had signed himself in presentations to the British Lords of Trade and might have added "President of America" without question being raised. For in those days America was Virginia in the minds of those whose only interest in her lay in the cargoes of tobacco shipped regularly from Virginia landings. The ignorance that was expressed by Spenser when he dedicated "The Faerie Queene" to the "Empress Elizabeth by the grace of God Queene of England, France, and Ireland and of Virginia," died hard.

Thus President of Virginia or President of the Council of Virginia, was a title to command respect even in England. And in America it meant not only the political but the social and material leadership as well, of the most important colony of the continent. With the Stratford Lees it became almost an hereditary office. For a hundred years, from the time of the second Richard until the Council was abolished in 1776, there was no period when the family was not represented at its green baize table, scarcely a time when its head did not occupy the chair. And all the while younger sons acted for their state and country through membership in the Burgesses. The name of Lee swarms in the Williamsburg records. And among the services thus recorded, those of Thomas Lee stand forth as among the most forward-looking measures of their day. His interest in the development of the Northwest; his clear vision of the future of America and the part Virginia was destined to play in it; his love of the soil; and his work for the development of the resources of the Virginia Tide-water indicate a new national outlook responsible for many of the finer aspects of Virginia's "Golden Age."

Nor should we overlook the part played by his wife. Hannah Ludwell Lee has a record equalled by that of no other American woman as the mother of famous sons. During the period of 1757-1776, the most critical in the history of the American colonies, there were seven Lees in the government at Williamsburg, and of these, four were Hannah's sons. Two of them, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee, became with the Adamses of Massachusetts, the chief leaders of the cause for American independence, and both signed the Declaration. As a member of the first Continental Congress, Richard Henry Lee had moved the Resolution for Independence which would have set the birthday of the nation on July 2 instead of 4, had not the eloquence of Jefferson focussed the attention of the country on the instrument issued two days later to explain "to a candid world" the reasons why the Resolution had been passed. Throughout the period Thomas Ludwell Lee worked faithfully with his brothers in the cause. And while these three played their chosen parts at home, two younger sons of Hannah Lee in London, William and Arthur Lee, kept their brothers in constant touch with happenings abroad and with the state of opinion in the British Government. John Adams said afterwards that the letters Arthur Lee wrote at this time had "constituted the most constant and certain intelligence which was received from any individual." In 1775 Arthur Lee was appointed the official London Representative of the Colonies, and was thus the first diplomatic representative of the American nation.

following year he was appointed a
mber under Franklin of the American
nmission to Paris, and became one
he men most actively responsible for
continuous stream of money and
plies sent to the Colonies from France
l Spain during the Revolution.
uring the period, 1778-1780, Stratford
s dominated all five American em-
sies to Europe except the one at
is, and there were two of the line in
Continental Congress: Richard Henry
, then master of Stratford, and his
ther, Francis Lightfoot Lee, both dom-
nt with the Adamses in the legisla-
n that made of thirteen rival colonies
ee united nation.
Meanwhile a future master of Stratford
s fighting for the cause in Washing-
's army. Light Horse Harry Lee, son
Henry of Leesylvania and Lucy
rmes, the famous "Lowland beauty"
om Washington had courted at fifteen,
s a soldier born, a military genius
sponsible for some of the best work
ne by the American forces during the
volution. In the end it was said that
strategy that caught Cornwallis in
ginia, penned in between Washing-
's army and the French fleet, was
ht Horse Harry's plan. There is no
ubt that Robert E. Lee owed much of
military genius to that of his father.
After the Revolution Harry Lee be-
ne a member of the Virginia Bur-
sses and an active member of the
deralist group working for the ratifi-
ion of the new Federal constitution.
his brilliant opposition to Richard
nry Lee at the Richmond Constitu-
nal Convention, he performed what
s perhaps his greatest service to
erica. The question at issue had be-
me, not whether Virginia would ratify
Constitution, but whether there
uld be any Constitution at all. The
quence of Harry Lee had a large
are in bringing about the success of
Federalists and ultimate ratification
the remaining states. Soon after this
became master of Stratford through
marriage to Matilda, daughter of Phil-
Ludwell Lee, and lived at Stratford
til several years after the birth of his
ungest son Robert.
Thus through the entire formative
riod of the nation, Stratford was asso-
ted almost continuously with its most
portant affairs. Can any other house
w standing claim so large a share in
nation's history, or point to so many
ns distinguished by their services to
country? It is indeed fitting that on
eve of our celebration of the 150th
niversary of the birth of the United
ates, Stratford should emerge as a na-
nal memorial commemorating the serv-

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ices of the men who have called it home.

The Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation was organized ten years ago for the purpose of acquiring and restoring the Stratford estate, and presenting it to the nation. It has taken ten years of research and groundwork to bring the old place to the point where those not intimately concerned might be expected to appreciate its austere beauty and its full architectural and historical significance. Today Stratford presents to the visitor the inspiring spectacle of an old Virginia plantation come to life, its economic usefulness restored, its old hall standing serene and beautiful in the midst of smiling acres, secure in the dignity of an illustrious past and of a long and well-assured future.

The story of the reclaiming of the Stratford acres, exhausted by years of one-crop planting and of subsequent neglect, is in itself a tale of thrilling interest, too long to admit of more than a brief outline here. Enough to say that under the skillful management of the director, a retired major general in the United States Army, the wasteland that was Stratford in 1929, has become in 1939 a living, working plantation, which is typical of the very best the Old Dominion knew and of all that the new Virginia may become. More than an antiquarian, a good farmer and a capable executive besides, the General has not been content merely to revive at Stratford a semblance of what the old plantation may have been. Instead, he has made the place a center of farming interest and experiment and an active influence throughout the farming neighborhood. His methods of rotating crops and of bringing back the land are being imitated throughout the entire countryside, and his fine wheat and barley crops are things his neighbors find worth driving miles to see. Too the price he gets for them as seed crops is the best argument he could present in favor of his methods. His hams, cured on the place, are becoming famous even in Virginia, and are shipped to nearly every state in the Union. His beef brings the best price on the market.

With all this, the antiquarian interest has not been neglected. The details of farm construction which the General supervises, are all correct 18th century reproductions. His fences with their hand-hewn posts and hand-split rails are a delight to the eye. The interiors of the old barns restored under his supervision by hand workers from the neighborhood, are based on a set of 18th century plans drawn by Thomas Jefferson for a Mr. Morris.

And now again the old stalls resound to the stamping of spirited thorou breds as in the days of Philip Ludw Lee, who introduced English thorou breds into Westmoreland County, a made his plantation the best-known s farm in the Colonies. His famous D terel stood at Stratford for ten years, til his master's death, an important f tor in the high rating of the neighb hood in the "reigning and raging sp of the Colony." An even more famc stallion, the renowned Man o' War, w the grandsire of a colt and filly sold t year at Stratford. If present indicatic can be trusted, these modern thorou breds are destined to focus the attenti of horse lovers once again upon We moreland and the justly famous Str ford stables.

Another interesting feature of the pla tation is the old gristmill near the Lar ing. The old mill dam has been rebu and an 18th century mill with the orig nal wooden machinery has just be erected on the old mill site. It is expect that by the coming year water-grou wholewheat, buckwheat, and cornme will be added to the marketable produ of the farm.

But, for all the importance of su projects, the center of interest at Stra ford is the old hall itself, forming wi its dependencies and other out-building what is conceded to be the finest pla tation group of its period still standir in America.

When in 1717 Thomas Lee received h "handful of earth and a twig," in ancie token of his purchase of the Westmor land "Cliffs," he felt that he had chose the site of his future home with wisdo and discrimination. And this not onl because of the fertility of a new wel watered country, or for the wild beaut of the cliffs themselves rising a shee 150 feet above the Potomac at a poir where it spreads eight miles wide; bu more particularly because the remote ness of the spot surrounded by almos impenetrable woodland offered the bes protection possible against Indian raid No doubt it was this same remotenes that saved Stratford in a later day fro the vicissitudes which resulted from th war between the states.

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(Continued to Page 29)

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Catherine Kilday

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

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ices of the men who have called it home.

The Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation was organized ten years ago for the purpose of acquiring and restoring the Stratford estate, and presenting it to the nation. It has taken ten years of research and groundwork to bring the old place to the point where those not intimately concerned might be expected to appreciate its austere beauty and its full architectural and historical significance. Today Stratford presents to the visitor the inspiring spectacle of an old Virginia plantation come to life, its economic usefulness restored, its old hall standing serene and beautiful in the midst of smiling acres, secure in the dignity of an illustrious past and of a long and well-assured future.

The story of the reclaiming of the Stratford acres, exhausted by years of one-crop planting and of subsequent neglect, is in itself a tale of thrilling interest, too long to admit of more than a brief outline here. Enough to say that under the skillful management of the director, a retired major general in the United States Army, the wasteland that was Stratford in 1929, has become in 1939 a living, working plantation, which is typical of the very best the Old Dominion knew and of all that the new Virginia may become. More than an antiquarian, a good farmer and a capable executive besides, the General has not been content merely to revive at Stratford a semblance of what the old plantation may have been. Instead, he has made the place a center of farming interest and experiment and an active influence throughout the farming neighborhood. His methods of rotating crops and of bringing back the land are being imitated throughout the entire countryside, and his fine wheat and barley crops are things his neighbors find worth driving miles to see. Too the price he gets for them as seed crops is the best argument he could present in favor of his methods. His hams, cured on the place, are becoming famous even in Virginia, and are shipped to nearly every state in the Union. His beef brings the best price on the market.

With all this, the antiquarian interest has not been neglected. The details of farm construction which the General supervises, are all correct 18th century reproductions. His fences with their hand-hewn posts and hand-split rails are a delight to the eye. The interiors of the old barns restored under his supervision by hand workers from the neighborhood, are based on a set of 18th century plans drawn by Thomas Jefferson for a Mr. Morris.

And now again the old stalls resound to the stamping of spirited thoroughbreds as in the days of Philip Ludwell Lee, who introduced English thoroughbreds into Westmoreland County, and made his plantation the best-known stud farm in the Colonies. His famous Dorterel stood at Stratford for ten years, until his master's death, an important factor in the high rating of the neighborhood in the "reigning and raging spot of the Colony." An even more famous stallion, the renowned Man o' War, was the grandsire of a colt and filly sold this year at Stratford. If present indications can be trusted, these modern thoroughbreds are destined to focus the attention of horse lovers once again upon Westmoreland and the justly famous Stratford stables.

Another interesting feature of the plantation is the old gristmill near the Landing. The old mill dam has been rebuilt and an 18th century mill with the original wooden machinery has just been erected on the old mill site. It is expected that by the coming year water-ground wholewheat, buckwheat, and cornmeal will be added to the marketable produce of the farm.

But, for all the importance of such projects, the center of interest at Stratford is the old hall itself, forming with its dependencies and other out-buildings what is conceded to be the finest plantation group of its period still standing in America.

When in 1717 Thomas Lee received his "handful of earth and a twig," in ancient token of his purchase of the Westmoreland "Clifts," he felt that he had chosen the site of his future home with wisdom and discrimination. And this not only because of the fertility of a new well-watered country, or for the wild beauty of the cliffs themselves rising a sheer 150 feet above the Potomac at a point where it spreads eight miles wide; but more particularly because the remoteness of the spot surrounded by almost impenetrable woodland offered the best protection possible against Indian raids. No doubt it was this same remoteness that saved Stratford in a later day from the vicissitudes which resulted from the war between the states.

It stands today, one of the two or three really fine houses of its period left in America, marking the architectural transition from Jacobean to Georgian styles that occurred in the Tide-water country almost simultaneously with the transition of Virginia from a dependent royal colony to a powerful and aggressive commonwealth. Thus it is not difficult to see in the solid permanence of its construction, in the serene balance of its design, and the crowning dignity of its mag-

nificent chimney-stacks, the symbol of the new America which in the early 18th century was emerging under the leadership of Thomas Lee and his contemporaries.

No doubt that Lee's work at Williamsburg had some perhaps unconscious influence on the manner of his building. The new Governor's palace was completed in 1720, and Lee must have had ample opportunity during his winters at the capital to observe and admire the features of the new style it inaugurated. Whether he based the H-plan of his house on that of the old capitol is a matter of conjecture. The plan was a common one for great houses of the early 18th century both in England and America But from whatever sources they were drawn, the particular combination of Jacobean and Georgian features which Thomas Lee built into his house, was as individual as the man himself. Thus the plan of treating the first floor architecturally as a basement, with the main rooms on the second floor reached by a great flight of stone steps was not unusual in England in mansions carrying the classic order. But for a plantation house in the Colonies without orders or exterior adornment other than the simplest dressings, the plan stands unique. Similarly, the grouping of the great chimney-stacks, easily the most striking feature of the house, while not unknown, has no exact prototype in either England or America. No other example of a stone balustrade with square stone balusters is known here.

The actual date of the building of Stratford is not certain. It must have been begun at least by 1729, when Thomas Lee's earlier dwelling at Mount Pleasant burned. Architectural evidence indicates that the two southern dependencies were the first to be constructed and it is not improbable that Lee and his family lived in the southwest building while the others were being completed

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(Continued from page 17)

to the water and the trees. But this reverie was not long lasting. Around the corner came a stampeding Mongolian pony rushing his driver and drosky into the lake. The animal once cursed back on shore and unhitched, waded in again to wait for the wooden bucketfuls of water which his owner as filling. A man leaning in silent amusement against the storehouse, turned grinning to me with a Swedish "What are you doing here?"

"Reciting the Kalevala in German." He answered. "I am a German," his reply nearly drowned in the roar of water from the pony bath. "But," shouting, "I live in 'the waste of waters, the never-friendly northland'." He laughed at me again as I wrote down his quotation. "They are a great family an overgrown tribe here. And the Laps. I have been studying and living amongst them." The wooden bucket sucked under water again. "You know, they are the butt of all humor for their wealth of reindeer, the way they follow the moss, their infernal three cups of coffee with salt for each guest." He rubbed his smile with the back of his hand in unpleasant reminiscence. "For weeks there have been cartoons in the papers making fun of the silly Laps for seeing great crying birds in the sky, but that's one thing that's not so funny now that we know they are Russian reconnaissance planes."

The driver slushed up on the beach and hitched up and the drosky disappeared leaving a trail of water in the road.

As we two turned to part, I asked, "How did you come to stay here?—was it perhaps in 1918?" For answer he said, "1918. You will stay long?"

"Only as long as a tourist can stay."

"But you will like it so much. You must learn Elakoon Suomi." Long live Finland!

The room at Jyvaskyla had been a de luxe type, with an extra feather comforter, a telephone, breakfast in bed, at their peak inclusive price of 63 cents. It was a two-hour walk to Haapakoski, the trailway winding along a glacial deposit of pine-covered mounds which looked like little more than dykes in the water system. There was a view of bays and pools on either side, almost the length of the little road. Dozens of wood gatherers were out singing moody snatches of themes, almost oriental in their pathos. They called a gay good-morning to me, turning to stare after me when my foreign pronunciation of "Elakoon Suomi" came back to them.

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Do present styles so slender
Despair in you engender
As over many a dinner date you pore?
Now exercise while swimming
Is a pleasant way of slimming
It's effective and it's fun—not just a chore.

Swim AT THE CLUB

for Valentines
Give

See's
Oldtime Home Made
CANDIES

Here was my first adventure in conversing without a common language. It only requires that the participants enter into their efforts in good faith and that they never turn ironic in their desperation at expressing an idea. A lumber worker, big-boned youngster whose blond hair was just turning chestnut, stopped and went to the trouble to pantomime his profession. He had been many days in the north woods and was returning home now with some relief. As for me, I explained my lone walking tour, giving as a motive my love for the thick clouds and the wind in the trees. With this complete success to my record, I dropped in to call on a housewife in one of the ever-red cabins. She was delighted and confused to see a foreign stranger and worked along talking to me with curious suspicion, patronizingly taciturn, until her little boy came out from behind her volume of skirts to play with the visitor. In a few moments we were all three in the house, examining her loom. The dress she wore she had made on it. The furniture was home hewn, the bed built into the wall like those of the old Norwegian huts. She cooked both with a tripod frame and in the fireplace. For all her hospitality my hostess was never casual or undignified with me. Occasionally failing to convey an idea, she would wrinkle her brow helplessly and go on to show me something else. Though we parted the best of friends, she must still hold some pity for me at my abyssmal ineptitude in self-expression. During the next few days, a half dozen such visits had the same results, the same cordiality, the same reserve.

My last day penetrating north toward Laukas, I realized with regret that my lily-of-the-valley toilet water must have broken through my sack, and flung it down to sink deep into the grass to rest before searching out the damage it had done. Down, with the sky almost shut from my eyes by the mat of green, the odor was stifling. I parted the wheatheads back and there, just below the surface, was a world of lilies. Excitedly pushing in ever direction, I found everywhere the same result—the ground was alive with them, the air ponderous with the scent. The temptation was too much to resist. A bit of birch bark stripped to a veneer, its margins filled with lilies, became a sheet of letter paper. It seemed like some very real piece of that miracle land that they could use to solidify their imaginings at home.

One could walk forever in this paradise of birch and pine and flowers but a cable from a friend at sea called me abruptly to Southampton, back from these leisurely casual penetrations, rushing by cart and train to Helsinki, every moment making my going more disappointingly premature. It was a painful extrication from this world filled with the music of Sibelius, Erkki, Merikanto, if not their music, then the theme from which they took it. However, since it had to be done, at last, in twenty-four hours I had covered ten days of foot travel and began a resented departure from Helsinki, a regretful journey to Abo, to leave in an old sheet-metal plane from a buttercup field.

With my last glimpse of the Finnish archipelago and my first of the Swedish, I recapitulated my adventures and realized the intensity of national self-expression of Sibelius, of Erkki, of Aalto, of Mannerheim, of the Kalevala; remembered the timber, the chaos of river-winding lakes; remembered a hundred horizons of broad open streets, of modern houses, of paper mills, of boats bobbing in the ever-visible water; remembered children with lilies in their hands, red cottages under the trees, graceful sturdy women, taciturn men brooding in monosyllables over their heavy pipes—and through it all, each place, each vision, the memories of a thousand smiles.

Discussion Groups

■ Express your own individuality, develop poise, and eliminate self-consciousness in the discussion groups conducted by Mrs. Monte McGee, at 1925 Leavenworth Street, telephone GRaystone 3768.

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the hats are young and gay
the hats are feminine and flattering
the hats are wearable
the hats are the type to inspire compliments because this season they fit the head, even hug it instead of perching at a precarious angle on the forehead. Sailors, big and small, flowers galore, veiling manipulations in a brand new way, a dozen new crowns from square to telescope. Will you come up and let me show them to you?
Your hats also skilfully remodeled.

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The Process of Photo-engraving

(Continued from page 14)

action was to wash off all the ink from the surface except from the image, where it adheres to the plate. The ink-covered area is dusted with a resinous powder and heated to melt the powder and so protect that part of the surface from the action of the acid used to etch the plate. The plate is then placed in a weak solution of nitric acid and given a very slight etch, that is, the acid eats away that part of the plate which is exposed or not protected by the melted powder. After the first etch, the plate is again dusted with powder, care being taken from now on to make sure that not only the SURFACE of the image is well covered but also the SIDES of the image which begin to appear as the unprotected metal is eaten further away. The plate is then placed in a much stronger acid bath and the procedure of etching, powdering, burning-in and again, etching is repeated three or four times, depending on the subject being reproduced.

The etching of halftones is, in a general way, the same; that is, the print on copper is subjected to the action of acid, this time iron perchloride, which has the same effect on the copper as the nitric acid has on zinc. Since, however, continuous tones have been broken up when they were photographed through the screen, the relief surface to be held is really a series of tiny dots and it is the size of these dots which must be controlled in the process of etching, for the larger the area of the dot, the darker will be the tone and the smaller the dot, the lighter will be the resultant area. For color-process reproduction, except for the preliminary color separation which takes place in photographing, the procedure is much the same, except again, that it is necessary to have a different plate for each color to be printed. Generally speaking, four colors are used to reproduce any color in the spectrum —yellow, red, blue and black.

Step number four covers routing and "finishing." In order to aid the printer, all of the metal in an engraving which does not come in direct contact with the paper should be removed and this is done by routing; that is, the plate is securely fastened to a routing board and a very high speed machine employing a rotary fluted bit is run over that part of the plate to be routed and the "dead" metal is cut away. "Finishing" is hand work which entails careful inspection and with fine pointed tools, taking out minute imperfections which may have appeared in the various steps of manufacture.

The final step is proofing and blocking. The plate is now placed on a proof press and, under conditions as nearly like the actual printing press on which the plate will be used, is inked and printed to show the final result. The plate is then mounted on a block of special mounting wood, fastened and held in place generally by nails, and the finished engraving, after a final inspection, is ready for delivery to the customer.

Because of the complex nature of the procedure, it has been somewhat difficult to give an accurate description of every detail in the making of a photo-engraving, but, essentially, the foregoing discussion should give an idea of how it is done. "Seeing" is much more interesting than "reading," and if you should care to see the actual manufacture of these things that are so common in your everyday reading yet so "taken-for-granted" and not understood by the majority it could and would be gladly arranged.

A Modern Food

■ It is interesting in these days of food fads, and not infrequently food fallacies, to note the great number of people who are susceptible to every new idea that comes along that has to do with the daily diet. More especially if the product featured is offered as a reducing agent. Undoubtedly, science and the vast number of reliable women who are delving into the subject of correct eating and who are giving the world the benefit of their discoveries, have rendered a real service. There are beverages, foods of various kinds, including the lowly spinach and carrots, and more especially cereals that are loudly touted for their merits, many of them of real value. But after all, use and experience must be the guiding influence that directs the thinking mother in the choice of foods for her loved ones.

How long has the product been offered the public? How has it measured up to the claims made for it? Is it a single-purpose item or does it lend itself to a variety of genuine uses? And in these days, price of course, is a dominant factor for consideration.

This story has to deal with but one product—Roman Meal—a cereal product that has been popularly accepted for more than thirty years. It must meet all the home demands to have survived over so long a period and shown a steady and consistent growth in public favor. It is more than just a cereal from which to make delicious breakfast porridge in that its use with white flour actually im-

proves the flavor of all baked things. Naturally the questions arise, "What is Roman Meal made of?" and "Why the name, 'Roman Meal'?"

First, the name as well as the Roman gladiator on the package is simply indicative of the sturdy character of the product itself. Certainly the early Roman gladiators were fine physical specimens if history is correct. And Roman Meal is food to build strong bodies.

Second, Roman Meal is made of the whole grains of wheat and rye (flaked) to render it easy to prepare and quick cooking. All the natural elements—proteins, minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins—of the whole grains are retained. And this is important, according to all the acknowledged authorities on this subject. To the wheat and rye is added a small portion of very fine bran, which provides roughage; and tasteless, odorless flax, a recognized lubricant. But best of all is the exquisite flavor—a nut-like flavor that is at once subtle and delicious.

Roman Meal carries the seal of approval of the Good Housekeeping Institute, and on the package are a number of tried and tested recipes.

(Continued from page 12)

Clappe to her sister, Mary Jane Smith who was living in the East. She gives in detail her experiences and observations during more than a year's residence at Rich Bar and Indian Bar on the Feather River, camps where there were more than a thousand men and but two other women. There have been two editions published of her letters; both are out of print.

There have probably been more books written about California than any other state in the Union and certainly no other part of the country offers richer, more colorful or more dramatic copy for the historian or better field for the collector.

Valentine's Day

Mating birds and blooming flowers
Are not myths in land of ours!
February's sun will shine
Warmly on St. Valentine
When he keeps his ancient date
Visiting the Golden State.
Cupid heeds not lack of clothes
Where, from many an opening rose,
Jostling bees the honey sip,
Buzzing at each perfumed lip.
Happy lovers wander far
Down the paths which blossoms star.
Overhead the birds decline
To await Saint Valentine,
Setting up their households small
Without waiting for his call.

—Mary Ogden Vaughan.

(Continued from page 13)

hand bookbinding really is:

"Modern hand bookbinding is really modern in this: it is at the service of the text—it symbolizes the content—exalts the printing and is in color harmony with the illustrations. Formerly master craftsman reaches perfection of execution but he worked in the 'traditional' style. More recently in addition to retaining the craftsman's ideal in perfection in execution, there has been a departure from the traditional, and by the use of new media, creation of ideas and styles of design and versatility of technique, the artisan has become the artist. He has evolved a variety of aesthetic expressions befitting and symbolic of the beautiful typography and illustration and of the text itself. The artist's effort is to create a binding uniquely suited to that particular book and to no other. Formerly the artisan clothed the book—today the artist weds the binding to the book."

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During February there will be a discount of 10% on Eugene Permanent Waves. Shampoo and Finger Wave is included in this price. Our permanents are noted for their lasting satisfaction.

Prompt service and individual attention is assured by operators who are expert in all types of work. Make your appointment now by telephoning GArfield 8400.

■

Beauty Salon

Lower Main Floor

America's Largest Chinatown Celebrates

■ February 6, 1940, is a red-letter day in San Francisco's Chinatown. Amid rituals as old as civilization, 20,000 Chinese say "Kung Hor Sun Hay!"—welcome to the New Year. Exotic oriental customs and ceremonial rites are consummated before the gaze of Western eyes. Strange, yet beautiful costumes are seen on women and children in the district.

Throughout the lantern-lighted section of San Francisco are sidewalk stalls, filled with lily blooms, cherry and almond branches, citrus fruits, lichee nuts and assorted sweetmeats. The early hours of New Year's eve are like carnival time, with good-natured, jostling crowds making purchases and keeping up a lively patter of sing-song Chinese. An occasional battery of firecrackers goes off but the noise only adds to the din of happy voices.

For seven days and nights there are colorful ceremonies, executed with a the pomp and pageantry that have come down through the ages in the civilizatic of old Cathay. There are religious services in the joss houses and in privat homes; feasts of the lanterns; banquet and the culmination of the occasion- the dance of the Buddha Lion throug the streets.

Six young Chinese boys guide th great silken Lion from store to store, an at each place of business the Lion re ceives gifts of money, wrapped in le tuce leaves. This money goes to charit —usually to the Chinese Hospital.

Among other things, the Chinese ad just their money matters at the New Year. All outstanding debts are paid in full—the slate is wiped clean.

The Chinese New Year's celebration attracts thousands of Occidentals to the quarter to witness the enactment of age old traditions.

Work . . . Study . . . Play In the San Francisco Bay Region

■ The Europe of 1940 is neither the travel nor the study goal of American citizens today. With eyes averted from across the seas, they look instead to American scenes for their summer plans. To educators and laymen, Mills College in Oakland, California, offers its fifteenth annual summer session—a summer session which endeavors to present the culture of Europe along with that of America and which offers to men and women study and experience in a democratic way of life.

Mills is a residential college and as such fuses the academic, social, and recreational aspects of community living. Eminent educators follow the workshop approach in all larger classes; while individualized instruction in the arts is offered by a distinguished staff of artists, musicians, and dancers. A rich program of concerts, lectures, exhibitions, and dance demonstrations, as well as excellent recreational facilities, on the campus supplement the many inviting opportunities available in the San Francisco Bay region and surrounding California vacation lands. The summer climate is mild, with no rain. The standard of board is one of the highest in the country. The courses of study, open to both men and women, may be taken for graduate or undergraduate credit (maximum six units), or may be audited. The Mills campus is located within thirty minutes of San Francisco by Bay Bridge bus or automobile; and Metropolitan Oakland and Berkeley are within a short distance.

(Continued from page 23)

tones of its walls shading from pink to purple and a flashing red, and its magnificent chimneys towering against a deep blue sky. Simple, dignified, and colorful, the picture is one which not even the best photographer can adequately reproduce.

In planning necessary restorations, the architect has been at much pains to preserve every scrap of old masonry or woodwork found intact. These have been matched so skillfully that no casual observer could distinguish new from old. The original finish of all woodwork has been preserved wherever possible, and where restoration has been necessary, this has been done only after careful study of all available evidence. Inventories left by Thomas Lee and by his successor, Philip Ludwell Lee, in which the chambers are referred to as the "blew room," the "green room," etc., have been valuable guides in selecting colors for interior paint, and in the choice of the various furnishings.

Two periods of building are evident in the mansion; that of Thomas Lee, ending with his death in 1750, and that of Light Horse Harry Lee, ending about 1805, when certain changes were made in keeping with the new Adam fashions of the time. Two rooms, the parlor in the northwest wing, and the "birth chamber" in the southeast wing, are in this later style, interesting memorials to the last Revolutionary Lee and to his son, Virginia's beloved Robert E. Lee, the last famous member of the family born in the old birth chamber. Certain exterior changes made at the same time had fallen into complete disrepair by the time the restoration was begun, and were removed in favor of the exterior plan as conceived by Thomas Lee.

Owing to the vicissitudes through which the family fortunes passed in the last years of Lee occupancy, most of the original Stratford furniture has been scattered beyond hope of bringing it to light. A few precious heirlooms have been donated to the restoration, and will no doubt be added to as the furnishing proceeds. Meanwhile a careful plan of furnishing is being developed, based upon study of old family letters and inventories, and upon the evidence offered by Tide-water history, and the furnishings of other old plantation houses in the neighborhood. All such evidence seems to show that Virginia planters of the "Golden Age" bought most of their furnishings in England. This was but natural, since the planter's one cash crop was usually shipped to England and sold for credit on the London exchange.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

SPRING Suggestions

Flower baskets, garden baskets, waste paper baskets, lunch baskets, sewing baskets. Some imported, others domestic, all are interesting and unusual.

Colored pottery bowls and plates for spring flower decorations, also clear glass vases.

Copper watering pots in different shapes and sizes for indoor plants and window boxes.

Hand blocked, hand loomed fabrics, colorful and decorative.

Salad sets of pewter, inlaid with semi-precious stones and and excellent assortment of wooden ones.

Bells. Bells, bells, Bells of all kinds. Bells from Java, bells from England, bells from China, bells from the Basque country, bells from most everywhere, so if you are making a collection of bells, be sure to see this interesting selection.

Kneeling Standards for gardening — Tool baskets fitted with garden tools — Garden twine of cactus fibre.

Just look and see the new and interesting things to make gardening a real pleasure.

The League Shop

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Telephone MArket 4514

I Am Introduced to Charles Dickens

by Clement May

Mr. Pickwick and Sam in the attorney's office.

■ This will have to be a "Once upon a time story."

In a far-away mining town in Australia, where I first saw the light of day, my mother, when night came and the toil of the day was done, and the evening meal was over, would sit her down and gathering her children around the cozy fireside, would read to them the stories of a man named Dickens, telling them of the journeys of Little Nell and Grandfather Trent. How well I remember the way she read that wonderful description in the "Old Curiosity Shop" of the burial of that brain-child of the great writer, at whose death Dickens himself shed many a tear as if she were one of his own flesh and blood. Dickens was like that; to him his characters were living people, not mere make-believe, and Dickens lived with them as he created them. And so the pages of the master were unfolded to us children, and the great gallery of characters was made to live again in the telling of them.

I am one of those who believe that the education gained in the home, at the fireside readings, by a mother to her children, is far more impressive, and implants itself more deeply in the mind, than all the lectures by learned professors in after years. And so was unfolded to our young minds, not only the wonderful characters, both humorous and pathetic, but many stories of the great man himself—how from a humble beginning, this child of a poor clerk in the paymaster's office at the Naval Dockyards at Portsmouth, came to be one of the most brilliant and beloved writers of his time; how, on a June morning the great city of London seemed hushed and silent as people in all walks of life, from the highest to the humblest, hurrying to their daily toil, whispered to one another in passing, "Have you heard? Dickens is dead," as if a loved and very dear intimate friend had been taken from among them.

And this is how and where I first became acquainted with that wonderful man and author, now known to the world as "The Immortal Dickens."

And Now I Introduce Dickens to the English-Speaking World

Having been well grounded by a fine old actor in the histrionic art of the stage and character interpretation, it was but natural that I should turn to the works of Dickens, the master of character interpretation. I well remember my first appearance as an interpreter of Dickens' characters, specially of the impersonation of the great author himself. I was appearing at one of the leading theatres in Australia in my recitals of characters from Dickens. I was invited after the performance to one of the principal clubs to give, among other characters, the impersonation of Charles Dickens. Judge of my surprise, or I may say, astonishment, to find among my audience the son of the immortal author, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, who was gracious enough

to compliment me most especially on my make-up as his father. It seemed to affect him deeply.

Since then I have taken these characters to nearly every part of the world where the English language is spoken—from the far north of Scotland, throughout the British Isles, the vast Indian Empire, South Africa, my own country Australia, New Zealand Canada, and now here in the United States of America. These tours have shown me how deeply loved are the works of Dickens. I doubt if there is any other author, save Shakespeare, that you would find more universally known and loved. The receptions accorded my recitals, from young and old alike, convince me that as long as the English language is spoken the works of Charles Dickens will be revered and appreciated in the New World as well as the Old.

COPPERPLATE

■ On this page it is interesting to reprint Joseph Henry Jackson's review of "David Copperfield in Copperplate."

One of the most charming little books done during the holiday season comes not from New York at all but from Berkeley, across the bay.

It's called "David Copperfield in Copperplate," and consists of a series of 46 illustrations by William Ross Cameron for the Dickens classic. Each has a full page to itself, and is faced by a very brief excerpt from "Copperfield," explaining the scene the artist has chosen. As the publishers put it, the book is a "personally conducted tour of vivacity and sustained interest through the stirring scenes of David's fortunes and misfortunes." And it's all of that. Here they all are — Peggoty and Mr. Micawber, Steerforth and the delightful Dora, the lank Uriah Heep — a fine remindful cavalcade of the characters loved by millions. Mr. Cameron has done careful research into the life and manners of the period, and it will be hard to find anyone to whom his interpretations will not appeal.

As for the printing, the book was produced at the Gillick Press in Berkeley under the supervision of Ben Kennedy and the artist, and the fact that Mr. Kennedy was responsible for all details of the book's design is warrant enough for the initiated. The edition, numbered and signed by the artist, is limited to 525 copies. If you're a Dickens enthusiast, better drop in at your bookseller's and have a look. The price is not excessive, and the whole book is a delight to the eye and hand.

GOLDEN SPURS

By Virginia Scott Miner

Books are bridges,
Shining free,
Which link us to
Ourselves-to-be.

No one has to
Go their way—
He who chooses
Still may stay

In his yard or
At his gate
While the shining
Bridges wait.

Who would hunt
With Robin Hood
Deep within
An English wood?

Who would scour
La Mancha's plain
With the doughty
Don of Spain?

Who would ride
A sturdy roan
To the rescue
Of Saint Joan?

Books are bridges,
Cross, and see
The mighty lands
Of chivalry.

Cross, and conquer
Every foe
All your lifetime
Needs to know.

Cross—for heroes
Left behind
Golden spurs
For you to lind!

From Saturday Review of Literature of years ago.

Centuries of Use Prove Value of

Gas Heat

Thousands of years ago a clever Chinese brought Natural Gas from a salt well through bamboo pipes to heat his house. Today we pipe Natural Gas from distant wells into our homes for heating just as did the Chinese many centuries ago.

A great majority of homes and apartments in central and northern California use GAS HEAT. Popular choice selects GAS HEAT because it is the most efficient, convenient and cleanest heat available.

If you really desire the best in home comfort during cold weather, install gas heating equipment. The use of GAS HEAT is effortless. The snap of a switch or the turn of a valve brings a flood of soothing warmth instantly. Automatic control maintains room temperatures in any desired room or the entire house.

Be comfortable during chilly days. See the new gas heating equipment displayed at any gas appliance dealer's showrooms or at this Company's offices.

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The San Francisco News is offering a full weekend of pleasure which takes in the beauties of this world-famous playground, including train rides, meals, chance to skate and ski, and sleeping accommodations at the Yosemite Lodge cabins — all for only 48 credits. Mail the coupon now for further details, and LET'S GO TO THE SNOW!

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1. Leave San Francisco Friday Night, 6:00 P. M.
2. Arrive Yosemite Valley 11:30 P. M.
3. Stay at Yosemite Lodge

SATURDAY

1. All Meals
2. Round Trip to Badger
3. Three Rides on Ski Lift
4. Free Use of Skating Rink

SUNDAY

1. Breakfast
2. Round Trip to Badger
3. Two Free Rides on Ski Lift
4. Lunch
5. Free Use of Skating Rink
6. Leave Yosemite at 4:30 P. M.
7. Arrive at San Francisco 10:25 P. M.

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Magazine of the

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

San Francisco

OLUME XIV, NUMBER 2 • PRICE 15¢ PER COPY • MARCH 1940

Women's City Club Calendar
MARCH . . . 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

ANNUAL MEETING — MARCH 14th — AT THE NOON HOUR

MARCH — 1940

1— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
6— **Drama Reading**—Mrs. Hugh Brown. "Life With Father." Third reading—members, single, 55 cents; non-members, 66 cents, including tax.	Auditorium	10:45 a.m.
7— **Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program Address: "Death Loses a Pair of Wings," the story of a great American doctor; Mr. Robin Lampson.	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
8— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
13— **Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan," by Aldous Huxley.	Nat. Defenders Room	6:00 p.m.
14— **ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING—REPORTS—12:30**	CAFETERIA	11:30 a.m.
		12:30 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program "Readings from English Poets"—Mrs. John Howell—with introduction by Mr. John Howell.	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
15— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
21— **Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program Program of colored motion pictures of Sumatra, Java and Bali. Presented by courtesy of Mr. D. A. Vonk of the K. P. M. S. S. Line.	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
22— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.
27— **Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
28— **French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program Illustrated address, "The Landscaping of Gardens," Editha Whitney White, F.R.H.S., A.M.I.L.A.	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
29— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.

APRIL — 1940

ADVERTISERS' SHOW — APRIL 15th AND 16th

3— **Drama Reading—Mrs. Hugh Brown** Fourth reading—members, single, 55 cents; non-members, 66 cents, including tax.	Auditorium	10:45 a.m.
4— **Needlework Guild**	Room 212	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program Address: "China's Contribution to the West," by Mr. Ching Wah Lee, publisher of Chinese Digest.	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
5— **French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	Room 212	11:00 a.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV MARCH, 1940 Number 2

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The Sixth Advertisers' Show

April 15-16

✶

TWO DAYS OF ENTERTAINMENT CAREFULLY PLANNED BY THE ADVERTISERS IN THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE.

FASHION SHOWS . . . CONCERTS . . . PREVIEWS . . . WORKING DISPLAYS . . . EXHIBITS OF ALL KINDS . . . DINNERS, TEAS, DOOR PRIZES . . . MORE ELABORATE, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER BEFORE.

✶

COME TO THE CLUB
BRING YOUR FRIENDS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ ELECTION OF OFFICERS: At its meeting held on Monday, February 19th, the Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service elected the following officers to serve for the year 1940-1941:

Mrs. John M. Eshleman . . . . . President
Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland . First Vice-President
Mrs. Leo V. Korbel . . Second Vice-President
Miss Katharine Donohoe . Third Vice-President
Miss Emma Noonan . . . . . Treasurer
Mrs. Stanley Powell . Corresponding Secretary
Miss Catherine Allen . . Recording Secretary

■ DUES: First notices for dues were mailed in February. We urge all members who have not yet mailed in their checks to do so promptly, so as to eliminate the necessity of second notices.

■ A PRESIDENT'S HOUR is announced by Mrs. Eshleman: Fridays from 1:00 to 2:00 o'clock in the President's Office on the Fourth Floor. She invites all members to call upon her with any suggestions which may be valuable and helpful to the new regime.

■ AD SHOW: Monday and Tuesday, April 15th and 16th. The March issue is the harbinger of Spring, and Spring to the Magazine means Ad Show. The ready response of the advertisers themselves who are already preparing special exhibits for us, the immediate agreement of the sponsors for use of their names and attendance at the Show, and the enquiries of members about the dates for this year, presage a successful Sixth Ad Show for the Women's City Club Magazine which will be a thing of joy to all who come to see. We hope you will mark the dates now on your calendar, for your attendance is the advertisers' reward.

■ ANNUAL MEETING: There are two very good reasons for attending the Annual Meeting of the National League for Woman's Service this year — first, to greet the outgoing President, and secondly to welcome the incoming President. Annual reports are the result of leadership and coöperative effort. If these be good, there is pleasure in hearing them. Rumor has it that the meeting on March fourteenth will be a happy one for all.

■ GUEST CARDS: Following the precedent established last year, special guest cards will be issued covering the duration of the Exposition. Upon payment of the one dollar yearly guest-card fee, an unlimited number of guest cards may be issued—both the usual two weeks' card and the special Exposition card.

■ THE PRIVILEGE of entertaining Exposition guests last year in this beautiful Clubhouse, the appreciation of these guests of the organization which familiarity has perhaps made US take for granted, shakes us out of our complacency and bids us think in terms of sharing these pleasures with new members—old friends whom we have never invited to join, although they have lived alongside us these many years, or newer friends who latterly have come to this community. The fiscal year begins in March. Now is the time for such new members to get full value of the nine-dollar-a-year dues.

■ SYMPHONY TICKETS: Seats are now available upon application at the Main Desk for the Friday afternoon concerts on March 8th, 15th and 29th, and April 12th and 19th. Tickets must be called for before noon on the day of each concert.

■ DRAMA READING: On March 6th Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "Life With Father." With consummate skill, two playwrights, who have a gift for comedy and a real appreciation of robust American family life in the 80's, have brought to the stage Clarence Day's delightful portraits of his father and mother, himself and his three red-headed brothers. Here father is again and always logical from an unreasonable point of view, again defeated by mother's unconscious domination, while mother flutters over her household accounts and mildly directs the destinies of her five red-headed men.

The play was written by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. It is Mr. Lindsay himself who plays father with all the dignity and futile bluster we recognize in Clarence Day's parent, who has become an American symbol and part of our personal inheritance. The play is warm and laughable. Again Mrs. Brown's gift of gaiety has ample opportunity for expression.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Special children's luncheons will be served in the Cafeteria on Saturdays following Children's Symphony Concerts. Cold lunch consisting of sandwich, beverage and dessert, 50 cents; hot lunch—creamed dish or chops and vegetable, beverage and dessert, 65 cents. Should members be planning to bring groups larger than six or eight, reservations in advance will facilitate service; otherwise, reservations are not necessary.

■ SWIMMING POOL: In addition to the classes for Girl Scouts now being held every Saturday morning from 10:30 to 11:30 and which will continue indefinitely, we are forming a Junior Life-Saving Class starting March 2nd, 11:30 to 12:30. Also each Saturday afternoon from 1:30 to 2:00, a new class for Scouts or girls between ten years and thirteen years of age will start early in March. All who are interested in these classes should enroll one week in advance.

During the Easter vacation, March 18th to 23rd, a supervised play hour with races, games and prizes is planned from 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock every day.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French Round Tables: Mlle. Marie Lemaire, director, are being held every Thursday at the noon hour. French Round Tables: Mlle. Le Brun de Surville, director, every Thursday at the dinner hour. Spanish Round Tables: Senorita Angela Montiel, every first and third Wednesday at the noon hour. Members are cordially invited to join this group.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan." Hon. Aldous Huxley used this lovely line from Tennyson's poem "Tithonus" as the title for his latest novel, which is Hollywood to the life, shocks with a sensational plot (a murder, included), yet deals with art, science and immortality in true Huxleyian satire, is the fascinating subject Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will discuss at the Book Review Dinner, at 6 o'clock the second Wednesday evening, March 13th, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: The programs which have been planned for this month by Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, are as follows: March 7th, "Death Loses a Pair of Wings," the story of a great American doctor; an address by Mr. Robin Lampson. March 14th, "Readings from English Poets" by Mrs. John Howell, with introduction by Mr. John Howell. March 21st, colored motion pictures of Sumatra, Java and Bali, presented by courtesy of Mr. D. A. Vonk of the K. P. M. S. S. Line. March 28th, illustrated address, "The Landscaping of Gardens" by Editha Whitney White, F.R.H.S., A.M.I.L.A., April 4th, an address by Mr. Ching Wah Lee, publisher of Chinese Digest, entitled "China's Contribution to the West."

■ BEAUTY SALON: By request and for the convenience of those who were unable to arrange for a Permanent Wave in February, the Beauty Salon will continue through March a 10 per cent reduction on all Permanent Waves. Prepare for your Easter bonnet by an easily arranged headdress.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Are now being formed in French and Spanish. Fee $6, twelve lessons, members, and $7.50, non-members. Mlle. Marie Lemaire and Mme. Rose Olivier, French instructors; Senorita Angela Montiel and Moya Rosa del Pino, Spanish instructors. Hours may be arranged to suit convenience of pupils—make arrangements through Executive Office for lessons.

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP—for the coming Easter parties: Hand-made placecards, tallies, and decorated match boxes. Also new designs in cocktail and luncheon napkins, and new designs in playing cards.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Continue on each Tuesday afternoon and Thursday afternoon and evening. Fee $2 for instructions—material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor.

A Garden in the Heart of a City — Our Own Patio

The Presidents' Page

A reflection rather than a message may be permitted at the turn of another fiscal year of the National League for Woman's Service and at the expiration of the term of the ninth President of the organization. Reflection admittedly has a personal slant and expresses here a three-fold reaction: First, a deep sense of gratitude for the confidence shown your past President as a member and officer of the Women's City Club. The privilege of service is more than the office of President but the combination of both has been a rare and great experience; secondly, the realization that all that pertains to the "job" is constructive and forward-looking, which in itself is a tremendous inspiration particularly in the world of today; thirdly, the value of Volunteer Service whether infinitesimal or of a large order, is stimulating in that it is volunteer, broadening in that it is service to others and for others. It offers occupation, recreation and education within the Women's City Club, a fitting theatre for its activities which by their variety add zest to problems, as well as to the more pleasant duties. ¶ With this realization of the value of the National League for Woman's Service to its membership, we are confident that the members will pledge anew their loyalty and support to our new President, thereby upholding the ideals upon which the Women's City Club is founded.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

The most surprized member of the National League for Woman's Service is penning these lines of greeting to the members. The honor of presiding over our Club is a very real one and is valued in a high degree by me. However no one senses better than I that it is not going to be an easy matter to follow Miss Donohoe in this office; she has been wise, generous, gracious and a friend to all. We shall always remember that she guided the Club through the arduous year of re-financing and leaves it standing undaunted and strong. I entreat the help of each member that we may persist along these lines this year.

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

OF CALIFORNIA

WILL BE HELD AT 465 POST STREET

THURSDAY, MARCH 14

12 O'CLOCK

CAFETERIA LUNCHEON

REPORTS 12:30 O'CLOCK

■

MEMBERS ARE URGED TO ATTEND

Editorial

■ The "out-of-doors" and planting! Despite the gales which March invariably brings, we optimistically plan this month our garden work and our jaunts to the woods, and so, quite appropriately, the March issue of the Women's City Club Magazine breathes Spring. Mrs. Darrach tells of the long-visioned, far-sighted program of conservation which will save our country from the fate of desecration which other lands have suffered; Mr. Walther, by permission of the Park Commissioners, tells us of the Arboretum in Golden Gate Park, so well started and so ideally situated; Mr. Drury brings us a story of the Redwoods which brings to mind the valuable work accomplished by the valiant souls who with a long vision cried out a few years ago against the destruction of these monarchs of the Coast Range; through the courtesy of the Journal of Horticulture we are able to reprint the story "The Hall of Flowers" by Jean Boyd and Marie L. Kelly, which will recall to us many delightful hours in that charming corner of Treasure Island. Appropriately, too, the book reviews are pertinent to the theme. A word about these. Mrs. Helen Lyman, who reviews for us "Magic Gardens," is the author of "30 Herbs Will Make an Herb Garden" and "10 Herbs will make a Kitchen Bouquet"; Miss Clara Schaeffer, who reviews "Partner of Nature," is our own loyal gardener at the Clubhouse; Miss Florence Keene, who reviews "This Is Our Own," is a poet in her own right and former editor of Westward; Miss Phillips is a lawyer of distinction, a member of the Board of Directors of the Club and well-equipped to write the review of "What Germany Forgot." Miss Hunter, owner of the Sea Captain's Chest, knows well the China which "Through China's Wall" describes. The policy of the Magazine to call upon members, experts in their own line, for reviews of books sent us by the publishers thus brings forth splendid volunteer service peculiar to the National League for Woman's Service. Of this we may well be a bit boastful.

■ With our love for Miss Donohoe, there would be a note of sadness in announcing another President were we not at the same time able to say that she will still be with us in an advisory capacity. As Third Vice-President, she will bring to the Executive Committee the history of the past seven years so large a part of which she helped to make. Relieved of responsibility of leadership, she can thus carry to completion the things she envisioned but was unable to accomplish because of the many interruptions which are always attendant upon this high office in a group as large as the Women's City Club. There is little need to speak of her ability along decorative lines, for we know full well the beauty she has created for us in our Clubhouse throughout her regime. We take this occasion to thank her and to tell her of our grateful appreciation of her wise leadership and of the many acts of kindness of which she has not let us speak heretofore.

To our new President, Mrs. Eshleman, we pledge our loyalty and our help, as she combines the hours of her own business with the time she has promised to give to us. To the University of California the name Eshleman needs no introduction, for Mr. and Mrs. Eshleman and their two daughters and two sons have all been graduated from that institution. Eshleman Hall, which is the Student Publications Building on the Campus, is named in honor of Mr. Eshleman, who was Lieutenant Governor of California at the time of his death. For many years Mrs. Eshleman's leisure activities have been largely in Berkeley, among others those in the California Alumni Council, Women's Faculty Club and Berkeley City Club, although at the same time her business as insurance broker has brought her daily to San Francisco. Her family now grown, the volunteer hours of this program are to be given to the Women's City Club of San Francisco as its President, for Mrs. Eshleman has learned through experience that a business can be carried on without the exclusion of other interests.

We who have used the Clubhouse often have seen Mrs. Eshleman as she enjoyed its quiet after the luncheon hour in the American Room. This year we shall find her in the President's Office adjoining, where we shall go to greet her as our leader for 1940.

Pacific House

The Theme Building

Golden Gate International Exposition 1940

by Leslie Van Ness Denman

Figure from Covarrubias Map

■ Any article on Pacific House at this time must necessarily be rather short and lacking in detail. Next month it will be possible to give a more definite outline of the programs in Pacific House for the coming year.

For the present the important announcement is that the San Francisco Museum of Art has loaned to Pacific House and the Exposition its able and brilliant director, Dr. Grace McCann Morley.

Dr. Morley, who needs no introduction to San Francisco, is now in Washington to attend the meeting of the Continuation Committee of the Conference on Inter-American Relations of the State Department. The meeting is of great interest, since at this important conference the outstanding authorities in the field of art will be present to discuss the possibilities that may be developed in a closer relationship between the arts of the Americas. Dr. Morley is the only member of the Continuation Committee from the Far West.

One thinks of the superb Indian Court of the Federal Building in the last Fair as one listens to Mr. Creel's plans for the Federal Building in 1940. Included in these plans are the cultures and arts of Peru and Central America, not only the archaeological treasures but, he hopes, the human element will be present in men and women, and the excitement of ancient dances.

The Story of the Americas from Peru to Alaska will be told in the Indian Court. Once more will come to life the old and thrilling beauty of this western hemisphere.

On this same visit East Dr. Morley will also attend the meeting of the American Federation of Art of which she is Third Vice-President. Among the persons of distinction who will take part in this meeting is John A. Abbott, Executive Vice-President of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Such meetings as these intrigue one's imagination still further, give a lift to the spirit in the thought of what the Exposition is certain to bring to us.

The Fine Arts Palace under the vigorous and creative vice-chairmanship of Timothy Pfleuger will have as interesting a show as last year. It will reflect the bold handling of any problem to which Mr. Pfleuger's genius gives the solution.

Under the leadership of Dr. Morley the programs of Pacific House in entertainment, education and exhibits, in a fresh and constructive assembling of ideas, promises an exhilarating challenge to the imagination. An emphasis will also be laid on increasing the knowledge of foreign trade facts and values of commerce, transportation, communications, etc.

The demands for the reproductions of the six murals, the theme maps on the Pacific Area, by Miguel Covarrubias have run into many thousands. The reproductions are now being negotiated and we expect the beautifully executed prints will be ready to be put on sale when the Fair opens May 25th. Mr. Covarrubias has been asked to do the text. The dual appeal of their intrinsic artistic content with the excitement of the subject matter and the fact they are the embodiment of the Expo- (Continued on page 20

The Hall of Flowers Golden Gate International Exposition 1939

by Jean Boyd and Marie L. Kelly

■ As the Hall of Flowers at Treasure Island represented voluntary contributions of plant material and labor for a common cause and was financed by state funds, it was considered wise to ignore organization lines in outlining committees. Certain organizations wished to serve as a definite group. These clubs volunteered without solicitation and chose the part they wished to take. Organization by the management was limited to community groups for several reasons, among them, to draw in material representative of certain sections of the state and to use community pride to participate at Treasure Island. The result was very satisfactory, and probably was the main reason for the comprehensive collection of native plants maintained throughout the entire Exposition period.

Because plant material was not limited, some extremely interesting contributions came in. Some exhibits from outlying districts obviously represented the picking of the sender's entire garden. But from just such contributions some of the finest individual specimen plants were received. Notably, one anemone from Lake County and poppies from Humboldt.

The Exposition visitors represented a cross-section of public taste, a fact that received careful consideration in planning the presentation of a continuous flower show scheduled to last ten months. The demand for spectacular effects, difficult to achieve on a modest budget, was made possible by the superb quality of exhibits sent in, and the fact that the method of display was kept entirely simple. A preliminary analysis reveals the fact that quantity alone failed to attract attention; quality was always recognized. Care was taken never to allow the background or accessories to detract from the effect of the flowers themselves. Somewhat unexpected was the fact that what pleased the general public also appealed to the sophisticated audience. Simple garden material available to the average gardener and the inexperienced novice shared interest with greenhouse exotics and mass displays of outstanding quality.

On closing day, October 29, 1939, there were twenty varieties of ferns, twenty-two ground covers, and many greenhouse plants used as background material which were not listed or included on the list of "outs," from which the record of varieties was made. In spite of this, close to 1,200 separate varieties of plants appeared as having been on display in the Hall of Flowers closing day. In considering this record it must be remembered that duplicates of varieties were eliminated. There might have been a dozen or more "C. I. Mastick" dahlias or 100 plants of cyclamen; in any case, the variety counted as only a single item. Similarly, chrysanthemums were in majority, and in many exhibits it was impossible to segregate exactly the different varieties displayed.

To arrive at the functional value of the Hall of Flowers it is well to keep in mind that the motives governing this display were simply to present Western flowers to the flower-loving and flower-buying public in complement to the landscaping of Treasure Island.

Few people, including the Exposition management, seemed to appreciate the universal interest of the average individual in flowers until the attendance record of the Hall of Flowers brought this fact rather forcibly to their attention. As late as 1938 no definite plans had been seriously considered for a comprehensive horticultural program (Continued on page 21

Floriculture Building, Treasure Island

The Arboretum in Golden Gate Park

by Eric Walther

Clethra Arborea, from Madeira

Beloved by all true San Franciscans, many of whom practically grew up in it, Golden Gate Park has always owed much of its charm and attraction to the great variety and unusual wealth of plant-life it displays. Its plant collections now can count well over 4,000 species and varieties growing in the open, and demonstrate not only the superior advantages of our local climate, but also offer many valuable lessons to all students of nature, botany, horticulture, and all gardeners and home-makers as well.

In the past, the plant collections of our Park unfortunately have been more or less scattered, making difficult their systematic study and appreciation. Within the last few years, however, steps have been taken which look toward the ultimate creation of a definitely planned Arboretum and Botanical Garden, where our plant-treasures may be better cared for and displayed more advantageously. The area selected for this purpose is located just toward the southwest of the well-known Japanese Tea Garden, where ultimately about forty acres are to be developed.

The plans of the Park Commissioners were given definite form by the will of the late Mrs. Helene Strybing, which provides funds for the establishment of an "Arboretum and Botanical Garden, to be located in the vicinity of the California Academy of Sciences, in which California wild flowers and plants used for medicinal purposes shall be given special consideration; all plants to be properly labeled, etc."

Work was begun about two years ago, with the splendid co operation of the local offices of the Federal Works Project Administration, and today covers six acres of grounds. This area has been cleared of superfluous or over-aged trees; the soil has been improved by grading, fertilizing, and deep double trenching; installation of a water supply, paths, stepping-stones, and drains have been made; and the erection of a protective fence and gates has been accomplished. Subsequently, well over 2,000 different kinds of plants, varying from twenty-foot trees to minute Alpines, have been moved into this area with an average loss of less than 1 per cent.

Space has been set aside for the accommodation of the collection of medicinal plants desired by Mrs. Strybing; their arrangement aims to stress, initially, those more decorative and colorful, with later additions of all it may prove possible to grow here out-of-doors. Comfortable paths and seats have been provided for the visitor and student who should wish to spend some time here.

The remainder of our collection is at present arranged on geographical principles, largely to simplify the problem of maintenance and to reduce the cost thereof. By grouping all plants from the same source, it becomes possible, for instance, to solve the water question by the use of slowly running sprinklers left on all night, without risk of over-watering any item.

Of the various geographical sections holding special interest to local gardeners, the Australian features several examples of the famous Waratah

(Telopea speciosissima), expected to flower some time in May. In the South American section, a complete collection may be found of the various species and hybrids of Escallonia, including several of the writer's own hybrids, as well as many novel species of Puya, Alstroemeria, Berberis, and Crinodendron. The South African area features many fine or novel Heaths, Proteads, various bulbs, succulents, etc. In the Mediterranean region we can find an old specimen of Madrona (Arbutus canariensis), which friends of the late Charles Abraham may remember from his old garden. In the Mexican section, a fairly complete collection of Mexican Crassulaceae can be seen, largely gathered in their native habitat by the present writer. Here also are growing, so far successfully, three specimens of the famous Hand-tree of the Mexicans, i.e., Cheirostemon platanoides, a novel yellow-flowered Jacobinia, etc.

New Zealand plants have always played an important role in local parks and gardens. Their numbers received large accessions at the close of our 1915 Exposition, when the fine collection displayed at the New Zealand Pavilion found its way to the Park. Many of these very same specimens are now happily growing in these new grounds, of which we may mention the various kinds of the "Rata," (Metrosideres spp.), all known species of Hoheria, most of the Southern Beeches (Nothofagus spp.), and many more.

The section devoted to plants from Japan, China, and the Himalayas is largely taken up by a collection, small but select, of new and rare Rhododendrons, Azaleas, Camellias, etc. Here is the original plant of Rhododendron "John McLaren," now fifteen years old, and flowering for the past two years.

Here also grows the famous Pink Magnolia, which has aroused more interest and admiration than perhaps any other item growing here. This is generally conceded to be the finest of all Magnolias. In its native home in the Sikkim Himalaya, it attains a height,

Rhododendron — "John McLaren"
Cross by Eric Walther

at times, of 150 feet, which fact may account for the delay in flowering of the original plants which the Park imported from England in 1924. Since its removal to the new Arboretum site, this Magnolia promptly set over twenty-five flowerbuds, which for the last two weeks have been expanding into what may safely be said to be the most spectacular blossoms bursting upon the local horticultural horizons.

While the section initially developed is still awaiting its finishing touches, in the form of path-surfacing, labeling of all plants, etc., just at present efforts are concentrated in improvement of another adjoining area to house the start of our California collection. After planting the fundamental framework of trees, this section will be (Continued on page 28

The Arboretum Building for Golden Gate Park
Louis P. Hobart Architect

Springtime in the Redwoods

by Aubrey Drury

Author of
"California; An Intimate Guide"

■ Redwoods! Spiring three hundred feet into the California sky, their foliage beginning high on massive fluted trunks above bark of russet hue, they are among the oldest and greatest—and, above all, among the loveliest—of living things. "Forms of immortality," these Sequoia sempervirens are symbolic of perfect poise and repose.

Something of the vitality which has preserved these survivors of a pre-glacial age through millenniums of storm and strain exhales into the atmosphere around them, with a pervasive influence of serenity and restfulness. To you in their presence may come peace such as you have never known, yet withal a zest for living that cannot be gained anywhere else in quite the same way.

When you wander through the cloistered recesses of these Redwood forests, as if by woodland magic the cares of a workaday world are left far, far behind.

As soon as you enter the depths of the wilderness, as in the Humboldt Redwoods State Park, for instance, you will marvel at the size and majesty of the trees, and come soon under the spell of the sylvan sanctuaries, for pervading the typical Redwood forest is this mystic charm unlike the atmosphere of other woodlands. In the deep fastnesses upon the flats along the rivers the Sequoia sempervirens attain their utmost perfection. Standing in the midst of these forests, you gaze through curving aisles of trees: a panoramic perspective strange and unusual.

By almost all who have beheld them, these Redwood forests, with their colonnades and their lofty arches of foliage, have been compared to vast cathedrals; and especially does this fancy impress itself as you stand in the silent sanctuary of the inner forest when "a dim religious light" illuminates the solitude, and shafts of sunshine radiance slant down from the spiring tree-tops as from high, narrow windows.

Underfoot is spread a yielding carpet of branchlets and ferns, moss and mold, so that the step of the worshiper is stilled. Wildflowers bloom in profusion during spring and early summer.

Showing the age and growth rate of a Redwood. Center ring dates to 1066 and the Battle of Hastings; the second shows size of tree in 1215 when the Magna Charta was signed; the third and fourth represent our own early historic dates, 1492 and 1776.

CUT COURTESY OF
STANDARD OIL BULLETIN

A primeval forest of Redwoods — twenty miles from San Francisco.

CUT COURTESY OF STANDARD OIL BULLETIN

Amidst the ferneries appear throngs of large pink oxalis flowers; star-like montias and dentarias nod above the forest-floor. The white "milk-maids" (dentaria integrifolia) are the first to show their blossoms. Coast trilliums, sometimes standing three feet tall, abound in March and April. These "Easter lilies of the Redwoods," white with heavy yellow stamens, make a glorious show. As they age, trilliums change to shades of lilac and deep rose.

Mountain iris, blue violets and yellow violets, tiny "sugar scoops," clintonia, wood rose, bleeding-heart, buttercups, wild ginger—these are among the characteristic native flowers of the Redwood belt. In spring, too, the lilac sprays of the ceanothus are massed on many a bankside.

On the well-drained slopes, Vancouveria grow in small clumps: their foliage like ferns, but their strange blossoms unlike most flowers. Because of their reversed appearance, they are popularly termed "inside-out flowers."

Most beloved of the wild bloom in the Redwood domain are the rhododendrons. Their large rosy-pink flowers and glossy green leaves add a note of delicate beauty to the massive grandeur of the Sequoia forest. Often they climb into the trees and mantle rugged slopes, but their blossoms last only a few brief weeks. Usually the rhododendron—California rose bay (Rhododendron californicum)—is in bloom during the last of May and early in June. Most of the finest of the rhododendrons are found along the Mendocino coastland streams such as the Navarro and the Noyo; along the Van Duzen River, and in the groves north of Eureka, but they are not so rife along the main highway as once they were.

The fragrant Western azalea, of the same family (it is Rhododendron occidentale) flourishes along the borders of streams throughout the Redwood belt, north of Santa Cruz.

A feature of the floral wealth of the Redwood region in May is the glorious aspect of the Western dogwood, with snowy white (Continued on page 31

Are You A Conservationist?

by Marie L. Darrach

■ "What are YOU doing about conservation?" This is the question which someone will probably put to you, during the first week of March. And you may parry it with the query:

"What IS conservation, and can an INDIVIDUAL do anything about it?"

The California Conservation Council, of which Miss Pearl Chase of Santa Barbara is President, annually sponsors a state-wide educational program designed to answer this question, and to stimulate public interest in a united, vigorous plan to build up our natural resources and keep them continuously and fully productive.

March 7th to the 14th, each year, is Conservation Week in California, designated as such by proclamation of the Governor, and chosen as the recurrent date for emphasizing conservation activities in the state, because it includes the birthday of Luther Burbank, whom the United States Government will also honor this year by an issue of stamps bearing his profile.

During Conservation Week, under the guidance of the California Conservation Council, schools, churches, civic and study groups, as well as Departments of the State and Federal Government, and many semi-public and private organizations, take part in the comprehensive program formulated by the Council, primarily for the purpose of co-ordinating the efforts of these co-operating agencies.

In the last analysis, however, it is the aim of the Council, through its Conservation Week program, to rouse every individual in the state to a sense of responsibility in the matter of securing more effective measures for the preservation, wise use, and development of our natural resources, and to encourage each one of them to take the initiative in such community conservation activities as are essential for the projection of any large plan destined for ultimate success. Projects initiated by the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Interior, impressive though they be, are few and far between, when compared with the daily opportunities of every man, woman, and child of school age in the state, to do his bit in the great cause of conservation.

Again, it is a matter of much concern to those interested in intelligent activities for the preservation of our forests, the conserving of soil and water, and the protection of our wild life, that conservation means such different things to so many people. To the fisherman it means that we don't want him to catch fish; to the hunter that he can't kill; to the axe-man that he mustn't cut; and to the nature-starved city dweller that he must deny himself the joy of picking wild flowers. These, and other interpretations of the word conservation, are not entirely correct. So it is extremely important that the public be made acquainted with its precise connotation through such a program of education as has been directed for the past five years by the California Conservation Council.

Ruskin says:

> "God has lent us this earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, as to us, and we have no right, by anything we do or neglect, to involve them in any unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of the benefit which was in our power to bequeath."

However, conservation of these natural resources which we hold in trust, does not mean merely hoarding them for the benefit of future generations, nor that their preservation necessarily entails present sacrifices. Conservation is simply another name for wise management, for profitable use of resources without permanent depletion of supply, and for prevention of loss through elimination of wasteful methods. Conservation is not a rigid formula nor a dogmatic set of rules. Instead it may be considered as a general aim and method of approach with ways and means of accomplishment necessarily varying from time to time, and providing for direct, immediate and local benefits as well as for those that are indirect, widespread and of long range. Conservation is actually a state of mind and way of living, which, stimulated by such activities as are projected through the observance of Conservation Week, should obtain in California for all time. And translated into terms of a project directed by governmental agencies, conservation is still an activity in which all ages can equally share a common objective.

As the campaign to promote conservation education for the preservation, protection and proper use of our natural resources, and to make conservationists of apathetic Californians, cannot be the effort of a single week each year, (Continued on page 30

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As The Magazine goes to press two months before the Show, this list can be given only in part at this time.

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STRATFORD HALL (Part two)

by Hazel E. Cummin

Reprinted from The American Home, September 1939 issue. Courtesy of Mrs. Norman Banks Livermore, California Director of Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc.

■ It is planned therefore to furnish rooms of the early period with English furniture of the first half of the 18th century, admitting American pieces only when these are authentically of a type familiar in the neighborhood and in scale with the architectural style of the rooms.

For the two later rooms, English and American furniture of the early 19th century will be used, chosen always with regard for appropriateness in quality and scale, and with reference to the types most usual in these parts.

A happy combination of American Hepplewhite and Sheraton has been chosen for the furnishings of the birth chamber, because of its associations with one of the first rooms to be completed. The room is hung with rare old toile of two famous Oberkampf designs; at the windows, "The Four Quarters of the Globe," and on the bed "America's Homage to France." Appropriate designs indeed for a house which had sent representatives to every European capital, and had played so active a part in the establishment of friendly relations between France and this country! The bed is, of course, the dominating feature of the room, the pink and red tones of its hangings repeating those at the windows and contrasting pleasantly with the Adam gray of the walls. A high note is provided by a fine old filigree mirror between the windows, the whole combining with the rose and brown of an 18th century Wilton rug to give an effect both dignified and restful and in keeping with the rare quality of the lady for whom Harry Lee designed it—Ann Carter Lee, the tragic mistress of Stratford's last drear days, of whom a contemporary wrote: "there is no company—none on earth—of which she would not be an ornament. She commenced life as a spoiled child—a beauty and fortune—but Heaven has used her as its purest gold & all that died under the torture were her imperfections." One needs but to read the story of this woman to understand the qualities which made her son the beloved hero of the entire South.

A chamber of less poignant associations shown on page 2 is the old "blew room" of Thomas Lee's inventory. The bed and bureau in the room as restored are among the few Lee pieces now in the house, having belonged to Richard Bland Lee, brother of Light Horse Harry. Both, however, date from a previous generation. The bed is a fine example of the Chippendale style four-poster, having claw and ball feet and acanthus carved knees. The hangings are of blue damask of the same rich color as the wood trim, and the spread is a rare old India painted cotton. The blue of the bed hangings is repeated in the rug and in the coloring of an old cotton print, probably of English origin, which hangs at the windows. The commode once belonged to Richard Henry Lee.

Both chambers have been planned with remarkable skill to express the simplicity and lack of ostentation which distinguished the Lee standards of living from those of many of their neighbors. Even in the great hall, one of the most distinguished rooms still surviving in the South, the impression given is of dignity and comfort rather than of any effort at display. Of this room Thomas Lee Shippen wrote: "What a delightful occupation did it afford me, sitting on one of the sofas of the great Hall, to trace the family resemblance in the portraits of all my dear mother's forefathers." Copies of the original portraits of Thomas and Hannah Lee now hang in the panels built for them over each passage door, and it is hoped that others will be added as the restoration progresses.

In the architecture of the hall the individuality of Thomas Lee is again apparent. It was not uncommon for an entirely paneled room in Virginia to be enriched with pilasters. But these were usually confined to the important side of the room either side of the fireplace. At Stratford, however, the pilasters appear at regular intervals entirely round the room, forming spaces in which bookcases have been inserted behind paneled doors. The arrangement combines with a vaulted ceiling to produce an effect of dignity and spaciousnss surpassed by no other American room of the period. The almost crude character of the carved Corinthian capitals indicates a date not later than 1740 and suggests that this room may have been the first one completed after the southwest dependency.

The committee has furnished it with the quiet stateliness suggested by such a setting. The walls are painted the blue-gray described by Peter Kahn on his visit to America in 1748 as the color most frequently seen in Colonial houses. The window hangings are of 18th century crimson damask draped in the fashion of the period beneath shaped pelmets cut to a design taken from an 18th century English house. Between the windows on each side of the hall, and on both sides of the main entrance doors, are carved and caned walnut chairs of the William and Mary period, while flanking the north door with its magnificent vista to the Potomac, are two rarely beautiful Queen Ann sofas as described by Thomas Shippen. The harmony of coloring produced by their covering of fine old gray-blue leather picked out in gold, against the crimson damask; the mellow colors of the old Turkey carpet, and the soft gleam of gold leaf reflected from the great chandelier and from a pair of rare old Queen Ann mirrors is such as Thomas Lee himself might never have achieved, but which his lady must certainly have approved. Balancing the sofas across the room are a Queen Ann dropleaf table, and a rare little espinette made by Johannes Hitchcock of London in the first years of the 18th century. This was the instrument that the redoubtable Pepys considered buying for his own hall, relinquishing it finally for one of newer and less careful make.

Thus furnished, well but not lavishly, with the generousness of the old South, but with the restraint evident in every line of the old house itself, the hall becomes a convincing setting for such evenings as Fithian described at Stratford. "When the candles were lighted, we all repaired, for the last time, into the dancing-room; first each couple danced a Minuet; then all joined as before in the country Dances, these continued till half after Seven when Mr. Christian retired; —Half after eight we were rung in to Supper; The room looked luminous and splendid; four very large candles burning on the table where we supped; three others in different parts of the Room; a gay sociable Assembly, and four well instructed waiters!"

The dining room today is not completely furnished But its line paneling and proportions are enough to suggest the hospitality that must have characterized it in Philip's day. A keynote of the proposed plan of furnishing is afforded by an imposing portrait of Queen Caroline, Regent of England in Thomas' day, which was bought in England and presented to Stratford in memory of the Queen's grant to Thomas Lee of compensation for the burning of Mt. Pleasant. It was this grant which formed the nucleus of the money needed to build Stratford.

It would be outside the scope of this article to discuss in any detail the construction of the dependencies at Stratford. But one must not slight the kitchen in the southeast building, the first restoration undertaken by the Foundation, and one of the most successful. Nowhere else is the generousness of life in the old days more apparent. The cavernous fireplace with its gleaming copper and brass, its great iron cranes and spit, and delicate wrought-iron utensils; the floor of old bricks scrubbed to a mellow pink; the sturdy maple chairs and tables; the capacious paneled cupboard; and the herb closet, with its bunches of mint, rosemary, and thyme, all speak of a time when hospitality was generous and the days leisurely; when dozens of willing hands and feet contributed to the rhythm and comfort of life and there was concern for the amenities all too rare today. If the restoration of Stratford should achieve no other end than to present to a restless generation this picture of gracious and unhurried living, it will have justified itself.

Outside the east door of the kitchen is a walled space round an old cistern where grow the three kinds of herbs our forebears used, for physic, pot, and for distilling. Even as late as 1800 the herb garden at Stratford continued to be the special care of the mistress, where she grew the plants used for the simple remedies the Negroes trusted, and for the balms, sweet waters, and "sweete bagges," the flavorings and savories that had been a tradition in the family since before anyone could remember. Nor was it unknown for a Negro to spirit away a spray of rosemary to be hung at the cabin door as an amulet against "ha'nts." And if the mistress herself sometimes gathered rosemary in order to follow the old advice, "boyle the leaves in white wine and washe thy face therwith and thy browes and thou shalt have a faire face," who but herself was the wiser?

From the herb garden, redolent with ancient odors and rife with memories of old wives' tales, one may pass by the old smoke-house with its charred timbers and pointed roof, between two sentinel box trees, to the great box-scented terraces.

Little enough was left of these old gardens in 1929 to serve as clews for their restoration. The grand old English beeches and the hickories still held their places; a fine crape myrtle stood near the kitchen where old inhabitants could remember syringas, figs, and roses. But these and the weeping willow which

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they said had drooped beside the smoke-house, were long since gone; and there was not a spray or root of box where the old box-bordered paths had been. Three almost imperceptible "falls" in the tangled open space beyond the beeches suggested that terraces had once been laid there, and at the foot of these were the ruins of the old family burying vault, one brick scarcely standing upon another. It was only after much careful study and excavation that the plan of the old garden was revealed, and the work of bringing it to life could be begun. Two ha-ha walls were unearthed and restored, one on the south protecting the lawns before the main entrance, and one at the eastern end of the terraces. Traces of the old defining garden walls were found and rebuilt as described by Carter Lee:

I think there was a mile of solid wall
Surrounding offices, garden, stables, and all;
And on the eastern side of the garden one,
Pomegranates ripened in the morning sun;
And farther off, yet sheltered by it, grew
Figs, such as those Alcinous' garden knew.—

Along the eastern side of the wall figs and pomegranates grow once more, and on the west side is a garden of old roses. Three terraces east of the house showed traces of a formal "falling garden" in the grand manner of England's golden age of gardening, the style most favored in Virginia throughout the 18th century. Old paths and beds were remade and hedged with box to form a characteristic series of parterres about an oval center. The beds were filled with periwinkle, "ye Juy of Grounde," beloved of 17th century gardeners. In one section of the middle terrace the quarterings of the Lee coat of arms were laid out in box according to a fashion as old as gardening itself. Brick steps lead from one terrace to another, and gravel walks define a border along each garden wall in which grow the old perennials our forebears loved. Wooden gates guarded by holly trees and lilac bushes lead through the walls to the vegetable gardens on the south, and on the north to an orchard laid out after a 17th century plan, with rows of apples divided by a pear walk down the center and cherries growing in profusion nearest the surrounding path.

One of the chief interests of each Stratford master, as indeed of every American colonist, was his orchard. Seed sent from England was treasured beyond all other luxuries, and the precious seedlings were nursed carefully until they grew to bearing size.

No feature of the Stratford restoration is more interesting than this, the first effort in modern times to reproduce an English 17th century orchard in America.

And so the old place comes to life step by step, under expert supervision made available by the hard work and devotion of a group of women whose love for Stratford has in the past ten years become an intimate part of their lives. That they have been able to push to near completion an undertaking of the magnitude of the Stratford restoration through a period of financial insecurity is due in large part to the efforts of one woman embodying in herself those qualities of leadership which were the finest contribution of the old plantation system. The rare spirit of volunteer co-operation which she has created among her associates seems in itself a reflowering of much of the best that the old South had to offer.

Pacific House

(Continued from page 10)

sition—A Pageant of the Pacific—makes these prints a memorial to the Exposition that will live long after its gates are closed.

In September the gates will be closed forever. The silver notes of "taps" from the bugler, high up on the walls of the Federal Building, will sing through the flower-filled courts of the Fair. On that last night, as the last long roll of the bugle dies with the dimming of the lights, the Fair and all it holds will be lost to us: "Where are the roses of yester-year?"

Each person in the Exposition is endeavoring to create for you a Fair which, during the four short months of its existence, will be a vital contribution to the life and interests of San Francisco and to the visitors who come to us. It will be stimulating, worthwhile and gay.

When the song of the bugle has "gone with the wind," as must go all good things, one hopes there may be regrets only for the passing of beauty and not for opportunities lost, for they, too, will have "gone with the wind."

With a rich and varied program, with the warm hospitality of the sunny east and west lounges, filled with fresh arrangements of rare plants from the countries of the Pacific Basin, Pacific House, the Theme Building of the Exposition, will create again the setting for the fulfillment of its purpose. It will continue to increase and add to that sum of human knowledge and mutual interest which makes for better understandings between peoples and nations.

The Hall of Flowers, Golden Gate International Exposition

(Continued from page 11)

and the fact that such a program eventually was completed is due largely to a committee of representative local gardeners, who brought this omission to the attention of the California Commission, so that floriculture was finally included as part of the state's participation.

The limitations of a small budget proved a stimulus by automatically eliminating all unessentials, but the ultimate success was due, without question, to the intense response of the public, not only in sending plant material to Treasure Island, but in supplying a buoyancy of favorable comment.

It was to be expected that a series of outstanding displays would be available from commercial sources, but it was the remarkable response from amateurs and small gardens that proved the invaluable source of horticultural interest and small garden value. This fact kept the presentation fluid, and provided it with constantly changing interest. The "pencil-and-paper" visitors, the variety of questions, and the number of people who came to the building every time they visited Treasure Island, are only further proof of public awareness of garden possibilities. This undoubtedly must result in a lasting stimulus to horticulture which will continue long after the Exposition is over.

From the records of exhibits a good preliminary survey will be available of the sources and seasons of plant material on the Pacific Coast. This is particularly true of certain native material whose garden use has never been thoroughly tested. The entire experince of the Hall of Flowers must be regarded as an experiment, the net result of which was to discover what could be done and that the beginnings were sound.

The stimulus provided by the Exposition should not be allowed to flag, and it is to be hoped that public sentiment may be organized to continue this experiment in some permanent center in the Bay Region where every type of flower lover, garden enthusiast, and horticulturist may find adequate expression. It would seem that the new Arboretum at Golden Gate Park would provide the logical center.

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I Have Been Reading

THIS IS OUR OWN; Poems by Marie De L. Welch. The Macmillan Company. $1.25. Reviewed by Florence Keene.

WHAT GERMANY FORGOT; by James T. Shotwell of Columbia University. The Macmillan Company, 1940 (152 pages). Reviewed by Esther Phillips.

MAGIC GARDENS; by Rosetta E. Clarkson. Macmillan Company, 1939. $3.00. Reviewed by Helen Lyman.

THROUGH CHINA'S WALL; by Graham Peck. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. Reviewed by Mary Hunter.

PARTNER OF NATURE; by Luther Burbank. D. Appleton-Century Co. $3.00. Edited and transcribed by Wilbur Hall. Reviewed by Clara M. Schaeffer.

■ "This Is Our Own"; by Marie De L. Welch. . . . A second book of poems comes from the pen of a young San Franciscan whose first volume, published in 1933, received much praise. An interesting biographical note from her publishers says: "One of Miss Welch's ancestors came from Scotland to operate a fleet of sailing ships in the sugar trade from the Hawaiian Islands to the Pacific Coast and around the Horn. Another came from old Spain and his great cattle ranch is still in the family. Still another was the first French consul in cosmopolitan San Francisco, where Marie Welch was born, as were both her parents. Love of California sky and soil and sea is thus in Miss Welch's blood. And in it too, as in her work, are the Latin warmth, the French clarity, the Scotch conscience, and the California joy of living—all reacting from a life of wealth and privilege to a clear apprehension and a courageous sympathy as she faces her world."

Many of Miss Welch's lines are noteworthy for their cameo-like precision and word frugality. Her sensitiveness to Nature does not so much take the form of delight in the beauty and miracles of the changing seasons, as of a discernment of winter's woe, fluttering winged things, and the stirring life of tiny ground creatures.

We do not know if she has deliberately followed the modern trend of evasion of word beauty and decorative imagery, seeking rather the commonplace in expression. Perhaps she has felt too keenly the problems of the day, labor's struggles and the world chaos. Poetry and reform seldom go hand in hand without detriment to poetry. Reform looks down, at the misery of the world the cruelty of man; poetry looks up, with vision for the future, holding a torch for men to climb by, assuaging their hunger for beauty.

Amy Lowell said: "The necessity for poetry is one of the most fundamental traits of the human race. . . . Without poetry the soul and heart of man starves and dies. The only difference between them is that all men know, if they turn their minds to it, that without food they would die, and comparatively few people know that without poetry they would die."

When a poet becomes too much concerned with the world's dinner pail, he fails to deliver the poetry that feeds a man's heart and soul.

The following extracts and poems will illustrate the spirit and thought that dominates Miss Welch's work.

"Spring begins to range
The hall-frosty ground;
And winter lies in the House,
By the fire, like spent hound."

. . .

"The last rain, the bitter rain,
The rain from a false sky;
Nobody says Good Weather here
Until cherry-picking's by."

. . .

". . . Twice have I found
Moles strangely dead unscarred and undishevelled
On frosty paths, no sign how they came there,
The little buried eyes as stiff as glass
And the fur with a fine polish to every hair."

"Spring walks in blossom
And all adore her,
Frogs and salamanders
Walk before her."

• • •

"More lovely is the live arrow, the swooping hawk,
Than the mind in thought or dream, the pitiful mind
Whose knowledge bewilders the body: look how we creep
And waver and feed on fear, I and my kind."

• • •

ORGY

There were rabbits in the garden,
In the small dawn.
The young spinach is no more.
The carrot-tops are gone.

As the garden disappeared,
As the dawn advanced,
Drunk with little vegetables
The rabbits danced.

There is no stem to hide them,
The tracks are clear.
Spinach-maddened cotton-tails
Whirled and bounded here.

• • •

TO MY FATHER

You gave me one law;
You said: "Look hard and straight
Even at lies you love,
Even at truths you hate."

You said "Youth must attack
Old truths till new ones rise,
For the unchallenged truth
Rots into lies.

"Truth is the living growth
Of truths that came before.
Accept no truth as less;
Proclaim no truth as more."

Trusting your own truth
And life, and me,
You gave me one law
To make me free.

I who have had so much
Of splendid friendliness,
Know you, of all my friends,
First and most generous.

• • •

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But ours is a land of nomad harvesters.
They till no ground, take no rest, are homed nowhere.
Travel with the warmth, rest in the warmth never;
Pick lettuce in the green season in the flats by the sea.
Lean, follow the ripening; homeless, send the harvest home;
Pick cherries in the amber valleys in tenderest summer.
Rest nowhere, share in no harvest;
Pick grapes in the red vineyards in the low blue hills.
Camp in the ditches at the edge of beauty.

They are a great band, they move in thousands;
Move and pause and move on.
They turn to the ripening, follow the peaks of seasons,
Gather the fruit and leave it and move on.
Ours is a land of nomad harvesters,
Men of no root, no ground, no house, no rest;
They follow the ripening, gather the ripeness,
Rest never, ripen never,
Move and pause and move on.

THEY DESTROY THE MONUMENTS
(For Spain)

Grieve, be angry, be ashamed
For the breaking of fine things: they were more than things.
They were designed to be always more than things.
They were made of the lovely flying strength of man,
Of his love, of the visions of his love.

Grieve for destruction, but not as of this hour.
It is not easier to destroy than to build.
It takes an age to make a monument,
An age to make it false,
An age to turn against its hollowness.

Grieve for the long and slow destruction:
Beauty, that was of the flame of man, loved
And the flame untended;
Beauty, that was of the power of man, loved
And the power wasted.

How shall the buildings and bodies of marble live,
While the muscles of men sag with weariness
And their bellies creep in toward their bones?
Shall man starve in the hovels and the alleys,
And beauty stand uncrumbling in the shrines?

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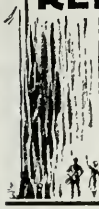
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Pansies

When pansies grace our board, they are
Such regal company
That, though our spread be cotton cloth,
Our fare but bread and tea.
Such magic in the flowers lies
That bread has royal grace,
While tea is nectar served upon
A spread of priceless lace.

Louise E. Barber.

Grieve for destruction, but not as of this hour.
Long before the actual image was broken
It had been hollowed out, it broke like a shell.

■ "Magic Gardens"; by Rosetta E. Clarkson.

"How do the tiny seeds transform
To living gold and leaden soil?
How is the dead made quick and warm?
Oh, mystic alchemy of God!"

Did you sow your herb seeds when the moon was waxing, not waning? It is not so important, perhaps, that you will have to plant all over again; but be sure that you do it right the next time.

Did you plant your parsley seed at the proper time, and did you wait and wait and wait for it to come up?

Perhaps you did not know that it had to go to the Devil and back again, nine times, before it comes above ground.

You know, of course, that while one herb is a love philter, another one dropped slyly into the teacup of a rival girl friend will cause her to become actually repulsive to your own chosen suitor.

All this, and valuable information that is much more to the point, will be found in "Magic Gardens" by Rosetta E. Clarkson.

If you have read "The Nazarene," a recent inspiring religious novel, you cannot fail to note the prominence and importance of herbs in the time of the life of Christ.

We see through the passing centuries the abandonment of the commercial herb farm and its substitute, the modern chemical laboratory.

Picturesque, as well as practical, is the plot devoted entirely to these fragrant plants; first of all the necessary culinary herbs. A list of these might be: Chives, Parsley, Marjoram, Sage, Rosemary, Summer Savory, Sweet Basil, Tarragon (if you can find it) and always the dried bay leaf.

It is not necessary to be the owner of an "estate" to satisfy a longing in this direction. A few pots of cooking herbs, on a shelf outside of the kitchen window, will probably fill all your needs. If space and ambition permit, there is always the collection of herbs which is a close rival to any hobby and perhaps more worth while in the final analysis.

Overflowing, in this delightful book, is the information for household use; recipes for kitchen and boudoir. Pennyroyal tea for that tired feeling and horehound candy for the children.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
HATS

HATS THAT MEN LIKE
To describe the new collection,
the hats are young and gay
the hats are feminine and flattering
the hats are wearable
the hats are the type to inspire compliments because this season they fit the head, even hug it instead of perching at a precarious angle on the forehead. Sailors, big and small, flowers galore, veiling manipulations in a brand new way, a dozen new crowns from square to telescope. Will you come up and let me show them to you?
Your hats also skilfully remodeled.
RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET · DOuglas 8476

EASTER GIFTS
Unusual
■
The captivating shop of Madame Butterfly at 430 Grant Avenue is literally teeming with worthwhile suggestions for Easter. The new and distinctive pieces of hand-carved ivory have been personally selected from outstanding craftsmen in the Orient. Figures and figurines—the Seven Deities — fish peddlers — and various other subjects, some inlaid with gold and semi-precious stones. Birds carved in ivory and painted by hand are particularly interesting and life like. Priced from $7.50 to $300.00.
An excellent selection of lounging robes, pajamas, negligees and kimonos, all beautifully fashioned in the finest of silk.
For men — silk pajamas, bath robes, shirts or handkerchiefs make an ideal Easter gift.
■
Madame Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue—San Francisco

ROMAN MEAL

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delicious in baking as well as by itself! Use just like flour in bread, biscuits, muffins, and other food-treats! You'll go for its delicious, nut-like flavor!

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Do present styles so slender
Despair in you engender
As over many a dinner date you pore?
Now exercise while swimming
Is a pleasant way of slimming
It's effective and it's fun—not just a chore.

Swim AT THE CLUB

Everything is here that one could possibly want to know about this subject that is old, yet new, and the revival of which has proven to be a joy and revelation to one who loves a garden

You will want to read this book once you have opened its covers, and note, with delight, the rare charm of sixty illustrations taken from famous old herbals. You will want, forthwith, to plant your own herb garden (beware the moon!). You will want to use the pungent leaves in the hundred different ways shown in the herb cook books which are constantly appearing.

Green herbs are definitely energizing. May you live long and prosper!

■ "Partner of Nature"; by Luther Burbank. . . . A book which will appeal to all lovers of plant life—the layman interested in Luther Burbank as the naturalist and man; the horticulturist interested in Burbank's aims, achievements and failures as a plant hybridizer and scientist and the student of horticulture or agriculture who wishes to make either of these fields his life work. To the latter it may be of inestimable value and will, I believe, be classed among his textbooks.

Wilbur Hale as editor and transcriber displays a true insight into the life and work of Luther Burbank, with whom he collaborated during his lifetime. Mr. Hale's choice of chapter titles is also to be commended. Intriguing and fascinating are such as "The Romance of Struggle," "The Rivalry of Plants," "Harnessing Heredity," "Goals Achieved," "Interesting Failures" and "Hand-Made Flowers."

The book contains a wealth of material from a general history of plant growth and propagation down through the ages to detailed information on many of Mr. Burbank's experiments. Compiled and compressed from the many thousand pages written and dictated by Luther Burbank, the book was published in response to continued requests for a single volume written in non-technical language which the average reader can understand. This result has been admirably achieved and with its many interesting illustrations makes "Partners of Nature" a book you will want to read and keep in your library for reference and re-reading.

■ "What Germany Forgot"; by James T. Shotwell. . . . It is a common experience to center one's attention on the expenses and distresses of a present illness and to forget or ignore the pangs of an illness of a decade ago. In fact, the collapse caused by the former illness and its heavy expenses may have its most important results today. Professor Shotwell traces in Germany of the 1920's and 1930's the effects of two illnesses (if I may use this metaphor): the World War of 1914-1918, and the hardships of the Treaty of Versailles.

The founders of the German Republic appreciated to a real degree the guilt of the preceding regime in concealing the causes of the World War from the German people, and the fearful cost of the war to them. But no nation has ever made a careful study of the cost of war, Germany least of all. The World War was planned as a six weeks' war, ending in victory, with the cost to be born by the vanquished. Professor Shotwell's book studies the financial policy of the German government during the World War, its enormous borrowings and comparatively light direct taxation during the war period and the post-war period, the complete exhaustion of raw materials for war purposes and the steps which led to the inflation of currency in 1922. As the years passed, the German people came more and more to blame all their economic ills on the Treaty of Versailles, forgetting or deliberately ignoring the tremendous war costs and its blighting effects.

Germany forgot the cost of a World War, and plunged again into war, blind to the lessons of the past. This is a timely book. Which one of us can ignore for our own country the cost of war?

■ "Through China's Wall"; by Graham Peck. . . . Graham Peck has written a new and entirely different kind of book about China! Four years ago this young man, just graduated from Yale, and with a native gift for sketching scenes and doing lifelike portraits, shipped out of San Francisco Bay one December morning on a freighter, with meager funds to windward but with a desire to see interesting places and people and to record by brush or crayon anything that took his fancy.

He got as far as China without being sidetracked by his amiable propensity to go almost anywhere with anyone off the beaten track that did not cost too much. He made a few friends in Peking and shortly found himself established with a group of American men, who had rented an old Manchu palace for a pittance from one of the few remaining eunuchs of the Empress Dowager.

From these once sumptuous courtyards he observed the pageant of Peking and mingled with its cosmopolitan Occidental society. Six months later he left Peking with a newsreel cameraman who

was under order to get pictures of Mongol and caravan life. They penetrated three hundred miles into the Gobi Dessert along the old Silk Road by which munitions now come in from Russia. Although Mongolia was officially closed to foreigners, he lived for six weeks in a yurt with a Mongol family, sharing their daily life and drawing their pictures. He traveled on to the far reaches of the Thibetan border to paint the aboriginal tribespeople, feeling an anthropological interest in the varied types so soon to blend with the Chinese treking Westward and emerge a new people.

One of the charms of the book is that the author does not pretend to have sought or found any particularly valuable information, yet he is such a sympathetic, merry, keen observer and such an artist with words as well as with brush that he can interview a native chestnut vender in sign language and turn out a better characterization in a paragraph than many sinologues achieve in a volume. The colors from his palette tinge every written line with a pre-Raphaelite reminiscence . . . the painter and the narrator being inseparable. "Mile after mile," he writes, "the brilliant canary-colored fields of sesame bloom spread away from the road . . . of a yellow so intense that the brassy humming of the millions of bees among the blossoms seemed almost the SOUND of the COLOR."

This unassuming record of his travels gives us a picture of the real China in a series of expert, interpretative sketches, kindly caricatures and mildly Rabelaisian anecdotes, and brings the Chinese and Mongols to life before us with all their unpleasant habits, endearing good nature and enduring fortitude. The text is generously decorated with sketches of Chinese scenes and persons and the body of the book contains fourteen full-page portraits of Chinese and aborigines done in a masterly manner.

Program, April 4th

■ "China's Contribution to the West."

The speaker, Ching Wah Lee, is a graduate student of the University of California and for the last ten years has been doing research work on the history of Chinese discoveries and inventions.

He is editor of the Chinese Digest, a monthly publication devoted to the art, literature, history, drama, and philosophy of China. This magazine is essentially for American collectors and students of Chinese art and culture.

California Palace of The Legion of Honor

PROGRAM FOR MARCH

Saturday, March 2, 2:00 p.m.: "Flying Down to Rio" sound film. Little Theater.

Sunday, March 3, 2:00 p.m.: "Renaissance Masterpieces in Bronze." Lecture by Dr. Robert Neuhaus. Gallery 10.

Wednesday, March 6, 11:00 a.m.: "Flemish and Dutch Painting of the 17th Century." Discussion Group. Educational Room.

Saturday, March 9, 2:00 p.m.: "Trans-Pacific" color and sound film. Little Theater.

Sunday, March 10, 2:00 p.m.: "Three Thousand Years of Greek Art." Lecture by Dr. Robert Neuhaus. Gallery 10.

Wednesday, March 13, 11:00 a.m.: "French Painting." Discussion Group. Educational Room.

Saturday, March 16, 2:00 p.m.: "African Adventure." Little Theater.

Sunday, March 17, 2:00 p.m.: "What Influences the Artist." Gallery 10.

Wednesday, March 20, 11:00 a.m.: "English Painting." Discussion Group. Educational Room.

Saturday, March 23, 2:00 p.m.: "Tahitian Interlude" color film. Little Theater.

Sunday, March 24, 2:00 p.m.: "Stepping Stones in Art." Lecture by Paula DeLuca Gallery 10.

Wednesday, March 27, 11:00 a.m.: "Neo-Classicism and Romanticism." Discussion Group. Educational Room.

Saturday, March 30, 2:00 p.m.: "Mexico Today" color film. Little Theater.

Sunday, March 31, 2:00 p.m.: "Patronage in the Arts: The Williams Bequest." Lecture by Paula DeLuca. Gallery 10.

Art classes for children: Every Saturday morning at 10:00 o'clock.

Gallery tours: Each Tuesday and Thursday morning at 11:00 o'clock, a general tour of the Museum.

Organ recital: Each Saturday and Sunday at 3:00 p.m.

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Beauty
Salon

Lower Main Floor

California Palace of The Legion of Honor

■ Little attention has been paid to Africa, the "dark continent," as a setting for artistic inspiration rather than a scene for thrilling adventure and study of wild life. But its great possibilities for the former are revealed in an exhibition of water colors by Sanford Ross, a young American artist, to be held at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, from March 10th to April 10th.

Mr. Ross set his course for Africa a little over two years ago with both objects in view . . . hunting big game and gathering material for painting. For some time an interpreter of "the American scene," with back-to-earth subject matter, the entirely new landscape material to be found in Africa appealed to Mr. Ross. Although the sporting results of his safari in 1937 proved very satisfactory, in the bagging of lion, rhinoceros, antelope, gazelle and other animals, he derived an equal satisfaction from finding the country much more "paintable" than he had anticipated.

This collection of twenty-five watercolors by Sanford Ross circulated by the American Federation of Arts, is the result of sketches and small watercolors made "on the spot." "I honestly believe," says Mr. Ross, "that these watercolors are pretty faithful portraits of actual places and those who have actually seen Africa tell me that some of the 'feel' of the country is caught in them."

While the vivid nature of their subjects will prove of prime interest to most of those who view these aquarelles, their fine aesthetic quality is of the highest type. Mr. Ross combines competent draughtsmanship with a sure sense of color and an eye for pictorial charm The beauty of many of the subjects is striking, but others are presented as indispensable portions of the African record, being neither ingratiating nor decorative yet presenting an important phase of the spirit of Africa. These include paintings of Massai natives, forbidding in appearance . . . the death of an antelope . . . the skinning of a zebra . . . and "Vultures on a Water Buck Carcass," which is imbued with the horror that these hideous birds of prey arouse in most people.

In this group of pictures Mr. Ross succeeds in conveying a distinct impression of the character of this stupendous country, with a few well-chosen details, using the great rolling plains as a stage, with mountain ranges as backdrops. The exhibit creates a satisfying impression of fine observation combined with good painting.

Mr. Ross is a native of Newark, N. J. He studied under Thomas Benton at The Art Students' League of New York. He has given seven solo exhibitions in New York City, and a number elsewhere. He is represented in the San Francisco Museum and the New York Public Library, the Newark Museum and the Addison Gallery, Andover, own examples of his work. Mrs. Ross is both a painter and lithographer, and does illustrations for "Fortune" magazine.

Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, has announced the following series of discussion group meetings to be held at 11:00 o'clock each Wednesday morning during March under the direction of Miss Paula DeLuca:

March 6, Flemish and Dutch Painting of the 17th Century; March 13, French Painting; March 20, English Painting; March 27, Neo-Classicism and Romanticism.

These discussion groups are open to the public without charge.

The Arboretum in Golden Gate Park

(Continued from page 13)

made as colorful as may be possible by utilization, in quantity, of such flowering shrubs, wild flowers, bulbs, etc., native to California as may be expected to thrive here.

Further plans of the Board of Park Commissioners contemplate erection of a suitable structure, intended to serve as a really permanent memorial to Christian and Helene Strybing, and to provide such desirable features as a garden library and reading room, classrooms and laboratories where Park employees desirous of increasing their knowledge of plants and horticulture may receive instruction, etc.

The management of the Park hopes that its efforts in the creation of an Arboretum and Botanical Garden will meet with such public approval and support that its future may be assured.

For the present, visiting hours are from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. daily except Sundays and holidays. Any inquiries as to guidance, information on particular plants, etc., may be directed to Eric Walther, Assistant Superintendent in charge of the Arboretum, at the Park Lodge, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

The San Francisco Garden Club

"MAKING FUN OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS"

■ A series of four informal discussions led by Miss Jean Boyd on Thursdays in March at the Fairmont Hotel.

Analysis of displayed arrangements will be made at each meeting. Course lee to members making reservations before March 5th, $2.50. Single admissions, members or non-members, $1.00.

Thursday morning, March 7th, at 11:00 o'clock, Grey Room, Fairmont Hotel. "Picking and Pickling"

The tools and toys included under equipment; some mechanical and chemical aids. General discussion.

Thursday morning, March 14th, at 11:00 o'clock, Grey Room, Fairmont Hotel. "Modes and Manners."

Arrangements for Entrance Hall.

Different types of flower arrangements, consideration of color and proportion, line and mass.

Thursday morning, March 21st, at 11:00 o'clock, Grey Room, Fairmont Hotel. "Fads and Fancies."

Every day dining room table.

Relation to background including period arrangements.

Realistic use of plant material versus stylized use.

Competitive flower arrangements, their faults and virtues.

Thursday evening, March 28th, at 8:00 o'clock, Gold Ballroom, Fairmont Hotel. "Tremendous Trifles."

Mantlepiece arrangements, including pairs.

The elusive quality of distinction. Repetition of fundamental principles of composition and design. Importance of imagination in any form of creative art expression.

At the close of this lecture there will be a general discussion of the classes and an explanation of the schedule for the San Francisco Garden Club's Flower Show to be held at the Fairmont Hotel on April 12th and 13th.

The evening meeting has been arranged especially for the many men and women interested who find it impossible to attend the morning lectures.

Number One Mother

■ Miss Catherine Moriarty of the Community Chest's Children's Agency is probably San Francisco's number one mother. In her Community Chest work she supervises the care of two thousand children.

Gifts

FOR EASTER

Dolls and toys carefully selected by the League Shop make the ideal Easter gift for children. Dogs and rabbits of terry cloth. Little Lulu dolls, dressed in warm woolly pajamas, also many imported toys.

Children's Maps, the land of make believe, these maps are about three feet square, extremely colorful and interesting for children.

Pottery salad bowls and salad plates, flower containers and pottery fruit made in California. The pottery fruit, apples, bananas, pears, and plums are hand-painted in natural colors.

Bird feeding stations of chestnut wood with a tile inset of St. Francis.

Textiles—An unusual selection of colorful and interesting textiles in unusual design. Prices reduced 20%.

Breakfast tray covers with napkins to match. On each tray cover is a crisp, simple design with "Good Morning" printed in the corner.

Easter Cards, distinctly different in color and composition.

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THE CITY OF ST. FRANCIS

By LADY FLETCHER

Suppose a little man in brown
Should come to San Francisco town
And claim the people there,
Not for himself, though in his name
This city rose to worldwide fame,
But for his Master dear.

What answer would he find today
If he should come across our way
And meet us face to face,
And show us with great chivalry,
His loved bride, Lady Poverty,
And tell us of her grace?

What if he bade us, one and all,
To hear like him the eternal call,
"Leave all and follow Me,"
To listen to the Voice that sends
Adventurers to the world's far ends,
To set all people free.

How should we answer his gay call,*
"Good morning, my good people all.
What is it that you need?
God's love can free you from all fear,
How is it that my city here
Is torn with hate and greed?"

"This lovely town, set by the sea,
Might be another Galilee,
Where simple souls at ease,
Find, as I found so long ago,
The way that all mankind must go,
Before the world has Peace."

Oh, Francis, little saint in brown,
Come back to San Francisco town
And help us build anew,
A city on foundations sure
Of charity and love that's pure
And wisdom brave and true.

*St. Francis was always remembered by his gay greeting as he entered a town, "Good morning, good people."

(Note)—Lady Fletcher, now in San Francisco is a visitor from London in the interest of M. R. A.—Dr. Adelaide Brown.

Are You a Conservationist?

(Continued from page 16)

the California Conservation Council is expanding its organization for more intensive work, and the promotion of a comprehensive all-year-round program which will supplement its periodic Conservation Week activity. The executive committee of the California Conservation Council has greatly increased its efficiency by enlarging its personnel to include standing committees, public information, finance, cooperation by governmental agencies, county committees, women's committees, co-operation by statewide organizations, co-operation by schools and a distinguished group of counselors, composed of leading educators; heads of Federal and State Departments and of organizations interested in conservation. And under the dynamic leadership of its President, Miss Pearl Chase, it has set a new goal of accomplishment.

Since the Council includes many governmental agencies, educational and scientific associations as well as civic, recreation and sportsmen groups, and those organized for direct action, it is evident that as an organization it does not claim to represent the opinion of its co-operators in legislative matters, and so does not endorse or propose legislation. Its three major fields of activity are curriculum emphasis on conservation education, preparation of leaders, and co-operation of organizations.

It is difficult for most of us to realize that our precious redwood forests, indigenous to California, that have stood like monuments through the ages, are in danger of vanishing. With their growth, synchronizing with historical events, almost from the beginning of time, it seems inconceivable that they should ever disappear from the earth. But when President Roosevelt in his appeal for conservation says: "The time has come when we must redouble our efforts to combat abuse of forest resources as definitely and as vigorously as we combat other insidious enemies within our borders," it bids us pause. Then on learning last month, that one of the great redwood forests of the world—the Mill Creek redwoods near Crescent City—had in a measure been assured of preservation for all time, through the efforts of the Save the Redwoods League and private gifts amounting to $80,000 from individuals in all parts of the United States, so that the California State Park Commission could take title to it, we breathed a bit more easily again. Conservationists are actually on the job in

a big way, and the forests, parks and national monuments, the soil and water, and the fish and game are being conserved and protected through governmental agencies. But it is the vigilance of the citizenry that really counts.

When we realize that not a single California grizzly bear—the state animal—is now alive, and that the antelope, beaver and sea otter are also extinct because we did not think in time to protect them, it behooves us to recognize as a personal responsibility the saving of our characteristic birds and wild flowers before they follow our native animals into oblivion. In other words, we must every one of us become conservationists.

Beauty Salon

■ Springtime — new hats, new prints! How is your hair? Our own staff of experts in the Club Beauty Salon will see that it complements your new outfit. They are busy, those three pleasant friends down there, doing the work of four while Duchene is having his long-planned vacation and sending intriguing postcards back from the South American cruise. Mrs. Grabow and her two competent assistants, Miss Victoria and Miss Thomas, are keeping all the regular customers shorn and waved and they say that there are still hours enough to take on some new ones. This is a Club activity, for which many of us are grateful. As a bit of Volunteer Service we would do well by the Club and our friends by passing on a good word for this department.

Rose Jars

I am in love with loveliness of fragile things:
Filigree of frostings on November leaves,
Gildings of sunlight on the whitened sheaves,
And the little pastel rings
Haloing a candle flame.

I am in love with loveliness of singing things:
Bird songs in the hedgerows in the summer dawn,
Small words of sweetness spoken and gone,
And little tenuous strings
Of Clavichord and violin.

Oh, loving is a fragrance and an art;
It leaves a potpourri of rose leaves in the heart!

Mary K. Holmes.

Springtime in the Redwoods

(Continued from page 15)

"flowers"—though botanists tell us they are not really flowers, but colored bracts which surround the central cluster of small but real flowers.

In the forest depths is a lush, jungle-like growth of bracken and sword-fern and other ferns, often rising about the prostrate forms of fallen giants, some of these centuries older than any living Redwoods. A rich undergrowth of huckleberry, salal, high-bush cranberry, flowering currant and companion species adds much variety to the forest scene.

"A Giant's Garden," the Redwood forest has been called — and truly this woodland, with its mighty trees and rank man-high ferns, presents beauty upon a titanic scale. But no garden within walls could rival the wild luxuriance of the growing things within a primeval grove of Redwoods.

Young People's Concerts

■ The Musical Association of San Francisco announces the sixth season of Young People's Concerts, which will be directed by Rudolph Ganz, eminent pianist, composer and conductor, who is already well known to San Franciscans through his series here two years ago.

Four concerts are scheduled, to be given on Saturday mornings, at 10:30 o'clock as follows:

March 9 — Program dedicated to Ernest Schelling.
March 16 — "The Symphonic Poem."
March 23 — "The Symphony."
April 6 — "The Concerto."

These concerts are an established institution in San Francisco, as they are in New York, and constitute one of the highlights of our musical season, and in order to make them available to all, the usual low admission prices will prevail.

The Young People's Concerts Committee is Mrs. Harold Richert McKinnon, Chairman; Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Honorary Chairman; Mrs. Harold Faber, Vice-Chairman.

English Daisies

Last eve I saw the night pin down
His dusky curtain o'er the town
With stars so many and so bright
All heaven was glorious with their light;
I wished, as marv'ling at each star,
Its loveliness was not so far;
Lo, Phoebus, loosening them at dawn,
Sprinkled thousands on my lawn.

Louise E. Barber.

Better Lighting *enhances* Home Beauty

If you take pride in the beauty of your home decorative effects, make sure your artistry is not marred by poor lighting. Interior decorators say that glare, or dark, gloomy corners will spoil the effects of a beautiful painting or the most carefully planned color and decoration scheme.

Improper lighting affects not only the color arrangement of your room furnishings but the seeing comfort of your entire family. Eyestrain, ragged nerves, falls and bruises in dimly lighted rooms, all are traceable to inadequate lighting.

Telephone any of this Company's offices and ask for the free services of a lighting adviser. Let an actual demonstration prove how proper lighting can better your home seeing comfort and enhance the beauty of your furnishings.

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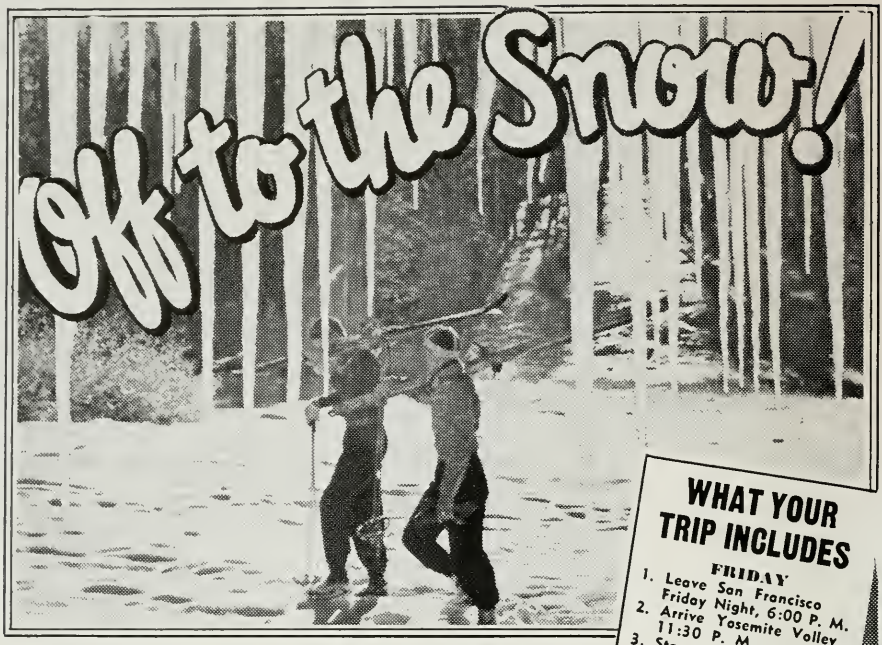

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MIRROR LAKE, Clouds Rest, Glacier Point, El Capitan—all at the Yosemite, nestled in the heart or the Sierra Nevadas. You've heard of the Yosemite, California's winter playground—now see it! See it in all its splendor—at no cost to you!

The San Francisco News is offering a full weekend of pleasure which takes in the beauties of this world-famous playground, including train rides, meals, chance to skate and ski, and sleeping accommodations at the Yosemite Lodge cabins — all for only 48 credits. Mail the coupon now for further details, and LET'S GO TO THE SNOW!

This Trip Is Yours For Only

48 CREDITS . .

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FRIDAY

1. Leave San Francisco Friday Night, 6:00 P. M.
2. Arrive Yosemite Valley 11:30 P. M.
3. Stay at Yosemite Lodge

SATURDAY

1. All Meals
2. Round Trip to Badger
3. Three Rides on Ski Lift
4. Free Use of Skating Rink

SUNDAY

1. Breakfast
2. Round Trip to Badger
3. Two Free Rides on Ski Lift
4. Lunch
5. Free Use of Skating Rink
6. Leave Yosemite at 4:30 P. M.
7. Arrive at San Francisco 10:25 P. M.

No Cost to You

HOW CREDITS COUNT:

One new 1-month contract subscription counts 3 credits.
One new 3-months contract subscription counts 4 credits.
One new 6-months contract subscription counts 8 credits.

CUT THIS COUPON, MAIL TODAY

San Francisco News Snow Trip Headquarters,
San Francisco News,
San Francisco, California.

Without obligation to me, send full details regarding The San Francisco News Yosemite Snow Trip:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

This offer subject to simple rules mailed to each entrant.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

APRIL
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar
APRIL . . . 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p.m.

ADVERTISERS' SHOW — APRIL 15TH AND 16TH

APRIL—1940

3—**Drama Reading**—Mrs. Hugh Brown: "Skylark" by Samson Raphaelson	**Auditorium**	10:45 a.m.
Fourth Reading: Members, single, 55 cents; non-members, 66 cents, including tax.		
4—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 214**	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Address: "China's Contribution to the West" by Mr. Ching Wah Lee, publisher of Chinese Digest.		
5—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding	**Room 214**	11:00 a.m.
10—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner	**Nat. Defenders' Room**	6:00 p.m.
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review: "How Green Was My Valley" by Richard Llewellyn and "The Trees" by Conrad Richter		
11—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex**	12:15 p.m.
Ramble to Sunset House, Berkeley	**Leave Clubhouse**	2:00 p.m.
Watch for posters in Clubhouse.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
"What the New Telescope on Mt. Palomar Means to the Astronomer," Mr. Henry Raphael, Galileo High School. Illustrated lecture.		
12—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding	**Room 214**	11:00 a.m.
15—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	**Clubhouse**	11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
16—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	**Clubhouse**	11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
18—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 214**	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Program of Published Music composed by members of the California Composers and Writers Society. Florence Colby Battram, President.		
19—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214**	11:00 a.m.
22—**Tea in Honor of Mrs. John M. Eshleman**	**Lounge**	4:00 to 6:00 p.m.
24—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
25—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
Chief Cities, Diamond Mountains and Famous Monasteries of Korea—Mabel Bacon Happer. Illustrated by color slides.		
26—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214**	11:00 a.m.

MAY—1940

1—**Drama Reading**—Mrs. Hugh Brown	**Auditorium**	10:45 a.m.
Fifth and Concluding Reading: Members, single, 55 cents; non-members, 66 cents, including tax.		
2—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 214**	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex**	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room**	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
"Estonia—The Land of Song and Legend," Dr. Elizabeth Judas, President of Estonian Cultural Commission, Inc.; Director of Estonian Village, Treasure Island. Illustrated lecture.		
3—**French Conversational Class**—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214**	11:00 a.m.
6—**Lecture by Mr. William E. Colby and an Exhibit of Chinese Robes**	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV APRIL, 1940 Number 3

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Out of the Pages of "Gone with the Wind" . . .

Steps the 1940 bride with her quaint attendants looking like the belles of Tara itself! The bride in ivory white satin, with cascades of lace at the front and a real hoop skirt beneath. Consult us for other unusual bridal ideas.

O'Connor, Moffatt's Bridal Shop, Third Floor

STOCKTON AT O'FARRELL . . . SUtter 1800

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ TEA IN HONOR OF MRS. JOHN M. ESHLEMAN, newly elected President of the National League for Woman's Service, will be held on Monday afternoon, April 22nd, from 4 to 6 o'clock in the Lounge of the Clubhouse. Members are cordially invited to meet Mrs. Eshleman.

■ DRAMA READING: "SKYLARK" is the play Mrs. Hugh Brown will read on April 3rd. This is the play Gertrude Lawrence, beautiful and unforgetable Gertrude Lawrence, is playing now in New York with such marked success. Some day she will play it for us here. You will enjoy it more if you hear it read first.

SKYLARK! The woman who loves you! She is life itself! She makes the grass grow! Take hold of her hand! Don't let her go — she's a skylark.

Remember the date, April 3rd. Bring your friends. You'll be glad you came.

■ SWIMMING POOL: Instructions in Junior Life Saving is given every Saturday morning—11:30 to 12:30. Please enroll now if you are interested in taking this course. We urge all those who are planning to give their small children a course or two of Private Lessons to start before vacation begins and our lesson schedule is over crowded. Learn to swim for health and safety.

LESSON RATES

Members — six half-hour lessons, including 6 swims, $6.00

Non-Members — six half-hour lessons, including 6 swims, $8.00

Members — twelve 15-minute lessons, including 12 swims, $9.00

Non-Members — twelve 15-minute lessons, including 12 swims, $10.00

■ RAMBLE TO SUNSET HOUSE — THURSDAY, APRIL 11TH: Accepting the invitation of the Berkeley Women's City Club, a Ramble is being planned to Sunset House in Berkeley. The group will leave the Clubhouse around 2:00 o'clock. Details to be posted in the Clubhouse later.

■ ADVERTISERS' SHOW: April 15th and 16th Monday and Tuesday: Interest of our advertisers in their own show in our Clubhouse waxes more enthusiastic each day and as the Magazine goes to press and the rush of plans envelope us, we know that the success of the Sixth Advertisers' Show is assured. Members may have passes in advance—available in all departments of the Clubhouse. For the convenience of members who may not be in the Clubhouse before the show, passes will be found on page 31.

■ SECOND BILLS have been sent, and each member who pays promptly helps the club by this assurance of her continued support. Ever since "the depression years" the date for this mailing has been of necessity pushed farther into the summer, but members are reminded that according to the Constitution the fiscal year begins on March 1st, and that their payment of dues assures the budget for the ensuing year. Let us have as banner a year as 1939, and let us rejoice in our membership.

■ AT THE SUGGESTION of some of the house guests, a Club table at the dinner hour each Monday evening is being initiated. To this all members are cordially invited. If the table serves a purpose as has been proven in other clubs, the custom will be continued.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER:

"When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads" and "daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty";

then is the apt season to speak of Beauty. Because this quality of shining splendor so greatly pervades the two novels, "How Green Was My Valley" by Richard Llewellyn and "The Trees" by Conrad Richter, Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will discuss these two books on the second Wednesday evening, April 10th, at 6 o'clock, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has planned for your entertainment the following programs for this month: April 4th, address—"China's Contribution to the West," by Mr. Ching Wah Lee, publisher of "Chinese Digest." April 11th, an illustrated lecture on "What the New Telescope on Mt. Palomar means to the Astronomer," by Mr. Henry Raphael, of Galileo High School. April 18th, Program of Published Music composed by members of the California Composers and Writers Society by Florence Colby Battram, President. April 25th, a lecture illustrated by color slides of "Chief Cities, Diamond Mountains and Famous Monasteries of Korea," by Mabel Bacon Happer. The introductory program for May will be an illustrated lecture on "Estonia, the Land of Song and Legend," by Dr. Elizabeth Judas, President of Estonian Cultural Commission, Inc., and Director of Estonian Village, Treasure Island.

■ SYMPHONY TICKETS: Seats are now available upon application at the Main Desk for the Friday afternoon concerts on April 12th and 19th. Tickets must be called for before noon on the day of each concert.

■ EXHIBITION OF FAMOUS CEREMONIAL ROBES (Chinese and Buddhist). On Monday evening, May 6th, at 8:00 o'clock, we shall have the opportunity to hear Mr. William E. Colby discuss and explain selected items from his collection of ancient ceremonial robes. A dozen members will assist in modeling the robes. This collection contains robes and coats worn by Chinese nobles, princes, empresses, and emperors, and priestly robes worn by Buddhist and Taoist priests in religious ceremonies. Those of our members who saw the sixty or seventy robes exhibited by Mr. Colby a year ago will appreciate his generosity in coming to us again. The embroidered robes are of great beauty in color, workmanship and design. The woven robes display an act of weaving which is found only in China and was lost almost two hundred years ago. The texture of the silk is of a weight and quality impossible to imagine.

The facilities of our dining room will probably be taxed to the uttermost the evening of this lecture and exhibition for many members will undoubtedly plan to entertain at dinner in advance of the lecture. Early reservations for tables and for separate dinner reservations are requested.

Why Does Everyone Love a Bride?

Because she is gay and charming. Because for her bright heart the world has become a place to live joyously. Beautiful things have a new and more precious meaning for her.

During the long years we have been part of of the life of San Francisco, finding beautiful accessories for the homes that Brides dream of has been one of our happiest responsibilities to our friends.

She'll always cherish the gift you sent from

GUMP'S

250 POST STREET

SILVERWARE · DINNERWARE · GLASSWARE · PAINTINGS · INTERIOR DECORATION
GIFTS · EUROPEAN & ORIENTAL ARTS · ORIENTAL BAGS, JEWELRY & APPAREL

A central theme of superb beauty and color--A floral
decoration by Podesta and Baldocchi

The President's Message

The founders of the National League for Woman's Service when writing the Constitution, described the object of the organization as follows: "The object of this organization shall be to offer opportunities for the guidance, the training and the development of women through its various departments of service to women. The headquarters of the organization shall be known as the Women's City Club of San Francisco." ¶ Is it not well that this be repeated occasionally so that the idea of service may be kept before us —and especially at the beginning of the Club year, to remind us that we may in some way participate in the service which our Club provides, and also to remind us that the National League for Woman's Service has a serious purpose and a definite function to perform in our community.

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

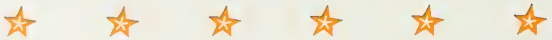
Announcing the Sixth

ADVERTISERS' SHOW

April 15-16

TWO DAYS OF UNUSUAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CLUBHOUSE CAREFULLY PLANNED BY THE ADVERTISERS IN THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE » » »

FASHION REVIEWS » MUSIC » WORKING DISPLAYS » PREVIEWS
EXHIBITS OF ALL KINDS » TEAS » DINNERS » DOOR PRIZES
MORE INTERESTING, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER BEFORE



COME TO THE CLUB . . . BRING YOUR FRIENDS

SPONSORS

Sixth Advertisers' Show

Abbot, Mrs. S. L.
Alexander, Mrs. Edgar W.
Allen, Miss Catherine A.
Allen, Mrs. Harry B.
Allin, Mrs. Benjamin C.
Allyne, Miss Lucy H.
Alves, Mrs. Henry L.
Anderson, Mrs. Berrien P.
Ash, Dr. Rachel L.
Ashe, Miss Elizabeth
Ashley, Mrs. P. R.
Austin, Miss Elizabeth M.

Bacigalupi, Mrs. Tadini
Bailhache, Mrs. Arthur Lee
Baird, Mrs. Dudley
Bakewell, Mrs. John, Jr.
Barkan, Mrs. Otto
Bassick, Mrs. W. R.
Batte, Mrs. George McPhail
Beaver, Mrs. F. H.
Bell, Mrs. Alexander C.
Bender, Mrs. Carl G.
Bepler, Dr. Alice C.
Beronio, Miss Eda
Bjornstrom, Mrs. Harold H.
Black, Mrs. A. P.
Booth, Mrs. F. E.
Bosley, Mrs. William B.
Boyd, Mrs. George
Boyd, Miss Jean
Braden, Mrs. Eugene B.
Bradford, Mrs. Wallace
Bradley, Mrs. F. W.
Bransten, Mrs. Charles
Brittan, Miss Mary Burta
Bourn, Miss Ida H.
Brown, Dr. Adelaide
Brown, Mrs. David
Brown, Mrs. Hillyer
Brown, Mrs. Philip King
Bujannoff, Miss Olga
Burr, Miss Marian
Burt, Mrs. Chauncey I.

Cambron, Mrs. Carroll G.
Carl, Mrs. Louis
Casserly, Miss Margaret
Caswell, Mrs. George W.
Chamberlain, Mrs. Selah
Coblentz, Mrs. Lambert
Coffin, Mrs. Sherwood
Coghlan, Mrs. John P.
Coldwell, Mrs. Colbert
Cole, Mrs. Charles C.
Coombs, Miss Lotus
Cooper, Mrs. Charles Miner
Cope, Mrs. Walter B.
Coxon, Mrs. Philip A.
Curry, Mrs. Charles E.
Cushing, Mrs. O. K.
Cushman, Mrs. Douglas

Dale, Miss Bertha J.
Davidson, Mrs. Marie Hicks
Davis, Mrs. Alvin
Davis, Mrs. Duncan H.
Delany, Miss Marion
D'Ettel, Mrs. Arthur D.
Dinkelspiel, Mrs. Samuel L.
Donaldson, Mrs. Robert Hugh
Donohoe, Miss Katharine
Downing, Mrs. Paul M.
Dresser, Mrs. John O.
Drexler, Mrs. Elise A.
Dunham, Miss Mary C.

Easley, Mrs. Julia M.
Edwards, Mrs. James R.
Eloesser, Mrs. Herbert
Epstein, Mrs. Milton H
Esberg, Mrs. Milton H.
Eshleman, Mrs. John M.
Eyre, Mrs. Edward E.
Eyre, Mrs. Perry
Eyre, Miss Mary

Faulkner, Mrs. Hazel Pedlar
Felton, Mrs. Chas. N.
Fitzhugh, Mrs. William M.
Fleishhacker, Mrs. Mortimer
Folger, Mrs. Roy S.

Gay, Mrs. George R.
Genis, Mrs. M.
George, Miss Julia
Gerbode, Mrs. Frank L. A.
Ghirardelli, Mrs. Domingo
Girvin, Mrs. Richard D.
Glaser, Mrs. Edward F.
Glass, Mrs. Severin Stanley
Glover, Dr. Mary E.
Goldstein, Miss Lutie D.
Goodell, Mrs. C. J.
Grant, Mrs. J. D.
Graupner, Mrs. A E
Griffin, Mrs. Andrew G

Haas, Mrs. Walter A.
Hall, Mrs. Frank M.
Hall, Miss Frances M.
Hamilton, Mrs. W. B.
Hardy-Ballance, Mrs. Maude
Harkness, Mrs. Raymond L.
Harris, Mrs. Carroll T.
Harris, Mrs. Lawrence W
Heller, Mrs. E. S.
Hertz, Mrs. Alfred
Heyl, Miss Hazel
Hibberd, Mrs. I. N.
Hobart, Mrs. Lewis P.
Holbrook Mrs Charles H Jr
Howell, Mrs. Albert J.
Howell, Mrs. John
Howlett, Mrs. Frank
Hunt Mrs. C. Leigh
Huntington, Miss Marion
Hutchinson, Miss Emogene C.
Hyde, Mrs. Orra Crosby

Jannapolis Mrs. A. Heddon
Johnson, Mrs. Mabel T.
Johnston, Miss Dorothea
Jones, Mrs. Walter R.
Jordan, Mrs David Starr

Keep, Miss Rosalind A.
Kelham, Mrs. George W.
Kendrick, Mrs. Charles
Kent, Mrs. William, Jr.
Kent, Mrs. William
Kilgore, Mrs. Eugene S.
Klumpkey, Miss Julia
Korbel, Mrs. Leo V.
Koshland, Mrs. Daniel E.
Koshland, Mrs. Marcus S.

La Boyteaux, Mrs. J. C.
Lane, Miss Myra
Langhorne, Mrs. James P.
Lathrap, Mrs. Lloyd J.
Leale, Miss Edith E.
Leale, Miss Marion
Leis, Mrs. Isabel Stine
Lengfeld, Mrs. A. L.
Levison, Miss Alma
Levison, Mrs. J. B.
Lilienthal, Miss Victoria
Lillick, Mrs. Ira S.
Livermore, Miss Elizabeth K.
Lochead, Mrs. J. K.
Lord, Miss Ida J.
Low, Miss Flora C.
Lundborg, Mrs. Macondray

MacCallum, Miss Jean A
MacFarland, Mrs. Frank M.
MacGavin, Mrs. Drummond
McClelland, Mrs. Charlotte F.
McConnell, Miss Adelaide
McDonald, Mrs. Mark L.
McDuffie, Mrs. Duncan
McIntosh, Miss Jean
McLean, Miss Fannie W.
McNear, Mrs. George P.
Mabury, Miss Carlotta
Madison, Mrs. Marshall
Madison, Mrs. Randolph W.
Magee, Mrs. Thomas
Martin, Mrs. Winthrop
Mathews, Mrs. Arthur F.
Meikle, Judge Theresa
Merner Mrs Garfield
Mills, Miss Marjorie W.
Moffat, Miss Henrietta
Moody, Mrs. F. S.
Moore, Miss Esabelle
Moore, Mrs Elizabeth Hogue
Moran, Mrs. Julia B.
Mosgrove Miss Alicia
Murry, Mrs. G G.

Neuenburg Mrs. Andrew E.
Newhall, Mrs Edwin W Jr.
Noonan, Miss Emma L.
North, Mrs. Hart H.
Norton, Miss Elizabeth
Nutting, Mrs. Franklin P.

Oat, Miss Amy L.
O'Hara, Miss Lilian
O'Sullivan, Miss Ellen
Owen Dr. Ethel D.

Parsons, Miss Harriet T.
Pauson, Miss Rose
Peck, Miss Janet M.
Phillips, Miss Esther B.
Pierce, Miss Mabel L.
Pigott, Mrs. John T.
Polk, Mrs. Willis
Porter Mrs. Bruce
Potter, Mrs. Ashton H.
Potter, Mrs. Thomas M.
Powell, Mrs. Stanley
Pringle, Mrs. William B.

Reed, Mrs. Alfred C.
Reid, Mrs. Jessie Shaw
Rettenmayer, Mrs. J. P.
Reynolds, Mrs. Charles M.
Rodgers, Miss Grace
Rodgers, Miss Marion
Rulofson, Mrs. Alfred C.

Sawtelle, Mrs. William H.
Seckels, Miss Alice
Sharp, Mrs. James G.
Shaw, Mrs. Henry K.
Shoup, Mrs. Paul
Slack, Miss Edith
Sloss, Mrs. Joseph
Sloss, Mrs. Leon
Sloss, Mrs. M. C.
Son, Miss Blanche Anne
Stanwood, Mrs. Edward B.
Stern, Mrs. Sigmund
Stoddard, Mrs. Thomas A.
Stoll, Mrs. Horatio F.
Strickland, Mrs. S. L.
Sussman, Mrs. S.
Sutton, Mrs. Elfingham
Sutro, Mrs. Alfred
Sutro, Mrs. Oscar

Taylor, Miss Frances
Theobald, Mrs. J.
Thompson, Miss Barbara Beach
Tibbe, Miss Madeline
Tittle, Mrs. H. S.
Tobey, Miss Emmy
Treat, Mrs. Payson J.
Tucker, Mrs. Nion
Turner Mrs. Frank

Volkmann, Miss Johanna M.
von Hagen, Miss Leonide

Walker, Mrs. Willis J
Walter, Mrs. C. R.
Walter, Mrs. Solly
Ware, Mrs. Howell
Watkins, Mrs. James T
Watson, Mrs. Douglas S.
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Wilcox, Miss Mary F.
Wilson, Mrs. G O.
Wiseman Miss Georgea A
Wollner Miss Carol
Wores, Mrs. Theodore

Yost Miss Mary

HONORING
MRS. JOHN M. ESHLEMAN

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

INVITES THE MEMBERS

OF THE

NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

TO TEA

MONDAY, APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY

FOUR TO SIX O'CLOCK

PLEASE RESPOND
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST.

Editorial

■ A twelvemonth is an established unit on any calendar, but humanly it is not. Some days certainly move faster than others, and 1939 with its Exposition pleasures made time fly. It seems incredible that the exciting "drawing" for the prizes of the Fifth Show was a year ago. And yet the calendar tells us it was. Another Advertisers' Show is now here!

For April fifteenth and sixteenth the Advertisers are already planning "bigger and better" exhibits for our pleasure and education. In past years they have proved to us that the educational side can be sugar-coated so that all who come to see are most delightfully entertained as well as instructed For the care they took in setting up their exhibits they deserve the appreciative audience we have given them year after year and the four thousand visitors of last year are their incentive for the forthcoming Sixth Show.

Guest cards to the Show are available "for the asking" at the Club. The more of these used, the greater the audience, and the happier the exhibitors.

■ This April Magazine bulges with advertising, and the history of past Shows and the plans for the forthcoming Show fill many of its pages. Tucked away too in its columns are stories of diverse and other themes—all of special interest at this time of year. Miss Catherine Allen brings us a reprint of planting in far-away Scotland; Mrs. Faulkner pricks our bubble of conceit that as moderns we have discovered advertising, by telling us how it was done—and how well it was done — in Colonial Days; Dr. Cadman sends us the first of his promised greetings from New York; Mrs. Margaret Smith shares with us her experiences in a far-away land, South Africa. Three of our advertisers also contribute stories: Mr. Amberg tells us of craftsmanship near at hand and of experts in many fields; Mr. Polea warns us against neglect of furs and at the same time gives us expert advice as to how to care for them; Miss Slocum speeds us with economy and ease across our vast American continent. Finally the Exposition story of Pacific House as it will appear in 1940 gives us a preview such as we had in the days before the 1939 opening and makes us eager to see in reality once again this charming island building of the Golden Gate International Exposition. Unwittingly Dr. Morley agrees with us as to the value of advertising when she says, "Today we are a visual-minded people habituated to the graphic messages of advertising." The book review this month of "The Power and the Glory" was written by Miss Fitzgerald, a member of the newly-appointed Library Committee.

Every page is interesting, in itself and in its purpose.

■ Those who were unable to attend the Annual Meeting on March 14th missed the occasion of seeing two leaders gracefully share honors. Our new President, Mrs. Eshleman, presided, but turned that part of the meeting which carried last year's reports over to Miss Donohoe, under whose regime these records were made. It was a great satisfaction to the members who were present to realize once again through the reports the stability of the organization and to hear figures, which Miss Noonan gave, proving the financial soundness of the National League for Woman's Service and the successful meeting of all obligations for 1939 as well as the retirement of a proper proportion of indebtedness. The plan of reorganization, now in its third year, showed itself entirely successful, and no annual meeting of the organization has ever sounded a more optimistic note. Our new President comes into an office freed for the development of activities, so that the club is justified (almost for the first time in its history) in asking one who carries on her own business to give of her leisure in volunteer service to us all as our President. To Mrs. Eshleman we pledge our loyalty —that quality of consideration and appreciation and mutual helpfulness.

■ After hearing the auditor's report for 1939, we feel proud to belong to the National League for Woman's Service, which unostentatiously continues its even course of accomplishment. Last year we entertained lavishly with guest cards. This year let us generously invite to membership those whom we think would care to share these privileges. Anyone joining now receives in full measure the value of the yearly dues, which are not pro-rated.

Sixth Advertisers' Show

by Marion Leale

"The Bride"— A work of art by O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

■ By the criterion that the object of advertising is to sell, the five Advertisers' Shows at the Women's City Club of San Francisco (1934-1939) have been complete successes, for out of them has come a consumer's interest in advertising which is so personal that it is tangible.

At Eastertide each year, spring has been introduced to the Club membership with the newest of styles and of merchandise in a setting unequalled by any other spring show. The four photographs on these two pages are but four of several dozen which have been taken on these occasions. They will serve to recall the talent of display and also the care which the Advertisers, all of them, have taken to bring each year only outstanding exhibits to the four thousand and more visitors to the Show. They

Verdier's Cellars, one of the City of Paris exhibits, brought to the attention of thousands the care and selection of the finest wines.

The colorful Mexican exhibit of the White House in the American Room

hemselves realize that they have a particular audi-ence but also an appreciative one.

Third and Fourth Floors of the Clubhouse find nembers and their invited guests wandering about, sampling this or that, inquiring into the details of each exhibit, and exclaiming over the fine quality of merchandise or display. It is all great fun, and he good feeling between Advertisers and their consideration of each other is in no small measure responsible for "the atmosphere." Fashion Shows and Parades at the tea hour attract, and on the second evening the "drawing" for the charming door prizes which the generosity of the advertisers has made possible closes the Show on a note of jolly entertainment.

The unanimous comment (Continued on page 16

Philip Morris— 'America's Finest." The packages of twos distributed by "Johnny" have influenced many new friends to "Call for Philip Morris."

Early Advertisers

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

Modern advertising should readjust its laurels. With all its allure and persuasion, it is not unique. It has an interesting counterpart in the advertisements in America's earliest newspapers.

Its transformation from the days of itemized lists of articles with individual prices to the copy of the present day is a transformation fresh in the minds of the majority of us. It represents a tremendous step in style advance and content. But the change is scarcely less great than that which appears in the earliest copy of colonial merchants.

The first newspaper in the colonies was the Boston Newsletter, which dates back to 1704, with fifteen years elapsing before the establishment of two others which provided excellent advertising media—the American Mercury of Philadelphia and the New York Journal, both of which appeared in 1719.

In these the colonial advertising began—used at first only to notify the readers of a changed address or other special event, but later carrying the story of changes in fashion, of styles, of prices and ownership.

It must have been a surprise to the readers of the American Mercury to learn—not only that Hannah Beales would carry on her late father's business of net making, but that she engaged "to supply any person with seines, horse-nets, pigeon-nets, minny nets, casting nets, billiard table pockets, and nets of every sort."

The earliest advertisements were brief and generally for a single line of goods; in 1726 Widow Gordon of Philadelphia advertised tobacco: "London cut, at 2 shillings and sixpence a pound"; in 1728 Mrs. Boydell of Boston advertised "choice green tea" for sale; while in 1734, in New York, Mary Campbell was advertising Cheshire cheese and the Widow Desbross in Hanover Square was selling "Oil of Olives, and Canary Wine at 6 shillings per gallon by the five gallons."

The next year's file of advertising leads one to wonder whether the price of Canary Wine really fell or whether the cut-rate merchant made her entry into the business field, for in 1736 Ann Sleigh o Duke Street was advertising "very good Canar Wine at 5 shillings and sixpence a gallon" with n mention of a reduction for five-gallon lots.

From the '40s on, advertisements became longer— and as they were more detailed they add to th story of American life and customs in the perio before the Revolution. Imported wares were in de mand, the arrival of merchandise from Europe wa the signal for "special sales." The Boston Post c 1743 announced "Just imported in the latest shi from London, and to be sold by Hannah Cazneau in Water Street, Boston, A great variety of Women' Necklaces, Silk, Callimancoe and Russel, Women' and Children's Shoes, Pattoons and Clogs, also a variety of Ivory and Bone Stock Fans, the best Pin and Needles and fine Bohea and Green Tea."

The idea of suiting the line of goods or the adver tisements to a special season of the year made its appearance in the '50s, and in the next decade there were numerous women merchants who advertised regularly—in the spring and fall.

A strict separation of goods was not in vogue, apparently, for the merchant advertising groceries or tobacco frequently slipped in a line about women's stays or ivory fans. Their advertisements, like the stocks of present-day rural stores, indicated a range from underwear to pies, from fruit to fuel. Dry goods appear to have been the chief stock in trade for the greater number of women merchants. Among the wares offered by a Rhode Island dealer were "shirting and apron checks; cross barr'd stuffs; Women's Shoes and Galoshes, very neat; Muffs and Tippets of the newest Fashions."

It has taken the modern ad writer a long time to arrive at the stage where the "neatness" of galoshes is featured—but the day has come!

An advertisement of the Widow Copley—inserted after her marriage to the portrait painter, Peter Pelham, opens up a whole train of conjecture concerning her domestic and business life: "Mrs. Mary Pelham (formerly the Widow Copley on the Long Wharf, tobacconist) is removing into Lindell's Row against the Quaker's Meeting House, near the upper end of King Street, Boston, where she continues to sell the best Virginia tobacco, Cut, Pigtail, and spun of all sorts, by wholesale and retail, at cheapest rates."

Elizabeth Perkins had "for Sale at her shop two doors below the British Coffee House in King-Street, Boston, A very large and Genteel Assortment of Cream Color's Delph, Flint and Glass Ware, wholesale and retail, among which are cut, Label'd, enamel'd, engrav'd, & plain Quart, Pint and ½ Pint Decanters, Cruits, Salts, * * * (Continued on page 20

South Africa

by Margaret Smith

■ So many words have been used to describe Africa — deep, dark, mysterious, cruel — that it might well be called a land of adjectives; but to everyone, I think, as to me, it must stand out primarily as a land of contrasts. There is, for example, the contrast between the black and the white in the population, the new and the old in the buildings of its cities and the mysterious ruins of Zimbabwe, between ancient witchcraft still practiced and modern science, the high mountains fantastically hewn and the unending flats of the veldt, between the lush green of Natal and the dun expanses of the Transvaal. And because beauty can best be expressed by contrast, it is also a land of great beauty.

Our first port of call was the ancient city of Capetown. Approaching it from the sea for the first time is a wonderful experience for it is one of the beautiful harbors of the world. The city lies close along the shore and spreading out in residential districts from the Atlantic to the Indian Oceans, while behind, rearing itself like a gigantic medieval castle is the great rock, Table Mountain. Blue, grey, purple, ever changing, sometimes topped by a cloud that spills like a cloth over the sides, it stands supreme and dignified above the city. The town itself is old and rather dingy, but the residential sections stretch away from it along the shore and in green rolling hills, and the surrounding country is lovely with wild flowers. In Spring it is said to be a sight one could never forget, but we were there in Autumn (June) and as our destination was Durban, we did not tarry long.

Durban was completely different. Gleaming modern buildings outlined themselves against the sky as we steamed through the narrow opening of the harbor and a welcoming airplane circled overhead. It is much like an American city with its wide streets and beautiful parks, fine hospitals for both natives and Europeans, and the spacious gardens and beautiful homes on the hill behind the city, the Berea The contrasting note is struck by the double rickshaws pulled by fantastically dressed Zulus. Beads, feathers, whiskbrooms, pith helmets all go to make their costumes wild and exciting. There seems never to be a scarcity of flowers here, for they grow in great abundance, many of them strange to us and exotic in appearance. Here again spring is said to be the time of extravagant beauty, but even so we were amazed at the reds, rusts and pinks as well as purple bougainvilleas, the blankets of Golden Shower, and the magnificent Kaffirboom and African Tulip trees. Later on we were assured the streets would be archways of flame as the Jacaranda and Flamboyant trees came into bloom.

Northward from Durban, we came into the sugar cane area, about a mile from the city boundary. In Natal, there is a narrow belt lying along the sea north and south of Durban, (Continued on page 26

MEET *Summer*

VACATION OPPORTUNITY IN

Japan

MAIDEN VOYAGE!
S.S. NITTA MARU
Sails from Los Angeles . . June 8, 1940
from San Francisco . June 12, 1940
YOKOHAMA! KOBE! SHANGHAI!
HONGKONG! MANILA!

A 16,500-ton assembly of marine elegance. The first ship in the world with *completely air-conditioned* public rooms and first class staterooms! Sailing timed for June vacations.

M.S. ASAMA MARU
Sails from Los Angeles . . June 21, 1940
from San Francisco . June 24, 1940

Special All-Inclusive Summer Vacation Tours
Ask about attractive special *all-expense* tours arranged for these sailings to Japan, China, and the Philippines.

SOUTH AMERICA
M.S. YASUKUNI MARU • No Increase in Fares!
Sails from Los Angeles . . . June 18, 1940
from San Francisco . . June 16, 1940
Manzanillo, Mexico, Canal Zone, Colombia, Peru, Chile
'Round South America Tours

N.Y.K. MARU ONE-SHIP CRUISES!
Learn about the advantages of one-ship cruises (no changes), the favorable exchange, moderate fares, from your *Travel Agent*, or

N.Y.K.
N.Y.K. LINE
(*Japan Mail*)
551 Market Street, San Francisco
518 W[illegible]th Street, Los Angeles

A Greeting from Dr. Cadman

■ New York City, March 19, 1940: Yes, Europe is much nearer here, but San Francisco is not far. High noon on the midweek finds us thinking of those hours of fellowship which were so many and so good. There was no necessitous agreement, rather quickening oppositions. There were strong positions, yet how often the bars of prejudice were let down. And were we not all listening for the voices of understanding?

Months ago we ventured the observation that Finland's fate was sealed. What an epic stand! What glory that she fought to the end of her strength, but not of her morale. It will be written that she yielded only to exhaustion. It will be written that she fought one of the greatest of all the heroic battles for human freedom. And it will be written to the shame of free men, that she fought alone.

Once a war lasted thirty years. This one will be twenty-six years old next August—and the end is not yet. Perhaps we should re-read Armstrong's "We or They"—at the opening of each year. There ARE two worlds in conflict. The underlying issue is Freedom or Slavery.

In America the Master Planners appear to be in a panic. Some of them have treated the materials of statecraft like children's blocks in the playroom. Like the Sorcerer's Apprentice they have turned on a golden flood of yellow metal, bought at an artificial price which almost literally enabled Europe to finance her war at our expense. In the early years of the war—say from 1915 to 1918—we loaned Europe the money to buy our overpriced commodities; latterly we have bought their gold at an absurd price, thereby permitting her to buy goods at bargain prices. Perhaps the gods laugh at this latest demonstration of the Law of Compensation.

The panic of the Planners reflects an old truth: In reform it is a mistake to demand all or none. Now many parts of the economy have ceased to work. Money does not work, which is to say capital will not invest. The snap judgment is that the government must invest for those who refuse to invest—but the government's investment further halters the team which should pull the load. Confidence and Initiative. In despair the Planners threaten to take over the whole economy and "run it for the people." The very threat is a further hindrance to the long-sought recovery.

How I wish we might talk together about this "Mature Emonomy." Thus far it reflects little else than the immaturity of the economists. A dynamic society which enjoys freedom of thought and action will make mistakes. In such a society there is no high degree of stability—but in terms of real wealth, the fluctuations are worth the price. Freedom is always costly. The "mature economy" is as yet an assumption—almost an abstraction. Before it can be called the truth, it must stand the analysis and criticism which has begun to bear upon it.

They say that the enterprise system is running down. They said the same thing about the solar system and the universe. It may now be pertinent to ask the critics whether it is running down because of its own frictions or whether it has been prevented from running by the forces of restriction and control.

The 1940 campaign is very soggy. Perhaps this is the ominous silence before the flood of oratory which will shortly be loosed. May kind Providence teach us discrimination and preserve our sense of humor.

We greatly miss your fellowship and we send an affectionate greeting.

—Paul F. Cadman

(Continued from page 13)

each year has been that the two days are a delightful highlight in the program of the Club—successful both for advertisers and for the Club Magazine which is made financially possible by this cooperation.

Much has been written and much discussion has ensued concerning the merit of class media, but generalization in this instance is futile. Just as the Women's City Club of San Francisco is "different" because of its unique purpose, so is its mouthpiece "different," and all who come to the Shows "put on" by the advertisers of this Magazine pronounce them "one of their kind."

The plans for the forthcoming Show on April 15 and 16 are the result of experience, and the professional display departments of the firms participating this year are enthusiastically drafting exhibits which they promise will mean a Sixth Show par excellence. Come and see!

California Spring Garden Show

■ Oakland. "Gardens of Fairyland," with giant toadstools, golden snails spouting water into circular pools, Titania and many fairyland characters contributing to the betwitching atmosphere, is the 1940 California Spring Garden Show's landscape theme. The tremendous Show, which last year attracted 100,000 persons, is expected to be even more spectacular and unbelievably beautiful than the 1939 event, theme of which was "Shangrila." This year's Show opens April 30 with a formal Preview and continues through May 5, with the Exposition Building in Oakland and an increased outdoor area as the setting for the horticultural event.

A working model of the Show, built to scale, has been made by the Landscape-Architect-Designer of the Garden Show, Mr. Howard E. Gilkey. The entire Show and its geographic layout, reproducing in miniature even the smallest detail of the horticultural fantasy is used as an aid for constructing the mammoth layout. Here in miniature, workmen and artists, garden club members and exhibitors, may see the entire show as it will look when completed and the exotic and luxuriant blooms are put in their appointed place, Gilkey points out.

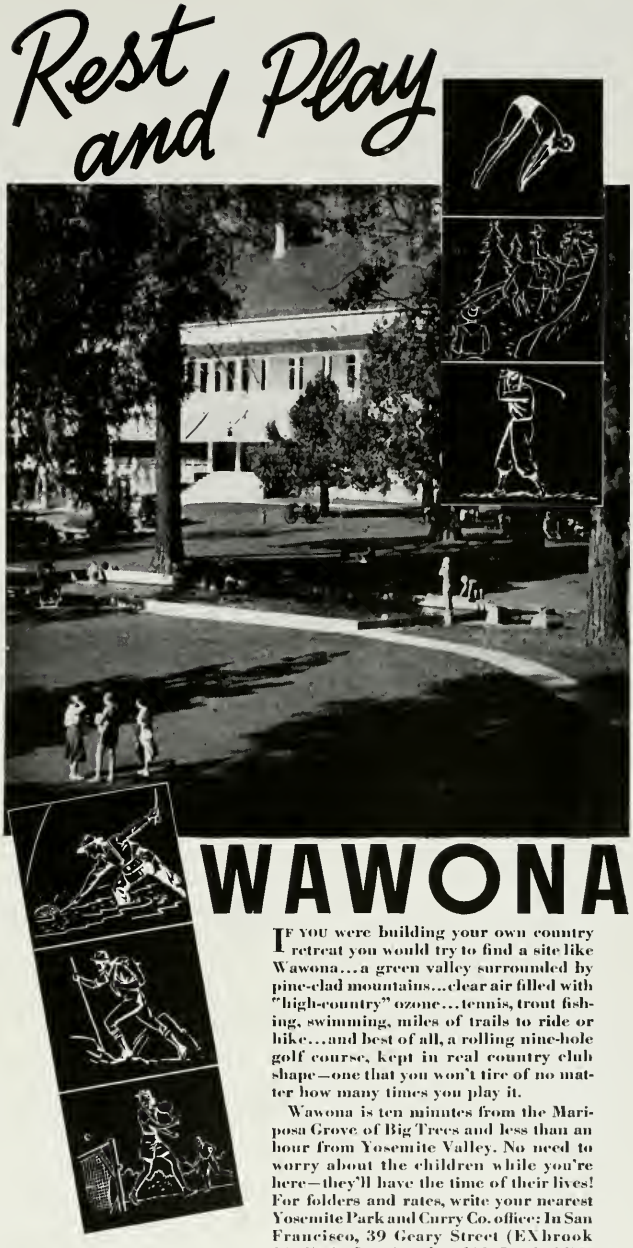
The entrance to the Garden Show this year faces the parking area. Visitors may proceed into the Exposition Building and be transported into a land of elves and fairies, or walk into the outdoor garden area, trade exhibits and Coffee Shop.

It is believed that the 1940 Show, with its increased outdoor garden area, fanciful story theme, profusion of flowering trees and blooms will be the finest Garden Show ever produced in the nation. Outstanding horticultural authorities of America will come here to visit the Show, letters to Gilkey declare.

SUNSET

Beneath my oak on Berkeley hills I watch
The King of Day stride out the Golden Gate.
His colored mantle trails with royal sweep
As Triton waives him unto far Cathay.
From misty battlements his pallid spouse,
Parting her fleecy tear-stained bridal veil,
Reflects upon her brow the Glance August.
Far out she leans and hangs on his return.

—Joseph D. Redding.


Rest and Play
WAWONA
IF YOU were building your own country retreat you would try to find a site like Wawona... a green valley surrounded by pine-clad mountains... clear air filled with "high-country" ozone... tennis, trout fishing, swimming, miles of trails to ride or hike... and best of all, a rolling nine-hole golf course, kept in real country club shape—one that you won't tire of no matter how many times you play it.
Wawona is ten minutes from the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees and less than an hour from Yosemite Valley. No need to worry about the children while you're here—they'll have the time of their lives! For folders and rates, write your nearest Yosemite Park and Curry Co. office: In San Francisco, 39 Geary Street (EXbrook 3906); in Los Angeles, 612 South Olive Street (VAndike 2396).
YOSEMITE'S "Country club" VACATION

Well selected –better protected

Careful property management through the years is a full-time job – for even the best of investments. It has been organized for you at the Bank of California under an Agency account.

Reorganizations are watched; bond-calls are anticipated; income is collected and credited to your account, or reinvested as you direct; taxes are taken care of; and reports of all transactions are regularly made.

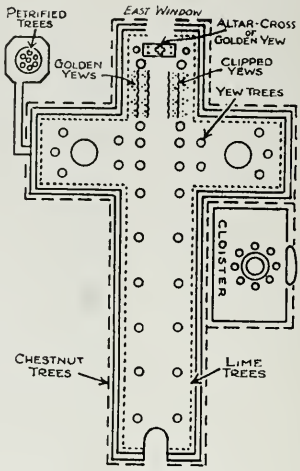
Modern Agency service often pays for itself solely through keeping money soundly invested. It can save hours of your own time and trouble each year. For a full description of limited and full agency duties at the Bank of California ask for the interesting booklet, "Some Facts about our Agency Service." No obligation is involved.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco

Walls of Chestnut, Pillars of Yew



Plan of the Cathedral.

"Cathedral" of Trees Built on Bog

Reprint from London Express

■ By the side of a hill on her Highland estate of Glencruitten, near Oban, a frail old woman may be seen any summer afternoon watching the progress of a 15,000 "cathedral of trees."

Mrs. MacKay, a widow, can now walk only with the aid of two sticks. She is seventy-six. Still she pursues the task, left unfinished by her husband when he died last year, of building a garden "cathedral" on the estate.

Mr. MacKay was a wealthy man; he left 213,000 pounds.

Sixteen years ago he started to build his "cathedral." Now he lies buried at the "altar."

3 YEARS' WORK

To beautify his "cathedral" he brought trees and shrubs from all parts of Britain, the Continent, and America.

"The work will not be completed till about 1970," one of the gardeners told me.

"The part of the estate Mr. MacKay chose for the 'cathedral' was a bog.

"By the time the 'cathedral' is complete the trees which represent the walls will have grown to a height of fifty feet."

The "cathedral" is 250 feet in length, the nave being 170 feet. The transepts are 180 feet wide.

It is double-walled, the inside wall being composed of lime trees and the outside of chestnut trees.

MOSAIC PAVEMENT

The pillars are yew, and the floor is covered with types of heath, done in the form of a mosaic pavement.

The altar is covered with cotoneaster, and has a golden yew in the center growing in the shape of a cross, with four dwarf junipers at the corners. It is here that Mr. MacKay, who died at the age of eighty, is buried.

The memorial stone bears this inscription: "And a man shall be as a hiding place from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The Care and Upkeep of Furs

—John Polea, Schneider Bros.

■ Furs—the most flattering of women's apparel—are a joy and a pleasure to behold, but only when in good condition. And furs can only be kept in good condition when the owner knows how to cooperate with her furrier. But, unfortunately, very few women are well enough informed on the care of furs to give this cooperation. Therefore, this article—the result of intensive study devoted to securing for you the greatest possible service and satisfaction from your fur garment—should be carefully read, for the few minutes consumed in reading it will more than compensate you in actual saving of dollars and cents and the satisfaction of having more beautiful furs.

We know that all furs do not yield the same degree of durability, nor is durability dependent on price. Chinchilla is a most expensive fur, but is not as durable as rabbit, which is far cheaper in price. However, the durability of a fur will be greatly lengthened if it is properly handled, cared for, and regularly cleaned by an expert furrier. The mere appearance of a parted seam or a small hole in the leather should not give you undue alarm. The most expensive garments as well as the cheapest are apt to be subject to certain small defects. If this should happen to your garment, no matter how trivial it may seem to you, bring the garment to your furrier and have the trouble corrected before it grows more serious.

The leather is the foundation of any piece of fur, the care of which will determine the satisfaction or dissatisfaction received from any fur garment. The treatment of the leather preparatory to manufacture is largely technical, and would probably be of very little interest to you. However, it is the treatment of the leather which gives it the desired pliability and elasticity, and adds considerably to its strength. We suggest the following rules to you in order that you may preserve your garment with proper care and under proper conditions:

1. When you wish a garment cleaned, take it to a furrier who will clean it by a safe sawdust and drum method. Furs should never be dry cleaned, as dry cleaning dissolves some of the furdressing oils and natural oils of the pelt.

2. If your fur garment is damp and wet, do not put it on or near a stove or radiator. Hang it on a hanger properly and let it dry slowly at ordinary room temperature.

3. If your fur garment is wet through, then take it to your furrier as soon as possible to be properly dried.

4. Do not hang your furs in a closet unless you are sure that it does not contain steam pipes, and always be sure to allow for proper ventilation.

5. Never rub the hand against the grain of the hair. If the fur must be handled continually, run the hand gently with the grain only.

6. Always hang your fur garment on a well-shaped hanger.

For better wear avoid unnecessary friction against any part of your fur garment. Be particularly careful to avoid friction caused by jewelry or bags carried on the arm or swinging against the side of the garment. Do not allow your collar to come in contact with your hat. Be particularly careful to avoid wear when riding in an automobile, particularly on that portion of the garment from the wrist to the elbow, on the shoulder blades and on the lower part of the back across the hips.

In this respect a fur coat presents a distinct advantage over a cloth coat, because a worn place can usually be taken out and new skins set in to match, thereby prolonging the usefulness of the garment without impairing its beauty.

You are apt to damage fur garments seriously if you attempt to brush or comb them. This work should be done by an expert furrier.

Of course it is a known fact that a fur garment is made of many smaller skins joined together. This necessitates reinforcing them at places where strain is to be expected. When your furrier fits your coat see that it is thoroughly comfortable, with ample room for arm and body actions. Dot not ever pull your coat tightly around you when you sit down. Always allow plenty of freedom for action, unbuttoning it whenever possible.

It is natural that the hairs of some furs should break off. As a matter of fact, some furs are more prone to breaking off than others. You may mistake merely loose hair for breaking or shedding hairs. If in doubt take it to your furrier at once.

It is to be expected that both natural and dyed furs fade in time. Some fade more rapidly than others. To assist in avoiding this condition hang your furs in a cool, ventilated closet when not in use, and cover them with a clean cover. Airing a fur is ordinarily not harmful, but it should not be placed in the bright sunlight.

A FINGER'S TOUCH *brings* PLEASANT GAS HEAT

The slightest touch of an electric switch starts your gas house-heating installation. Instantly soothing warm air filters into the rooms, banishing chill and dampness.

Automatic control of the new gas heaters takes care of all heating worries and eliminates all human effort and supervision. By a simple adjustment of the control, room temperatures can be maintained at any desired degree.

Remember this one fact—*Gas Heat is not expensive!* Its convenience, cleanliness, and many other advantages, make it the most economical house-heat on the market.

The modern basement gas-fired heating unit is one of the finest and most convenient pieces of equipment ever designed for home comfort. See the new gas heaters at your nearest dealer's display rooms. Liberal budget terms can be obtained suitable to every purse.

■

See Your Dealer or This Company

P·G·and E·

PACIFIC GAS *and* ELECTRIC COMPANY

WCC 202-440

UNMATCHED FLAVOR...

the proof is in the cup!

That's where CASWELL'S NATIONAL CREST COFFEE proves its superior flavor . . . *in the cup!*

CASWELL'S NATIONAL CREST COFFEE is delivered *direct to your home* . . . FRESH from the roasting ovens! The Caswell Representative will deliver your coffee in the *exact* steel-cut chaffless "grind" needed for your favorite method of brewing coffee. This personal service is your guarantee against coffee failure.

Telephone your order today! Taste for yourself Caswell's superiority *in the cup!*

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

SAN FRANCISCO
642 Harrison Street
'phone: SUtter 6654

OAKLAND
1150 - 28th Street
'phone: HIgate 1017

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

Pacific House: A Center and A Program

—G. L. McCann Morley

San Francisco is to have a Fair again. Opening May 25, attracting its millions of Bay Region residents, to the gaieties and curiosities that from the beginning have been the essence of fairs everywhere, bringing in myriads of visitors, for four months it will be the active center of amusement and instruction in the West.

In every way it will be a new Fair, with all the romantic beauties of 1939, with equivalent art treasures and parallel ingenuity of entertainment, but every aspect underlined, every part brightened and perfected as if it had grown in power and intention and maturity during its winter rest.

Pacific House, like every other part, will appear in a new guise, with the maturity of a second season.

More than ever will its function as theme center of the Exposition's Pageant of the Pacific be accentuated. It will be the meeting place of all the interests of the Pacific, trade, economy, culture. All those many lands, with all their peoples which rim the two edges of the Pacific or find place in it, as well as the Latin-American countries which like ourselves are turning their forces westward, will be represented and be presented to the Exposition public as a unit by Pacific House.

The program of interpretation can be briefly outlined. A new feature — cultural exhibitions changing weekly—will be stressed this year. These exhibitions will choose for illustration customs, costumes, products, and other visual aspects of the civilization of the Pacific countries. They will be shown in effective display stages in the four corners of Pacific House, and changing as they will weekly, will furnish variety and excitement to the interior.

Another aspect of the function of interpretation and comparison of the countries of the Pacific, which Pacific House has made its own, is the program which will be carried on for the benefit of the public in the Conference Room. Music of Java and Bali, of Mexico and of China and Japan, will be presented, with comment and interpretation. Costumes worn by natives of the various countries resident in our own cities will be illustrated and studied, and native dances and songs presented. Lectures, round-table meetings, conferences of various types on the economic, commercial, geographic, musical, artistic and ethnographic aspects of the Pacific will be offered. Motion pictures will be given every night, concerned with travel, ceremonial, archeological and art interests of the region.

All such activities are free; all provided to bring to the San Francisco public a more rounded realistic picture of these many interesting neighbors on our doorstep.

They have been planned by the Exposition company, which wishes to carry on a constructive work in aiding the foreign nations participating here to present themselves to the American public. They feel that a fair should sow the seeds of an enduring interest, and San Francisco is the great doorway to the Pacific world which is yet so largely unknown. They plan to make it better known.

The programs, scholarly and popular, are possible only because of the generous cooperation of many organizations and individuals. At this time, the Institute of Pacific Relations, which is generously contributing active participation and much good counsel in its particular field of interest, should be mentioned.

Today we are a visual-minded people, habituated to the graphic messages of advertising. Accordingly, it may well be that the message of understanding which the Covarrubias maps have told so powerfully about the people, the products, the animals and plants, and the arts of the Pacific there in Pacific House, will also be best spread abroad by those very maps. They are being reproduced in full color and as fine arts prints of a size for framing, and at a modest price. They will be ready for the opening and will be on sale throughout the Exposition. In scholarly fashion but wittily and picturesquely, they tell very directly and understandingly the story of the whole Pacific. Everyone who carries away a set under his arm will have the essential of what Pacific House is planned to interpret to the public.

Early Advertisers

(Continued from page 14)

Orange Glasses, Salvers, Pattie, Sweetmeat and Pickle Saucers, Royal Arch Mason Glasses, Salt Linings." • • •

At the "Sign of the Spectacles in Second Street, near Black-Horse Alley" in Philadelphia, Hannah Breintnall sold "Venetian green Spectacles for weak or watery eyes, of various sorts. Also con-

cave Spectacles for short sighted Persons." • • •

Garden clubs in colonial times are not of record. But that there were gardeners aplenty to read spring advertisements—forerunners of the catalogs, witness the announcement of Lydia Dyer, among others, who in March 1751 "at the North end, near the Salutation (Boston)" was prepared to sell "The very best of Garden Seeds, early Cabbage, early Lettuce Seeds, early Dutch, early Sugarloaf, early Yorkshire, green Savory, yellow ditto, round red turnip, yellow ditto, • • • with a variety of fine Flower Seeds, imported in the very latest ship from London."

Seed trade must have been a profitable one, for ten women dealers specialized in them over a period of years. While she never mentioned seeds, Mary Jackson of Boston was a "she-merchant" who was a natural-born salesman, apparently. Her first advertisement was concerned with "Ironmongery, Braziery, Cutlery, also Pewter and Lead by the Hundredweight, and Nails of all sorts." Through a long period of advertising she ranged from offers of "a handsome new chaise," on one occasion, "lead, shot and pewter dishes, and a new importation of mouring goods." She also "makes and sells Tea-Kettles, and Coffee-Pots, copper Drinking-Pots, brass and copper Sauce-Pans, Stew-Pans, Baking-Pans, Kettle-Pots and Fish Kettles, etc."

An interesting comment on colonial women in business is made by Elizabeth Anthony Dexter, whose volume of research on Colonial Women of Affairs is the source of this article, with her statement, "During the black years of 1757-1768, when Boston particularly suffered from the French and Indian Wars, and notices of bankruptcy were in every paper, no woman was observed among the unfortunates."

To the modern ad writer who "thought up" the idea of "selling service," we commend the advertisement of Elizabeth Phillips, who put up "sturgeon in the best manner, different to any that has been put up in these parts." She advised her customers "When you open the Keg, take out the cork and draw off the pickle in a clean pot or pan, take out the marked head, harden the hoops, pour the pickle over the fish, putting a clean cloth upon that over the head, and the head of the keg upon that, with a small weight thereon, to prevent the air getting in; if the pickle waste, add sharp vinegar to it."

She was not only selling pickled sturgeon—she was selling a service. What an Advertisers' Show those Colonial women merchants could have staged!

NEW *sunfast fabrics for slip covers, draperies and upholstery. Unusual designs.*

Richlee

Bring us your furnishing problems

907 POST STREET, near HYDE GRaystone 7050

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The Power and The Glory

THE POWER AND THE GLORY; by Phyllis Bentley; the Macmillan Company, 1940. $2.50. Reviewed by Phileta Fitzgerald.

■ "The Power and the Glory; by Phyllis Bentley. . . . In "The Power and the Glory" Phyllis Bentley has written a moving novel of Yorkshire in the time of the English Civil War. It is the story of gentle Penninah Clarkson and of the man she loved and the man she married. In the background move great names and great events: Charles I, the two Lords Fairfax, Cromwell, Marston Moor, Naseby. All have their influence on Penninah's life, although some of the people she never saw but she learns that things so remote as to seem almost legendary to her affect even the quiet household of a simple woman who asks nothing except to live her life with dignity, to do her duty to her family and to worship as her conscience dictates.

Left alone with her children while her husband fights with Fairfax and Cromwell for parliament in its struggle against the King, Penninah strives to keep her home and her children safe in a land torn by civil war. She lives through this period in great emotional turmoil, for while she and her husband have minds united on the Puritan cause, their hearts are divided. Penninah sees her village besieged, her house sacked and the careers of her dearly loved brother and her eldest son apparently ruined. She sees seeming defeat of the cause in which she believes and finally victory at arms. Bitterest of all is the realization that although her side won its fight, its leaders, in the flush of their victory, deny that freedom to their fellow countrymen which they had fought to secure.

"The Power and the Glory" brings home to the reader most vividly that the one thing for which men will sacrifice everything, even life itself, is human liberty and also that it is much easier to die gloriously for a cause than to live for it. A gifted and skillful novelist, Miss Bentley does not force upon her readers the social significance of the period of which she writes. It is there for him who will read between the lines but he who asks only an interesting story well told will find that and nothing more. Readers who avoid historical novels because they had to read too many dull ones during their school days need not be afraid of this book. Its story is engrossing and its heroine is as modern as tomorrow and as charming as one's most gracious friend.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor

■ Coming exhibitions at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, as announced by Director Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., include two one-man shows of special interest. An exhibit of colored etchings by Max Pollak will open on April 8th at this museum in Lincoln Park, and beginning a week later, on April 15, a gallery will be devoted to oil paintings by Jose Ramis. The Art Section of the Northern California Junior College Association will open an exhibition of outstanding examples of student work at the Legion of Honor Museum on April 22. Continuing exhibitions are the Portraits by Catherine Wentworth, through April 7, and the Sanford Ross Watercolors of East African game country, through April 9. The entire month of April will be devoted to the showing of the Mildred Anna Williams permanent collection of 72 oil paintings, also tapestries and French antique furniture, which has just become the property of the museum through the generous bequest of Mr. Williams and his late wife, and which had its premiere the middle of March.

Max Pollak, a native of Prag, grew up in Vienna, where he studied at the Academy of Art, topping four years of painting with four years devoted to etching under William Unger and Ferdinand Schmutzer, both pioneers and outstanding in the field of color etching. Winning the Rome Prize in his last year at the Academy, he followed this advantage up with further studies in Holland and France. For the last thirteen years he has exhibited widely in the United States and notable examples of his work hang in the Modern Museum in Prag, the British Museum, the Metropolitan Museum and the Public Library in New York, Cincinnati Art Museum, the San Francisco Museum of Art, and the Sacramento State Library. The exhibition of his colored etchings in April at the Legion of Honor Museum offers a rare opportunity for interesting study of superb handling of this medium by a master craftsman and true artist.

Jose Ramis, who will have an exhibition of oil paintings, was born in Catalonia, Spain, and has been a resident of this country for the past fifteen years. He is entirely self-taught, save for a few months spent at the California School of Arts and Crafts. The subjects of Ramis' paintings reflect extensive travels

through Mexico, South and Central America, and he has had exhibitions in Bogota, Mexico City, and San Diego.

The following free lectures for the four Sundays in April will be given at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, according to Mr. Howe, the director. These take place at 2:00 p.m., in the little theater. April 7: "The Life and Art of Francesco de Guardi," by Dr. Robert Neuhaus. April 14: "The Williams Bequest: Dutch Painting," by Paula DeLuca. April 21: "John Constable and Landscape Painting in the 19th Century," by Dr. Robert Neuhaus. April 28: "The Williams Bequest: Flemish Painting," by Paula DeLuca.

The Wednesday morning discussion groups, meeting at 11:00 o'clock and open to the public, will cover the following topics in April: "Rembrandt van Rijn" on April 3; "Jan Vermeer van Delft" on April 10; "Edouard Manet" on April 17; "Auguste Renoir" on April 24. Saturday afternoon movies, at 2:00 p.m., are scheduled as follows: April 6, "The Tragedy of Mt. Everest"; April 13, "Tsar to Lenin"; April 20, "History of Aviation." No show will be given the last Saturday of the month, but instead, on Sunday, April 28, at 4:00 p.m., a group of four reels will be presented: "March of Time: Ghost Town Saves Itself," "Hat Parade," "Little Boy Blue" (comedy), and "Futuritzy." Each of the Saturday movie features is supplemented by a comedy or musical subject.

For children there are art classes and motion pictures at the museum in Lincoln Park every Saturday morning from 10:00 to 11:30 o'clock. A general tour of the museum is afforded visitors each Tuesday and Thursday morning at 11:00 o'clock.

"Death Loses a Pair of Wings"

■ "Dr. William Crawford Gorgas, more than any engineer, made possible the building of the Panama Canal, through his work in eradicating yellow fever," stressed Robin Lampson, Berkeley poet-novelist, in his recent talk at the Club.

Lampson's topic, "Death Loses a Pair of Wings," is the title of his recently published second novel, which is, he said, essentially the life story of Dr. Gorgas, often called 'Physician to the World."

Both Gorgas and his wife were stricken with yellow fever and much of his early life followed closely the struggle against the dread disease, so that "it would almost seem that Gorgas had inherited his destiny."

Turning to the study of medicine, William Gorgas entered the Medical Corps of the U. S. Army and finally rose to be surgeon-general, which post he held with great distinction all through the World War. His first great opportunity as a sanitarian came in 1901, during the occupation of Cuba, when in five months' time he wiped out yellow fever in Havana, basing his program on the findings of a commission headed by Dr. Walter Reed which the year before had scientifically proved the theory of the Cuban doctor, Carlos J. Finlay, that yellow fever was transmitted by mosquitoes.

Dr. Gorgas, for his great humanitarian work, during which he entirely eliminated yellow fever in Panama in less than two years, received the highest honors of the American army. For his hospital and sanitary work during the first World War, he was knighted on his death bed in London by King George V, in 1920.

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California Creates . . .

—Eric H. Amberg, Amberg-Hirth

■ We all know that California produces climate. We all know that California produces oranges, wine, gold and oil — things we take for granted, duly appreciate, and even boast about.

Yet how few of us, comparatively, know that California produces some of the country's most outstanding designers and craftsmen. In every phase of industry we find designers evolving products which we use in our daily life, be it in our homes, or at the office. Some of these designers active in the field now are from California, people who have received their training in our universities and art schools.

Little do we realize when we look at a cartoon in Esquire or smart illustrations in leading magazines, or when we buy a line product, be it in our shops here or in the smartest shops in the East or elsewhere throughout the country, that these illustrations or products are the creative work of people who are born or live right in our midst. We all know the Toastmaster and the Remington Typewriters which are designed by Joseph Sinel, and proudly we refer to Dorothy Liebes, who has won national recognition for her handloomed textiles. These are just two examples — there are many more we could mention.

As is the case with industry so it is with the individual craftsmen who design and create their own products. While pottery has become one of California's important industries, there are many individuals who design and build their own vase forms, bowls, figurines. Some of these people have already won national and even international recognition for their work. In the finest Museums of Art they are winning first prizes each year. Reference is made to such ceramists as Andreson, Lukens, Natzler and Odorler. There are others who will, because of the merit of their work, win recognition as their creative ability unfolds.

There are weavers and designers of printed textiles whose handloomed and handblocked table linens are featured and sold in the smartest shops throughout the country. What could compliment a hostess more than a beautifully appointed table — distinctive table linen?

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Club Notes

■ NEW IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: An interesting assortment of new colors and designs in hand-blocked smocks. Garden baskets in a variety of shapes and sizes. Many shades of colored sands to be used in spring flower arrangements.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Are now being formed in French under the direction of Mlle. Marie Lemaire and Mme. Rose Olivier, and in Spanish under the direction of Senorita Angela Montiel and Moya Rosa del Pino. Hours may be arranged to suit convenience of pupils—make arrangements through Executive Office for lessons.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES under the direction of Mrs. Earl Tanbara are being held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock and Thursday evenings at 7:00 o'clock. Complete instructions—$2.00; material extra.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French Round Tables: Mlle. Marie Lemaire, director, are held every Thursday at the noon hour. French Round Tables: Mlle. Le Brun de Surville, director, every Thursday at the dinner hour. Spanish Round Tables: Senorita Angela Montiel, every first and third Wednesday at the noon hour. Members are cordially invited to join these groups.

■ LIBRARY COMMITTEE MEETING: Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Chairman of the Library Committee, held a meeting of her group on March 20th and announces that her committee will continue with its policy as in the past of having well-planned and well-thought-out lists of books to meet the varied interests of a large membership. The committee will meet monthly.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

White to make March feel like Spring is really here. To describe the newest hats to be worn during the entire summer is quite impossible, as there are so many new and inspiring ideas for all types. Flowers galore. A luscious new shade of green. A dozen new sailors with different crowns. Quills, twisted and otherwise. All new and all very welcome.
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Spring
In the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly are many new and interesting things . . . Exquisite silks in fascinating colors, fashioned into luxurious creations . . robes, pajamas, nightgowns, negligees, hostess jackets and everything imaginable for milady.
Of particular interest at this time are Beach Pajamas, beautifully tailored of heavy Pongee, with short bolero-type jackets and slacks to match. Cool and refreshing for beach wear.
For men are robes of heavy Pongee, trimmed with Obi Brocade. Luxurious in appearance and extremely serviceable.
Just look and see the many new and interesting things now on display
Madame Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue—San Francisco

(Continued from page 15)

where the climate is of the tropical variety suitable for sugar cane and it is one of the biggest industries in the country. There were miles and miles of cane waving green from the sea on one side to the outline of the Inanda hills on the other. It is a pleasantly rolling country, forever green, with stretches of virgin bush land (it looked like jungle to us!) which are alive with bucks of various sizes and types from a small one the size of an alley cat to others the size of a deer. Guinea hens, pigeons, venison all found their way to our table in this land of plenty.

It is an easy land to live in. The servant problem is hardly a problem at all for there are Indians (imported years ago to work in the sugar mills) as well as the native Zulus eager for the comparatively easy jobs in the house. Their wages run from a pound a month to about four pounds for an excellent cook, and they work from five or six in the morning until eight or nine o'clock at night, with one day off a fortnight. It was amusing to realize that in spite of their civilized excellence as servants that the Indians payed tribute still to their ancient Indian gods in a nearby temple, and that my daughter's little Zulu cook hung bottles of "muti"—magic made of bits of animals, lion's fat, the stone from a crocodile's stomach, the hair of an ape, etc.—on the washline to keep evil and witchcraft away from the house and to give him success with the girls!

After several weeks on the sugar estate at Mount Edgecombe, we drove north to St. Lucia Bay. It was amazing to find that within a few hours driving from our modern surroundings, where electric stoves, frigidaires and all the latest conveniences were taken for granted, that we were really in the "wilds" of Africa. St. Lucia Bay is a world-famous fishing spot—a beautiful lagoon and estuary where the fishing is phenomenal. There are only a few cottage hotels of a primitive variety here, and it costs the hardship of two hours over 18 miles of awful roads to get there from the nearest town, Mtubatuba. Near there also is the Hluhluwe game reserve which is famous for its rhinoceri and other wild life. One morning while at St. Lucia we went by motor launch miles up the nearby Umfalozi River to find some hippopotami. After miles of chugging along this crocodile infested river we came at last to the hippos having a bath—about thirty or more of them submerged in the water except for their bright pink snouts and ears. We went up to within twenty feet of them, but the native boy who rejoiced in the name of Percy refused to go any closer. He wasn't taking any chances of being upset into the river by these great beasts.

From St. Lucia we went north through Swaziland, where the natives look like black Harpo Marxes, with red hair, to the Kruger National Park. This is an enormous tract of land lying next to Portuguese East Africa, which is kept entirely as a wild animal preserve — and animals in great quantities we saw: lions, giraffe, impala, water buck, sable antelope, wart hogs, veldebeeste (the fabled gnu), kudu — in fact, practically any animal named in a book on Big Game Hunting in Africa. We crossed the Park to some privately owned shooting farms; where we stayed. The camp was a marvelous place, built in the bush on a bluff above the Sand River. At night we sat around a campfire and ate our dinner, while all about us wild animals roamed. After the lights were out we could often hear lions roaring or the sharp whistle of a hyena or jackal close to camp. During the day the men went out regularly after lions, and four were brought in while we were in camp.

From a scenic point of view the country is extremely uninteresting. The bush here is neither high nor very thick and gives one the impression of a very old and deserted orchard. It is a cruel country though, with its preying animals, its drought, the continual feeling of terror and alarm that emanates from the preyed-on animals. Even the vegetation is unkind for everywhere is the cruel thorn tree (wart-ein-bitje, the Boer calls it, "wait a bit") with sharp, hard stillettos two inches long, calculated to tear the flesh from an animal fleeing through it.

The first impression one has is of drabness in the whole country, but after a short time one finds also a beauty in the sepia tints of the landscape. But everything is not dull. There are not many flowers, but those there are of a brilliant hue. Fields of aloes look like dancing flames, and the grotesque impala lily plant puts forth a blossom that has all the beauty of the early peach. The birds, too, do not hide their lights for they are brilliant flashes of color in the dun, bright greens, scarlets, blues both dark and light—all the shades to rival the bright sunsets.

After several weeks spent here in the wilds, so far from civilization that one forgot it, we returned to Natal by way of the Transvaal. The long stretches of dry, flat land made us glad to get to the lush green of Natal again and the restful life on the sugar plantation.

And then before we could consolidate plans for a trip to Johannesburg—the little New York—or the Victoria Falls—the big Niagara—came news of War in Europe, and it was on this unpleasant note that a pleasant trip ended. But at least Africa to us is no longer a mysterious dark continent where the unbelievable happens in every-day life, where heat, dust, black men and the beating of the tom-toms stand out above all else —but it is a comfortable land where there is just enough of the wild and unusual mixed with the modern to make life very interesting.

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Thus through her own words we are introduced to Miss Dorothy Demming, Director of the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, who was in the San Francisco Bay Area for an important three-day conference which she devoted to discussions on increasing lay interest and participation in Public Health Nursing and on creating closer relationship between the Western Organization for Public Health Nursing, a task for which she is eminently qualified. A graduate of Vassar College and Presbyterian Hospital in New York, Miss Demming has been in the field of Public Health Nursing as staff nurse supervisor and administrator of several Public Health Nursing organizations before becoming Director of the national organization, and has always stood for the highest quality of Public Health Nursing activities.

A Survey

■ A recently completed survey completed by the Community Chest indicates that San Francisco should have a minimum of 360 beds for convalescent patients. At present the city has 150 beds for children, 48 for women and none for men. The Chest is working toward the establishment of more adequate facilities to solve this major health problem.

Garden Department

INDOOR FERNS

To grow ferns successfully it is necessary to have a glasshouse, which must be shaded in the summer and heated in the winter. No attempt by an amateur should be made to grow stove ferns which require a night temperature of 55 degrees to 60 degrees. F. All ferns require a certain amount of atmospheric moisture, more especially in the summer when making their growth.

POTTING INDOOR FERNS

These should be rested by keeping them cooler and drier overhead and at the roots in the autumn and winter, say from October onwards. To re-pot old ferns, the ball of soil may be reduced in size, to enable it to be put in the same size pot or slightly larger, according to the size of the roots. Young plants may be potted several times a year, which means they may be transplanted into larger pots as growth demands. When potting ferns, the pots should be well crocked and the soil pressed firmly round the roots, but less firmly when potting young plants. A compost of 8 parts loam, 4 parts leafmould, 1½ parts sand, ½ part broken bricks, ¼ part broken charcoal, will suit most Maidenhair ferns.

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From Evanston to Pasadena by Helen Slocum

■ From Evanston, Ill., to Pasadena, Calif., via Dallas, Texas; Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico; El Paso, Texas; Juarez, Mexico; Phoenix, Arizona, and Palm Springs and Riverside, Calif.

This chronicles the main events of a leisurely transcontinental trip by automobile, with late morning and even middle of the afternoon start for the day, taken in seven and one-half days in all, with two-thirds of the highway coated with either rain, ice, slush or snow, beginning just two hours out of Highway 58 from Evanston, Ill.

The total mileage from Evanston to Pasadena was exactly 2,502. Gasoline and oil costs, $32.15. Parking of car, $2.05 Repairs on Plymouth due to fact that we started out with wheels out of alignment and finally found a Standard station at El Paso, Texas, which had a repair man who was competent to make repairs which cost $8.70.

Took off from Thains at 7:30 a.m. Tuesday, January 2, 1940, in Plymouth car, following Route 58, connecting with 66, and about two hours out of Evanston, say Dwight, Ill., picking up ice and snow and much cold weather, until upon reaching Springfield, Ill., about 2 o'clock we saw the thermometer registered five below zero. It was strange, but our Illinois capital at Springfield struck me as just as dirty a town as it did the summer of 1931 on another transcontinental drive, when we pulled in there in the middle of the afternoon, also looking for lunch and ending up in a drug store.

Jacksonville, Ill., always of interest to me as I frequently visited there as a kid, at 856 West State Street, and each time since, in passing, would like to say "hello" to our cousins, the Ensley Moore tribe—historic settlers of Illinois!

The first night, Tuesday, we were entertained at Bob Anderson's in his lovely modernistic home on a snow-covered hillside at Jefferson City, Mo. Several hours before Jefferson City, Mo., we entered the lovely Ozark Mountains. The highway winds in and out of these Ozarks, which are completely blanketed with snow. Phoning up to our host's home (Bill Anderson), he suggested we put the Plymouth in a garage for the night and he'd come and pick us up in his car to avoid any chance of our getting stuck on Jefferson City hills as many of the natives themselves were doing. In the morning while dressing I saw one of their neighbors stuck outside of the adjoining driveway, and we saw him still there when we drove away after breakfast. We left his wife and little four-year-old daughter and his mother, about 9 o'clock, looking out the windows of their lovely ravine home, completely surrounded with snow and ice, and changed at the garage to our Plymouth, finding snow and ice on all the highways all that day. Before crossing into Oklahoma (that was Wednesday, the second day out), we ran across a corner of Kansas where the roads are frightful—about ten miles or so, but all the forenoon it was lovely through these Ozark Mountains, touching off and on at Ozark Lake, which extends for miles. Little cottages, mostly small, with smoke curling out of a little chimney, lined the woody highways, and fishing advertised all along the roadsides.

We found sales tax in Missouri with little mill and half-mill tokens, some with holes in center. No stop at Kansas towns, so no purchases. Snow still followed us, and after leaving Kansas state line about 4 o'clock, ran into a real snow storm, so we turned in that night at Vinita, Oklahoma, registering at Hotel Vinita ($1.25 per). They told us here that in about 200 miles we'd say "goodbye" to the snow, but—maybe! Nice coffee shop here but village very Western-looking and lonesome-like.

Thursday, the third morning, was foggy with snow in the air and warm enough to melt, so fairly slushy. The snow all day Thursday through Oklahoma, also mill sales tax tokens. We lunched on Thursday at Muskogee. This Route 69 is called the shortest and most picturesque highway to the Southwest and to Mexico. Muskogee is a famous old Indian hunting and playground spot and tourists also visit Fort Gibson here, built in 1824. About twenty-three miles beyond Muskogee we took to the air, it seemed, leaving behind us for a short time the snow belt, and we beat our way into Dallas. Had dinner at the White-Plaza Hotel there.

The country all through Oklahoma is rolling and seems poor and impoverished when it comes to the dwellings of the people—mostly a little shack with smoke curling out of a little chimney.

But with Texas it is different—here's the land of wide-open spaces! All sparsely settled. While waiting for Sam in the morning we walked around Dallas a little, spending most of the time in the world's most famous department store—Nieman-Marcus.

All the day at Dallas it snowed and melted as it fell. The sales girls and ele-

vator girls at Nieman-Marcus department store were all agog because of the snow and in their slow lovely Southern drawl were wishing it would keep snowing until the snow was four feet deep! Thus passed Friday, our fourth day out, at Dallas, until after 2 o'clock we took off again in our Plymouth. On through Fort Worth, Texas, a busy livestock market and packing center, we hurried, passing up the mineral springs to the north, and with the storm continuing, we put up for the night at Abilene, Texas, at the Grace Hotel. It was a funny little Western hotel, the Hilton or the Wooten being almost skyscrapers and more pretentious (the Wooten about eighteen stories high). The Grace was $1 per.

The next day, Saturday, our fifth day out, from Abilene, Texas, our drive to El Paso, Texas—it was still snowing and raining—and Texas over this section is mostly open spaces with scatterings of black hills looming up way off in the distance somewhere! No vegetation but desert growths of all descriptions apparently—at least so to me.

That day we should have gone up to the famous Carlsbad Caverns—but Ruth thought in order to get into El Paso at a certain time for the night we should not stop. It's a most remarkable one-day side trip to the Carlsbad Caverns National Park, New Mexico, with its miles of gigantic underground caves. These are filled with grotesque pillars looming out under the effects of indirect lighting —the caverns extending some five miles and some!

The vegetation is still desert—acres and acres of cactus. On approaching El Paso we enter through a beautiful drive, miles long, lined on either side with a native tree. They call this Valley Road. El Paso, the tree bearing sort of a golden leaf. Looking about for an attractive hotel, we drove almost plumb into the El Paso Y. W. C. A., and finding they had just two rooms, our time being short, and we anxious to get out around the town, parked there with a garage next door for the Plymouth. $1.25 per, as mostly usual.

This was Saturday night, our fifth night out, and a good time for such flighty maidens to go wandering along Mexico way (although our hostess at the Y. W. particularly warned the writer not to go over under any circumstances across the border into Juarez that Saturday night. (Pronounce Warez.) Juarez is just ten minutes from El Paso, by street car across the International Bridge over the Rio Grande River. It is a colorful town by day and by night — brightly plastered houses of adobe, rickety little shops, selling all sorts of fascinating native

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wares, and gay night spots luring all passersby to step in. Ruth suggested movies, but believing Mexico like Chinatown in San Francisco, more enhanced by darkness, more foreign, etc., I answered the call. It was all intriguing—music everywhere. Natives all out for the holiday.

Juarez is typically Mexican — adobe buildings, street shops on sidewalks, etc. No duty on perfumes and many other imports like at Gibraltar on the Mediterranean. Carved articles of wood and lacquered in color were particularly attractive. On return trip to the States the custom officers came through the street car inquiring as to our packages, and asked us if we were Canadians. "Mexicale Rose, good-bye!"

Sunday morning, our sixth day out, would have seen us on a fairly early start—8 o'clock—but stopping at a Standard gas station we found a mechanic who seemed to understand how to correct the alignment on the Plymouth—steering had been troublesome the entire trip, difficult to hold the road, so this repair job caused several hours' delay.

Texas in this part of the country is certainly desert land, nothing but small shacks scattered among small towns. Only growth seemed to be forms of cactus desert plants, the Joshua tree, which is another form of cactus plant, the tumble weed, etc. The road sign, "Drink, Drive and Die," all through Texas has been quite conspicuous.

El Paso, of course, is set smack up against the side of dark mountains, virtually in a mountain hollow; thus we were never out of sight of some mountain range any of the time. It kept me continually humming to myself (inaudibly, however) one of my favorite popular songs, "Funny Old Hills" — funny old hills so far away! My companion meanwhile chatted merrily on.

Shortly after leaving El Paso we crossed the state line going northwest into New Mexico and lunched at Lordsburg. The ride cutting this corner of New Mexico is short, and we soon found we were crossing the state line again—this time from New Mexico into Arizona, with Phoenix our main objective. Had set my heart on a night at Phoenix, but it didn't seem to be in the cards, so that was that. At the state line again the customs officials confiscated our marvelous grapefruit — huge, sweet grapefruit for 20 cents a dozen.

So off we started with our Arizona sticker also on the Plymouth. Globe, Arizona, is still in the rough mountainous country, it was raining, etc., so we stopped at Globe for the night. Tiny town but a swell city tearoom with a dinner that would do even Evanston proud. Our hotel at Globe, Arizona, the Tonto. Two rooms with bath between, $1.50 per. The ride in the afternoon had included the Coolidge Dam, set right in the heart of the mountains, seemed just like a vanishing stream with three huge sort of oval-shaped reservoirs. The road approaching the Coolidge Dam was very winding and also as we left it.

A sign in Juarez and El Paso was quite amusing, "While you're sober write some cards."

Monday morning and our sixth day out—left the little Hotel Tonto at Globe and for once got actually on the road fairly early with lovely Phoenix, Arizona, as our noon-day destination. It was lovely at Phoenix, warm and glorious sunshine, but in the short time we stopped there clouds came up from somewhere and it rained again! Ruth had a friend to call on so I wandered around alone. Had hoped to get out to see the Phoenix Hotel Biltmore and another hotel there—seeing hotels around the universe had been a hobby of mine, but again this wasn't in the picture.

From here we could run into California northwest at Blythe, or go southwest and come up again from Yuma, Arizona. Believing the road was as good through Blythe, we went that way and saved about a hundred miles. We went up through Wickenberg, then south to Blythe, where we changed to Mountain time—two hours later than Chicago time.

Of course, at Blythe we encountered the California customs officials; this time they also confiscated oranges, grapefruit, etc., and asked about cotton, but I didn't bring forth my secluded sprays. We had gone through miles of Texas cotton fields and while Ruth was eating grapefruit along the highway I had gotten out of the car and made the acquaintance of a cotton grower. He gave me a spray of each development, bud, flower, seed, etc. Said his wife didn't like Seattle, it was so cold and wet, so he had come down there. Had a small boy at his side. Most poverty-stricken place, but he seemed happy.

Desert, and still desert down through California into Indio, a little desert town for tourists in the middle of the California desert. It had been raining at Indio for three days. Things looked pretty wet! Ruth said she intended to have one night in a cabin regardless of what happened. We had looked at cabins on other evenings upon reaching towns, but I was strong for the hotels with heat. It seemed still cold because of such dampness, but I acquiesced this last night.

We registered at Darling Court, Indio.

California, on U. S. Highway 99. It looked most attractive—cabin 7 my lucky number. Fireplace, etc. Living room, in-a-door bed with connecting door to bedroom, making two bedrooms. Lots of lirewood, etc. But alas — nothing done that night — upon returning from dinner over town we found the fireplace smoked us out. It meant windows open and ourselves to bed to keep warm! Thus ended our only cabin experience crossing the continent in January. Cabin, $1.25 each.

Interesting, this tiny village of Indio. Its slogan, "Watch Coachella Valley Grow!" Population, 1937, 10,000; 1947, 50,000.

But alas Mr. Trail must move on—Tuesday the last day out—Adieu, wonderful Coachella Valley of California, once "the Great Colorado Desert of California," where God and man transformed a Paradise out of desert waste.

The seventh day—after an early start we took off from the little desert town of Indio, first stopping at Sniff's Back Yard, twenty miles east of Palm Springs and only three miles west of Indio, on the Palm Springs-Indio highway.

Sniff's Back Yard is a ranch which has produced dates, grapefruit and tangerines for years—such fruit as has made Southern California famous. Here you may see some forty kinds of citrus fruits growing, each one neatly tagged for your benefit. Each year odd trees and plants have been added. One tree has been budded with twelve different fruits. Sniff's Back Yard is "an old world charm in a new world setting"—a colorful garden acquainting the tourist with the desert and what it now produces. (Fruits, etc., also for sale here.)

But again our faithful motor, the Plymouth car, begins to silently revolve, and off we are moving toward Palm Springs, a little spot in the desert where life takes on new vistas—new color! For a little short while I managed to get off alone and visited the lovely Desert Inn, Royal Palms Hotel, Hotel El Mirador, where my famous tenant, Mrs. Bryson of Waterloo, Iowa, spent a season, and Hotel del Tahquitz, Tahquitz Vista, a beautiful apartment hotel situated on South Palm Canyon Drive with an unsurpassed view of the desert and the rugged canyons of Mt. San Jacinto.

There being no mail delivery in Palm Springs, it was amusing to see the bevy of things, both young and old, rich and poor, flocking to the postoffice and lining up for the morning mail at the General Delivery window. Breaklast in an ultra-modern drug store with an extra cup of coffee reminded me of some breaklasts in a Walgreen drug store in Reno last year.

Palm Springs—America's foremost desert resort—polo, circus, golf, rodeo, tennis, Gymkhana, movies, etc., etc.; where Wednesday night is "Family Night" at the movies, one adult ticket and one kiddies ticket admits the entire family. Get your Family Night Ticket, the slogan.

Almost tearing out our heart strings it was, this leaving Palm Springs. Driving on out of its balmy sunshine as we followed along familiar California highways, we encountered some rain, and some clouds and cold, in and out of mountains, but nearing Riverside on and on we hurried now, through Glendora (named by an old family friend for his daughter, Dora), and all the lovely orchard vistas, until signs of Pasadena greeted us, and we pulled up the faithful, sturdy Plymouth car by the side of a curb at the Civic Center where we parked it while we went down a block to the Merry Round Cafe to have lunch and telephone.

And thus, with exactly 2502 miles behind us from Evanston, Ill., to Pasadena, Calif., via Dallas, El Paso, Indio, Palm Springs and Pasadena, with a Standard Oil Record Card for gasoline and oil used, of $32.15 in costs, something over one and twenty-eight hundredths mills per mile, we turn the faithful Plymouth over to its owner in the town of Hollywood, California and as friend to friend, also say good-bye each to each to its two maiden aunt drivers upon their "happy landing."

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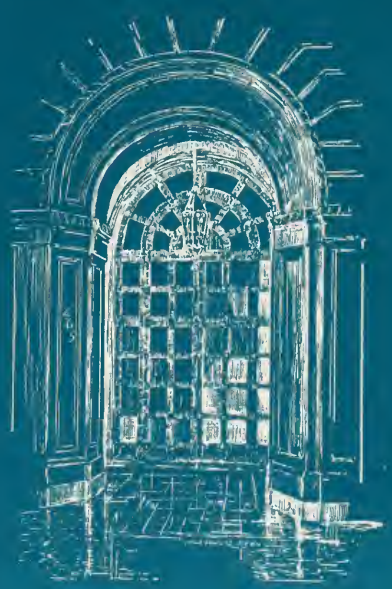

MAY
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 4

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

Women's City Club Calendar

MAY 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p.m.
Friday 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. and Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Tuesday from 5:30 6:30 p.m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p.m.
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room 2 and 7 p.m

MAY—1940

1—**Drama Reading**—Mrs. Hugh Brown: "My Dear Children" by Catherine Turney and Jerrie Horwin	**Auditorium 10:45 a.m.**
Fifth and last reading: Members, single, 55 cents; non-members, 66 cents, including tax.	
2—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 214 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex 12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium 8:00 p.m.**
"Estonia—The Land of Song and Legend," Dr. Elizabeth Judas, President of Estonian Cultural Commission, Inc.; Director of Estonian Village, Treasure Island. Illustrated Lecture.	
3—**The President's Hour**	**President's Room 1:00-2:00 p.m.**
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214 11:00 a.m.**
6—**Lecture**—Mr. William E. Colby and an Exhibit of Chinese Robes	**Auditorium 8:00 p.m.**
Club Round Table	**Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.**
8—**Lecture Series**—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis. Reservations made in advance. Limited number fifteen. No charge	**Board Room 7:30 p.m.**
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room 12:15 p.m.**
Book Review Dinner	**Nat. Def. Room 6:00 p.m.**
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review: "Mr. Skeffington" by Elizabeth and "Bethel Merriday" by Sinclair Lewis.	
9—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex 12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium 8:00 p.m.**
"Observations of a Newspaper Man in the Orient," Frederick Vincent Williams. International Correspondent, World Traveler, author of "Behind the News in China."	
10—**The President's Hour**	**President's Room 1:00-2:00 p.m.**
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214 11:00 a.m.**
13—**Lecture Series**—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis. Reservations made in advance. Limited number fifteen. No charge	**Board Room 10:30 a.m.**
Club Round Table	**Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.**
15—**Lecture**—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis (second in evening series)	**Board Room 7:30 p.m.**
16—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 214 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex 12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium 7:45 p.m.**
Program at 7:45 with short address on Shakespeare's Play, "Richard II," by Mr. Sam Pearce, actor and scholar, followed by Natural Color Motion Pictures of the Inside Passage to Alaska, Jaspar Park, Columbia Glacier and Ice Fields. Presented by Mr. Mervyn D. Silbersten of Scenic Wonder Tours.	
17—**The President's Hour**	**President's Room 1:00-2:00 p.m.**
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214 11:00 a.m.**
20—**Lecture**—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis (second in morning series)	**Board Room 10:30 a.m.**
Club Round Table	**Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.**
22—**Lecture**—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis (third in evening series)	**Board Room 7:30 p.m.**
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room 12:15 p.m.**
23—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex 12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville presiding	**Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium 8:00 p.m.**
Concert by "The Fireside Singers," directed by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. Also the Cantata—The Twin Guardians of the Golden Gate by Julia Klumpkey.	
24—**The President's Hour**	**President's Room 1:00-2:00 p.m.**
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214 11:00 a.m.**
27—Lecture—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis (third in morning series)	**Board Room 10:30 a.m.**
Club Round Table	**Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.**
29—Lecture—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis (fourth in evening series)	**Board Room 7:30 p.m.**
31—**The President's Hour**	**President's Room 1:00-2:00 p.m.**
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214 11:00 a.m.**

JUNE—1940

3—**Lecture**—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis (fourth in morning series)	**Board Room 10:30 a.m.**
Club Round Table	**Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.**
5—**Lecture**—Chinese Culture by Alma Jannapolis (fifth in evening series)	**Board Room 7:30 p.m.**
6—**Needlework Guild**	**Room 214 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Annex 12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium 8:00 p.m.**
"The March of Time in America"—In talking motion pictures by courtesy of Union Oil Company.	
7—**The President's Hour**	**President's Room 1:00-2:00 p.m.**
French Conversational Class—Mme. Rose P. Olivier presiding	**Room 214 11:00 a.m.**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV MAY, 1940 Number 4

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ EXHIBITION OF IMPERIAL AND RELIGIOUS CHINESE ROBES: Mr. William E. Colby of San Francisco has achieved fame in three fields. He has been a leader of the Sierra Club for many years; he is one of the most distinguished mining lawyers in the United States; and he has one of the most famous collections of Chinese ceremonial robes in the world. On Monday evening, May 6, at 8 o'clock, he will lecture to us on "Imperial and Religious Robes of China" and will exhibit select items of his collection. A committee of our members will assist as "models" and will have the pleasure of wearing robes and coats worn by emperors and empresses of two hundred years ago. Members are requested to make dinner reservations well in advance.

■ EXPOSITION GUEST CARDS: The same guest privileges as we had last year are to be extended for the four months' duration of the Exposition. Upon payment of one dollar each member may have an unlimited number of these Exposition guest cards issued to friends living at a distance of fifty miles or more from San Francisco.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE: Substitutes will be needed in all departments during vacation days. Members are urged to help us fill these vacancies. Please register at Executive Office.

■ THE CLUB ROUND TABLE: Every Monday evening, 6:15 to 7:30, in the main dining room. We'd like to meet you. Join us some evening.

■ BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Questions and answers! When we ask ourselves these questions:

1. How live reasonably and profitably?
2. Why read for reading's sake?
3. May a woman's life begin at fifty?
4. Is it worthwhile to learn to be an actress?

Where may we find the answers? These books answer:

1. "Art of Living," by Andre Maurois.
2. "How to Read a Book," by Mortimer J. Adler.
3. "Mr. Skeffington," by Elizabeth.
4. "Bethel Merriday," by Sinclair Lewis.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will discuss these questions and answers and books on the second Wednesday evening, May 8th, at the Book Review Dinner at 6 o'clock, in the National Defenders' Room.

■ DELINQUENT MEMBERS: All delinquent members have been telephoned to or written to. As a definite date will soon be set cancelling these memberships, those who have not sent in their checks are again reminded to do so before it is too late.

■ Is your guest to the Advertisers' Show interested in joining the Club? If so, assist her by proposing her for membership.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: This department is available to outside organizations for breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and dinner parties. Members are urged to bring group meetings to us.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of these programs, has planned the following schedule for this month: On May 2nd, "Estonia, the Land of Song and Romance." An address by Dr. Elizabeth Judas, President of Estonian Cultural Commission. Illustrated lecture. May 9th, "Observations of a Newspaper Man in the Orient" by Frederick Vincent Williams, International Correspondent, World Traveler, Author of "Behind the News in China." On May 16th, program is to start at 7:45 P. M. with a short address on Shakespeare's play, "Richard II," by Mr. Sam Pearce, actor and scholar, followed by natural color motion pictures of the Inside Passage to Alaska, Jasper Park, Columbia Glacier and Ice Fields presented by Mr. Mervyn D. Silbersten of Scenic Wonder Tours. On May 23rd, there will be a concert by "The Fireside Singers," directed by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. Also the cantata "The Twin Guardians of the Golden Gate" by Julia Klumpkey. There will be no program on May 30th on account of it being a holiday. The introductory program for June will be "The March of Time in America," in talking color motion pictures by the courtesy of Union Oil Company.

■ THE FRENCH ROUND TABLE: It is a surprising thing to find out how quickly a language (once familiar but now hidden in a musty corner of one's mind) can come back to you! And how much can be accomplished by listening and taking part in informal conversation once a week. Mrs. A comes in with her tray. A general greeting "Bon jour." A newcomer is introduced. Someone has just returned from New York by airplane. What did you think of the last Symphony artist? Did you see "Gone With the Wind?" What is its title in French? So it goes. Some speak fluently, others lamely. (I'm in the latter class.) Others listen several days before trying to speak. All need correction at times, and a word or idiom from the charming Director. The hour passes swiftly. One leaves the Club, thinking, "Why, it's lots of fun. Like being abroad. Guess I'll go again."

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES: Are now being formed in French and Spanish. Fee, members, $6.00, twelve lessons, and $7.50, non-members. Mlle. Marie Lemaire and Mme. Rose Olivier, French Instructors; lessons may be arranged to suit convenience of pupils through Executive Office.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES: Continue on each Tuesday afternoon and Thursday afternoon and evening. Fee, $2.00 for instructions—material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, Instructor.

■ CHINESE CULTURE: Since becoming a front page topic, "China" has become a Best Seller item. Travel, science, art and craft books continue to make their appearance and it becomes almost a necessity to be well-informed about every phase of the culture of that fascinating land.

A group for the study of Things Chinese is being formed under the leadership of Mrs. Alma Jannapolis. Among the many topics are Peking Man, Shang Bronzes, Jade, Textiles, Symbolism and Buddha in Art. Mrs. Jannapolis gave a similar course at the San Jose State College in 1938 and is well-known as an Orientalist and collector.

There will be no charge for this course to club members, but the number is limited to fifteen, so early reservations should be made; each talk illustrated with pictures and objects.

There will be two series of eight lectures each. Morning lectures to start Monday, May 13th, at 10:30 A. M., and evening lectures, Wednesday, May 8th, at 7:30 P. M.

■ IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: We have a large and new selection of birthday, convalescent and travel cards, also photographs of colorful spots in San Francisco, printed on note paper size folders. Our bargain tables, on the balcony of the League Shop are filled with attractive articles—very greatly reduced.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES: French Round Tables: Mlle. Marie Lemaire, director, are held every Thursday at the noon hour. French Round Tables: Mlle. Le Brun de Surville, director, every Thursday at the dinner hour. Spanish Round Tables: Senorita Angela Montiel, every first and third Wednesday at the noon hour. Help improve your conversational ability in your chosen language.

■ BEAUTY SALON: Patrons of the Beauty Salon will be glad to hear of the return of Duchene from a three months' tour of South America and the East. While in New York, Duchene visited all the leading cosmetologists — Hudnuts, Dorothy Gray, Elizabeth Arden, Sax Fifth Avenue, etc. He returns to our Salon with the latest styles in headdress and permanent waving.

■ SPECIALS FOR MAY IN THE BEAUTY SALON: Coupon books of six one-hour facials for $12.00, six one-half hour facials, $7.50. This special offer is designed to prepare patrons for the vacation months when wind and sun play havoc with the skin.

A Chinese Embroidery—The Hundred Birds

Collection of Wm. E. Colby, San Francisco

The President's Message

This issue of the Women's City Club Magazine of San Francisco contains stories of travel contributed by our members. These favored ones who have been viewing other lands and meeting other folks sharing their ideas and learning their hopes, set down here the tales of their roamings and of their observations. Others of our group will soon be journeying to other ports and when they return the Women's City Club will afford them a comfortable and happy haven and the National League for Woman's Service will offer opportunities for service which their widened vision will have made priceless.

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

Mexico By Air

by Grace O. Yocum

■ When I decided to go to Mexico by plane I was surprised to learn they left Los Angeles at 3:30 in the morning. The thought of starting an air trip at this hour was rather disturbing, but finally I purchased my ticket—round trip by air to Mexico City. Pan American's car called for me at the hotel about 2:30 A. M. Saturday, February 3rd, and soon we were at the Grand Central Airport. After the usual questions, weighing, handling luggage, etc., precisely at 3:30, one bell sounded and the Captain, Co-Pilot and Radio Operator boarded the plane. Two bells and the passengers, assisted by the Steward, quickly made their way to the Douglas Airliner as drops of rain descended. We were hardly seated and our belts fastened when the ship was off down the runway and as quickly in the air. It was dark inside the plane, although from time to time someone would ring for the Steward and a light would be flashed on for a second. It was very snug and warm within our "home for a day" and some promptly went to sleep in the comfortable reclining chairs. While this was not my first air trip, I was excited, wide awake, not wanting to miss a single thing. Of course, there wasn't very much to see the first hour and a half. It soon stopped raining, and occasionally as we passed over cities we saw lights.

Our first stop was at Mexicali, a distance of 205 miles. It was still dark, the stars were out, and on alighting we could feel the difference in atmosphere. Each stop is from 20 to 30 minutes, and one welcomes the change. Shortly after leaving Mexicali, enroute to Hermosillo, darkness gave way to dawn and we began to see, dimly at first, objects on the earth below. It was thrilling to watch the sunrise, and a novel experience. Most of the time we flew around 5000, and once 11,000 was reached. Just before landing at Hermosillo, another 367 miles, we were served coffee and doughnuts. Everything is done to make one's trip pleasant. The latest magazines and papers were available for those who wished to read. The plane accommodates 14 passengers, and we had a full list. Radio reports of interest were passed back to us frequently. At Hermosillo we gain two hours changing from Pacific to Central Time; and also pass through Mexican Customs at this point.

On boarding the plane we were given a generous supply of gum. The chewing of this and yawning alleviates atmospheric pressure on the eardrums. From time to time a green light would flash on telling us to fasten our belts when it happened to be a bit bumpy. I wasn't the least bit nervous, having read the booklet regarding travel by air, from which I think the following is worth knowing: "Contrary to common belief, there are no 'Air Pockets,' but air is constantly moving, creating a wave-like flowing. Over certain types of terrain there are currents of air flowing upward, and over others, the air is moving downward. The passing of the plane from one current to another causes the 'bumps' sometimes felt while on board. Liken the motion of the plane to that of a ship moving from wave to wave, and relax." I took this advice, relaxed, and gave my whole attention to the changing panorama unfurled at my feet.

The trip was never tiresome or monotonous. Sometimes we were flying over land, sometimes water as we crossed portions of the Gulf of California and Pacific Ocean. What amazed me were the many roads, ribbon-like, which traversed this sun-baked desert land. One wondered where they went, what was at the end of the trail, as it all appeared so sparsely settled. Looking closely we could discern small groups of thatched roofs, adobe walls, all blending with the sand. Here and there reservoirs of water, cattle, and near these habitations neat farms looking like carefully painted landscapes, each intensively cultivated field being geometrically fenced off with lines of trees or plants. From time to time a machine along the road, but more often, in single file, burros with their packs, their sombreroed riders walking leisurely alongside.

Another 493 miles, lunch time, when we were served with an attractive box luncheon; then Mazatlán at 1:10 P. M. The plane went on its way at 1:30, after changing Pilots. I spent the next three days here at the Belmar Hotel, beautifully situated, facing the beach. The sunsets each evening were gorgeous. Swimming in the surf was also enjoyed. It was Fiesta time at Mazatlán, with everyone in gay attire. We saw the Queen and her Court, the Governor, Poet Laureate of Mexico, heard their speeches, danced all night to "South of the Border" and other American tunes, were serenaded by strolling native musicians. All too quickly it was plane (Continued on page 26

Editorial

■ With the Sixth Show, the Advertisers' Shows at the Women's City Club passed from the class of amateur to that of professional. Experience had taught both advertiser-guests and club-hostess what to discard and what to retain and improve. Individual exhibits were of a high order, evidence that the advertisers appreciated the particular audience which would come to see them, and the Show as a whole had a unity and a beauty never before achieved, evidence that the club had successfully "tied together" the exhibits. The reputation of the five preceding Shows went before, and as a result 4500 visitors came to the Sixth fully confident that they would enjoy themselves. They were not disappointed.

The Magazine thanks the advertisers and those detailed by their various organizations to the job of setting up the exhibits. It thanks the sponsors who vouched for the Show, the members who came, and those who brought guests, the volunteers who commanded the invisible machinery so that no mishaps occurred, the members who sent flowers and greens from their own gardens and Mr. McLaren who provided the magnolia branches, the staff who in behalf of us all gave efficient service to the guest-advertisers, the Program and Fashion Show participants, the firms which gave the the door-prizes—drawings for which climaxed the two days. We wish we might list here these many friends but the numbers are too great. We trust they know our gratitude to them.

The very life of the Magazine is its group of advertisers, and as one wandered through Third and Fourth Floors of the clubhouse on April fifteenth and sixteenth, high standard of merchandise was plainly evident. These firms deserve our readers' support. We are confident that they will have it. As the Sixth Show passes into history, we are grateful for a coöperation which unfortunately is not always present in the things of today, but which it is our happy experience to have had.

■ The May Number of the Women's City Club Magazine appropriately enthuses us to travel, for vacation plans are made this month and this year the oceans bound our trekkings east and west. Not north and south, however, and so Mrs. Rettenmayer and Mrs. Yocum bring us the pleasures of Mexico. Those of us who have been to this interesting country can happily weave our own experiences into the picture; those of us who would go for the first time can learn the tricks which simplify all such travel.

Consistently the Club coöperated with the Golden Gate International Exposition in 1939. In line with this same policy, the Women's City Club Magazine will continue in 1940 to bring us news of the Exposition. In preparation for the reopening of the Fair Grounds this month, stories of different phases of the drama are brought to us in this Number by facile pens. A Pageant of the Pacific by Mrs. Denman, Treasure Island Gardens by E. C. Gould, the Women's Board by Marie L. Darrach, and in another story Dr. Morley from Lima sends us word of a far-flung shore of the Pacific Area.

The Book Reviews are in response to the publishers who value our opinion, and Mrs. Ashley, Miss Wiseman and Mrs. Palmer bring to our attention three of the books which reached us in time for review in our columns this month.

The next Number of the Magazine will center around the theme—"Sports." Already there are pertinent stories at hand. Others from members will be welcomed. The diversity of interest, the talent of the group is nowhere more evident than in the excellent stories which our columns have included. Relying further upon our members' coöpeation, we invite help for future issues of the Magazine.

■ Last summer our clubhouse was a center of gracious hospitality as visitors came from far and near to the Exposition. This summer our house is in order for another gay season and again it will be stimulating to have the various departments busy in service. The guest-card privilege which was so much appreciated by our visitors last year has, by vote of the Board of Directors, been renewed in 1940. For the extra dollar, each member can feel herself a hostess who is able to entertain without the worry usually attendant upon hospitality. The guest will in turn enjoy the independence which her card to the clubhouse affords her.

Guadalajara Taxco Toluca

And Way Points

by Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer

■ Our first introduction to Mexican ways was that at each station food vendors would hawk their wares outside the train windows. Passengers would lean far out eating tortillas dripping with sauce, meats, and lettuce. Unusual fruits like the cheremoya, papaya, and all manner, shapes, and colors of bananas—large ones, slender, short, fat, tiny finger bananas just large enough for a bite, these even we ate for the food served on the train was not adequate.

At San Blas we had a twenty-minute stop where the sisal-hammock vendors who had knotted them, made the tassels and finished them, sold their wares. The baskets of San Blas one never finds again. This is true of all native work, it belongs to either a given city, section, or state.

Arriving at Guadalajara we were transferred to a most delightful hostelry called the Virrienal. It had just within the month been opened to the public, having since its building been the private home of a very wealthy family in Guadalajara. The patio surrounded by a gallery on the second floor was open to the sky, all main rooms, of which there were ten, opened on to this gallery. Exquisite tiles were used everywhere.

On a tour through the city we came to the Franciscan Monastery from which Junipero Serra took his leave in 1776 to establish the Missions of California. Since that time the monastery has been an orphanage caring for the very old and the very young. Now it is a government institution and houses six hundred homeless children. In the former chapel, where all vestige of any religious order has been destroyed, are paintings by modern artists. It was Maundy Thursday when we were in Guadalajara so all the statues in the cathedral and the churches were draped in mourning. In the late afternoon we drove through the residential section where we found blocks upon blocks of giant jacaranda trees in fu blossom but leafless, thus intensifying the color, an none will forget nor expect again to see a sight suc as this.

A short distance from the city is a small commu nity, Tlaquepaque, famous for its glass and pottery A potter at his wheel shaped, before our eyes, a ver choice piece, while two young Indians sat cross legged before us and with no design except thei imagination decorated several plates which will lin their way into homes in Mexico or some place i the world.

We entrained for Mexico City where we wer transferred directly to automobiles carrying us ove the plateau around the foot of Popocatepetl. It wa a brilliant day and we were fortunate in having fo at least seven hours a view of both Popocatepetl an Iztaccichuatlle, according to the courier the highes mountain on the northern continent. Most of the pin forests are within the state park and charcoal is mad by private industry with government permission. is one of Mexico's great industries for all foods i the markets throughout the country are cooked ove charcoal.

We arrived in Puebla and our first stop was a the Hidden Convent. We were taken through the lit tle door which had been masquerading as a Welc Dresser for nearly sixty years and found all the gar dens and inner courts not only beautiful but givin one a sense of peace with which they seem to hav been imbued over a period of many years. In Puebl too, all the statues were in mourning and we did no see them in their glory. Unconsciously we were at tracted to the Indians in Puebla through their con summate simplicity and devotion.

Kneeling in a ray of sunlight while one of th priests was telling the stations, a group was ou standing for its magnificent color of costumes. Abou thirty minutes later when the sun had shifted a bea struck one of the old, old Spanish paintings and th colors of the costumes were repeated. Several of u had made a mental note of this so you know ho vivid was the impression. We are of the opinion tha of all the sacristi we have seen the one at Puebl was in the best state of repair.

From Puebla we turned south and east towar Fortin, one of the well-known spas of Mexico. W left a clear atmosphere suddenly to be plunged int a typical tropical fog after having reached an alti tude of eleven thousand feet.

We dropped down into a warm, moist valley wher all the tree trunks were covered thickly with orchi plants which were not in bloom. Banana palms papaya trees, and all the long-rooted plants wit dripping tenacles of the deep tropics. On leavin

Food Vendors at a Mexican Railway Station

Fortin little girls and boys came with round boxes fashioned from banana leaf stems, each filled with no less than three dozen gardenias, which were thus kept fresh almost a week. On our return toward Mexico City the fog had lifted and we were surprised to see the beautiful Orizaba rising to a height of eighteen thousand three hundred feet.

Our first evening in Mexico City was spent at the well-known El Patio, a night club with an excellent floor-show, all Mexicans in the costumes of different states, beautiful voices and outstanding gypsy dancers.

Easter morning we were at Guadelupe for Sunday service and here it was that we were moved by the piety, the devotion, the faith, supplication, and gratitude so patent in the attitudes of the simple Indians. For Guadelupe is the Indian saint, if you recall her. The legend, you know, is that she appeared on the mitla of the young Indian whose uncle recovered through faith. This mitla, now framed, is the altar piece.

Maximilian's Palace is a sad place, but it does afford an excellent view of Mexico City and its environs.

Easter Sunday luncheon after a round of the Xochimilco Gardens which are so different from anything imagined. One of our couriers had been a little Indian boy working the land and peddling his wares as is done even today from dugout canoes. On the dot of four o'clock we saw the opening of the bull fight season with the favorite matador, Armillita, walking off with all honors. We had been prepared to leave after the killing of the first bull, but when we were instructed to look at it as a game and knew that the horses were adequately padded so that they received no injury and learned the tradition and watched the pageantry, we were glad to have remained for the entire period which lasts usually one and a hall hours.

From Mexico City we drove to Taxco, stopping over long enough to see the home of a friend in Cuernavaca. In Taxco we stopped at a real Mexican hotel, overlooking the wee pocket of a market place, the only clean market place we encountered. It was interesting to watch the silver craftsmen at work using the same tools that we do. Silver, you know, is mined in Taxco, one of the hotels being built near the entrance to the mine. I was surprised and disappointed to find such a monotony of design; it may be that Mexican artists will soon take the fashioning of silver out of the present doldrums.

The public washing-well of Taxco was most colorful and interesting. A large open tank of sandstone around which no less than forty women, each two facing each other, dipping the clothes in and washing them on the stone "boards" was a sight to behold.

After our return to Mexico City, where we visited the one place where fine design is still to be seen, the Mayan exhibit in the National Gallery, we drove to Toluca on Friday, the great market day. The colorful, large, unusually shaped raffia baskets made by the Indians in that district are outstanding. The Indians bring them in in their arms or on their heads, carrying two or three at a time, and sell them from their backs or heads as they walk through the crowds. This is the way you can get the finest work. It is safest to buy the one you like immediately; if you should turn your back to barter, someone else may have bought your first choice.

It was in Toluca where we saw food displayed differently than anywhere else. Everyone, of course, squats in the dirt, spreads a colorful cloth in front of him on which the wares are (Continued on page 26

A Pageant of the Pacific . . . Miguel Covarrubias Pacific House 1940

by Leslie Van Ness Denman

■ The ancient Mayan on the poster which accompanies this article is from the Covarrubias murals of the "Art Forms of the Pacific." It is but the forerunner of the rich contribution to the art and knowledge of the world Pacific House is presenting as a part of its program for the Golden Gate International Exposition of 1940.

The figure for the poster from the former world of Latin America was selected from the murals by an interested group of people, among whom was the United States Commissioner to the Fair.

It might be interesting to mention that "Mr. Hull, in notifying the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives that an appropriation of $300,000 for Federal participation would be approved, stated frankly it is desirable that the Exposition be held." To quote further, "President Roosevelt had previously made the same point. With the Nation's two highest ranking authorities on foreign affairs now on record to that effect, we can count on the 1940 Exposition as definitely a part of the 'Good Neighbor' policy of the Washington Administration."

At this moment in world affairs Pacific House and the Pacific Area maps of Miguel Covarrubias play their part, particularly in information and interest for the young minds who, in this country and in Latin America, will help to create that unknown future which no one can predict.

On the walls of Pacific House are these six mural-maps of Covarrubias. They bring to life the original conception and fundamental purpose of the Theme Building of the Exposition—to make better known and understood the life and people of the Pacific countries.

Under the titles, "The People of the Pacific," "The Art Forms of the Pacific," "The Economy of the Pacific," "The Fauna and Flora of the Pacific," "Native Dwellings of the Pacific Area," "Means of Transportation of the Pacific Area," in highly skilled technique, with a great art and vivid imagination, the Pageant of the Pacific passes before you.

The Mayan of the posters is but one of the one thousand and one such stunning figures of the murals, held in significant form and design by the swirling blue tides of the sea and of the migrations of peoples. The life of man, of the animal world, the economy and abundance of the minerals and plants of the earth are in the maps.

Pacific House has long planned to have these murals reproduced. It has finally secured a firm of art publishers, The H. S. Crocker Company of San Francisco, who have agreed to make the prints and to give them as fine a reproduction as the lithographing art permits. There will be nine color applications for the six prints. This large number of color applications leads to the necessary blending of colors for a perfect reproduction. In all, the process will require forty-five lithographed engravings.

To insure as perfect a quality as is possible, a 200-line half-tone screen will be used. This is the method used in the finest (Continued on page 26

Treasure Island Gardens

by E. C. Gould, Director of Horticulture

■ (It is a safe guess that the ten million persons who visited Treasure Island last year share one memory in common—the beauty of the planting and gardens. The 1940 Exposition, which will open its gates to the world on Saturday May 25th, will repeat in kind that beauty.

It is an equally safe guess that the ten million and more visitors who see the gardens for the first time this year will find them equally enchanting and unforgettable.

Under the direction of E. C. Gould, courts and gardens of surpassing loveliness have been plotted and new plants, timed to bloom for opening day and throughout the four months' period of the Exposition, are in their beds or awaiting transfer at the proper time.

In the following article Mr. Gould, Director of Horticulture for the 1940 Fair, has given us this "preview" of some of the plans for Treasure Island's gardens.—H. P. F.):

There are two periods for special plantings, the first for bloom from May 25th to July 15th—the second from July 15th to September 29th when the Exposition closes.

The landscaping of Treasure Island was a two-year project involving the outlay of two and one-half million dollars. The transplanting of trees weighing many tons and reaching to many feet in height, along with placing of 40,000 shrubs and millions of plants and cuttings was a wonder-story of last year. This year sees the climax of that spectacular undertaking.

With opening day three months later this year than last there will be no hyacinths or tulips to greet visitors, but there will be a blaze of color resulting from generous plantings of Shirley poppies, flaming red velvet petunias, red stocks and ranunculus and a wealth of blue and gold blossoms.

An appropriate introduction to the arrangements planned within the Exposition walls is the Persian Prayer rug, now in indescribably colorful and enchanting bloom—a veritable magic carpet, twenty-five acres in extent. Spread along the western shore of the Island it prepares one for what will be found inside.

The Court of Pacifica, through which most visitors to Treasure Island enter the (Continued on page 27

Rainbow Fountain
Court of Flowers
Etching by Alex Slevn

The Women's Board

Golden Gate International Exposition

by Marie L. Darrach

Members of Women's Board of 1940 Exposition Discuss Fair in Forty with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt: (Standing, left to right) Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, Mrs. William Denman. (Seated, left to right) Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie.

■ The Women's Board is the official Women's Committee of the Golden Gate International Exposition and, with Mrs. George T. Cameron as its Chairman, ranks with the other departments in the executive set-up of the Fair of 1940. Appointed in 1936, and reappointed with the same personnel in 1940, to coordinate women's activities within the Exposition; to stimulate interests in its projects and to encourage attendance on Treasure Island for the duration of the Fair the Women's Board is again carrying on a program of work such as brought tens of thousands to the Exposition last year.

One of the major responsibilities of the Women's Board of the 1940 Exposition is promotion and publicity—a task in which it has worked in complete cooperation with the Department of Publicity and Promotion and the Special Events Department of the Exposition. And recognizing the importance and numerical strength of the organized women of California, the Women's Board, through its State Committee on Cooperation of Women's Organizations, has enlisted the active support of more than a dozen organizations with national and international affiliations.

In its plan for promoting interest in Exposition activities, the Women's Board has appointed a Chairman with a Committee in each of the fifty-eight counties of California, and to the individual members of the Committee is sent a periodic news-letter recounting the Treasure Island attractions which are of special interest to women. Also in the ten Western States which are California's nearest neighbors, chairmen with similar committees have been appointed to assist in publicizing the Exposition and in the creation of interest which will result in increased attendance at the Exposition this summer. Because of the national implication of a World's Fair, the Women's Board has also created an Exposition Committee which includes in its membership the wives of the Governors of the various states and of Hawaii, which will serve as a contact with prospective visitors to the Exposition and as a medium through which the assurance of hospitality on Treasure Island is extended.

Having been reassigned its function of dispensing hospitality in the name of the Exposition, the Women's Board will continue to aid in plans for official greeting and entertainment of distinguished visitors. In response to repeated requests for a Women's

Building on Treasure Island this year and last, the Women's Board is planning a hospitable spot in which to emphasize the activities and display some of the accomplishments of women's organizations.

Echoing the success of a feature of last year's Women's Day a series of flower arrangement exhibits, one each month from June through September, and participated in by fifteen Garden Clubs of Northern California, will be housed in the architecturally impressive foyer of the Administration Building.

Sponsored by the Women's Board, which includes Mrs. George T. Cameron, Chairman; Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. George Creel, Mrs. John F. Forbes, Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, this program of cooperation with the Board of Management of the Exposition has been planned along lines which will add glamour and interest to the attractions on Treasure Island with an idea of their appeal to women visitors from far and near.

The features of the 1940 Exposition which will have a special appeal for women may be considered under three heads—Entertainment, Exhibits and the Horticultural and Scenic Beauties of Treasure Island.

The entertainment to be offered includes the famous Aquacade which will be installed in a remodeled International Hall and in which will be seen a large cast of aquatic stars. The details of the show will be even more spectacular than those which made it one of the high lights of the entertainment program of the New York World's Fair last year.

Exhibits and Entertainment for Fair of 1940

The Cavalcade which was seen by practically everyone who attended the 1939 Pageant of the Pacific on Treasure Island will again be presented in an enlarged and increasingly dramatic form to illustrate American historical events with the same effectiveness with which the Golden West episodes were depicted.

A series of Symphony concerts is being arranged as a result of the appreciation expressed by lovers of high-class music whose unprecedented attendance at the Symphony Concerts in the Coliseum and the Coolidge Chamber Music Concerts in the Hall of Western States raised the gate receipts of the 1939 Exposition to a high water mark on the days they were given. Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge will again present a series of five Chamber Music Concerts to the Exposition with the same famous Quartet which appeared on Treasure Island last year.

The National Garden Show which will be arranged on a scale of magnificence that will far surpass the Parade of Gardens which was so widely proclaimed for its beauty at the New York Exposition. Artistically landscaped and lighted for unusual night effects this Exhibit will occupy the plot of land facing the Enchanted Garden on which the model homes were located last year. In the center will be the charming California basalite cottage where a hostess will dispense tea in its spacious living room. Every type of garden will be shown, with special emphasis on those which may be duplicated by flower lovers of modest means. The entire Garden Show will be enclosed in an ornamental and unique garden wall upon which will be depicted the theme of the many small animals and birds so closely associated with nature's garden.

The entrance will be surmounted by an imposing arch towering thirty feet in the air and framing the Tower of the Sun for the approaching visitors. After passing through the entrance, the visitor will be surrounded by a collonade of stately pillars supporting statues of the garden nymphs, set upon a raised overlook from which the paths radiate and wind among the Gardens. One of the most interesting floral displays will be an eighteen-foot sun dial constructed entirely of growing plants, which will actually tell the time of day.

An important Indian Exhibit, different from that of last year and emphasizing the Mayan and Aztec civilizations, is to be installed in the Federal Building. This will be a Mecca for those who value authenticity in their study of American Indian life. And again the new museum technique which employs motion in the placing of exhibits will be used to accentuate the artistry of each individual object. The colorful contribution of Foreign Countries will supplement and intensify interest in the Exhibit phase of the Exposition which, contrary to a widespread belief, has an appeal to which women respond quite as readily as men. Evidence of this attitude of women was furnished last year by the fact that they assembled in great numbers to study foreign modes and manners.

Sixth Annual Advertisers' Show

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

"The Bride," by O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., was more breath-taking than ever before. Branches of magnolia arched over the library mirror and an abundance of lilies gave a setting of extravagant beauty.

■ Six was a lucky number for the firms and individuals who use the Magazine of the Women's City Club as an advertising medium. And it was a double "lucky sixth" for forty-five hundred and more members of the Club who attended the Advertisers' Show on Monday and Tuesday, April 15 and 16.

This was the sixth annual affair of its kind within the Club—that yearly getting together (this time of more than forty) advertisers in our Magaizne and those of us who read their advertisements. It topped all previous shows!

That statement holds in more respects than one. It was the most attractive show yet assembled — that in the opinion of advertisers and visitors alike. Its attendance topped previous records—and that drawn from an almost hand-picked company of year-around shoppers. And the afternoon and evening features of entertainment put the finishing touches on a superb effort.

One may think of advertisers' shows in terms of glass cases and prices. But such was not the case with the Women's City Club Advertisers' displays. Here in most irresistible fashion were displayed

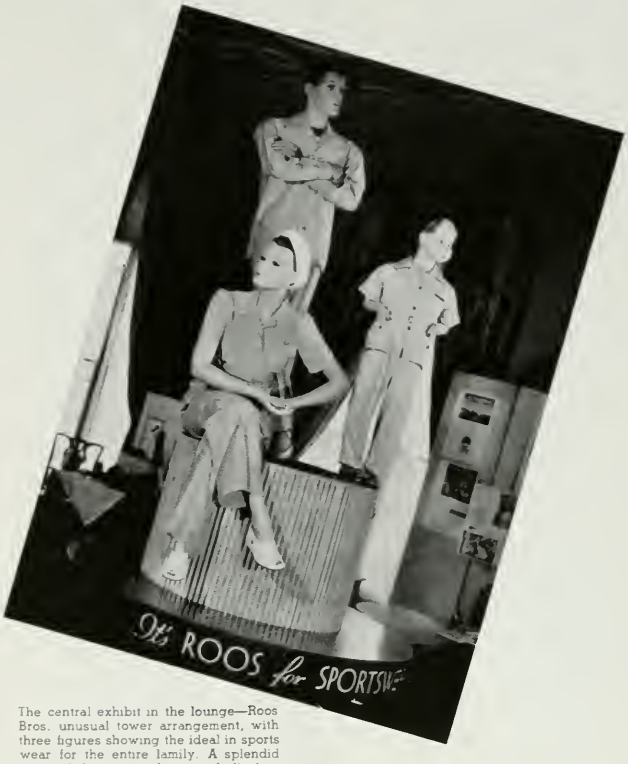
The finest in silver, copper and brass—especially designed and hand-made by Dirk Van Erp.

the growing beauty of nurseries and gardens, the artistry of flower and table arrangement from the most expensive to the simplest, the richness of fabric combined with the charm of color and skilled craftsmanship.

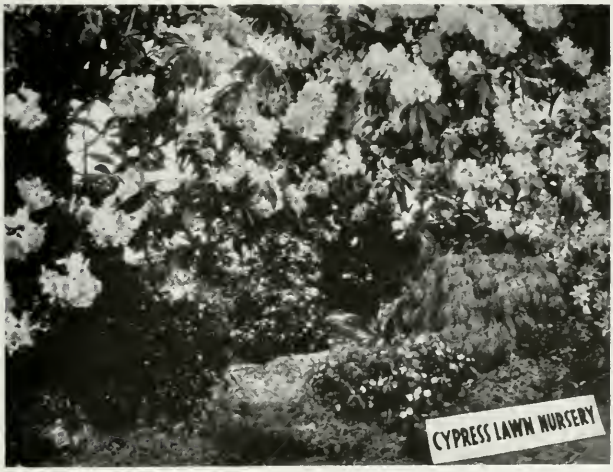
Handwoven napery and hangings, hand wrought metals—silver, copper bronze—furniture for living indoors and out, made one realize how much of everything lovely has been put within the reach of a discriminating buying public.

Season's smartest in gowns and hats, gloves and shoes, in perfume and jewelry were shown in breathtaking fashion—and by way of building up the inner man or woman for the proper enjoyment of such aesthetic displays, were the tempting exhibits of excellent foods—ice cream, milk and cottage cheese, candies which made calorie-fearing women fall from grace, wines and cigarettes — all added to the interest of the two-day show.

The American Room housed as usual the beautiful displays of copper and silver which bear the name of Dirk Van Erp—an exhibit



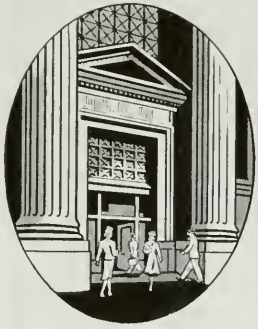
The central exhibit in the lounge—Roos Bros. unusual tower arrangement, with three figures showing the ideal in sports wear for the entire family. A splendid accomplishment in the art of display



A rock garden banked solid with massive rhododendrons. An outstanding display of exotic beauty by Cypress Lawn Nursery.

corner always one of the most admired. In neighboring positions were the table decorations arranged by Gump's and flower-trimmed by Podesta and Baldocchi —a statement which makes any additional word superfluous. The room's long French windows opened onto the Terrace Garden, gay with smart new garden furniture, also from Gump's and watched over by the dignified bronze crane which found the roof pool an adequate wading place.

There, incidentally, the parade of pajamaed sub-debs from the Sarah Dix Hamlin School, a feature of Monday afternoon's tea hour, was viewed with frequent and sincere exclamations of admiration, (Continued on page 30



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I Have Been Reading

THE KING'S MEN; by Johan Bojer; translated by Barrows Mussey. (D. Appleton-Century Company, N. Y., 1940.) Reviewed by Georgea Wiseman.

SHOW ME A LAND; by Dorothy Park Clark and Isobel McLennon McMeekins. (D. Appleton-Century Co., N. Y., 1940.) Price $2.50. Reviewed by Gladys Hall Palmer

WOLVES AGAINST THE MOON; by Julia Cooley Altrocchi. (McMillan, 1940.) Price $2.75. Reviewed by Jessie Ashley.

■ With sincerity and perspective power, Johan Bojer presents a picture of the Norway of 1905, immediately preceding the secession of Norway from Sweden. The novel is a succession of episodes in the lives of the Norwegian soldiery. It has no central plot, no formal ending.

A battalion meets for annual "manoevres," and for inspection by the Swedish king. The soldiers are peace-loving, land-loving, fun-loving men playing at war. They include the farmer, schoolmaster, religious fanatics, rich boy, poor boy, loud-tongued radical, earnest officer; each is concerned with his own problems, his own loves and jealousies. They are commanded by Colonel Harald Gram, who emerges as the central character of the book.

The colonel has achieved his rank through brilliance as an engineer. He is a splendid soldier, a kindly, cultured man. He recognizes easily enough the breaches of etiquette in his citizen army, but he relaxes discipline, preferring to retain a friendly relationship with his captains, who, in return, give him their warm loyalty.

A young, bumptious Swedish general arrives to review the troops. The day is, for the colonel, a series of embarrassments, climaxed by his own unorthodox disappearance, as his horse runs away with him. The description of the runaway is a masterpiece of repression. Colonel Gram winds up in the hospital. He thinks, "Things can happen to you that are nothing to boast about, and you can take them like an old maid and wail and think you can never look anyone in the eye again. That's one way. Or you can see them as they are—The town will grin when you ride past—Good, you'll have to take that."

He takes other things as well. His two sons are "Leftists;" his adored daughter follows Tolstoy too seriously and marries a peasant school-teacher.

Bojer's descriptions of nature are always done lovingly. Norway as a peaceful land of waterways, hills, long blue twilights and frosty stars is the picture he paints—a timely picture, surely, with Norway now occupying headlines.

Although there are too many characters for comfort, each is drawn with penetration and dignity. Mr. Barrows Mussey's translation is to be commended.

■ "Show Me a Land" is a book just from the press by two able authors—Dorothy Park Clark and Isobel McLennon McMeekins—an historical romantic exciting story brimming over with action, a tale so well told that one can without effort turn the clock back and live for a while in a colorful world of yesteryear.

The scene is laid in Virginia, Kentucky and England in the early eighteen hundreds. The charming heroine, Dana Terraine, is just sixteen when the story opens and you first meet her at the Aintree Fair. She and her father are in England in search of thoroughbred horses for his Virginia stables. Horses and horse racing are the dominent interests in Jarrod Terraines' life. But when he chanced all and has Miss Spicy Hassiter said, "bet most rashly on his horse," he lost his plantation and all that he loved best.

At Aintree, Dana first met dashing young Rike Galphine, and they fell in love—a romance that proved a stormy affair.

The tale is vividly colored with much authentic data, plantation life in the Blue Grass country—major happenings such as the plague, abolition, the civil war, reconstruction. Great personages of the day play a part and fact is skillfully interwoven with fiction. There are some

very interesting and unusual characters such as the Rom wench Zurka and her Gypsy son, Teague—and Eton Coats, the Scotch minister who was Dana's first husband.

In the end, Dana and Rike find happiness together and we turn the closing pages as they watch the running of the first Kentucky Derby. And what better ending could there be to this story in which the breeding, racing and love of thoroughbred horses plays so prominent a part.

■ Julia Cooley Altrocchi's "Wolves Against the Moon" is her second novel. Her first, "Snow Covered Wagons," a story of the dramatic fate of The Donner Party, was awarded the silver medal for General Literature by the Commonwealth Club, which annually awards medals for outstanding works by California authors. "Wolves Against the Moon" is not a pleasant story. It deals with the adventures and hardships of Joseph Bailly, a French aristocrat, and his French-Indian wife, Marie, "The Wing Woman."

Mrs. Altrocchi's acknowledgments show much painstaking research of old records dealing with the early history of the old northwest and fur trading days. Most of the characters and events depicted are authentic.

The story begins in 1794 at a gay mask ball in Quebec, at which Joseph decides he will become an adventurer and go into the fur trade. His trail leads him from lonely Mackinac Island, around the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi to New Orleans, developing one of the largest fur businesses on the continent. He was always a power for good among the Indians and remained friendly with the French, English and Americans. His experiences took him through Indian massacres (too vividly portrayed by the author) a court-martial, the burning of Chicago, the cholera plague and burning of Detroit and a meeting of Lafayette at a grand ball in Baton Rouge. Well-known historical figures—the Astors of New York, the Biddles of Philadelphia and many others play their part in the drama of the early settlement of the white people and the ruthless crowding out of the Indians.

In spite of all these thrilling events the book is at times tiresome because of unnecessarily long and many descriptions of people and places with superfluous adjectives. The wealth of material in the book does not require this striving for effect which tends to weaken what might otherwise be a good historical novel. However, it is only the second novel by the author and does show promise.

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Sixth Annual Institute of International Relations

By June Richardson Lucas

■ The Sixth Annual Institute of International Relations invites you to Mills College, Oakland, California, June 23 to July 3, 1940! The Committee on Program has secured many outstanding leaders in world affairs to take part in the lectures and round tables which fill the hours of the Institute sessions. The days are dark, the necessity for careful, penetrating study of the facts, the trends, the probabilities and the possibilities behind the tragic news of today was never more urgent.

Vera Micheles Dean, one of the most brilliant students of world affairs, is coming to us. For three years we have tried to arrange it, but those years took her to Austria, Germany, France, Switzerland, Norway, Hungary, Italy, Russia and England. Her last book, "Europe in Retreat," had to be written and the Foreign Policy Association's Research Department, besides the current magazines, have kept her busy. But this June she will lecture and conduct a round table at the Institute. Radcliffe College gave Mrs. Dean her A. B. and her Ph. D. degrees and Yale gave her her M. A. Most of all is her fine capacity to **interest** as well as to teach. The Institute welcomes her.

Mr. Gerald Heard comes back to us again this year. It took much persuading, as the man who wrote "Ascent of Humanity," "The Social Substance of Religion," "The Emergence of Man," "These Hurrying Years," "The Source of Civilization," "The Third Morality" and "Pain, Sex and Time" is, of course, deep in another book! But the demand on the part of the members of last year's Institute has prevailed and Mr. Heard will be with us. A student of history, philosophy, biology and psychology, particularly interested in the subconscious forces in history, he brings it all to one with such fascinating simplicity, such clear forcefulness that it was difficult to find an empty chair at his lectures and round tables!

More good fortune comes again in the presence of Dr. T. Z. Koo. Last year we were unable to secure him for 1938 and 1939 he gave to India, to England, the Netherlands, Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, attending the Amsterdam Conference last summer before he went back to China. There is no finer interpreter of China than this distinguished scholar and lecturer. He speaks the English language as many westerners might well be proud to speak it. He has represented his country again and again at important conferences. His voice is that of the statesman so needed today, a spiritual leader, a prophet of depth and understanding. He comes to the Institute for the third time and we know how his mind and spirit will enrich the sessions.

Dr. Benjamin Gerig comes to us from Geneva, Switzerland. A man of broad training in the field of history and economics, a member of the League of Nations Secretariat Secretary of that most important committee of the Assembly, the Sixth Commission before which the political questions of the world are discussed; Founder and Member of the Board of Directors of the Geneva Research Center. He will bring vigorous and profound thinking to our discussions on the successes, the failures of the League of Nations and the sure hopes for a future stronger world organization. His best known books have dealt with the mandates, particularly that of Palestine. We are fortunate to have him.

Mr. Warren Muffin, Associate Secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, comes to us directly from Washington, D. C. He is one of the best informed men on war and peace legislative moves in our Congress. He is in closer touch with organized labor than any other person in the peace movements.

These are but five of the ten or twelve leaders in world affairs who will be on the faculty. The war situation makes the announcement of those coming immediately from Europe difficult, but from time to time the newspapers will carry it and the Program folder of the Institute, which will be published late in May, will have as complete a list as possible.

The Institute is open to all men and women who wish to be informed on world affairs. **Mornings** are given to lectures and round tables; **afternoons** to reading, informal groups and recreation Evenings to lectures, panels, forums. Registration and tuition ten dollars. For all information regarding rooms, board State Teachers' Credits and College Credits for units of work write to Joseph W. Conard. Mills College, Oakland. California.

Pacific House—Pacific Unity

by Grace Morley

■ Pacific House will symbolize the unity, the interests in common of the Pacific countries at the Exposition in 1940. Its new guise, with slightly different emphasis, with a fresh manner of presenting the facts of its symbolic meaning, its changing exhibitions of significant aspects of the life and culture of the Pacific people, will stress even more strongly the very deep ties that bind the Pacific world

It is time that such an emphasis should be made. Too often in the past the differences—for the most part superficial—have been uppermost in attention.

In general, the Pacific world, whether of the Islands, of the Orient, of the Americas, presents this common situation: the culture of Europe in contact and interpenetrating a culture, highly developed, but entirely alien in its origins, ideals, aims, forms, held by races of several types, and high development of an allied stock, different from that of Europe. Results have differed greatly: in the Orient the older Oriental culture has taken over and adapted much of the European, while maintaining the ascendency of the people and many of the older ideals. In the Islands in some places a preservation and an enrichment of the European heritage by many of the native elements. In the Americas there is the complete range of results from the almost unmixed population and culture derived from European sources of Chile and the United States and Canada, to the frequent mingling and consequent enrichment and stimulation from both bloods and cultures of the native American stocks and the conquering Europeans found in varying degrees in Mexico, and in the various South and Central American republics. In every case, however, the European has come in these countries on an ancient people with well-defined cultures, and he has improved himself or been in part absorbed, and a new people have arisen in response to the new environment and climate, or his more useful gifts have been taken over to give a new character to the old culture as far as material living goes.

In the Americas, especially, the common problems are well marked, indeed New peoples have taken form on these new continents, have before them a long course of development, a long work of making useful and profitable for human living incredibly great natural resources.

Something of this complex picture of the Pacific world—a civilization in the making will be presented by the graphic maps by Covarrubias, the changing exhibitions and in the carefully planned schedule of lectures and programs and motion pictures which will be regular events at Pacific House in the afternoon and evening

The American aspect of the Pacific world can be best reviewed in an airplane flight along the coast of the two continents. Seven days of flying—for there is no night flying beyond the borders of the United States—from Seattle to Santiago de Chile is to go in one week from the temperate zone of the North to the temperate zone of the South, is to pass from spring to autumn this time of year, is to go from a predominently English speaking land to countries where Spanish is the current tongue. The tropics are at the midway point, strange in climate, strange in vegetation. New fruits, new customs, a new rhythm of daily living, new people, who carry on obviously the old Indian blood and its rich culture succeed one another. Yet to talk with these people, to exchange thoughts and cultural ideas is to discover that their problems are not fundamentally different from ours. They, too, have a new land to develop wisely, they took look more and more to a coming of age that will not interrupt but will bring to a maturity of adult independence their European cultural heritage.

In art, literature and thought this tendency is very marked.

In the mechanics of living they struggle as we do to adapt the new facilities of the machine to their needs, to make the business of living easier without allowing it to destroy the old culture entirely. In politics, they aspire as we do to a democratic ideal—most of all in these times—to peace and freedom.

Phases of these common ideals and common strivings will be a major part of the Pacific House program, for in both continents the need to stand more firmly together for what the peoples of these Republics believe in is clearly, apparently, and much desired

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The Palace of Fine Arts G. G. I. E.

■ San Francisco as an art center—the City by the Golden Gate has won that distinction through the years, not only for the number of famous artists who have started here, but for the general appreciation of art by the citizens at large.

Traveling collections of the world's finest art have always found a ready reception in San Francisco. Young artists just starting out have found encouragement and aid.

Appreciation of art is not confined to San Francisco by any means, but the general awakening to art as expression of the times is finding interesting response in the plans for the Art Exhibition on Treasure Island. There during the 1940 Exposition — which opens on May 25 to continue through September 29 — will be found a new presentation of the works of world masters of art—old and modern.

The Fine Arts Palace at the Exposition, which last year was runner-up in the matter of entrance admissions paid—will again be a center of great interest and attraction for the millions of visitors who will pass through its doors. With the recollection of last year's seemingly matchless display still vivid one learns with keenest zest of the plans for this year's presentation. In the Fine Arts Palace will be featured Art in Action, of which its projectors give this "preview."

THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

Art in Action—a continuing four-month show revealing the backstage side of art in both major and minor projects—will be the theme for the central attraction of the Palace of Fine Arts on Treasure Island. There will also be priceless Old Masters and examples of the best work by European and American artists. Together with a number of exciting smaller art features, these shows will provide a unique presentation of the arts of yesterday and today.

ART IN ACTION

The California artist, Helen Bruton, is head of the Art in Action Division, assisted by Beatrice Judd Ryan. The project of Art in Action is completely unprecedented in the history of art and art display. It is an invitation to the public to see the arts backstage. With the central section of the Fine Arts Building

entirely turned over to the artists, the public will be abe to see sculptors cut their stone, painters mix their oils on the palette, print makers pull proofs from zinc and copper plates.

The artists will work right in the midst of the public and stimulating new relationships will be established between them and the visitors. Many to whom a painting or a piece of sculpture as a complete thing is something remote and only awe-inspiring will find an entirely new outlook on art while visually taking part in the process of artistic creation.

The biggest working projects of all will be at each end of the plaza. One of them will take place on a broad tall wall where the balcony of jewel exhibits was placed last year. This project will be a huge mosaic 40 x 42 feet, depicting great figures of science from Darwin to Ernest Lawrence Nobel prize-winner of atom-smasher fame. A staff of artists will have their scaffold up and the public will see them putting together the polished marble and granite bits of this huge mosaic designed by the Swiss-American artist, Hermann Volz, of the Federal Art Project. After the Exposition, Volz' mosaic will be installed in the new San Francisco Junior College. At the other end of the Active Arts plaza artists will be at work on a large fresco mural painting.

Art in Action will be the biggest opportunity California artists have ever had. It is part of the Art in Action program to stimulate not only aesthetic interest in art, but to encourage the public to buy art for use in their homes. Several projects under the guidance of nationally famed architects are under way to build units of small average apartments and residences furnished in simple good taste and with paintings placed in them to demonstrate the value of art for everyday use.

Not one, but three large shows of oil paintings, water colors and prints by California artists, each to last about seven or eight weeks, will be hung around the Active Arts plaza where the artists will work on their stones and canvases. Two groups of juries, one of conservative the other of modern taste, have been chosen. This jury system will assure the show to be a fair broad cross section of the best works living Californians are producing. Prize awards totaling $1500 are available for the exhibition. All of the objects to be shown will be for sale and moderately priced.

A festive, active spirit will dominate the Arts plaza. To create an atmosphere of leisure and comfort, there will be a lounge in the center where people will be able to sit and rest, to look about

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Already a great number of outstanding artists of the West have made definite arrangements for working in the Active Arts plaza. Helen Forbes of San Francisco will demonstrate tempera. Maxine Albro of Carmel will paint in oil. Glen Lukens, one of the foremost American artists in his field will produce ceramics. Dudley Carter, known to many Fair goers for his splendid work on the Shasta Building last year, will do spectacular wood sculpture — working with an axe. He will demonstrate at the Fine Arts Building during the first two months after the opening on May 25th. Michael Chepourkoff will offer humorous animal sculpture in metal. Antonio Sotomayor, clever Bolivian-born San Franciscan, will create swift and informal caricatures. Marion Simpson of Berkeley has returned from Mexico to paint in oil. There will be weaving demonstrations by Maga Albee and her group, including Jean Fay and Adaline Emerson. Esther Meyer, Ray Burrell and the Austrian-American Max Pollack, will demonstrate graphic arts.

As a sort of a bridge from the Art in Action division of living California art to the great section of European and American Painting and Sculpture there will be a special show of California artists of the past. Considerable space will be devoted to the well-loved historical figures of California painting, William Keith, Thomas Hill, Jules Tavernier, and many others. Three men, each an expert in the field of early California art, are working on this part of the show: Bruce Porter, Gottardo Piazzoni and Professor Eugen Neuhaus, head of the Art Department at the University of California.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES

From the Middle Agts to the present time, every major trend and period in the history of European and American Art will be represented in the Painting and Sculpture Division of the Fine Arts Palace at the Fair. Walter Heil, Director of San Francisco's de Young Museum, will be the head of this division, to be assisted by John D. Forbes.

Dr. Heil secured the priceless treasures from Italy last year. This time he has received definite promises from leading Eastern museums and some of the finest private collections in the world for choice paintings to be lent to the Fair.

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Among some of the most famous works to be shown in the Old Master section will be Breughel's "Wedding Dance" from the Detroit Art Institute, two magnificent El Grecos, several Van Dycks, Rembrandts, Murillos and Franz Hals, and a group of early Italians. There will also be a superb Madonna in terra cotta by Mino da Fiesole; two works by the Italian fifteenth century sculptor, Amadeo; several fine pieces of early Greek statuary; also a considerable number of fine other Dutch seventeenth century paintings, and English and French oils of the eighteenth century.

The French schools of the nineteenth century will be amply represented with distinguished works by Delacroix, Courbet, Corot, Manet, Renoir and Monet. Works by Utrillo, Matisse, Laurencin and Dufy will be included in the group of contemporary French artists.

A special section of this show will be devoted to Old Master drawings, collected by Dr. Annamarie Henle from the Schaeffer Galleries. Hermon More from New York's famous Whitney Museum is assisting Dr Heil in securing modern American paintings.

As an entirely new departure in comparison with last year's Fine Arts Exhibit, there will be a special section of art works from Central and South American countries of the Pacific Coast. Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, Director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, on an all-plane trip through Western South America, is now collecting contemporary art from South America, while Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., Director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, is securing works from Mexico.

This part of the show will particularly harmonize with the spirit of the times, being in accordance with the Government's program of cementing relations between the United States and the Latin-American countries. The South and Central American Art Show will also harmonize with the theme of the Exposition, the idea of the Pageant of the Pacific.

PAGEANT OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A unique, comprehensive show of photography will be held in the east section of the Fine Arts Building This exhibition is being directed by two men who are known for their outstanding achievements in the field of photography: Ansel Adams of San Francisco and T. J. Maloney, Editor of the U. S. Camera Magazine.

Object of the exhibit is to present photography from the earliest day to the present time, both in still and motion picture fields. The exhibit will comprise

(Continued on page 28)

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(Continued from page 12)

European art reproductions. Screens of such fineness are only now coming into use in this country.

The prints themselves will be 25 x 38 inches for the four larger ones, and 19 x 25 inches for the two smaller maps.

These prints will be ready for sale when the Exposition opens. Dr. Morley has created a delightful arrangement in Pacific House whereby each print may be easily seen and studied. The set of six will be in a charming portfolio, the text accompanying the maps will be by Covarrubias himself.

Covarrubias has personally selected the modern art section for the coming exhibit from Central America for the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The award of the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation went to the "artist Covarrubias" for a special study of a book on the Culture of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. In the latter Covarrubias will again bring to us the people of the Pacific countries.

To those who once read Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and George Meredith, the world has been a far richer place, peopled with such characters of the mind as they created, often more real to us, and possibly still are, than one's neighbors next door.

Pirandello gave us the play, "Six Characters in Search of an Author." The eager, pulsing drive of those characters for life and, above all, for understanding—once seen, can never be forgotten.

Covarrubias has given us a thousand characters seeking co-adventurers along the trails of the imagination.

(Continued from page 8)

day, and we were off again. It was quite warm at Mazatlán, and warmer as we winged our way to Guadalajara, 264 miles further south, our next stop.

Here the services of a native woman guide were obtained and with a taxi we covered the beautiful residential district, palatial homes surrounded by gardens of poinsettias, bougainvillea, jacaranda trees, all kinds of tropical flowers, catching glimpses of intriguing patios; on to the glass factories and village of San Pedro Tlaquepaque, center of Mexican Indian pottery, where you see the Indians at work with their dog-hair brushes, using color and clay dug from their own soil. Each an artist, carrying intricate patterns in their head and fashioning unique designs. Of course, there are many beautiful Churches and the Cathedral has Murillo's famous "Assumption of the Virgin," the State Capitol its murals by Orozco. Spent a day at Lake Chapala, some thirty miles distant, basking in the sunshine, boating, swimming, thoroughly enjoying this beautiful and picturesque lake resort.

From Guadalajara to Mexico we covered another 290 miles over more mountainous country, and soon we saw the snow-crowned, awe-inspiring Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. We eagerly awaited our first glimpse of the City, church spires gleaming like gold in the sunshine, and were not disappointed. We had covered a distance of 1619 miles in less than ten hours actual flying time. And now Mexico, land of romance, awaited us.

(Continued from page 11)

placed. The vegetables were grouped in tiny bunches, evenly spread on the cloth—five peanuts, ten red beans, a handful of green peas, other oddly colored and shaped legumes, none of which we had seen before.

There are so many things upon which I have not touched. My heart aches for the devastation and destruction which has taken place through the years and so recently; to see the beautiful haciendas which have been destroyed, the fertile acreage which had been under cultivation, now not cared for and idle, knowing too that the eighteenth of July will mean another change, more heartbreaks, more bloodshed, for that is when it will be decided who shall be the next President of Mexico. Even so, there is a charm and we should like to learn to know and love, for only through knowing can you love the people who make up the country to the south.

Our Swimming Pool

■ How often is the water changed?

Well, fresh water runs in at one end, and water runs out at the other, all the time, day and night. There is a complete change every two days.

How often is the pool cleaned? Every night, the interior of the pool is brushed with long-handled brooms. Every night, the dressing rooms and the walks from the dressing rooms to the showers, to the pool, and around the pool are scrubbed with powdered soap and acid. Every night, the showers are scrubbed with soap and strong acid. Periodically, the pool is completely emptied, scrubbed, soaped, polished, and hosed out. Every suit is washed and has a disinfectant bath before being used again. Every swimmer must take a shower **before** she gets into the pool.

Do you wonder that our pool is second to none in its exquisite order and cleanliness?

Swimming Pool

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Is a familiar phrase
A woeful thought
On Summer days
When the sun is hot
And swimmers shout
From sparkling waters
Of lake or pool.

"I'm glad I did"
Instead, you'll say
If you learn to swim
Not tomorrow—TODAY!
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(Continued from page 13)

grounds, will show mixed anemones, ranunculus and gailiardias around the pool of the Fountain, hedges of Orange King calendulas and dwarf French marigolds in yellow and brown, lemon colored calendulas and blue petunias in the cascades on the wide walls and in the side beds.

The Court of Reflections, with its two rectangular pools and its artistic light standards, will repeat the beauty of red blossoms, ranunculus which will be at their height when the Exposition opens, stocks and petunias in vivid red shades. The background here will be red rhododendrons and red geraniums, with the setting for all these flowers furnished as completely as possible in trees and shrubs whose foliage is red or has a reddish tint — the red-leafed plum, red flowering eucalyptus, red bougainvillea.

Dwarf hybrid dahlias, and calliopsis with borders of ageratum and blue bells will be used in the side panel of the Court of the Seven Seas, where corner planting will feature white gladiola and stock. Godetias and tuberous begonias will fill the center strips of the Court.

Magnolia trees, golden brown foliaged and with their waxy, flagrant blossoms edge the inner and outer circles of the Court of Honor and make a background for grandiflora cineraria and giant dahlias in the outer circle and for giant Shasta daisies in the inner. The St. Francis bed, one of the gems of 1939, will again be filled with giant Shasta daisies and three thousand white stock during both the planting seasons. Red Godetia and mixed pompom dahlias will fill the beds nearest the Court of Reflections with dahlias and calliopsis brightening the way into the Court of Seven Seas.

Red, white and gold will predominate in the color scheme for the Court of Flowers, with its lovely center fountain. Shirley poppies, giant asters, tuberous begonias, marguerites, sweet williams, schizanthus and chrysanthemums will blossom in turn, all adding to the glory of the gardens.

The Court of the Moon, with cool blues, purple, pale lemon and white, will feature delphinium, gladiola, stock and Galtonia candicans, while the Sunken Garden will feature pansies, salvia, calendulas and violas in blue, gold, orange, yellow, white, red and bronze. Snapdragons, stock and violas will bloom in the beds outside the Administration Building and elsewhere, wherever there is a place which offers ground for growing things.

Japanese privet trees, California magnolias and California wild lilac, with the stately Irish yews around the central pool add dignity to the Court of the Moon, whose color scheme is blue and white. More than 148,000 plantings, including violas, stock, both blue and pure white, delphinium, larkspur, marigolds, anemones and dwarf aquevatum will bloom in the Court.

Pelargoniums, the aristocrats of old gardens, will flower in variety and beauty in the Court of Nations, between the Federal Building and the Pacific Basin, and in the beds adjoining the Fine Arts Palace.

Fragrance, as well as color and artistic arrangement, was carefully considered by the Bureau of Horticulture. In every Court and Garden are plantings with penetrating fragrance, so that each unit may have its characteristics fragrance as well as color. To achieve this, considerable use has been made of stock, nicotiana, cestrum nocturnum, spicy rhododendrons, star jasmine, honeysuckle and carissa grandiflora.

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Bird feeding stations beautifully made of chestnut with a tile inset of St. Francis.

Bowls—Glass, pottery and metal bowls in distinctively new styles and design.

See the new and interesting things to make gardening a real pleasure.

The League Shop

(Continued from page 25)

presentations of historic, documentary and experimental films, a show of color photography, a section of technological, scientific and news photography, contemporary American photography and a special section devoted to works by living California artists. The foyer to the Exhibition will be decorated with large photo murals.

TWENTY-NINE MINIATURE ROOMS

Miniature rooms by Mrs. James Ward Thorne, which were one of the most popular features of last year's exhibition at the Fine Arts Palace, will again be included in the Fine Arts show, but they will be entirely different from those on display last year.

Altogether there will be twenty-nine rooms. Of special interest are a Japanese and a Chinese interior which will provide a unique inside into the nature of living of the Oriental. The remaining twenty-seven units consist of six American rooms, eight French rooms, three Spanish rooms, a very handsome Venetian salon, a fine early Italian room, and eight English rooms. The most picturesque periods are included, and there are examples of charming peasant and regional interiors.

ART APPRECIATION

A great number of attractive educational features are planned by Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, head of the Art Appreciation Division of the Fine Arts show. Many of these will be informal and entertaining in character.

There will be daily gallery tours by art experts and regular lectures. A series of special displays is being prepared. The displays will be self-explanatory, providing rich and varied information on art methods, techniques and developments.

PAGEANT OF PRINTING

As an additional entirely new feature of the exhibit at the Fine Arts Palace, an unusual show of fine printing is being prepared. Commemorating the 500th anniversary of printing with movable type, 500 books of the finest presses of the world will be on display. The exhibit is being arranged by San Francisco's distinguished club of rare book collectors, the Roxburghe Club. Morgan A. Gunst, who arranged the splendid show of book bindings in the Decorative Arts section last year, is Chairman of the Committee.

Examples from the great celebrated presses from the time of William Morris, who recreated the arts in England in the middle of the nineteenth century, to modern presses such as the Grabhorn, will be shown. There will also be a historical section with examples of the most famous historical presses, including a sample of the Gutenberg Bible.

Plans for an architectural exhibition are worked out in the East by a group of distinguished architects, headed by Howard Meyers, Editor of the Architectural Forum.

Richard L. Tobin is Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee, Timothy L. Pflueger, Executive Vice-Chairman. Kenneth E. Slaughter is Director of the Fine Arts Building.

Drama Reading

Mrs. Hugh Brown

MY DEAR CHILDREN; John Barrymore.

■ On Wednesday morning, May first, Mrs. Hugh Brown will read MY DEAR CHILDREN. This is the play John Barrymore is now romping through in New York, delighting those who are still his friends with ad libs and ridiculous business, amusing those who can be amused only by his antics.

But whether you like John Barrymore or not, the play itself is charming. Here is an old actor, full of quips and attitudes and camouflages, surrounded by his three young daughters—each one embodying some bit of "the old man" himself. On this thread, the authors—Catherine Turney and Jerrie Horwin—have spun a most delightful story.

If you still remember John Barrymore as the most gifted actor on the American stage, playing Hamlet with a depth few actors have equaled, you will see him still through the entrances and exits of this flashing comedy. If you have joined the many who think "there is no fool like an old fool," forget Barrymore, come and enjoy the play. It will amuse you. Incidentally, MY DEAR CHILDREN is the kind of play a dramatic reader prays for—fresh, gay, sentimental.

With this play a series of successful play-readings comes to a close. The Women's City Club is glad to have brought to members and their friends this delightful and intimate acquaintance with the New York theatrical season. Mrs. Brown is a gifted interpreter of the written word and a talented portrayer of the hidden depths behind. The series she brings to a close with MY DEAR CHILDREN has proven once again her versatility of talent and gayety of presentation.

Excerpts From Letters From Geneva

■ "America the Beautiful"—and Bountiful—so safe just now. We wonder if the right news reaches you, for surely if you really knew your generous, friendly hearts would understand the need of the brave but bewildered women and children, shunted across Europe today, so suddenly and rudely driven out of homes just like yours and mine, into fields where raindrops are deadly points of steel and where clouds are suffocating smoke from roaring cannons. They rush on into forests, but trees no longer give protection, for they too are crashing all around them. So on and on they go, so tired, so hungry and lootsore, carrying sick babies, retarded by the aged, till they come to a frontier. Formidable guards in strange uniforms frighten them at first, then leniently let them pass. But where are they? No one understands their language, people wear a different dress, the bit of money hidden in their stockings is no good here—and they are faint from exhaustion and exposure! Look! there is someone handing out some hunks of bread and some apples, and water they really dare drink! Someone is hurried into a barn and a babe is born. Humble peasants bring blankets and a pot of hot water, and tenderly carry the little mother into their hut. "Somebody cares" . . . and the morale of the whole group mounts with fresh courage. . . . No, this is not sob-stuff I'm telling you, but actual facts recounted to me personally by those who have been "one of the least of these." . . . Everyone over there is sharing till he feels it. But it is no longer Europe's problem—it has become humanity's problem.

American friends have asked, "What can we do?" The answer depends on whether God or America is the center of one's thought. It is worth taking time to face this issue, for it will make a difference to the individual, to the country, to the world. Do we face world problems primarily as Christians or as Americans? When we are thinking of the meaning of that message, "For behold I bring you good tidings of great joy: Unto you is born . . . a Savior," is an appropriate moment for deep meditation.

After settling that question, two steps seem clear. We must do what we can to relieve human suffering, regardless of who is responsible or of how it was caused. It is no answer to say we have poor people and unemployed at home. It is unconvincing to point to taxes and reduced incomes when you stand before those who have lost everything. Second, we must do everything in our power to help our country to face the question of what kind of a world order or world organization it is willing to back with all its strength and influence. Since, inevitably, America, even if it does nothing, will be a determining factor in any new world order, why not take a positive part now in leading the thinking of the world regarding a possible basis for enduring peace?

A Letter From American Women's Club Buenos Aires

■ Dear Madam Secretary:

As an added feature of our program this year, we are inaugurating a Clubwoman's Tour and Shopping Guide Service which we think will fill a long-felt want and enable us better to serve visiting club women and their friends. As one of our reciprocal Clubs, we want to bring this Service to your attention directly in the hope that we may have the privilege and pleasure of serving some of your members.

The following is briefly what we propose to offer: Two tours a month, coinciding with the arrival of the American Republics Line ships from New York, to points of interest in Buenos Aires, such as museums, art galleries, cathedrals, famous residences, etc., thus giving the visitor an opportunity to see something of this city that would otherwise be difficult or impossible for the individual to arrange. It is also our plan to supply Spanish-speaking women guides to take visiting women on shopping tours in an effort to make this phase of their visit more satisfactory and successful.

The charge for these services will be nominal, and that for the tours will include transportation and tea.

As our summer and holiday season is now just about over and we begin another Club year of work and service, we send you our greetings and kind regards, and beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,

AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLUB,
JANE B. COOPER,
(Mrs. H. G Cooper)
Corresponding Secretary.

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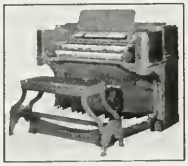

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Legion of Honor Programs

■ Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., Director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, in San Francisco, has announced the following program for the month of May:

Exhibitions—

Modern Painting and Sculpture by Italian Women Artists, opening May 15.

Paintings by Margery Eakin, opening May 18.

Modern European Paintings from the 1939 World's Fair, opening May 20.

Sculpture by Theodore Riviere, through May.

Paintings by Jose Ramis, through May 14.

Colored Etchings by Max Pollok, through May 14.

Art Section, Northern California Junior College Association, through May 20.

Art Classes and Motion Pictures for Children—

Each Saturday morning from 10 to 11:30 o'clock.

Gallery Talks—

Each Sunday at 2 p. m.

"English Portrait Painting of the 18th Century," May 5, by Dr. Robert Neuhaus.

"Madonna and Child in Painting," May 12, by Paula De Luca.

"Art and Subject Matter," May 19, by Paula De Luca.

"Victorian Painting," May 26, by Dr. Robert Neuhaus.

Discussion Groups—

Each Wednesday at 11 a. m.

The background and development of various trends in painting from Romanticism through Surrealism will be the topic of these five discussions.

Organ Recitals—

By Uda Waldrop, each Saturday and Sunday at 3 p. m.

Gallery Tours—

Each Tuesday and Thursday at 11 a. m.

Motion Pictures—

Each Saturday at 2 p. m.

May 4: "Touching All Bases," an animated cartoon.

May 11: "School for Dogs" and "Speed in the Gay 90's," an animated cartoon.

May 18: "The Making of a Fresco," an animated cartoon.

May 25: "March of the Movies," an animated cartoon.

Radio Program—

Art Review by Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., KGO, Thursday, May 9, 3 p. m.

(Continued from page 17)

not only for the Oriental fabrics shown, but for the attractive young models as well.

The tea hour on Tuesday brought a new slant to fashion shows, with their almost inevitable bridal feature. The City of Paris, which has contributed the tea fashion feature in past years, outdid itself this year when the clever Violet Hart Geiger displayed brides of more than one kind — not only the demure conventional bride, in her traditional orange blossoms and veil—but the runaway bride, and what she needs for an elopement—as well as the sophisticated divorcee who once again treads the bridal path. In fact, the fashions displayed covered all hours round the clock and met all emergencies which conceivably arise in the daily life of the audience assembled.

The stately bride who stood before the improvised altar in the Library of the Club (O'Connor, Moffatt's exhibit) elicited as many gasps of admiration as she might experience in real life. In a gown (the reproduction of Queen Victoria's wedding gown, some one whispered), with flowing veil and rare old lace, the figure faced the long mirror of the Library, so that visitors could glimpse the beauty of her face and front, while admiring the cascade of tulle and satin which comprised the train and veil.

Metal Craft shops and the League Shop contributed charming pieces which suggested gifts for the bride—or any woman, young or old; Rhoda-on-the-Roof for the very first time displayed a choice few of her hats, under the familiar silhouette trademark which is hers.

Appropriately enough, a family group, a smartly sports-clad pater, mater and son topped the initial exhibit of Roos Brothers—the central spot in the Club Lounge. Equally attractive and striking was the souvenir gift and its donor, Mary Dunhill with her perfumes—she in a brilliant Hawaiian beach costume, and her samples suggesting the beauty and romance which she in that dress typified. Barbara and Catherine—two chic young designers of hats, made their busy corner doubly attractive, as did Ruth Tanbara with her Glove Guild display.

The Greb-bie Shop enlisted the aid of some of the Club members in modeling their smart clothes for matron and maid, and in other inviting sports, travel, motor tours, office work, insurance protection—a number of the special service to and for women which are advertised in the Club Magazine

were represented.

Water color designs for interiors and a fairy-like modern doll house made and furnished to scale by Maurice Sands, made gay the hallway which led to the Directors' Room, where the Ricklee Furniture Studio had one of the most popular and most admired displays in the show. There old furniture made new—impaired pieces which had been restored—slip covers which could make a tailor green with envy for the work—these and beautiful samples of furnishings and bathroom accessories were shown. A beautiful bedroom chair—upholstered in glazed chintz of irresistible design, later offered for a door-prize—was constructed in the show, giving visitors an inside view of how finest furniture is made.

Adjoining the Directors' Room was the exhibit of the artistic Hirth-Amberg studios (including metal- and woodenware, napkins and glass) and the excellent weavings of the Geary Anderson studios.

Did you ever taste black raspberry ice cream? If you haven't, you should have had it at the Edy booth in the Cafeteria—it was de-licious—as were all their samples. One can't write on forever about the quality and appeal of each exhibit, much as it merits special note and as she would like to.

But she can summarize by saying that only quality merchandise and service are advertised in the Women's City Club Magazine—and that will include them all in highest praise.

Moreover, this writer's words concerning the Sixth Annual Advertisers' Show may not be entirely unbiased, for she was among the lucky visitors who won one of coveted door prizes, award of which rounded out the show, and closed on a high note the Tuesday night program—an enjoyable presentation of Treasure Island Varieties, as presented over KPO-KGO by the San Francisco News and Neg Monetti

Writer to Speak

■ Paul de Kruif, bacteriologist and writer, will be the principal speaker at a public dinner in the St. Francis Hotel the evening of Tuesday, May 28, it was announced yesterday by Dr. Sidney J. Shipman for the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association.

The author of "Microbe Hunters," "Men Against Death" and a half dozen other books on medical and scientific topics in popular style, will speak on recent progress against the great plagues, particularly tuberculosis, and point out what can be done to speed up the campaign for better health.

Sixth Advertisers' Show

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Amberg-Hirth—
Cocktail napkins—No. 18857
Mrs. Lola Ware

Cypress Lawn Nursery—
One rhododendron plant—No. 19865
Mrs. Lola Ware

Edy's—
One two-quart ice cream pudding—No. 19728
Mrs. F. Smith

Catherine Kilday—
$7.50 worth of mimeographing—No. 19678
Mrs. E. Wismer

Podesta & Baldocchi—
Flowers—No. 18775
Mrs. Richard

Philip Morris & Co.—
One chest of cigarettes—No. 15977
Mrs. Leopold

Ricklee Furniture Studio & Clinic—
One chair—No. 18692
Mrs. Gates

Sands, Maurice—
Two pictures—No. 14511
Mrs. Powrie

See's Candies—
Five-pound box candy—No. 18558
Winifred Ryan

See's Candies—
Five-pound box candy—No. 18564
Mrs. Egan

Simon Bros.—
Five-pound box candy—No. 18564
Mrs. Curry

Van Erp, Dirk—
One copper bowl—No. 14929
Mrs. Hazel P Faulkner

Yosemite Camp and Curry Co.—
Week-end for two at Ahwahnee—No. 19106
Gustav Johnson

Women's City Club Departments:
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Merchandise order—No. 18836
Miss Dehorn
League Shop—
Flower container—No. 14460
Mrs. S. Thompson
Restaurant Department—
Merchandise order—No. 15907
Mrs. Winter

UNCLAIMED DOOR PRIZES

Glove Guild—
One pair of hand-made gloves—Nos. 13968, 19080, 15871, 15159

Swimming Pool—
Merchandise order—Nos. 14890, 19878, 15046, 18182

Barbara and Catherine—
One $7.50 hat order—Nos. 15766, 19278, 14687, 18177

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

JUNE
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
CALENDAR
JUNE.... 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:30 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m

JUNE — 1940

3—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (fourth in morning series)	Board Room....10:30 a
Club Round Table	Main Dining Room....6:15-7
5—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (fifth in evening series)	Board Room....7:30 p
6—Needlework Guild	Room 214....10 a.m.-4 p
French Round Table — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire*, presiding	Annex....12:15 p
French Round Table—*Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville*, presiding	Main Dining Room....6:15 p
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium....8 p
"*The March of Time in America*"—A program of talking color motion pictures, presented by courtesy of Union Oil Company.	
7—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier*, presiding	Room 214....11 a
The President's Hour	President's Room....1-2 p
10—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (fifth in morning series)	Board Room....10:30 a
Club Round Table	Main Dining Room....6:15-7
11—Exposition Garden Tour, including Model Gardens, Hall of Flowers and adjacent courts. Fee fifty cents. See Announcement page for details.	Exposition Grounds....1 p
12—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (sixth in evening series)	Board Room....7:30 p.
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel*, presiding	Mural Room....12:15 p.
Book Review Dinner	Nat. Def. Room....6 p.
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review — "*Wild Geese Calling*," by Stewart Edward White "*The Bird in the Tree*," by Elizabeth Goudge	
13—French Round Table — *Mlle. Madelne le Brun de Surville*, presiding	Main Dining Room....6:15 p.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium....8 p.
Concert arranged by Enid Henley—presenting Klea Orand, Mezzo Soprano; Enid Henley, Jr., Violinist, and Rosalind Borowski, accompanist.	
14—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier*, presiding	Room 214....11 a.
The President's Hour	President's Room....1-2 p.
17—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (sixth in morning series)	Board Room....10:30 a.
Club Round Table	Main Dining Room....6:15-7:
19—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (seventh in evening series)	Board Room....7:30 p.
20—Needlework Guild	Room 214....10-4 p.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville*, presiding	Main Dining Room....6:15 p.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium....8 p.
Program presented by Amalia Irizarri, Interpreter of the Modern Dance. Rose Marshall, Lyric Soprano; Douglas Thompson, Pianist.	
21—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier*, presiding	Room 214....11 a.
The President's Hour	President's Room....1-2 p.
24—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (seventh in morning series)	Board Room....10:30 a.
Club Round Table	Main Dining Room....6:15-7:
26—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (eighth in evening series)	Board Room....7:30 p.
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel*, presiding	Mural Room....12:15 p.
27—French Round Table—*Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville*, presiding	Main Dining Room....6:15 p.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium....8 p.
Address: "*The Enraptured Yankee*" — Mr. Wallace Kibbee	
28—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier*, presiding	Room 214....11 a.
The President's Hour	President's Room....1-2 p.

JULY — 1940

1—Lecture — Chinese Culture, by *Alma Jannapolis* (eighth in morning series)	Board Room....10:30 a.
Club Round Table	Main Dining Room....6:15-7:
5—The President's Hour	President's Room....1-2 p.
French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier*, presiding	Room 214....11 a.
8—The Club Round Table	Main Dining Room....6:15-7:

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly
at 465 Post Street

Telephone
GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV JUNE, 1940 Number 5

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

SPECIAL GUEST PRIVILEGES FOR EXPOSITION MONTHS

EXPOSITION YEAR
GUEST CARD
NATIONAL LEAGUE
for WOMAN'S SERVICE

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
of SAN FRANCISCO
465 Post Street GArfield 8400
EXTENDS GUEST PRIVILEGES TO
OCTOBER 1, 1940.

To.....

Signature.....

Courtesy.....

A special guest privilege for Exposition Year is announced by the Board of Directors.

By payment now of the nominal fee of $1.00, a member is entitled to an unlimited number of guest cards for visiting friends who live fifty miles or more from San Francisco. Your $1.00 privilege eliminates all other guest card fees and allows each guest unlimited use of the Clubhouse from May 25 to October 1, 1940.

With the issuance of each guest card, the visitor will have use of the Clubhouse exactly as a member does. All facilities of the building are at her command. The use of the Bedroom Department must be restricted to the order in which reservations are received. All other departments are unlimited in capacity—the Beauty Salon, Swimming Pool, League Shop, Dining Room and Cafeteria, Lounge, with its afternoon tea, Library, Check Room and Dressing Room.

Every member should immediately avail herself of this pleasurable way of extending Californian hospitality by giving the privilege of her own Clubhouse to visiting friends. A $1.00 fee paid now means a privilege for as many friends as you wish to entertain.

Each guest card must be validated when first presented for use.

No one under eighteen years of age is eligible for a guest card but she may be given a one-time pass upon request of a member.

Members are urged to request cards for those friends *only* who are reasonably sure of visiting San Francisco during the Exposition.

The Club prefers to hold cards until visiting guests arrive. However, where guest cards must be mailed, postage will be charged and should be prepaid.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GARDEN RAMBLE TO EXPOSITION: Owing to the success of last year's Garden Tours, plans have been made for a trip to Treasure Island on the second Tuesday in June. Under Miss Clara M. Schaeffer's guidance the group will visit: Model Gardens, Hall of Flowers and adjacent courts. Arrangements have been made to have Mrs. E. T. Starbuck of Berkeley speak on "Flower Arrangement" in the Hall of Flowers, following which tea will be served. Mrs. Starbuck is well known in the East Bay district for her interesting addresses to Garden Club groups. She stresses simplicity in flower arrangements and the use of material from the ordinary garden. The Ramble Fee will be 50 cents, which includes admittance to Model Gardens. Inasmuch as the number has been limited to 35, members are requested to make reservations at an early date. The meeting place will be: The Gardens in back of the Hall of Flowers and the time: 1:00 p. m.

SWIMMING LESSONS: Summer vacations are here. Are you ready for the "ole swimmin' hole?" A few lessons will add to your enjoyment if your present stroke is work instead of play.

While you are in town why not use your beautiful pool?

DUES: There are still a number of members who have not yet responded to our last request reminding them that their dues remain unpaid. We would greatly appreciate their letting us hear from them immediately.

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT — SPECIAL EXPOSITION SERVICE: The Dining Room will open promptly at five-thirty o'clock each day, so that members intending to visit the Fair in the evening may have the opportunity of dining first at the clubhouse.

LEAGUE SHOP: For the summer picnics and barbecues: Picnic baskets in various sizes and shapes; long handled wrought iron toasting forks and broilers; gay paper napkins and towels; sturdy barbecue aprons of paper.

BEAUTY SALON: Have your summer permanent wave in the Women's City Club Beauty Salon, and look your best when your friends arrive for the Exposition. Don't let them say you are neglecting yourself and growing old too fast. To be modern is to be well groomed. Make your dear ones proud to introduce you to their friends.

Our Beauty Salon staff is efficient and expert in all lines of work. Call for an appointment—GArfield 8400.

SUMMER USE OF THE CLUBHOUSE: We have been told by many of our members that they are planning to remain in San Francisco this summer because of the Exposition. We therefore look forward to busy luncheon and dinner hours, as we know that our members will want to show off their fine Clubhouse, which reflects the hospitality for which San Francisco is famous.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Mrs. T. A. Stoddard has selected for the June book-review, two novels filled with inner peace, with themes that are a glad holiday escape from the strangle-hold of a world at war, with style of writing abounding in lyrical joyousness—novels, that while reading them, when the weight of war news clamps down on happiness and ease of mind, make one again remember the uncountable loveliness of the earth and nature and also of life itself as man at his finest has lived it in this century. These welcomed novels are: *Wild Geese Calling,* by Stewart Edward White; *The Bird in the Tree,* by Elizabeth Goudge. The place and time is the Book-Review Dinner, June 12, second Wednesday evening at six o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

FRENCH AND SPANISH ROUND TABLES: Summer months bring about the usual vacation adjustments in French and Spanish Round Tables. Mlle. Lemaire's French Round Table luncheon group will hold their last session on June 6th awaiting her return on July 11th; Mlle. le Brun will continue her French Round Tables each Thursday at the dinner hour during June and will inform us at a later date concerning her procedure for July. Mme. Olivier's French Conversational Classes will go on undisturbed through the summer months. The Spanish Round Tables held the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month under the supervision of Senorita Montiel will be discontinued during the month of July.

FLOWERS: Help keep up our reputation of a beautifully decorated Clubhouse. We can always use flowers and greens; even small bouquets are acceptable. With the Exposition bringing many visitors from afar and our Clubhouse a center of hospitality, we shall be very grateful for this thoughtfulness on the part of our members.

SWIMMING POOL: Something new . . . swim-supper parties at the Club! Your guests will enjoy the combination. The Dining Room and Swimming Pool are offering you a summer rate of a swim and supper for $1.25. It's a delightful way to entertain. It's a refreshing way to end the day.

GLOVE MAKING CLASSES will continue each week during June on Tuesdays at 2 p. m. and on Thursday at 2 p. m. and 7 p. m. Instructions, $2.00; material extra. Glove making can be learned in three lessons and is ideal handiwork for vacation days.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has arranged the following schedule for this month: June 6th, *The March of Time in America.* A program of talking color motion pictures presented by courtesy of Union Oil Company. June 13th, a concert arranged by Enid Henley, presenting Klea Orand, Mezzo Soprano; Enid Henley, Jr., violinist; Rosaland Borowski, accompanist. June 20th, program to be presented by Amalia Irizarri, Interpreter of the Modern Dance; Rose Marshall, lyric soprano; Douglas Thompson, pianist. June 27th, address: *The Enraptured Yankee,* by Mr. Wallace Kibbee.

Thursday Evening Programs will be omitted in July.

PRESIDENT'S HOUR: Mrs. Eshleman is in her office on the Fourth Floor each Friday from one to two o'clock and will be happy to greet members who may wish to call upon her.

CLUB ROUND TABLE: Monday night in the Main Dining Room, Miss Allen and Miss Phillips, resident Board Members, will be very happy to have members join them at the dinner hour and will be found at the Club Round Table every Monday night from six o'clock to seven-thirty.

AD SHOW DOOR PRIZES STILL UNCLAIMED: The following two door prizes still remain unclaimed. They shall be held until the end of the month, after which the person holding the second or third number will be awarded the prize:

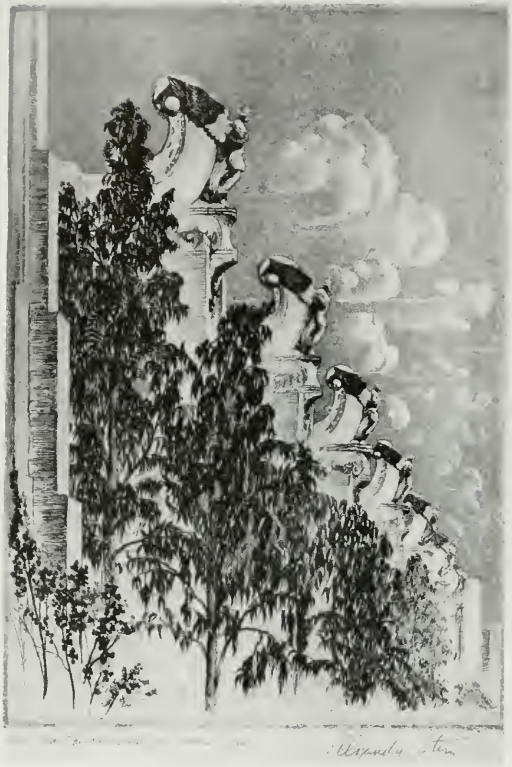
Glove Guild — One pair of hand-made gloves — Nos. 13968, 19080, 15871, 15159.

Swimming Pool — Merchandise order — Nos. 14890, 19878, 15046, 18182.

NEEDLEWORK GUILD: The Women's City Club branch of the Needlework Guild meets on the first and third Thursday of each week on the second floor of the Club. Already this year, over fifty garments have been completed or are in the making, ready for the annual ingathering in October.

Club members are always welcome, both as active or contributing members of this branch.

GUEST CARDS: Our Special Exposition Guest Cards are to be issued again this year for the duration of the Exposition. By payment of one dollar an unlimited number of these cards may be issued. The initial payment also entitles members to an unlimited number of the usual two weeks guest cards for the balance of the year.



The Court of the Seven Seas—Etching by Alexander Stern

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

At this moment in the history of the world when many hearts and minds are in agony over the fate of their dear ones and of friends, it is a blessing to them to find occupation in service to others. We of the National League for Woman's Service are not unmindful of this and are not wanting in the will to be of use. We feel also that work of mind or of hands acts often as a stabilizer in time of ordeal.

¶ Even though a great part of the world is inundated with woe we are about to participate in the second season of our Exposition. There we shall find peace and beauty and at least a temporary freedom from worry and there our volunteer service will be making our contribution to the Exposition and to the pleasure of the women attending. A well-informed group of volunteers will be found in the Women's Building each day dispensing information concerning the Exposition, the State of California, and its subdivisions. We are happy that we can offer this service to the women who will visit the Exposition.

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

A LETTER FROM DR. CADMAN

ENROUTE TO

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

MAY 16, 1940

How many times during these fearful days have I thought of our meetings and of what we might be saying. Times like these strike a silence through us all. In hours of great tragedy man must fight or pray. Sometimes he does both. But since fighting is presently denied us, there is some relief in getting on one's knees and saying the Litany. Years ago we used to sing a hymn which began:

"Day of Wrath, oh day of mourning,
See fulfilled the prophet's warning:
Heaven and earth in ashes burning."

It went out of style amid some rejoicing but it comes back again to prove that there is a great prayer and a great hymn for every known human crisis. The Church has preserved for us an anthology of man's deepest needs as well as his highest aspirations.

I say—to our knees then—for it is hard not to be hating these days. An hour ago I wrote the first four hundred words in response to Miss Leale's telegram. Then we ran into some bumpy weather, which prevented writing. As I read the pages, it was evident that they were full of bitterness. Happily they have been consigned to the ash receiver which is just by my chair.

No, hate will not do. But we can and must exercise that determination with which men have defied evil. This is an immense evil against which the world strives today. A sinister conception of life against which we must all strive. No man can rule the world. No man should be permitted to try to do so. No nation can dominate the peoples of the earth. Never again should a nation be allowed to build its strength to the point of attempting such violence.

Every dispatch brings new reports of the world's agony. One hundred thousand homes in Holland now know the loss of at least one son or father or brother. As many more in France and England begin to bear the cross.

The Sambre and the Meuse again run with blood. As I write I can hear the great military march which bears their names. It is not a march of aggression but a great hymn of defiance. And now the Aisne, the Marne, the Oise and the Moselle may again know the red dye which is the very life of the defenders of the precious soil which they have nurtured.

What are the combatants thinking in their heart-of-hearts? One group thinks of a man—the incarnation of pride and ambition—their fetish—symbol of power and glory. The defenders hold no such illusions. No man—not even a king or a queen—enthralls their souls. They are thinking of the freedom without which life would be meaningless. I can see them in the desolution of the battlefields. I know the terrain. I could go over it in the dark. I know their thoughts—yes, happily their language. I feel a sense of kinship with them now. They are brothers indeed—for we are sons of a common parent—Liberty.

If only we could do something, anything to show our convictions. It is patent that we will not fight—then why not munitions, airplanes, drugs, hospital services, everything short of war?

And why can't we see here and now, that we dare not trust the rule of men? Government is safe only when its administrators are denied power and prevented from succession. The very core of representative government is the regular rotation of responsibility. This is the time to courageously assert that we believe in government by the people and not by administrations. No emergency is so great that it calls for the perpetuation of a personal government. Why can't we assert that freedom is a costly thing. That it means "the right to make mistakes," the right to differences of opinion; the absolute right to oppose the government with suffering abuse by the government. Our greatest peril is the "party purge" and the insistence on perpetuating one set of ideas—one program regardless of its demonstrated weaknesses.

The cry that we must support a government because of an Emergency is a political shibboleth. England has the greatest parliamentary and representative government on earth and she did not hesitate to change an administration in the face of a threatened invasion of the British Isles.

There is no emergency conceivable which would justify a third term. If the nation wants the Democratic Party in power there are statesmen in it with the independence and the intelligence to preside over the nation's affairs for a safe and reasonable period of time.

The issue transcends politics. Emergency is a red-herring. We need maintain the political institutions which provide the greatest safeguard against the rule of men.

How deeply I wish we could be meeting regularly for the discussion of the fate of human freedom.

PAUL F. CADMAN.

EDITORIAL

The ranks of a service organization maintain a relatively steady ratio. There are not the factors in its picture which are found in other groups where purposes fluctuate with the times. The National League for Woman's loses each year, and then only from causes beyond control, less than organizations of its size regularly do. And so any talk of new membership is not a matter of worry with us as is often the case when this subject is broached. It is instead our reminder, each Spring, that the privilege of inviting a new member is never more valuable than at the beginning of a fiscal year when the date gives full value to the yearly dues. There are those in our community who are eligible to the Club and who have accepted its hospitality many times who only await an invitation to join. This particular year 1940 would afford such the extra joy of entertaining Exposition friends in a clubhouse of which one may feel a justifiable pride of membership. In its fourteen years in the "new building" at 465 Post Street the League has enjoyed an uninterrupted volunteer service program. It has given joyously its thousands of hours to the promotion of peace-time activities. Now suddenly it finds itself once again marching beside the American Red Cross, facing expanding calls for wartime service. It is well for us to remind ourselves that wisely the League will continue its vigilant surveys as it always has and that no hysterical action will be taken by this organization which in its very beginning in the dark days of 1917 learned the value of intelligent foresight. One thing is certain—in the months just ahead no matter what the program of the League shall be, it will need the support of women who believe in Service. If the time shall come for specific branches of such service it must turn to a membership which can supply every such need. Let each present member now invite into membership that particular friend who should, as perhaps never before, be a supporter of the National League for Woman's Service whose record speaks for itself.

With the June Number the Magazine presents another series of stories about the Exposition which tell us of the accomplishments of Directors and Committees tirelessly working for its success. When the misery of the world weighs heartily on our hearts, all the more should we reward those who despite this same half-heartedness have steadily pushed ahead, in behalf of us all, to bring-to-pass an Exposition valuable to San Francisco and thrilling to its guests. The ideals of a pacific area anywhere on the globe are rudely shattered. The United States is faced with the fact that a radio makes the round world one. And yet these exposition officials have "stuck to their guns" of peace, and as a result Treasure Island blooms this month in a peaceful sunshine while the Port of Trade Winds creates a safe harbor. As we read the stories of the Fine Arts Collections and the Thorne Collection and the "Hostess House" and a reproduction of the Covarrubias Mural Maps with accompanying text by Covarrubias himself, let us resolve to see for ourselves the pictures they describe. On another page, Dr. Cadman, as he flies over the Southland, sends us at the request of his class at our Club, another of his comments. We are grateful indeed for his calm analysis. Miss Chandler shares with us her "shooting" in a country which very few of us know first-hand. Her "sport" is dramatic in the extreme, and we read with keen interest of the lion who ignored the automobile. On another page Constance Breeden fans our tennis enthusiasm, while a story about Helen Crlenkovich makes us believe swimming is a necessary exercise. The Girl Scouts are tenants of our clubhouse and we know first-hand of their programs and yearly Bazaar. This month Mrs. W. Wilberforce Williams tells us of the forthcoming encampment.

We go to print at an hour when spiritual forces seem submerged almost to the point of suffocation, but our faith tells us that they are but hidden from our human eyes and that eventually wars must pass and the Prince of Peace reign. And so our courage maintains and our prayers bring us the calm that sustains.

Because of the present sorrows and incredible hates in a distraught world, our loyalty to the National League for Woman's Service binds us all the more firmly together in mutual service, with the firm belief in our hearts that in common effort we may learn to understand each other and recognize the good in each other, the good which unfortunately too often is hidden unless we seek for it. As perhaps never before in the history of the League do we, with nerves tense, need the strength which unselfish service brings as its unerring reward. We pray for unhasty judgments in the program of the months ahead and for immediate co-operation with whatever duty lies directly in our path of volunteer service as we move forward together in the National League for Woman's Service of California.

Just as we go to press, word comes that Miss Grace Parker will visit San Francisco the second week in July. While here she will be a guest in the Clubhouse. The N. L. W. S. of California is happy to welcome Miss Parker, for many of us remember her in 1917, when, as the National Executive Secretary of the League she came from New York to spur us on in our first efforts of mobilized volunteer service in the organization she had helped to found. We remember her with much pleasure and shall look forward to honoring her on some special occasion to be arranged later.

GARDEN RAMBLE

TO THE

EXPOSITION

TUESDAY

JUNE 11, 1940

MEETING PLACE · THE GARDENS IN
BACK OF THE HALL OF FLOWERS
AT ONE O'CLOCK · RAMBLE FEE 50c
INCLUDING ENTRANCE TO
MODEL GARDENS

RAMBLE THROUGH THE VARIOUS
COURTS OF FLOWERS AT THE EXPOSITION
GROUNDS WILL BE CONDUCTED
BY MISS CLARA SCHAEFFER

HOSTESS HOUSE

TREASURE ISLAND

By Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

Hostess House - Hospitality and Program Center operated by the Women's Board of the Exposition.

A comfortable lounge, a view of the Lake of Nations across a bed of blossoms, artistry in furnishing and charm of color and arrangement — these are the factors which make Hostess House on Treasure Island!

Planned by the Exposition Women's Board as a hospitality center for women who attend the Fair—and who during the course of their sight-seeing long for a restful spot in which to relax for a little while, Hostess House is the 1940 answer to the question asked hundreds of times last year—isn't there a woman's building anywhere on the grounds

Co-operation on the part of the Exposition management and their official women's committee made it possible for the Women's Board to create Hostess House. The building formerly occupied by the exhibits from Hawaii has been renamed and has new owners.

This year it resounds to the conversation of interested visitors who find the friendly Aloha of last year only an echo—so far as active participation is concerned. Instead there will be a series of special programs, featured in the comfortable auditorium, where in 1939 by way of moving pictures thousands of visitors were enabled to enjoy a vicarious tour of the Islands of the Pacific where *Aloha* is the password.

Planned and furnished under a special committee of the Women's Board, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell and Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, Hostess House will be operated by a San Francisco committee, with Mrs. Jesse C. Colman as Chairman and responsible for its activities. Assisting Mrs. Colman is a small executive committee, each of whose members is entrusted with a special feature of the building's program. Mrs. Henry Doble is the capable vice-chairman; Mrs. Lawrence Clay Brown, chairman of Programs, assisted by Mrs. Ludwig Frank, Mrs. Stanley Powell, Mrs. Lloyd S. Ackerman; Miss Alice Burr in charge of exhibits; Dr. Rose Vanderburg and a hostess committee including county chairmen in the bay area who have worked with the Women's Board through its county organization to stimulate interest in the 1940 Fair.

The need for such a building as Hostess House was apparent months ago with an influx of letters requesting facilities for various occasions and some recognition of the interests of women in general.

Many of these occasions and interests will be accommodated in Hostess House where the auditorium makes possible the granting of such requests. The building is not equipped to handle organization luncheons or dinners. Its function in the general exposition plan does not include that service.

Laurels for the decoration of the building goes to Mrs. Frances Elkins of Monterey whose work in the Yerba Buena Club last year was such an overwhelming artistic success. Comfortable rattan furniture cushioned in bright red, deep-seated settees, casual tables and lamps, with occasional objects d'art in just the right spots—these placed against gold walls overspread by the palest of pink ceilings combine in the Lounge to attest again the artistry and skill of Mrs. Elkins.

The long French doors and windows, with Venetian blinds and suitable hangings, add to the furnishings' charm.

Hostess House is the focal point on Treasure Island for recounting the activities and achievements of major organizations of women in California—groups which have national and international affiliations in most instances. Sharing with Mrs. Colman's committee the responsibilities of hostesses within the building will be representatives from all of these organizations—women appointed from the neighboring counties for various days and times to welcome visitors to Treasure *(Continued on page 21*

A VISION OF BEAUTY, SMALL BUT GREAT...

MRS. THORNE'S MINIATURE ROOMS

Mrs. James Ward Thorne — creator of the Thorne Miniature Rooms, to be exhibited in the Fine Arts Palace on Treasure Island.

Having had the privilege of being associated with Mrs. Thorne, and her Miniature Rooms, since 1933, I have come to know the questions one naturally asks, when first seeing the rooms. "Who is Mrs. Thorne?" "Where did she get all these little things?" and "How did she come to make the rooms?"

To the first question, I think most of you already know who Mrs. Thorne is, for she is part Californian, having had a house at Santa Barbara for many years, although her home is in Chicago.

In the beginning, too, much of the work for the rooms was done in California; she studied wood-carving with an Italian wood-carver, in Santa Barbara, and made much of the furniture in the Spanish and Italian rooms. Some of the iron grill work was done by a Mexican there.

However, now she has the furniture carved by cabinet-makers, from her designs, but the upholstering of the little pieces she always does herself. In fact, much of the actual work of the rooms, is still done by her own hands.

Many people ask if Mrs. Thorne is a decorator. Although she has never been engaged professionally as a decorator, she is an honorary member of the American Institute of Decorators. But the making of the rooms has been purely a labor of love, and you feel the joyousness of spontaneous expression throughout. As one always expresses their true selves through their work, so you feel shining through these little rooms, the reflection of the rare and beautiful qualities of mind and heart, which radiate from the maker of the rooms.

To the second question, "Where did she find all these little things?" Many people, I have learned, have a great love for small things. From her childhood, Mrs. Thorne appreciated the charm, and the work and skill, which goes into the making of miniature objects. Some of her earliest childhood treasures are here and there in the rooms. A Nubian head in the modern library, a Chinese chest which now is a garden house. Friends and relatives, knowing her hobby, brought her interesting pieces from far-away places, and on her own travels over the globe, she was always on the lookout for small and lovely things, until her collection had grown to enormous proportions! What to do with them all!

And so we come to the third question. "How did she happen to start making Miniature Rooms?" Wanting to assemble some of her treasures, bring them together in some sort of setting, so that others could enjoy them too, she began to make doll's houses, which she gave to children in her family and to friends. Then, later, little children in hospitals and orphanages were made happy by being given these ever increasingly beautiful houses.

Finally, she was wondering, "What next?"—when Fate answered the question for her, in the dusty window of an antique shop. There lay two exquisite little chandeliers, miniature models of large ones, whiich had hung in an Italian Palace. Realizing their price was prohibitive (for a doll's house) the idea came, in thinking of a more permanent use for them, to build a room around them—a real Italian room in miniature. This she did, and that very first room, the Venetian Salon, with those precious Chandeliers, is to be seen in this year's exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts, on Treasure Island.

Once having started on this first *(Continued on page 22*

A PAGEANT OF THE PACIFIC

MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

Like a clear stream flowing through the varying greens and yellows, the pinks and browns of mountain forest and meadow, the clarifying text of Covarrubias flows through the colors and the subject matter of the maps.

It is the work of a well-ordered mind and beautifully articulated. This text is a mine of selective information and great knowledge. It is also full and rich in detail.

He first speaks of the Pacific Ocean as being regarded until recently "in the popular mind as a vast expanse of water bordered by and dotted with remote, exotic peoples, and as a barrier rather than the link that it is, between the peoples, cultures and economy of the countries of the Pacific Area. Cultural and commercial relations are growing steadily among them and the link grows shorter as science progresses and the communications become more effective. With the advent of air transportation the Extreme Orient is only a few days away from America; consequently, the need for a better understanding of the Pacific Area is becoming more and more imperative and a greater popular acquaintance with its peoples, with its social, economic and cultural aims is highly desirable, particularly since the Old World has embarqued into savage, suicidal wars that will leave it maimed, if not destroyed, to convalesce for many years to come."

Covarrubias goes on to describe the influence of "latitude, the warm and cold sea currents, the great mountain ranges, the high plateaus, the deserts and rain-soaked lowlands of the tropics—all are factors that define the climates of the earth and create the amazing varieties of fauna and flora of the Pacific Basin."

In this map climate and vegetation are shown by color areas. Most fascinating is the account of "the tropical thorn-brush and rain-green forests" of India, Indo-China, Malaysia, the North Coast of Australia, Mexico and the South American Chaco, a description which includes "lurid animals" the tropical fauna.

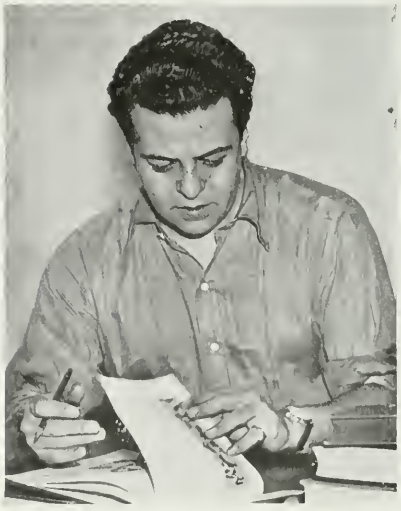
On The Peoples of the Pacific Area, Covarrubias puts aside some of the older anthropological beliefs. He says, "The old concept of mankind as divided by color lines into four great races—Black, White, Yellow and Red—is obsolete today among anthropologists. Still classifying peoples into races remains an elusive and unsettled problem. However, for the sake of convenience and based upon definite physical characteristics such as types of heads, hair, noses, etc., anthropologists now divide the peoples of the earth into three major groups: Mongoloids, Caucasoids, and Negroids, with endless variations, admixtures of these three, such as the Micronesians and Polynesians who combine characteristics of each. Every group is well represented in the Pacific Area, either having occupied the continents and islands since the remotest times, or as ancient as well as recent immigrants."

Then follows a full account of each figure on this map —of the types most characteristic of these racial groups.

The element of time, the fact that the manuscript from Mr. Covarrubias has only just arrived and is now in the press in order that it may be ready and in Pacific House when the Fair opens makes this article necessarily short.

There is one interesting point in the manuscript where Covarrubias refers to the six murals now being reproduced: "These maps include the three continents that rim the Pacific-Asia, America and Australia, as well as the countless islands and archipelagos that adorn it—Malaysia, Melanesia, Polynesia and

(Continued on page 25



Miguel Covarrubias

KRUGER

By Dorothy Chandler

Speaking of sports . . . did you ever try Big Game Hunting with a camera? The procedure is simple—if you happen to be in Africa. One goes to Kruger National Park. This is a wild animal reserve in the Union of South Africa about 220 miles by 40 miles in area. One can drive for days through the park, seeing all manner of wild animals in their native surroundings. You are not allowed to get out of your car but inside your car you are perfectly safe. The animals pay no attention whatsoever to these moving dark objects which give off a strong scent of gasoline. There is a sealed gun in the car for use in case of emergency and that gives one a much safer feeling.

We started out from Johannesburg and took the overnight train to Nelspruit, which is one starting point for the park. From Nelspruit we drove through beautiful country of orange groves and rolling hills. Then, as we neared the park, the country became dry and bushy. Soon after entering the park we saw our first wild animals. There were herds of Wildebeste, a strange animal with the head and neck of a buffalo, the body of an antelope and a tail like a horse. We saw numbers of Zebra, looking gay in their black and white stripes. There were hundreds of Impala, a red South African antelope about the size of a deer. These little animals often ran across the road right in front of the car—giving us some marvelous movie shots.

Many times we heard strange bird calls but we had great difficulty trying to locate the birds. Looking up to the top of a tree, I saw a strange animal's head—nothing like a bird. Then I looked down from the head and found it belonged to a very elegant Giraffe about 22 feet high. The whole family was with him and we soon saw six other Giraffes. I had always thought that Giraffes were very awkward looking but here in their native home, moving about with such a gentle dignity, they seemed very beautiful and graceful. Their coloring was so like that of their surroundings that it was almost impossible to separate them from their background. I shall always maintain that that is the reason why my pictures of them didn't show any Giraffes.

Before entering the lion country, we arrived at the camp where we were to spend the night. These compounds are surrounded by a high enclosure to keep the animals out and you in. Our "cottage" was a round hut built in native style with thatched roof and no windows. One must be back safe within these compound walls by sundown—otherwise the patrols go out to see what has happened to you.

We started our lion hunt in the early afternoon. We were determined to see and get a picture of a lion. Other people had. During the afternoon, every car we met would stop and the people would shout, "Any luck?" Luck meant lions. No one seemed to be having any luck. We drove for hours, seeing more lovely little impala and wart hogs and baboons—but no lions. We saw some of the rarer animals such as the waterbuck and the beautiful kudu, who is a majestic animal with huge antlers and large ears that seem to be lined in bright red.

When we returned to camp at sundown, we found that no one had seen lions. We began to feel that maybe there weren't any lions but during the night we heard loud roars (not too distant) which were unmistakable. There was all the thrill of being in the depth of the jungle—but so cozy to know about that high wall around the compound.

The next day we set out for the lion country at sunrise. We had gone along slowly for miles when suddenly we caught sight of a huge lion, slinking along in the brush, not 50 yards from the road. Then we saw another coming slowly along. Our driver said that they must be stalking something, so he turned the car around and we started stalking with them. Soon we saw that there were seven lions in the group. Sometimes they would come out quite near the road, then again they would continue their walk farther away in the brush. We were breathless, knowing that something was bound to happen soon and wanting to be in on it.

After a time, the lions went far from the road and we could no longer see them, so we went ahead to see if we could find what they were after. About a half mile on we came upon a herd of impala. Evidently they had just got the lion scent, for they rushed across the road in front of us. We decided that there must be more impala ahead, so we went on. The road descended into a dry river bed at an abrupt dip and when we reached the bottom we saw many impala off to the right at the water hole. We parked there and watched them as they drank. By chance, I turned and glanced out of the back window. Down the steep road, straight for the car came two enormous lions. There in the narrow road, it looked as though they were after us and for a moment we were terrified. Then our driver said, "Don't be silly, open the window and take pictures!" He knew just what was going to *(Continued on page 31*

HELEN CRLENKOVICH

In the spring of 1913, two people, bewildered with the grandeur of New York's skyline, stepped from the gangplank of a European liner to seek their future in a fairyland known as America. They were Josef Tomin and his fifteen-year-old motherless daughter, Anna. Business in the small town of Petrijevci, Austria, was not so good. There were rumors of a great war brewing, and, Tomin knew that if and when hostilities started, his small fortune would be wiped out. Then again, his home had been broken up when his wife died and there were no sentimental ties other than his daughter, Anna. He sold his machine shop and with his daughter, migrated to the United States under the Immigration Quota. It was only natural that Josef Tomin would seek employment in one of the great industrial centers of America. He found work as a machinist in Akron, Ohio.

Adam Crlenkovich, a structural engineer, was employed in Akron. He, likewise, migrated to America from the small Austrian village of Petrijevci. The tie of the Croatian language, together with the fact that they both came from the same town, brought Adam Crlenkovich and Josef Tomin together. It was only a matter of time before love crept into the lives of Tomin's beautiful daughter Anna, and the handsome young engineer, Crlenkovich. They kept constant company with each other for two years and on Anna's twentieth birthday, they were married. The wedding was a huge affair in keeping with the customs of the Croatian people. The celebration lasted for two days. In the meantime, Josef Tomin was having his own romance and shortly after his daughter Anna was married, he, too, married and returned to his native land with his second wife. The World War changed the geography of his homeland. His native village of Petrijevci was now in Yugoslavian territory.

Adam and Anna Crlenkovich led a normal life. They applied for and received their American citizenship papers. A daughter, Kay, was born to this happy couple, and, two years later, on January 14, 1921, another baby girl was brought into the world. Her name was Helen.

A boom of construction had started throughout the United States and Adam Crlenkovich and his family started a hectic life. They moved from place to place wherever a new structural project offered employment. The children had a grand time, seeing new places, meeting new playmates, and romping in the great out-of-doors. It was in White Plains, New York, that Helen first learned to swim. Her aquatic efforts were confined to the Hudson River, and, like the rest of the children, she would get a thrill from diving off the wharves. Her diving, at that time, did not draw attention. They were just head-foremost thrusts into the water from a height of about six feet.

Adam Crlenkovich learned that in San Francisco plans were being formulated to construct a gigantic bridge across the bay. He promptly packed up his Ford and started the long motor trek across the continent. He arrived in San Francisco on September 14, 1934, and located his home in the Mission district. Helen was now 13 years of age. She was enrolled in the Everett Junior High School and once again, she was forced to seek new playmates. It was only natural for her to attend the neighborhood playground. This playfield, the Mission playground, had a swimming pool. Helen immediately became interested in swimming and diving. She showed ability in the sport and soon captivated the interest of the director, Mrs. Helen Center. Helen wanted to be a swimming and diving champion. Mrs. Center explained to Helen that the playground department was not inclined *(Continued on page 26*

THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

By Heinz Berggruen

With the opening of the Golden Gate International Exposition on May 25, 1940, there will be the beginning of an entirely new phase in the history of art and art display.

The Exposition's Palace of Fine Arts, one of the most popular attractions last year, will present a show which, through its unique program, will give the public a greater appreciation and a better enjoyment of the arts. Together with the display of priceless old masters and examples of the best work by living European and American artists, and a great number of smaller exciting features, Timothy L. Pflueger, executive Vice-Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee, has made arrangements for the biggest art demonstrations ever held anywhere in the world.

Art in Action

A continuous four-months' show—called *Art in Action*—will reveal technique and methods of art on a tremendous scope. Completely unprecedented, the project *Art in Action* is an invitation to the public to see the arts backstage. With the central section of the Fine Arts Building entirely turned over to the artists, the public will see sculptors cut their stone, painters mix their oils on the palette, print makers pull proofs from zinc and copper plates.

The artists will work right in the midst of the public, and stimulating new relationships will be established between them and the visitors. Many who regard a painting or a piece of sculptor as something remote and only awe-inspiring, will have a new experience in visually taking part in the process of artistic creation, and will find an entirely new outlook on art.

Diego Rivera

The biggest working projects of all will be at each end of the main hall in the Palace of Fine Arts. Deigo Rivera, the great Mexican muralist, will be here for the duration of the Fair and will work on a huge fresco, about 45 feet long by 20 feet high. This fresco will find its permanent place later in the library of the new San Francisco Junior College.

Rivera, who from his previous visit has a deep affection for San Francisco, is enthusiastic about the project and has already started working on the sketches. It will be his contribution to the Pan-American idea and to a closer harmony between his country and ours. Rivera insisted on receiving only his bare expenses while working at the Fair.

The design of his fresco will balance the native soil-grown traditions of Latin America with the high mechanical development of the United States. A central figure will bring together on the one side the old Mexican Indian god *Quetzalcoatl,* and on the other hand, a superb robot-like machine. Likewise, Mexico's legendary serpent will be given counterpart by a sinuous belt conveyor, and this country's skyscrapers—including a vista of San Francisco—will be contrasted with Mexico's pyramids.

Other Art Demonstrations

The other big demonstration project will be a large mosaic, 40 x 42 feet, depicting great figures of science from Darwin to Ernest Lawrence, Nobel prizewinner of atom smasher fame. A staff of artists will have their scaffold up and the public will see them putting together the polished marble and granite bits that make this huge mosaic, designed by the Swiss-American artist, Hermann Volz, of the Federal Art Project. Like Rivera's fresco, Volz' mosaic will be installed in the new San Francisco Junior College after the Exposition.

Sixty artists have been signed up for further active participation in the Palace of Fine Arts' demonstration projects. They are going to work in all sorts of media, such as painting, sculpture, prints, ceramics, and metal. One of the most intriguing demonstrations will be a gigantic head of Leonardo da Vinci, which Fred Olmstead will carve. Dudley Carter, known to many Fair visitors for his splendid work on the Shasta Building last year, will do spectacular wood sculpture—working with an axe.

A festive, lively spirit will dominate the Active Arts Plaza. To create an atmosphere of leisure and comfort for visitors, there will be seats arranged in the form of pyramids. People will be able to relax and at the same time to watch the artists at work. Nobody will have to complain that he got so tired that he could not see anything. There will also be a restaurant in the building, operated by Pig 'n Whistle, where light foods can be had.

Living California Art

Art in Action will be the biggest opportunity California artists have ever had. Not one, but three large shows of oil paintings, water colors and prints by Western artists, each to last about seven or eight weeks, will be hung around the Active Arts Plaza where the artists will work on their stones and canvases.

Two groups of juries, one of conservative and the other of modern taste, have chosen pictures which provide an unbiased, broad cross section of the best works living Californians are producing. Prize awards totaling $1500 are

available for the exhibition. All of the objects to be shown will be for sale and moderately priced.

Art in Use

As a further contribution to the big demonstration projects, there will be several units of *Art in Use*. These units will show how modern art can fit into the furnishing scheme of homes and budget apartments. *Arts in Use* is planned as an encouragement to the public to consider contemporary art not only as something to look at in museums and art galleries, but to use actually in their own everyday life.

The *Art in Use* units are being designed and arranged by some of the foremost California architects. The art objects to be included in these units, effectively demonstrating their place in modern living, will all be the work of living California artists. There will be paintings, water colors, prints and sculpture, all of them moderately priced.

The California artist, Helen Bruton, is head of the Art in Action Division, assisted by Beatrice Judd Ryan.

California Art in Retrospect

As a sort of bridge from the Art in Action Division of living California art to the great section of European and American Painting and Sculpture, there will be a special show of California art of the past. Covering in retrospect the period from 1850–1915, the year of the first Exposition held in San Francisco, considerable space will be devoted to the well-loved historical figures of California painting: William Keith, Thomas Hill, Jules Tavernier and many others.

Three men, each an expert in the field of early California art, are working on this part of the show: Bruce Porter, Gottardo Piazzoni and Professor Eugen Neuhaus, of the Art Department at the University of California.

The show, to include paintings and sculpture, will be the first of its kind to be organized on this ambitious scale. Nearly a hundred pictures and plastic works have been secured from public and private sources.

Key pictures of this Retrospective Exhibition will be three paintings lent by the Crocker Art Galleries in Sacramento: Charles Christian Nahl's large canvas, *Sunday Morning in the Mines,* a picture which has never left Sacramento since the establishment of the galleries there in the 80's; Thomas Hill's panoramic view of *Yosemite Valley;* and William Hahn's *Clay Street, San Francisco,* with Telegraph Hill in the background.

This particular section will present a special opportunity to those who delight in sentiment, anecdote, and story, sometimes presented for its own sake but also presented in an artistic vocabulary both lively and enjoyable.

Old Masters

Rivaling the unforgetable show of old masters of last year, some of the greatest paintings in existence will be on display at the Palace of Fine Arts. There will be priceless works by Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco, Velasquez, Goya, Rubens, Rembrandt and Frans Hals, to name only a few.

From the middle ages to the present time, every major trend in the history of European and American art will be represented in the painting and sculpture division of the Fine Arts Palace. Dr. Walter Heil, Director of San Francisco's de Young Museum, is head of this division, assisted by John D. Forbes.

As last year, Dr. Heil has been exceptionally successful in securing great works from the leading Eastern museums and some of the finest private collections in the world. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has broken traditional rules against the loan of its possessions, to lend ten great canvases. Among them are choice works by the American, Gilbert Stuart, and by Van Goyen, Metsu, Ruysdael, Greuze, Courbet, and Corot.

From the Brooklyn Museum will come a Toulouse-Lautrec, a Boudin, and a Degas. Yale University is lending its famous Pollaiulolo. Private sources are supplying Whistler's *White Girl* and a Lippi *Madonna and Child.* Mr. Thomas Harris of London will lend his celebrated *The Building of the Trojan Horse,* by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo.

Other paintings will be Breughel's *Wedding Dance* from the Detroit Art Institute; two magnificent El Grecos, several Van Dycks, Rembrandts, Murillos, and a group of early Italians. There will also be a superb Madonna in terra cotta by Mino da Fiesole; two works by the Italian fifteenth century sculptor, Amadeo; several fine pieces of early Greek statuary; also a considerable number of superb Dutch paintings, and English and French oils of the eighteenth century.

The French schools of the nineteenth century will be amply represented with distinguished works by Delacroix, Courbet, Corot, Manet, Renoir, and Monet. Paintings by Utrillo, Matisse, Laurencin and Dufy will be included in the group of contemporary French artists.

Herman More from New York's famous Whitney Museum is assisting Dr. Heil in securing modern American paintings.

Master Drawings

One hundred old master drawings—crowned by a rare work of the great Leonardo da Vinci himself—will form another priceless section in the superb old master exhibit at the Fine Arts Palace, collected by Dr. Annemarie Henle. While they often do not measure more than 5 x 4 inches, many of these drawings represent insurance values of as much as $25,000, and in one case even $50,000. It is the first time that such a group of choice items has ever been brought to the West.

Loaned by renowned institutions, among them the J. P. Morgan Library, and the Lessing-Rosenwald Collection, the exhibit will include masterpieces by Rembrandt, Fragonard, Van Dyck, Watteau, Rubens and Titian.

The drawings represent all major European countries from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, and range from the only work in this medium in existence by the Fleming Dieric Bouts, to an equally rare masterpiece by the Frenchman Cezanne. *(Continued on page 24*

CAMPING WITH THE SAN FRANCISCO GIRL SCOUTS

With the coming of summer, San Francisco's Girl Scouts, their leaders or mothers are busy making plans for the second season at Camp Sugar Pine.

This beautiful 40-acre property belonging to the San Francisco Girl Scout Council is located at Dorrington, in Calaveras County, twenty-seven miles east of Angels Camp, on the Ebbetts Pass Road. Its elevation of four thousand, eight hundred feet, its pine trees and open spaces assure the dry healthful climate so beneficial to children who live by the sea.

This year the camp will be open from July 9 to August 7 for two periods of two weeks each. Those Girl Scouts are eligible who are registered and in good standing in their troops. Should there be any vacancies, applications will be accepted after June 15 from Girl Scouts not living in San Francisco. The trip to the camp is made by train and bus and leaders accompany all groups.

On arriving each girl is assigned to a unit with others of approximately her own age and school grade. The units have names reminiscent of the interesting history of the countryside such as: Jumping Frog, Rainbow Trout, Gold Nugget and Woodsmen. Campers in each Unit make their own plans with their leaders and carry out with their groups their favorite activities such as hiking, dramatics, and campfire programs.

All sleep on the ground in sleeping bags and assist in such camp duties as the preparing of vegetables, serving of meals, keeping the camp clean. Each one washes her own dishes.

Only the kitchen, open air dining room, offices, and sanitary units are under shelter. There is a large swimming pool in the creek. Horses can be hired near by. Other activities include handicraft, dramatics, nature lore, camp craft, singing, and an occasional bus trip to the neighborhood points of interest. The camp staff includes leaders versed in the above mentioned activities, as well as a business manager, a trained nurse, dietitians, and four head counselors. Miss Ida M. Smith is the Camp Director and Miss Virginia L. Hansen, the Program Director.

For those Scouts who may not leave San Francisco this summer, Camp Merced will provide day-camping on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday from 10:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. during the summer vacation. This five-acre sandy and wooded tract is located at the corner of Skyline and Sunset Boulevards and can be reached by the No. 12 street car.

The daily program has been planned by a girls' committee and will include such activities as singing, folk dancing, nature, hiking, first aid, handicraft, dramatics, camp cooking, a trip to the zoo. *(Continued on page 27*

Girl Scouts at Camp Merced

THE SPORT OF TENNIS

By Constance Breeden

It seems strange that regardless of the plentiful opportunities existing today tennis is still considered by many to be a sport only indulged in during idle vacation days some time in mid-summer. A long time has elapsed since Sunday was really laid aside as a day of rest and one of the best ways to keep in trim, yet really find enjoyment, is to spend part of this day on a tennis court.

Perchance some do still hold to the old rule of resting on Sunday. If so, then after dark is the time to give the body the exercise it needs. Yes, the night time, when the mind is fatigued and needs relaxation and the body craves a good work-out before retiring. Here in San Francisco there are a group of courts in the old Palace of Fine Arts just for this purpose. There are also several park courts throughout the city that provide lighting equipment for their night patrons.

Tennis isn't a game for experts alone. The experts themselves were "greenhorns" at one time and only through constant practice did they reach their peak. Just like any major or minor sport, tennis demands a concentrated training before perfection can be achieved. The tennis player's diet must be watched and regular hours must be kept before he can capitalize on any particular ability. In fact, the serious tennis player isn't allowed any more freedom than the track man in training. Unlike most other sports such as football or basketball, tennis competition is a test of skill for the individual. He cannot rely on team work but rather everything depends on him alone. He is the only one to be blamed for a poor "shot" or praised for an excellent "placement."

Since there are not as many women experts in this field, it seems logical that competitive tennis would give more opportunity to women than to men. The competitive player must be willing to sacrifice many social events to attain top rank in this sport; perhaps this accounts for the small number of outstanding women tennis stars. However, a number of those who thought it was worth while to train themselves for this sport have been rewarded. We of the Bay area have been fortunate in seeing the results of this rule carried out by the famed Helen Wills, Helen Jacobs, and Alice Marble, all of national renown, and Virginia Wolfenden and Margaret Osborne, whose names are becoming familiar to tennis enthusiasts.

Regardless of whether or not the player's interests extend any further than the exercise and the pure love of the sport, it is most important to have some knowledge of the fundamental strokes and positions. With this knowledge, there is nothing quite so exhilarating as a good stiff set of tennis, one in which the player can feel perfect muscular coördination coupled with the thrill of competition and fair play. "The greatest point of all in its favor is that it is not a game for the star alone, but for everyone who can hold a racquet." (Helen Wills, *Tennis*, Scribner's, New York, 1928, p. 14.)

From the spectator point of view, tennis can be equally as exciting as a basketball game with Hank Luisetti dribbling down the court. One can really enjoy a tennis match without having a thorough knowledge of the technicalities involved, whereas in basketball the spectator becomes so confused with obscure rulings that he is unable to follow the game with any great amount of understanding.

Coastwide and local tennis tournaments are held periodically in the San Francisco district and as a spectator one can attend matches equal in skill and intensity to the best of them throughout the world. The Bay area can boast of several excellent Tennis Clubs — the Berkeley Tennis Club in the East Bay (considered by many to be the Wimbledon of the West), the California Tennis Club in San Francisco, and others have produced many of the stars of today.

The California State Tournament ended in Berkeley on Sunday, May 19th, with a terrific battle between former champion Welby Van Horn of Los Angeles and Frank Kovacs. Spectators present at this hard-fought match had the distinct pleasure of watching Kovacs display his effortless stroking and perfect control. Another tournament was completed at the Lakeside Country Club the week before, and still another will be held soon on the twenty-one courts in Golden Gate Park.

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I HAVE BEEN READING

LET'S GO WITH BOB DAVIS. By Robert H. Davis. D. Appleton Century Co. $3.00. Reviewed by Helen M. Bruner.

SECRET WATER: Arthur Ransome. The Macmillan Company. $2.50. Reviewed by Kathryn Eshleman Wahl.

Have you planned your vacation yet? How would you like to go to India or the West Indies, or to Alaska or Ceylon, or even to Chesapeake Bay? These are some of the places you can go, along with Bob Davis, meeting with many a story and exciting personality at each place. Perhaps you are the kind of a traveler I am — far-off places sound exciting, but how much more comfortable it is to be in your own place and read about other people's adventures, particularly if the other person is one who manages to see the most interesting places, who finds the important, or perhaps human, people there, and who can always get the exciting story.

Bob Davis is a newspaperman and newspapermen do get around. He, perhaps, is near the record for even a newspaperman, however, for he has over a million miles of travel to his credit. We are used to reading newspapers, too, so we find Bob Davis easy to read.

We often read about the matchless beauty of the Taj Mahal but do we know the story of why it was built? And Ceylon — does that mean to you elephants, working well and faithfully in the jungles, loving their masters, the older ones training the younger? And do you know how they are caught and trained? That is what Ceylon means to me now.

Jumping over to our own Puerto Rico, it is significant and comforting to know that our Uncle Sam has been at work here fortifying this important spot for the protection of the Panama Canal. This spearhead which sticks far out into the Atlantic is now the center of military and naval activity. Airships and submarines take their very important places in the plans, too.

Suddenly we find ourselves in Alaska. To us here in California stories of gold rush days are probably more interesting than to any other people on earth, be they stories of the days of '49 or of Gold Hill in Nevada or of the sour-doughs in Alaska. How would you like to have a recipe for real sourdough pancakes? Well, here it is as well as the story of steamboating on the Yukon and the building of the most expensive railroad in the world.

Now back to the Atlantic coast of our country again with first a stop on the Gaspe peninsula and a glimpse of its beautiful land and seascapes and its picturesque old-world living. Then on to Chesapeake Bay and the beginnings of our own country. Sir Walter Raleigh was here in 1584, Captain John Smith in 1606. Washington, Lincoln, signers of the Declaration, statesmen, politicians, Annapolis, Philadelphia, Washington, the city, all help to end our book in a very patriotic, home-folksey key.

Kaleidoscopic, indeed, but to go to all these places, far and near, and meet not only the important personages but to get the stories of those living their lives there from day to day makes the world seem smaller and more comfortable in a way.

Somehow I am afraid I cannot review this book impartially, for it is a children's book. And I am a partisan of children's books: my favorite book is still Penrod, and while Secret Water is quite a different matter than Penrod, it arouses the same nostalgic pangs for the days gone without warning.

This is the story of a family of English children whose parents allow them to camp alone on an island in a small bay. Here are many other islands and the changing tide, which sometimes leaves roads open to the mainland, and sometimes rises and fills fascinating channels for them to explore in their small boats. To add to their pleasure their parents call it marooning when they leave the children, and rescuing when they come for them. And the children are explorers, with the tides and the unexplored country to map before rescue comes. Other children, who had camped there before and resent the newcomers, are the savages with whom the explorers must contend.

You cannot review a book such as this from an adult standpoint. If your young imagination has withered, all there is to see is an unimportant narrative of rather an

alarming expedition to allow children, with, however, some desirable points of honor and self reliance stressed. But from the standpoint of anyone six to sixteen, it is adventure, with fascinating ciphers and signal codes, and emotional conflict and suspense. To make thinks better, it is adventure of old friends, for the book is one of a series. And there is nothing a child likes better than the sequel to a sequel.

In these days when newspapers are challenged by radio, one should read "Extra! Extra!" just off the press of Macmillan Company. The Women's City Club has had periodic rambles to the various San Francisco newspaper offices, and those fortunate to join these rambles have seen the actual "behind the scenes" which this book describes. To these and also to those others who have not been through a newspaper building, we heartily recommend this graphic description of what goes on before we buy "the extra" which we take so for granted as a part of our modern world privilege.

San Juan Bautista

On Sunday, June 23, old Mission San Juan Bautista will celebrate its 143rd anniversary.

Highlight of the day will be the performances of the dramatic pageant-play. Written by Mrs. Lucy Cuddy, prominent San Francisco playwright and author, the historic presentation is a colorful and charming interlude in the life of old Spain. Mrs. Cuddy has written the pageants for San Juan Bautista for four consecutive years.

Music and lyrics are also original, and come from the pen of Mrs. Francisca Vallejo McGettigan, well known composer and musician. Mrs. McGettigan is a granddaughter of General Mariano Vallejo. early-day governor of California.

The festivities at San Juan actually start on Saturday night, when a Fiesta Social will be held at 9 p. m.

Church services in the chapel of the little old Mission will be held on Sunday morning, June 23, at 7, 9 and 11 a. m.

A gigantic barbecue in the Mission Garden will be given at twelve noon on Sunday. Neighboring ranchers for miles around contribute steers for the occasion.

The pageant-play will be presented twice on Sunday — at 3 p. m., and again at 8 p. m.

San Juan Bautista is about 90 miles south of San Francisco, reached by Highway 101, branching to the left at Chittenden Junction.

Hostess House — Treasure Island

(Continued from page 11)

Island and to end the personal touch to general Exposition hospitality.

So that visitors to the building may know more of these organizations and what they accomplish arrangements have been made for the display of posters and charts outlining these achievements and objectives. These charts are hung in the corridor between the Lounge and the Auditorium.

An engagement book — a boon to Exposition visitors who often fail to understand their appointments — or who change their plans once they are on the grounds, is featured at the Information desk, as are registers for various organizations whose members from afar can place themselves on record during their stay in California.

To the Women's City Club, Hostess House has offered another and a unique opportunity to serve. Under the chairmanship of Mrs. C. J. Goodell, the Club's chairman of Volunteer Service, a corps of club members will be on duty throughout the Exposition, to answer questions and to direct visitors. This group will staff the Information Desk, equipped not only with the bits of information about the grounds which someone always wants, but also primed with welcome knowledge concerning contacts on and off the grounds, best route for summer travel as visitors come and go through California, seasonal attraction en route to and from Treasure Island. This committee, a volunteer group assembled and assigned by the National League for Woman's Service, is one more evidence of the superb cooperation which the Women's Board of the Exposition has received through the past three years from the members of our organization in the Women's City Club.

That Hostess House will be used to the maximum of its capacity throughout the four months of the Exposition is a foregone conclusion. Through its cooperation with the Department of Special Events in the Exposition and with organizations which seek special housing for particular occasions, its booking committee has its hands full already.

While it will accommodate other groups on certain days — several on some days — the committee in charge of Hostess House is reserving Fridays for its own programs throughout the Fair. What these will be and how they will be presented are facts which will probably be made known before the week is out.

The Women's Board of the Exposition, under which Hostess House has been planned and will function includes Mrs. George T. Cameron, chairman; Mrs. George Creel, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. John F. Forbes, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Walter A. Haas, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell.

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A Vision of Beauty, Small But Great — Mrs. Thorne's Miniature Rooms

(Continued from page 12)

room. the idea took form in her mind that eventually she would make a series of rooms, showing the trends in architecture and decoration from the Renaissance down to the present.

Last year you had the opportunity of seeing the French and English periods which she has covered. This year, examples of other countries, as well as France and England are shown. There are Spanish, Italian and American (with four rooms in the modern manner), and, newest of all, a glorious Chinese Palace, and two Japanese interiors, thirty in all.

The "Victorian parlor" and "American Summer Kitchen," the two "jokes" of the collection, always prove to be two of the favorites, for are they not familiar rooms to us all? And familiar things are popular things, as a rule. The amusing half-forgotten details, bring back memories of happy childhood days of our grandmothers' time. The "hair-cloth" furniture, flowers under glass, the shell-covered box on the table.

And the "Summer Kitchen, 1885," with its table with doughnuts in a jar (rubber tires from tiny automobiles!) pie-dough ready to be put in the oven—and through the open door, a garden with hollyhocks in bloom, and chickens about the old-fashioned pump. A far cry, indeed, from the dramatic "Penthouse dining room," with its Roman decor in an ultra-modern setting, from the terrace of which the distant lights of the city are seen.

Varied in scope, appealing to many tastes, is this new set of rooms—"A vision of beauty, small but great," was the comment of Maharajah of India, after studying them long and earnestly, and I think it would be hard to find a more perfect appraisement.

Institute of International Relations

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Mills College, Oakland, Calif.
June 23 to July 3, 1940

PURPOSE AND MEMBERSHIP

While European and Asiatic armies fight for supremacy abroad, American foreign relations become more precarious than at any time in a quarter century. When the fighting stops, no matter what the result, America will have to adjust itself to a very different world from that of 1939.

Under some of the ablest authorities in the field, with a free interchange of ideas

representing every sincere approach to present problems, Institute members will make a critical study of world affairs. Faculty and students together, through formal lectures and through informal groups, will explore the foundations of national and individual responsibility in the immediate days of war and the future days of peace.

The Institute is open to all men and women interested in world affairs. Attendants in the past have been chiefly teachers, students, social and religious workers, club members, civic and community leaders.

SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION

The Institute will consider the following topics subject to changes in accordance with international events. Mornings will consist of lectures and round table groups. Afternoons will be largely free in order to give opportunity for rest, recreation, or leisurely conferences with the factulty. Evenings will present various views on controversial questions through forums like the "Town Meeting of the Air."

I *War Backgrounds*
- A. Factors leading to war in Europe.
- B. Problems underlying the war in East Asia

II. *Current Developments in Europe and Asia*
- A. An analysis of passing events
- B. A study of potential resources supporting conflicting groups

III. *American Policy Toward a World at War*
- A. Relations with the Far East
- B. Relations with Europe
- C. Relations in the Western Hemisphere
- D. The coming election and American foreign policy

IV. *Freedom, Justice, and Stability within the Nation*
- A. Racial and Political minorities
- B. Capital and labor
- C. The bearing of political and economic systems on war and peace

V. *Foundations for Peace*
- A. National sovereignty and international organization
- B. The position of the small states
- C. The problem of great powers and aggression
- D. Colonies, mandates, and empire
- E. Natural resources and world trade in a durable peace

VI. *The Individual's Relation to War and Peace*
- A. The problem of allegiance: "For God and Country"
- B. Opportunism versus enduring ethical standards
- C. Inner resources of the individual required for a time of crisis

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The Palace of Fine Arts

(Continued from page 17)

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN ART

As an entirely new departure in comparison with last year's Fine Arts Exhibit, there will be a special section of art works from Central and South American countries of the Pacific Coast.

On an airplane trip through Western South America, Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, Director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, secured seventy-five paintings by modern artists. The majority come from Chile, Peru, Equador and Colombia.

Most of the artists are very little known outside their native countries. The exhibition will introduce North Americans to the intriguing achievements in Western South American art.

The exhibit gathered in Mexico by Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., Director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, will be the largest of its kind ever held in the United States. It will include no less than 187 paintings, water colors and prints, embracing the work of fifty-six Mexican artists. There will be works by Rivera, Orozco, Covarrubias, and many other well known Mexican painters.

The exhibit of South and Central American art not only will extend San Francisco's art experience into fresh and hitherto unknown fields, but also will harmonize with the Exposition's general interest in the nations and cultures of the Pacific Basin.

PAGEANT OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A unique, comprehensive show of photography will be held in the east section of the Fine Arts Building. This exhibition is being directed by two men who are known for their outstanding achievements in the field of photography: Ansel Adams of San Francisco and T. J. Maloney, Editor of the U. S. Camera Magazine.

The object of the exhibit is to present photography from the earliest day to the present time both in still and motion picture fields. The exhibit will comprise presentations of historic, documentary and experimental films (to which no extra admission fee will be charged), a show of color photography, contemporary American photography and a special section devoted to works by living California artists. Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, of the Committee for the Photographic Exhibit, will arrange for the showing of great motion pictures of the past, which will be shown twice daily in a specially built moving picture theater in the Palace of Fine Arts. The foyer to the Exhibition will be decorated with large photo murals.

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Thirty Miniature Rooms

Miniature rooms by Mrs. James Ward Thorne, which were one of the most popular features of last year's exhibition at the Fine Arts Building, will again be included in the Fine Arts show, but they will be entirely different from those on display last year.

Altogether there will be thirty rooms. Of special interest are a Chinese and two Japanese rooms, which will provide a unique insight into the nature of living in the Orient. The remaining twenty-seven units consist of six American rooms, eight French rooms, three Spanish rooms, a very handsome Venetian salon, a fine early Italian room, and eight English rooms. The most picturesque periods are included, and there are examples of charming peasant and regional interiors.

Mrs. Margarita Weaver will be Curator of this group of miniature rooms.

Architectural Exhibition

A live, pertinent exhibition of Architecture, Planning and Housing is sponsored by the Fine Arts Committee, with the cooperation of the American Institute of Architects and the State Association of California Architects. Ernest Born is chairman.

The central section will be devoted to recent architecture East of the Rocky Mountains, and a selection of Western architecture. Each group will be represented by about twenty-five models or photographic displays of architectural units. A giant screen, composed of the thousand and one parts, materials and gadgets that go into a modern building, will graphically demonstrate the complexities of present-day building.

Printing Show

Commemorating the 500th anniversary of printing with movable type, 500 books of the finest presses of the world will be on display in an unusual show of fine printing.

The exhibit is being arranged by San Francisco's distinguished club of rare book collectors, the Roxburghe Club. Morgan A. Gunst, who arranged the splendid show of book bindings in the Decorative Arts section last year, is Chairman of the Committee. In addition to the books themselves, several special educational exhibits have been arranged. One of these is a modern reconstruction used by Gutenberg in casting his type, carried out under the direction of Gustav Mori, Director of the Gutenberg Museum at Mainz. In contrast to this, there will be an exhibit of two modern methods of type casting, the Linotype, and the method used by Frederic W. Goudy, the foremost living type designer.

Art Appreciation

A great number of attractive educational features are planned by Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, head of the Art Appreciation Division of the Fine Arts Show. Many of these will be informal and entertaining in character.

There will be daily gallery tours by art experts and regular lectures. Katherine Field Caldwell, known to thousands of Fair goers from her lively talks last year, will again be head of the Lecture Division.

A series of special educational displays is being prepared. The displays will be self-explanatory, providing rich and varied information on the history and meaning of art.

The Palace of Fine Arts will be open to the public every day from 10 a. m. until 10 p. m. Admission charge will be twenty-five cents; for children, ten cents.

Red Cross War Relief Drive

The American Red Cross has issued an appeal for $10,000,000 to help relieve the terrible suffering of the war refugees in Europe. Of this sum our San Francisco Chapter is asked to raise $220,000 and your donation, however small, will be most gratefully received. If you wish, you may designate the country for which you want your donation spent.

In accordance with the regular procedure of the American Red Cross, every dollar given goes direct, without deduction of any kind, for the war sufferers.

Checks should be made payable to San Francisco Chapter, American Red Cross, and sent to their headquarters, 1136 Eddy Street.

(Continued from page 13)

Micronesia. Even to attempt to roughly describe the Area would result in an endless catalogue of names. However, since the geographical and political data have been left out of the maps to make room for the pictures, the outline map that is to follow with the most important countries, towns, mounain ranges, rivers, islands, etc., should be of assistance to locate a given spot and to better understand the geographical factors that motivate the peculiarities of the Pacific Area."

Further along in the manuscript he speaks of this outline as showing the overlapping cultures of races and peoples. Such a cultural map has never before been done. It will be important in itself, as well as in conjunction with and explanatory of the maps on the Pacific Area that Covarrubias painted for Pacific House.

In short, the text contains the answers to the many inquiries of intelligent adults and is a vivid stimulation to the imagination of youth.

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Madame Butterfly

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Helen Crlenkovich

(Continued from page 15)

an interview was arranged. Perhaps it will be better to permit Helen Crlenkovich to tell her own story from this point.

"I had a sinking feeling in my stomach when Mrs. Center and I entered the Fairmont Hotel. I was scared, and, just why I was scared, I do not know. Perhaps, I was afraid of the strangeness of the surroundings, a totally different atmosphere, or maybe it was that I was just plain scared. I almost turned around and ran for home. I now realize that if I had weakened at that very moment, my life might have just been a continuation of what had always happened before. When I stepped over the threshold of the Fairmont Hotel on the afternoon of May 9, 1935, my entire routine of life was changed. I had started a venture which has brought me great happiness and has given me advantages which otherwise would have been impossible. I have travelled over the United States. I have been to South America. I am attending the San Francisco Junior College at present. I have met many interesting and substantial people, through my diving, and have made many close friendships. Above all, it has given me a sense of everyday balance, the importance of self-reliance, sportsmanship, together with an understanding of the meaning of ideals. However, I am getting away from the purpose of this interview; namely, my diving career.

"As I mentioned before, Mrs. Center introduced me to Phil Patterson, Coach and Professional, at the Fairmont Hotel Terrace Plunge. He was kind and understanding and seemed to sense the fact that I was frightened almost speechless. He told me that he would give me a probation trial of thirty days and started me on the usual swimming exercises. My progress did not come up to the standards of the Fairmont requirements, so Mr. Patterson suggested that I forget about the swimming and make an effort to dive. I had always liked diving

"My first diving instructions were confined to 'sandpit' training. (A sandpit unit consists of a regulation springboard mounted over a pile of sand, together with a safety belt so that the prospective diver cannot be injured.) I learned to spring the board and maintain diving balance. I learned posture and fundamental acrobatics I spent three interesting months in the sandpit before I was permitted to make my diving endeavors over the water. I worked hard.

"My progress was fairly rapid. I learned a routine of ten competitive dives. Mr. Patterson entered me in a local contest after six months of preparation. In this contest I placed second to the defending local champion, Miss Barbara Baghetto. He seemed quite satisfied with the result of the competition and gave me the necessary encouragement which fired my ambitions to excel in the sport and to seek greater heights. My next competition was the Junior National Championship. I won that title, defeating Miss Betty Hinkle of Portland, Oregon. I sincerely believe that this victory in the Junior National Championship convinced me that it was entirely within the realms of possibility that some day I might be capable of winning a senior title.

"My next hurdle would be Marjorie Gestring, the Olympic Champion, who also was the defending national champion. She had been National Champion since 1936 and all of the diving critics claimed that she would be unbeatable for quite a few years. I wasn't particularly interested in beating Marjorie Gestring. I was very interested in winning her title. Yes, there is a difference. Mr. Patterson had taught me the etiquette of not pointing for a personality, but to endeavor to win the coveted title of a champion.

"I placed fourth in my first major senior competition. Marjorie Gestring, the defending champion, was the winner. Arlite Smith of Chicago was second and Claudia Eckert of Willimette, Illinois, was third. This first big-time competition was grand experience. It taught me not to be frightened with the big names found in an entry list. I was really anxious for further competition, and during the year of 1938 I placed second to Marjorie in a Far Western Championship and two National Championships. Each time the margin of points lessened between the two of us.

"In April, 1939, just 4½ years after I started diving, I won my first national title. I won the Indoor National Championship in San Francisco. Marjorie Gestring was second. I repeated my victory in Des Moines, Iowa, by winning my second national title. The year, 1939, was my banner year, and it will always be a period for me to remember. I had won both the indoor and outdoor titles.

"However, the year 1940 will bring new excitements. I am the defending champion and all of the diving aspirants are anxious to wrest my title. The shoe is now fitting on the other foot. I have to fight to keep what I have gained—as before I was always striving to take away a precious possession, the title, from another person. It is really fun, and if and when the day comes, I should be so fortunate as to have a daughter, I will make every effort to encourage her to excel in specialized athletics. It gives a girl something—the joy of living.

"Women are always interested in their physical appearance and there is no question that swimming and diving will enable them to maintain their youthful symmetrical proportions. The swimming will streamline the muscles and dissolve excess flesh. The diving will tune the normal reflexes and prevent the premature slowdown of the muscle movements."

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Camping With Girl Scouts

(Continued from page 18)

A hot dish will be served at lunch time. A trained nurse will be in attendance at all times. Mrs. Carl P. McCarthy will be the Camp Director.

The San Francisco Girl Scout Council also provides an overnight camp at Larkspur. There, is a large old fashioned house, surrounded by trees and places to play. Five summer trips of from 3 to 6 days each will be made by groups of varying ages, each accompanied by three or four leaders. Twenty-four Scouts or Brownies can be accommodated at one time.

Campcraft, hiking, nature, handicraft, dramatics, croquet and other games, as well as home-making activities will be enjoyed by the girls as their own choice dictates. Mrs. J. P. Stocker will be the director.

Bolivar Began The Movement

By Dr. L. S. Rowe
Director General of the Pan-American Union

Amongst the many important services rendered to the American republics by Simon Bolivar, none deserves greater praise than his leadership in calling the first Congress of American States in 1826.

Although the "Treaty of Perpetual Union, League and Confederation" signed at Panama was ratified by only one of the countries attending and therefore never took effect, the idea of a union of the American republics did not fall into oblivion, but by successive steps has taken shape in a system of international cooperation unparalleled in history.

Concern for international security from within and without is its chief attribute.

This attribute, created and resolutely maintained by continental public opinion, demands the use, when necessary, of the peace machinery created for the settlement of inter-American controversies and inspires joint action if external events threaten the peace of the American republics.

With the assembling of the First International Conference of American States at Washington in 1889 begins the effective effort to lay the foundations for a permanent international organization of the American republics. Although the beginnings were modest, they contained the elements from which the present highly organized mechanism has been developed.

From 1889 on, the history of the Pan-American Union reflects with great clearness the profound changes that have taken place in inter-American relations during the last fifty years.

When the Government of the United States issued the call for the First Conference, the interest of the countries of the Americas was centered on two questions: first, the maintenance of the peace of this continent; and second, the development of closer commercial relations.

The act of Congress authorizing the Conference provided that in forwarding the invitations to the respective governments the President of the United States should state that the Conference was called to consider: "First. Measures that shall tend to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of the several American States." The act then named in five paragraphs a number of specific economic and financial subjects for consideration, and continued: "Seventh. An agreement upon and recommendation for adoption to their respective Governments of a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes, and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peaceably settled and wars prevented."

Considering the stress laid on economic topics, it is not surprising that the projects which attracted most attention were those relating to reciprocity treaties and the possibility of establishing a Pan-

(Continued on page 30

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ERIKA: A FINNISH GIRL

By K. M. Ratcliffe

A good many years ago the English household of S. K. and K. M. Ratcliffe was invaded (this word is not inaccurate) by an original and delightful Finnish girl, who became a member of their circle in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, London.

To The *Manchester Guardian* of February 22, 1940, Mrs. Ratcliffe contributed the following sketch of this beloved young person.

From 1912 onwards, let anyone say the word "Finland" and my automatic response would be "Erika," the young woman who to our family represented fully in her own person the country she taught us to know as Suomi. The first glimpse of her rises vividly from the past. I was coming home in the late afternoon with our baby and our five-year-old. On the doorstep a stranger was standing, clearly a foreign stranger, tall, wrapped in a wide grey cape, on her head a felt hat which became historic. It was the first hat I had met through which the owner's head, during the course of years, wore its way out. Under the hat were particularly merry blue eyes which almost disappeared when the mouth widened to that marvelous smile. A Tartar strain perhaps, yet blonde.

"Mrs. B," said the stranger, "thought I might help you with the children."

"Oh, come another day!" I must have said, tired and impatient. She came the next morning and stayed with us over the winter, and again the following winter. A person impossible to ignore or overlook. Nothing came amiss to her. I can see her now pushing "the littlest one" in a go-cart, an open English book in her free hand. Or indoors, scrubbing this, polishing that, preparing her exotic dishes, bathing the children. Whenever she went out, adventure met her. From these encounters on buses or in trains she accumulated a bodyguard of loyal English friends. And that she was unusual amongst her own folk was clear from the behaviour of the various Finnish girls who would visit her. Her advice, her reproofs, were never to be taken lightly. I often take out a picture of her at that period. She is at the Toy Fair of 1913, standing by her country's stall, her fair braids falling to the waist of the embroidered linen apron, white chemisette confined within the low velvet corsage.

Across the Atlantic

She left us to try the United States. So far as we could learn, she continued her adventures on that other side of the ocean with the same magnificent aplomb as on ours and with the same popularity. Her friends were soon, and are still, to be met from New York to San Francisco, admiring and reminiscent. To all she revealed that fresh, courageous personality which disarmed from the first and won not only keen interest but complete trust. It seemed natural that she should make the return voyage in the Ford Peace Ship; at that date an ordinary liner would have been, as "the Young Visiters" put it, too mere.

Soon after she married a countryman of her own, a mathematician and scientist, and for the next few years after the war her letters came from Lapland's farthest north meteorological station, which was sending its mathematical tables regularly to all Europe. Photographs of the observatory came too, of reindeer and reindeer sleighs with their muffled occupants, of bath-houses, and later of first Maarit, then Papu, their two little girls, blonde and attractive. They must now be somewhere about seventeen and thirteen.

A Lapland Station

What years those were! How bleak and tedious they found the twilit months of winter, when the home cow had to be killed for meat, and, with a few cereals and home-dried vegetables, was the family's monotonous diet till the spring. The birth of that first daughter, too, when the nearest doctor was sixteen miles off. As her husband had no English and I no word of Finnish, the correspondence dealing with this domestic crisis had to be carried on in Latin. Nobis puella nata est. . . . And now when we hear of the bombing of Rovaniemi and see in our papers the pictures of its desolation I must think of Erika's hard years there, her courage, and her boredom. Yet still she remained our eager friend, alert, responsive to all we told her, reading English books or papers at the sessions of the Anglo-Finnish Society, translating English articles for the Helsinki press, even working time and again at one or other of the Consulates.

From Rovaniemi the home moved farther south. No human being, Finn or other, she wrote, should be asked to stay longer than two years in these austere latitudes; and their term at the observatory had been far longer. So they came to Kajaani; the Kajaani postmark has been for some time on her letters to us. Lately these letters are full of unexpressed misgivings: she is trying to get Papu into Sweden . . . Maarit and the father are together . . . she can't tell me much, but "never had she known such unity" . . .

or again "the Russian language on the radio is horrible, but all Finland is praying . . ."

And now perhaps the so long familiar observatory at Rovaneimi exists no longer, and when the last bombs fell on Kajaani (in the news merely "a railway junction," but oh! the difference to me) it is natural I should ask the personal questions—Are you alive? All four? And all well? What of the night, Erika? What of the night?

Music on Treasure Island

The Golden Gate International Exposition lost no time in planning for its special musical events. Before the opening of the Gates on Saturday, May 25, announcement had been made of provision by the management of the Exposition for a series of symphony concerts—with guest conductors, distinguished stars — and at bargain prices.

Details of the series were to be made known later. And now almost before they were ready for publication the rush for tickets began. San Francisco and northern California know their music — and they know when they are getting it at amazingly reasonable rates. So the advance ticket sale is not a surprise.

Eight concerts are listed for the summer months, beginning with the first on June 4 when Grace Moore will be the soloist, with Pierre Monteux conducting. Listed as the most brilliant singing actress of our time, Miss Moore heads a list of stars which includes Jan Peerce, tenor, who will be heard on June 18 with Monteux conducting on that evening also. Miriam Solovieff, young violinist will be presented on that second program. On July 2, Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano will be guest star, with Conductor M. Monteux, who will also direct the July 16 concert, when the soloist will be Alec Templeton, pianist.

The final day of July is Tuesday, so that there will be a third concert in that month. On that evening July 31, the world's top coloratura soprano Lily Pons will be soloist with the orchestra under the direction of Andra Kostelanetz.

Bruno Walter is the guest conductor who will direct the San Francisco Symphony when Lauritz Melchior, the world's greatest heroic tenor will be heard. This date is August 12. Oscar Levant, musical wizard of radio's *Information, Please*, and pianist of note will be heard on the program August 27 when Meredith Willson will conduct his own new symphony. In addition to the Willson number with its composer conductor, there will be a visiting conductor for the other orchestra numbers. Who that will be, along with the name of the guest artist for the final concert of the series remains to be announced.

It is a pleasant fact, however, that Gaetano Merola will be the symphony conductor for the closing concert of the series, which is dated for September 10.

The Symphony series will be presented in the California Coliseum at 8:15 p. m., and according to Leonara Wood Armsby, president and managing director of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the Treasure Island series of concerts will be the only appearances of the San Francisco Symphony in the Bay Area during the summer.

So that as large a number of music lovers as possible may enjoy the Symphony, the Exposition management offered the series of eight concerts for a season price of six dollars. Season sale for both single and box seats closed June 1. Single tickets at one dollar each are available now.

The Tuesday evening symphony concerts are to share Exposition music interest with a group of five afternoon concerts presented by the Coolidge Quartet. Through the generosity of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, the country's foremost patron of string music, the Exposition is enabled to announce a series of fortnightly concerts,

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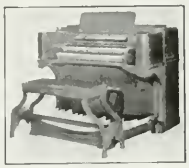

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beginning Monday, June 10, and continuing through August 5 when the final one of the fifth is given.

This series will be heard in the ball room of the California Building and is timed for 3:30 o'clock. Dates for the five concerts are June 10, June 24, July 8, July 22 and August 5. Tickets for the series may be secured on application to the office of the Women's Board, Room 163, Administration Building, Treasure Island. Each ticket will admit two and is for the entire series. Mrs. Marshall Darrach of the staff of the Women's Board of the Exposition is handling ticket arrangements for the Coolidge concerts.

William Kroll, violinist with the same artists who were heard in the very successful series on Treasure Island last year is directing.

Mrs. Coolidge, donor of the Coolidge Quartet will be a guest at the Exposition during the concert series.

Other musical attractions of popular interest will be presented during the summer in the general program of music which is being featured in the 1940 Exposition.

(Continued from page 27)

American Customs Union, but it should not be overlooked that arbitration and the maintenance of peace occupied an important place in the discussions.

Criticism has at times been directed to the Washington Conference on the ground that the results obtained were small compared with the expectations entertained when the invitations were issued. These criticisms fail to take into consideration that in 1890 both Europe and America were still in the early stages of constructive international cooperation and that the resolutions adopted at this First Conference marked an important step forward in this respect.

Commercial Relations

While the discussion of closer commercial relations dominated the sessions of the Conference three significant steps were taken toward laying the foundations of an American continental system. The first of these was the condemnation of conquest insofar as the American republic were concerned. In this resolution we find the first intimation of a principle which 40 years later developed into the solemn declaration that the American republics will not recognize the acquisition of territory obtained by force.

The second forward step is to be found in the comprehensive plan of arbitration adopted by the Conference. Although this plan was approved by the meeting and became the basis of a treaty signed after the close of the Conference by 11 States, the treaty failed of ratification even by these signatories. It was evident from the discussions that the time was not yet ripe for the adoption of any comprehensive machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes.

Permanent Organization

The third step was the formation of a permanent organization under the title of "International Union of American Republics." The resolution providing for this organization declared, however, that its sole purpose was the collection and distribution of commercial information, and to this end the Union was to be represented by a bureau designated as "The Commercial Bureau of the American Republics." The present comprehensive organization of the Pan-American Union finds its origin, therefore, in this modest beginning.

It was not until the Third International Conference of American States, held at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, that a further step was taken in the development of the functions of the Pan-American Union. Under a resolution adopted by this Conference "The international Bureau of the American Republics," as it was then called, was made the permanent organ of the International American Conferences. In this capacity it was entrusted with the recommendation of topics to be included in the program of the Conferences and was endowed with the authority to give effect to their resolutions. Furthermore, the Bureau, in addition to the work of compiling and distributing commercial data, was charged among other duties with gathering information on educational matters and of keeping a record of the ratification of the treaties and conventions between the American republics and non-American states. The Fourth International Conference of American States held at Buenos Aires in 1910 undertook the further development of the distinction between the "Union of the American Republics" and its permanent organ, the "Pan-American Union." With a view to placing the Union on a more permanent basis this Conference drafted a convention for the consideration of the governments, members of the Pan-American Union.

It may be noted, in this connection, that the Pan-American Union was organized and continues to operate under a series of resolutions adopted by successive Conferences. There exists some difference of opinion with reference to the desirability of placing the Union on a conventional basis. The great advantage of operating under a resolution is that it gives greater elasticity to the organization by affording opportunity readily to adapt it to changing needs.

The chairmanship of the Board was made elective. At the Havana Conference

of 1928, which adopted a resolution providing that the control of the Pan-American Union should be vested in a Governing Board composed of such representatives as the American governments may appoint. It was further provided that the appointment may devolve upon the diplomatic representatives of the American republics at Washington. It will be seen that under this resolution the governments, members of the Pan-American Union, may, if they so desire, appoint special representatives as members of the Governing Board.

In concluding this survey, reference must be made to two important questions which were submitted to the Lima Conference of 1938.

League of Americas

One of the projects presented contemplated the formation of a League of American Nations. Under the terms of a plan submitted by the Governments of Colombia and the Dominican Republic, far-reaching powers would be given the League in the settlement of inter-American disputes. Although the consideration of the plan was postponed until the ninth Conference which is to meet at Bogota, Colombia, it served to bring into direct contrast the basic philosophy of such a League and that which has guided the work of the Pan-American Union up to the present time. When we examine the development of the Union it becomes quite evident that the purpose of the successive International Conferences of American States was to develop a spirit of constructive cooperation between the American republics. It was assumed that in such an atmosphere any differences that may arise will readily lend themselves to peaceful settlement by the orderly processes of mediation, conciliation and arbitration. A further significant fact is that, while machinery was adopted at successive Conferences for the settlement of disputes, this machinery was made to operate parallel to the Pan-American Union rather than as an integral part of it. The result has been that the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union has directed its attention exclusively to matters that unite the American republics rather than concerned itself with disputes that arise between them.

The growing spirit of cooperation which has characterized the history of the American republics during the period since the founding of the Pan-American Union has been combined with a constantly strengthening unity of ideals and policies.

At the Buenos Aires Conference of 1936, the Lima Conference of 1938 and the Conference of Ministers of Foreign Affairs held at Panama in 1939, the full significance of this movement became evident.

We are still too close to these events to appreciate their far-reaching import, but one fact stands out with great clearness; namely, that this unity of purpose and unity of policy means much to the preservation and further development of democratic institutions on the American continent.

The American republics have had the statesmanship and vision to appreciate the fact that peace means far more than the mere absence of conflict; that it is a positive, constructive and dynamic force which calls for constant effort and at times even for sacrifice. The unity of the Americas means the safety of the Americas from aggression from without and it also means the maintenance of peace within the confines of the twenty-one republics of the American Continent.

The record of the last fifty years in the peaceful settlement of inter-American disputes is one of which all the republics may well be proud. In thus setting an example to the world and in using their combined influence for the promotion of peace and good-will, the American republics are performing their highest service to humanity.

Reprint from the San Francisco News, April 15, 1940.

Kruger

(Continued from page 14)

happen. Apparently the other lions had closed in from the other end of the river, for suddenly the herd of impala came running toward us and the lions behind us leapt at them. The first lion missed his mark and went running on after others, but the second lion pounced upon a little impala, just as a cat pounces on a mouse. There was no cry and no blood. The lion just snapped the neck and it was all over. Then he dragged his kill over in the bush to devour it. We had not only see lions — we had seen the real drama of the wilds.

Back at the camp, we were told that our experience was unusual. Seeing the actual "kill" is apparently very rare. Everyone was envious of our chance for such remarkable photographs.

It was not until we reached home and saw our pictures that we realized we had been so terrified by our close proximity to "nature in the raw" that we had both failed to adjust our cameras and all our pictures were overexposed. But we still think that hunting with a camera (even though you do ruin all your pictures) is a great sport.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

JULY
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR JULY.... 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:3 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m

LECTURE—MISS GRACE PARKER—TUESDAY, JULY 9TH—AUDITORIUM, 11 A.M.

JULY, 1940

1—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room..6:15-7:30 p
3—Lecture — Chinese Culture, *by Alma Jannapolis* (No Fee)	Board Room.....7:30 p
5—French Conversational Class — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding* The President's Hour	Room 214.....11:00 a President's Room.....1-2 p
8—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room..6:15-7:30 p
9—Lecture — *Miss Grace Parker* (Luncheon following: Cafeteria Service)	Auditorium ..... 11:00 a
10—Book Review Dinner Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review: "*Canada, America's Problem*" — by John MacCormac "*Quietly My Captain Waits*" — by Evelyn Eaton Lecture — Chinese Culture — *by Alma Jannapolis*	Nat. Def. Room .....6:00 p Board Room .....7:30 p
11—French Round Table — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding* French Round Table — *Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville, presiding*	Annex .....12:15 p Main Dining Room.....6:15 p
12—French Conversational Class — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding* The President's Hour	Room 214.....11:00 a President's Room.....1-2 p
15—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room..6:15-7:30 p
17—Lecture — Chinese Culture — *by Alma Jannapolis*	Board Room .....7:30 p
18—Needlework Guild French Round Table — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding* French Round Table—*Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville, presiding* Ramble — Jack London Ranch (Fee, all inclusive, $4.50)	Room 214.....10 a.m.-4 p Annex ..... 12:15 p Main Dining Room ..... 6:15 p Leave Clubhouse 9:30 a.m. Return 7:00 p
19—French Conversational Class — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding* The President's Hour	Room 214 .....11:00 a President's Room .....1-2 p
22—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room..6:15-7:30 p
23—Exposition Garden Ramble (For details see Announcements) (Fee, all inclusive, $2.00)	Meet Treasure Island Clubhouse 12
24—Lecture — Chinese Culture — *by Alma Jannapolis*	Board Room .....7:30 p
25—French Round Table — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding* French Round Table — *Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville, presiding*	Annex ..... 12:15 p Main Dining Room.....6:15 p
26—French Conversational Class — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding* The President's Hour	Room 214 .....11:00 a President's Room .....1-2 p
29—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room..6:15-7:30 p
31—Lecture — Chinese Culture — *by Alma Jannapolis*	Board Room .....7:30 p

AUGUST, 1940

1—Needlework Guild French Round Table — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding* French Round Table — *Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville, presiding* Thursday Evening Program "*Pacific House in 1940*" — Illustrated Lecture — *by Paula De Luca*	Room 214 ..... 10 a.m.-4 p Annex ..... 12:15 p Main Dining Room .....6:15 p Auditorium ..... 8:00 p
2—French Conversational Class — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding* The President's Hour	Room 214 .....11 a President's Room .....1-2 p
5—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room..6:15-7:30 p
8—French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding* French Round Table—*Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville, presiding* Thursday Evening Program "*The [illegible] etc. of Ignace Jan Paderewski*," by Dr. George W. Tape of Paso Robles	Annex ..... 12:15 p Main Dining Room .....6:15 p Auditorium ..... 8:00 p
9—French [illegible] Conversational Class — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier, presiding* The Pres[illegible] Hour	Room 214 .....11:00 a President's Room .....1-2 p

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV JULY, 1940 Number 6

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Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; Bulkey Bldg., Euclid Ave.

Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue

Duluth, Minnesota; Duluth Woman's Club; 2400 E. Superior St.

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Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; 756 North Milwaukee St.

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Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 736 Jackson Place.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Honoring Miss Grace Parker, National Commandant of the National League for Woman's Service 1917-1920 — Lecture in Auditorium of the Clubhouse — Tuesday, July 9th at 11 o'clock.

EXPOSITION RAMBLE — Tuesday, July 23rd. Group to meet at Treasure Island Clubhouse where luncheon will be served at 12:30. Ramblers will then go to Hall of Flowers, where Mr. Ingram, landscape arichitect for the California Commission, will conduct group through all of the State Gardens on Treasure Island. After tour tea will be served at the Hall of Flowers. Miss Clara Schaeffer to be in charge of ramble. Fee, all inclusive, $2.00. Please register in advance at Executive Office.

RED CROSS — Members are requested to register for Red Cross work immediately. Our quota is to run into thousands of garments, sweaters, shawls, etc. The Executive Committee have already pledged the services of our organization, knowing that our membership would rally to the call. Mrs. Goodell, Volunteer Chairman, is planning ways and means to expedite this work and is necessarily depending upon a great deal of help from Volunteers. There will be women's and children's dresses to be made and sweaters to be knitted, shawls to be crocheted, bandages to be wrapped and innumerable other things to be handled. A call to the Executive Office will register you for this service. Only members of the Club can work in the National League unit.

SEWING MACHINES NEEDED—We shall need numbers of sewing machines to accomplish our Red Cross work. Members having available machines to lend to the Club during this time of need are requested to let the Executive Office know. If it is not possible to deliver the sewing machine to us, arrangements can be made to have it picked up.

RAMBLE, JACK LONDON RANCH—Thursda July 18th. Group will leave Clubhouse at 9:30 a.m route to be via Golden Gate Bridge to Sonoma, where stop will be made so that ramblers may visit several inte esting historical spots. Luncheon will be served at t Ranch at 12:30, after which the guests will be guid through the grounds. The return trip will be made v Santa Rosa, with another stop at the Luther Burba Gardens. The bus will return to the Clubhouse about 7:(o'clock. Ramble, all inclusive (Market Street Railway B Service), $4.50. Please make reservations at Executi Office by July 15th.

OLD MEMBERS TO BE REINSTATED — Mer bers who have dropped out of the National Leagu membership during the past years, may be reinstated b payment of a five-dollar reinstatement fee. We have ha many requests for reinstatement by former members wh are now eager to join our unit of Red Cross workers. Th National League for Woman's Service of California o ganized in 1917, and maintained during the past twenty three years, for the training and service of women, no stands ready and prepared to meet the increasing need brought about by the present unprecedented world cond tions. A five dollar reinstatement fee and dues for the yea will give any former member full membership privileges

OUR PATIO — We have one of our members t thank for the many varieties of geraniums now grow ing in our garden which are of great interest to visitor Under Miss Clara Schaeffer's vigilant care they hav thrived exceedingly well.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER — Is Canada America's problem? Yes. Canada is a fact of paramount importance to America — so colossal a fact that most Americans have never seen it. Canada involves one of the most urgent aspects of the overwhelming issues now confronting the American people — the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine. Published at just this crucial moment in world affairs, are two books about Canada: 1. "Canada: America's Problem," by John MacCormac, a well-written sensitive book about Canada's unique political position in the world; 2. "Quietly My Captain Waits," by Evelyn Eaton, a powerful, exciting novel about Canada's peculiar history when early Canada was New France. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will present in her discussion of these two books, the picture of Modern Canada unfolded against the historical background of Arcadia and a great love story of a great American heroine. The place and the time is the Book Review Dinner on the second Wednesday evening, July 10th, at six o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS — During the month of July the Thursday Evening Programs will be discontinued, but they will be resumed in August. The program planned for August first is an address — "Pacific House in 1940," by Paula De Luca, and for the following week, August 8th, an address by Dr. George W. Tape, of Paso Robles, "The Personalities of Ignace Jan Paderewski," Paderewski the artist, the statesman, the linquist, the orator, the mathematician, the philosopher, but more than all, the gentleman.

BEAUTY SALON—From June 15th to October 1st the Beauty Salon will be closed Saturday afternoons. During this period the full staff of operators will be available on Friday evenings for the convenience of patrons who prefer evening appointments. For those who are busy during the day and for those who wish to be especially well-groomed for week-end vacations these evening hours each week on Fridays will be appreciated. Early appointments are advisable. If you have used the Salon on Saturday in the past, we hope this new service will meet your requirements. We shall be glad to see you in the Salon.

SWIMMING POOL — Special rates have been arranged for organizations who may wish to use the Pool. If one hundred swims are purchased in advance, the rate is thirty-five cents per person. Groups including men can of course use the Pool on Men's Guest Nights only — Tuesday and Friday nights — other organizations may have the use of the Pool at any time during the day. Ask about our special lesson rates.

GUEST CARDS — Our Exposition guest cards are available again this year. Upon payment of one dollar, an unlimited number of cards may be issued by a member. After the Exposition closes the usual two weeks cards may be issued for the balance of the year without additional charge.

AT HOSTESS HOUSE, July 8 at 3 o'clock, Women's Board of the Golden Gate International Exposition will honor Miss Grace Parker at a reception. To this all League members are invited.

CHINESE CULTURE — Mrs. Alma Jannapolis has announced that her evening lectures on Chinese Culture are to continue through July. These lectures are to be held every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Board Room of the Clubhouse. There is no fee. Open to members of the Club only.

DELINQUENT MEMBERS — July 2nd marks the date when all delinquent members' names shall be taken from the membership files. Last year's cards will no longer be honored. To save embarrassment, those who have neglected to pay their dues are requested to do so immediately.

FLOWERS — Our request last month for flowers with which to decorate our Clubhouse met with immediate response. We shall need flowers more than ever during the coming months to keep our Clubhouse especially gay for Exposition visitors. Don't forget us when coming to town.

BEAUTY SALON — Is your hair your crowning glory? If not, why not do something about it? When your hair compliments you, it is an easy matter to make a plain face look beautiful. With the beauty aids we have today and with the help and advice of expert operators, it is unnecessary for any woman to appear homely or poorly-groomed. Everyone has a secret desire to be charming. Our Beauty Salon offers you everything with which to achieve this. Try us and we shall hope to please you. Call GArfield 8400 for an appointment. Beauty Salon — Lower Main Floor.

IN THE LEAGUE SHOP — Hand-made glass flower containers from West Virginia, in various shapes and a beautiful range of colors.

For collectors and hobbyists — coin collectors card for pennies, nickels, and dimes.

For the vacationist — initialed baggage tags in a choice of four colors. Ample space on the tag for name and address.

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT—Special parties, either breakfast, luncheon, tea or dinner, may be arranged for organizations. We can accommodate several hundred guests and such compliments as we have had on these special functions. The price is nominal and the service and food par excellence. Call Mrs. Ashbrook for information.

GLOVE MAKING CLASSES — Continue on each Tuesday afternoon and Thursday afternoon and evening. Fee, $2.00 for instructions — material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor.

Vista of the Library of the Women's City Club showing Librarian's desk at the right

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Today, in every part of our country, our people are enrolled under the banner of the American Red Cross, laboring to help fellow creatures who are suffering the pain which is the accompaniment of war. ℭ During the Tragedy of 1940 we are united in our urge to relieve the sufferings of our fellow men. No matter how we may differ otherwise, we find a strong bond uniting us in our determined effort to aid the distressed. ℭ The National League for Woman's Service is co-operating with the Red Cross to the fullest extent and in so large a group of women by each of whom even one act of service is given, there arises a significant total and when this is multiplied by the sustained effort of the group the result can be of tremendous help to those whom we would succor.

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

A FIRST TIME VOYAGE

by Lindsay Campbell

When crossing San Francisco Bay by boat, was a daily experience for many of us, we never thought of there being any danger involved in this ferry trip. This was because well built boats were in the hands of skillful pilots whose record for safe handling of millions of passengers over waters beset by the hazards of swift tides and dense fogs was so perfect that we accepted it as a matter of course. Some of us wondered at times what might happen should a breakdown and an ebb tide combine to carry a ferryboat out through the Golden Gate — and — if we knew the sea—we probably did a bit of shuddering and breathed a prayer of thankfulness, perhaps, that the equipment of every boat included substantial brakes in the form of competent anchors.

Now comes the auto-ferry steamer Yosemite and demonstrates that in the hands of real sailormen a San Francisco ferryboat is as seaworthy as any of the liners that used to whistle her out of their way as they steamed into port from far lands.

The Yosemite, after 73 years' service on San Francisco Bay, was sold by the Southern Pacific Golden Gate Ferry Company to the Argentine-Uruguayan Navigation Touring Company and is now ending a 9000-mile voyage from San Francisco to Montevideo. There, under her new name Argentina, she will spend the rest of her days carrying automobiles across the estuary of the Plata—a 30-mile trip between Buenos Aires and Colonia, Uruguay, connecting with a new highway to Montevideo—where the German pocket battleship Graff Spee was scuttled.

The Argentina, under command of Captain Eduardo M. Saez and a Uruguayan crew, left here April 16; arrived June 1 at Para and is due at Montevideo June 25.

Before leaving port, the Argentina's hull was trussed and buttressed for protection against the strains of heavy ocean seas; one propellor and shaft were removed and extra tanks for oil and water were installed.

The big openings, fore and aft, through which we used to drive our automobiles, were closed with heavy timber and the long line of big windows on both sides boarded up. The long smoke stack was strengthened with heavy angle irons.

Before she left, Father Olivier, of St. Boniface Church gathered the crew on deck, blessed sailors and ship, and prayed "the God who preserved the Ark of Noah" and "the Christ who stilled the tempest" would preserve the sturdy ferry boat and bring its voyagers safe to harbor.

The Argentina carried as a passenger Richard W. Dyer recently connected with the East Bay newspapers, who will make a photographic history of the voyage and who will write a story of the trip to go with the pictures.

Fine weather and smooth seas favored the Argentina to the Panama Canal but the Atlantic gave the ferry boat a rough welcome. Heavy gales were experienced between Port of Spain and Trinidad and between Trinidad and Para. One day, the Argentine, which had logged 10 knots an hour on the friendly Pacific, made barely thirty miles. Heavy seas were shipped but stout timbers bolted to a sound hull withstood the impact and at last reports Captain Saez expected to deliver his charge at Montevideo by June 25 in as good shape as she was April 16 when the ferry siren piped her out of San Francisco Bay.

Most of the information so far received from the Argentina comes from young Dyer in letters to his father who lives in Richmond, where he is in charge of the Southern Pacific office. According to his letters, written from each port of call, the Argentina made very good time.

Leaving here April 16, the Argentina put into San Pedro April 18 to fill her tanks with fuel oil.

The next stop was at Manzanillo, *(Continued on page 27*

EDITORIAL

As records are being destroyed in Europe in a period of "marching history," as someone has said, our thoughts turn to the libraries around the Bay and down the Peninsula which are helping to preserve for future generations the history of the past and the records of the present. We know casually of the existence of these libraries but the Women's City Club Magazine thought its readers would be interested in knowing more, although of course not all such libraries could be presented in any one issue. Each story in this number is written by one who knows well the subject she or he handles, and will be read with pleasure. We are grateful to such institutions as libraries, one of the purposes of which is to preserve factual data necessary to a proper evaluation of the good and the bad in human endeavor. It seems particularly appropriate that today we measure calmly what has gone before and what life in the future really should mean to the sons of God.

In these days when everyone wants to help, but wonders "how," the National League for Woman's Service returns to the emergency service program which Grace Parker some twenty years ago initiated and the history of which is now part of the Government records. This program included eight divisions—Social and Welfare, Canteen, Home Economics, Agriculture, Industry, Motor Driving, General Service, Home and Overseas Relief. The information blank which many of us signed carried a regular encyclopedic form for the qualifications we had to offer and those we hoped to achieve. For the latter we were urged to train, and for the former, if we were already doing something useful and necessary, we were urged to stay where we were and learn to do it better. In time of emergency, women's part is never the dramatic one; it is the steady behind-the-front service which counts more than those at-the-front are ever allowed to realize. It is the service which is its own reward and its own only.

Because it has lived through one war, the National League for Woman's Service has had experience. Twenty years have changed the world scientifically, but democracy of service still follows the same pattern and is the safeguard against blind renunciation to any dictator. The National League does not say to any member "do this without question?" It says "We need these things done. Which will you do? Which can you do best?" Its volunteer service is predicated on the individual's free spirit. The time is coming when we may again be needed in haste.

When we welcome Miss Parker on July ninth, let us also invite those who used to belong to the League. Perhaps they will return to membership again and give us the help we may be called upon to give. Perhaps in the twenty years since they dropped out, a daughter has grown to womanhood and is now ready to join our volunteer service organization. We want Miss Parker to find the California Branch of the National League for Woman's Service she helped to found, a live virile body of eager women, ready and willing to do their bit at a time when women abroad are making the heroic sacrifice. We want her to carry back to Miss Wetmore and Miss Morgan and Mrs. Van Renssalaer the good news that we are "Ready," with the further assurance that no hysteria or emotion will send us forth into a useless program, but that the ever-present survey which guarded our efforts twenty years ago will still prevail.

The June issue of the magazine carried on page 12 one of the most interesting articles which it has been our good fortune to publish—the description of the Thorne Miniature Rooms in the Palace of Fine Arts at the Exposition.

Under the heading "A Vision of Beauty — Small, But Great," Mrs. Margarita Weaver, of Chicago, Curator of the Thorne Rooms at the Exposition wrote most delightfully and appreciatively of Mrs. James Ward Thorne and her artistic creations.

So entranced were we in reading the copy that we did not notice that Mrs. Weaver had modestly omitted to sign the article.

So, in this July issue, we credit "A Vision of Beauty — Small, But Great," to its author — Margarita Weaver. And with the acknowledgment go our sincere thanks for her contribution.

A Democratic member protests the printing in the June number of the Women's City Club Magazine of a statement concerning American principles of politics as appearing in the last paragraphs of Dr. Cadman's letter. The editor apologizes for any laxity in her vigilance which has jeopardized, in event the smallest possible way, the non-sectarian, non-political character of the National League for Woman's Service which has been so sacredly and steadfastly guarded in the twenty years of the history of the League in California. She would not, even thus inadvertently, open the door for future political controversy in the organization which has for its cherished purpose the ideal of Service.

GRACE PARKER

NATIONAL COMMANDANT OF THE
NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE
1917-1920

WILL SPEAK
IN THE AUDITORIUM
OF THE
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
JULY 9, 1940
AT 11 O'CLOCK

An informal reception to Miss Parker
will follow in the Cafeteria. Members are urged
to be present to welcome Miss Parker
personally.

GRACE PARKER

In a book published in 1920, entitled "For God, For Country, For Home," the history of the National League for Woman's Service is set forth in some detail. Its sub-title reads, "A Story of the First National Organization of American Women Mobilized for War Service." Just what does this mean? The mobilization which a group of women envisioned behind the lines of any possible defensive force in America was the woman power of the United States. How best to mobilize this force was the question. And so in the summer of 1916, Grace Parker was sent to England to learn what type of service and what women's organization of long standing or newly formed had been most valuable to the government there. Hardly had she returned to the United States when, in the City of Washington, the Congress of Constructive Patriotism was held in January, 1917, under the auspices of the National Security League. Only one woman spoke at this great conference — Miss Grace Parker. She discussed "the Woman Power of the Nation" and presented to three thousand delegates the program which was to become the basis of the work of the National League for Woman's Service; incidentally, this same program with amplifications was followed by the organization throughout the War. A National Clearing-house of information among women's organizations, it coordinated and developed the resources of women throughout the country and developed a standarized National program of activities, expanding from national to state to county to city — surveys, information, training of women. Miss Parker was a Director and first Treasurer of the National Board of the League and saw the League grow to the astonishing number of three hundred thousand members, all volunteers in some activity of service. How the League finally came to California with Agnes McKay Kelly, some of us still remember. Mrs. Duncan McDuffie then accepted the California State Presidency, and with a desk and chair, pencil and pad as its sole belongings, the farthest-west Branch of the National League for Woman's Service had its modest beginning, with headquarters graciously donated at the northwest corner of Post and Stockton Streets. Today two blocks farther up Post Street, it lives in its own beautiful seven-story Clubhouse, the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Tragically this League must now re-mobilize, not for earthquake or fire as the only calamity some of us believed possible in our lifetime when, after the Armistice, the Board of Directors voted to continue on into a peace program, hoping that because of this very preparedness, the battle would never come. Once again the local Branch of the National League for Woman's service is answering the calls of the Red Cross and in turn Allied Relief and newly-founded organizations regularly and properly administered.

To return again for a moment to 1918. Just as the new Branch of the League was well on its way, with detachments of stenography and typing, Red Cross, occupational therapy, and canteens named by the boys themselves "National Defenders' Clubs," Grace Parker came to San Francisco. To a breathless audience of members of the League assembled at the Palace Hotel, she gave her inspirational message. Those of us who heard her will never forget her calm, factual speech, which left no doubt in the minds of anyone that the service of which she talked was the Service she truly lived.

We can show with justifiable pride that what Miss Maude Wetmore, our National Chairman, envisioned on the occasion of the first annual meeting held after the Armistice became a reality in California. Miss Wetmore said:

"I am convinced that what the League has accomplished in the years of war is going to be a foundation for a greater service in the future. I do not believe it possible that women who have deliberately put self aside to serve under war conditions will in time of peace turn away from their newly found responsibilities to the nation. I do not believe they can fail to make their country a better place to live in."

And now, in 1940, the League rededicates itself to a program of Service. And strangely enough, coincident with this rebirth of activity, Grace Parker comes again to California. This time she is Executive Secretary of the American Friends of France, but we are to honor her at the Women's City Club as "the National Commandant of the League" in 1917. She will stay at the Clubhouse as our guest during her three days' visit in San Francisco, and she has consented to talk to us in our Auditorium at 11 o'clock, Tuesday, July 9th, after which we shall greet her informally in the Cafeteria. Let us each one be there to welcome her back (there is no admission charge), and show her that what she did for us in 1918 has not been forgotten and that our peace-time program has kept us unified and ready. Let us bring to the meeting, too, any friends who will want to hear the woman who knows first-hand the story of the National League for Woman's Service in all its phases of service and training.

THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

by Herbert Ingram Priestley, *Librarian*

The Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, has been, since its acquisition by the State, much the same kind of workshop for historians that is was under the private ownership of Hubert Howe Bancroft. It is unnecessary to repeat here the story of the development of the Library under Mr. Bancroft. Most of the general information is contained in his "Essays and Miscellany," in Mrs. Apponyi's "The Private Libraries of Californa," and in the estimate which Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites made of the value of the Library at the time of its purchase in 1905.

For the past quarter century, the Bancroft Library has been directed by Herbert Eugene Bolton, authority on Southwest and Hispanic history. During that time, the Library has tripled its files of newspapers, magazines, books, manuscripts and photographs. As a workshop, it has produced hundreds of theses by students working not only in history but in geography, economics, botany, medicine, political science, and many of the allied departments of the University. The production of learned books and articles centering here is spread throughout the civilized world, investigators coming from Europe, Asia and South America as well as from the United States. Not only histories but historical novels and works of varied character are continuously being produced by investigators who look upon this Library as the outstanding repository in the United States for the materials in its field.

The immediate effect of this diversified activity has brought to the Library essential increment of its working materials through gifts as well as by purchase. The extent to which the generosity of the public has made possible an increase of the Library may be briefly sketched. During the past year, no less than two thousand gifts were made by persons in California. This includes a large number of publications from the sources of their origin. Special gifts of this character, letters, diaries, family records and so on have run to more than one hundred during the past year, and the momentum of their increase is gathering. Between one hundred and one hundred fifty newspaper editors and magazine publishers of the region contribute their publications gratis in cooperation with our building up of a great historical monument in this region. From Latin America through exchanges and gifts during the past year, no less than one thousand titles were obtained, part of them in exchange for University publications, and most of them serials.

Gifts in money by conspicuous Bay region residents have made it possible to acquire photographic supplies and manuscripts of various character, such as the Venegas "History of California" and the Fernandez Leal Codex, these two items being considered of outstanding value. There have been huge acquisitions of business records of houses which were formerly in business in San Francisco and the Bay region.

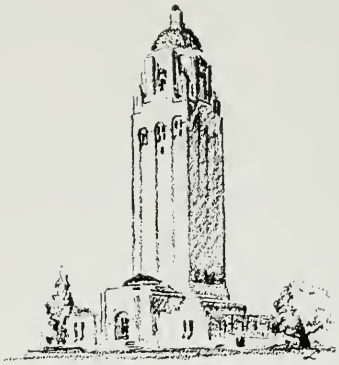
The accumulation of county records, national parks, and so on has been very generously aided by the W. P. A. agencies, which have brought in collections of music, collection of songsters, listing of religious agencies within the State, and in translation and mimeographing of important records.

Within the past four or five years, the herculean task has been undertaken of binding the tremendous newspaper collection. There is probably no newspaper collection in the West, save that of the State Library in Sacramento, which contains so many and such diversified sources for local and general history as the newspaper collection in the Bancroft Library. A regular staff of W. P. A. repairers and binders have been working on these materials for the past five years, but the unbound portion is still large.

One of the activities recently accelerated has been acquisition of microfilm materials from various archives. Amongst the depositories levied upon for such contributions are, the Library of Congress, New York Public Library, Garcia Library at the University of Texas, State Library at Sacramento, Pomona College, Tulane University, and Chicago University. Archives abroad which have contributed microfilm are the archives of the Danish Government, of Seville, those of Mexico City, numbering half a dozen, those in Morelia, Patzcuaro, Guadalajara, Vera Cruz, and others all in Mexico, the archives in Guatemala City, Honduras, and more particularly from Lima, Peru, Bogota, Colombia and Santiago de Chile. These materials have been accumulated at the cost of the material only for the Bancroft Library because students and professors of the University have traveled to visit the archives for their special investigations. During the past year, the number of such Leica film pages reproduced for the Bancroft Library reaches a total of something like two hundred thousand, which is twice as many pages of manuscript as Mr. Bancroft collected during his entire period. This documentation has been collected from the official archives which, during the period of Mr. Bancroft's activity, were all closed to private investigators. *(Continued on page 26*

THE HOOVER LIBRARY

ON WAR, REVOLUTION, AND PEACE



by Nina Almond, *Librarian*

The Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace, founded at Stanford University in 1919 by Herbert Hoover, is a research library on the causes and conduct of the World War and its aftermath culminating in the present conflict in Europe. The nucleus of the Library is the records of Mr. Hoover's activities, during the World War, as Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, 1914-1917, with headquarters in London and Paris, as United States Food Administrator and as American Representative on the Inter-Allied Food Council, during the period of American belligerency; and, in the Armistice Period, as Chairman of the Supreme Economic Council and of the American Relief Administration and as Director General of Relief in Europe.

Around these records has been built up a library of books and pamphlets, publications of governments and private organizations, newspaper and serial files, papers of participants in the events of the period, maps, posters, photographs, currency, medals, and films. In 1924 Mr. Hoover gave the Library a permanent endowment which is now administered by a body of directors under the chairmanship of Professor Ralph Lutz. The value and scope of the Library can best be illustrated by a brief description of the most important sections into which it is organized.

Sixty national governments are represented in the Library by their publications. The files for the Great Powers of the period begin with the close of the Franco-Prussian War, while the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 marks the beginning of the documents of the smaller states.

For students of propaganda and public opinion there are available in the Library 1724 newspaper files from forty states and 7100 serials from forty-four states. Every important group of opinion and region in most of these countries is represented in these files. Over 4000 leading organizations and opinion groups in the United States and abroad have deposited their publications in the Library. Reports and verbatim transcripts of broadcasts in the United States relating to historical events are secured as they become available. Propaganda posters in the Library include war loan and recruiting appeals, political party, election, and revolutionary broadsides. The great majority of the Library's 31,000 posters, however, are governmental proclamation posters, such as mobilization notices and other proclamations to their citizenry of governments at war or in crisis, and proclamations of military governments of invaded and occupied territories.

The books and pamphlets in the Library have been selected for their importance in research and not for rarity *per se*. They comprise scholarly and critical works, memoirs of, and works about, the leading participants in the affairs of the period, and books which have significance only as propaganda. The books and pamphlets number approximately 80,000 volumes.

The Library's map collection comprises over 2000 sheets of official general and special maps of Europe prepared by the general staffs of the Principal Allied and Central Powers of the World War. Included in the collection are the standard sets of maps of prewar years, wartime revisions and reproductions of these maps and maps specially made for the Higher Command or subordinates immediately concerned.

Of major importance in the Archives and Manuscript Section of the Library are the records of Mr. Hoover's activities during the War and postwar period. In these records are vast amounts of unique and firsthand reports and data not only on problems of food, relief, transport, finance and public health but also on political and social developments of the Armistice Period in Europe. Supplementing these records are the papers of men and women associated with Mr. Hoover in the organizations which he directed. Here also are to be found the private papers of other leading participants in the affairs of the time, the archives and records of ephemeral (*Continued on page 22*

MECHANICS INSTITUTE

by Mary Octavia Carmody, *Librarian*

Some four years after the admission of California as a state to the Union, a few men with the ability to see into the future and at the same time appreciate the immediate needs of a new and promising community met in the tax collector's office of the then young city of San Francisco and evolved the idea of a Mechanics' Institute there. As its name indicates, it was established as an aid in the advancement of the mechanic arts and sciences, and many of its early members were apprentices in the various trades.

At its first organized meeting held December 11, 1854, George Gluyas acted as chairman and R. Matheson as secretary. At a third meeting, held on January 24, 1855, stock to the amount of 6625 dollars was reported as taken up and on March 6th following, a constitution was presented and adopted which set forth that the object of the association was "the establishment of a library, reading room, the collection of a cabinet, scientific apparatus, works of art, and for other literary and scientific purposes."

On April 5th, 1855, four books, "The Bible," "The Constitution of the United States," "The Encyclopaedia of Architecture" and "Curtis on Conveyancing," were presented by S. G. Bugbee, and in June, 1855, a room was rented on the fourth floor of the Express Building, at the northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets (then owned by Samuel Brannan), where the Kohl Building is now located, and where the library began its activities with a very meager income from which, however, it succeeded, by the end of the year, in accumulating one hundred volumes and a cash surplus of 21 dollars. During the following year, through the courtesy of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, a celebrated actress of that time, a benefit was arranged which netted 1029 dollars.

It was in this year that the Institute began what w destined to be its outstanding activity—the holding annual Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Fairs, an unde taking to which the Mechanics' Institute owes, indirectl all of its property. These fairs, nearly all of them financi successes, not only provided a greater part of the func for the furtherance of the work of the Institute but, b cause of their growth and popularity, practically force upon the Trustees the necessity of purchasing a block land, the final sale of which, six years after the fire 1906, netted the Institute 700,000 dollars and placed it financial condition to carry on its library and its othe educational work.

The history of these fairs is, in part, the history of earl San Francisco. On December 31, 1856, it was decided t hold a Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Fair in the ensuin year; on September 7, 1857, the first Fair was held i Montgomery Street, between Post and Sutter Streets.

In 1863 the Institute purchased a lot fronting on Cali fornia Street, between Montgomery and Kearny Streets and erected a building thereon, which placed the Institut heavily in debt. The library had about five thousand vol umes then. About this time a subscription amounting t 2500 dollars, headed by

(*Continued on page 8*

THE SUTRO LIBRARY

by Paul Radin, *Librarian*

When the heirs of Adolph Sutro presented his library to the State of California, to be permanently housed in the city for which he had done so much, San Franciscans had only the vaguest idea of what was actually contained in this famous collection. Legends concerning it there were plenty; facts few. Today, after the unremitting toil of the librarians to whom the cataloguing of the books had been entrusted, more particularly to the present librarian, Miss Helen Bruner, and to the work of the Sutro Library Project of the Work Projects Administration of Northern California, so wholeheartedly sponsored by the State Librarian, Miss Mable R. Gillis, we know some of the salient facts. They are possibly more romantic than the old unjustified legends that had grown up around these treasured volumes.

Time has sadly ravaged the Sutro collection. Dust, the omniverous bookworm, neglect, and the great Catastrophe of 1906, have reduced it to a torso of what it once was. Yet what remains bears eloquent witness to the catholicity of Adolph Sutro's interests and his all-consuming passion for truth, in whatever guise it presented itself and in whatever language. For that reason his collection possesses a special value for us today, living as we do in an era where all our customary and traditional values are being questioned and where the fundamental bases of democracy, the liberty of conscience and the right to free and untrammelled expression, are being ruthlessly suppressed in so many lands.

In no library west of the Mississippi and probably only in a few libraries throughout the United States, will there be found a more complete collection of books and pamphlets bearing on some of these momentous questions.

Let me state what these questions are: the Reformation; the English Revolution of 1643-1660; the struggle for toleration, civil and religious, between 1688 and 1859; the American Revolution; the amelioration of the condition of the poor in England, and the establishment of democratic institutions in Latin America, particularly in Mexico.

Those interested in the Reformation can obtain here all the thrill that comes to a student in personally handling the contemporary pamphlets of Martin Luther's time, those written by him, those of his friends and those of his opponents. Here they will find one of his earliest pamphlets, the socalled *Acta*, published in historic Wittenberg in 1518, as well as the contemporary account of his last moments, entitled *Doctor Martin Luther's Christian Farewell and Death, 1546*. Here, too, are the attacks of his major opponents, Eck and Cochlaeus.

The towering figure of Erasmus is unusually well-represented. The library has the famous Leyden edition of his works — nowhere else to be found in the West — and a large number of single pamphlets in first editions.

For the period from the death of Luther to the establishment of the Commonwealth in England in 1648, the library is unusually rich in a number of directions, particularly in books and pamphlets on the Jesuits and the Catholic Counter-revolution, and in Shakespeareana.

San Franciscans will be glad to hear that not only are all the first four folios to be found in the Sutro collection, but that a hitherto unpublished series of documents relating to Stratford-on-Avon and its immediate surroundings, exist there. A peculiar interest attaches to one of these deeds, dated 1615, because it contains the name John Orrick, which the original possessor, the famous Shakespeare scholar, Wm. Halliwell Phillips conjectured might be the original of "Yorrick." We all remember the "Alas, poor Yorrick!" of Hamlet.

For the Commonwealth Period the library is unique in the United States for its collection of pamphlets, official publications, broadsides and newspapers. Among the newspapers there is the issue describing the execution of Charles I and among the official publications that abolishing the monarchy of England. Many of the pamphlets have the names of their erstwhile owners. Among them we find that of Henry Bradshaw, the brother of the President of the Tribunal that condemned Charles I to death.

In a class by themselves are the pamphlets and documents relating to the Mexican War of Independence and the establishment of the Republic (1810-1821). For this period, more particularly for the years 1821-1835, it is possibly the largest and most complete in the world. For the epochs preceding there are some choice works, for instance, one of the two extant copies of the second book printed in America, the *Ordenanzas* of the first Mexican Viceroy, Mendoza.

However, there is no need to stress further the wealth of the material contained in the library. Assuredly it will come as welcome news to San Franciscans that some of this material has been made available by the Sutro Library Projects in cheap reprints and that, under the auspices of the *Temple of Religion and Tower of Peace* of the Golden Gate Exposition the Project is issuing a selection of pamphlets, in book form, entitled *Religion and Democracy*.

FINE PRINTING SHOW

AT FINE ARTS PALACE

To commemorate the 500th anniversary of the invention of printing by Johann Gutenberg and in recognition of the important contributions of San Francisco and California to fine printing, an extensive collection of books from the finest presses of the world, covering the whole period of printing, is on exhibit at the Fine Printing Show of the Palace of Fine Arts on Treasure Island. The exhibit has been arranged by the Roxburghe Club, San Francisco's distinguished club of rare book collectors, under the chairmanship of Morgan A. Gunst.

Properly, the commemorative collection begins with the Gutenberg Bible. This, the first edition of the greatest book in the world, represents not only a typographical monument but is the very "Adam" of all Bibles; in fact, of all printed books.

The Bible is being generously loaned by Yale University Library. This is the first time that a Gutenberg Bible has been shown in San Francisco. It is installed in two specially constructed exhibit cases, one for the Old Testament and one for the New Testament.

This copy of the Bible is one of the few complete copies in existence. It is printed in Latin in large Gothic characters. The chapter headings, accents and illuminated initials, where they occur, are in every case supplied by hand.

The two volumes were bound about 700 in brown calf, gilt back with red speckled edges. It is known as the Melk copy, since it comes from the Benedictine Monastery of Melk in Austria.

The condition of this copy is in every way satisfactory and its general freshness and cleanness are most remarkable. Every leaf is sound and genuine. Neither the printed book nor the venerable monastic binding has been cleaned, mended, or repaired in the slightest degree.

There is good reason to presume that this particular copy now on exhibit at the Fine Arts Palace of the Golden Gate International Exposition is one of the very first that Gutenberg printed. The first nine pages have 40 lines in double column to the page, the next page has 41 lines and the following pages have 42 lines to the page. Later editions have 42 lines to the page all the way through. In other words, Gutenberg seems to have experimented with the number of lines to the page until he decided to print what is now known as the "42-line Bible" and the copy we have, therefore, with its 40 lines at the beginning, would be one of those very first he experimented with.

When one of the first copies of the Gutenberg Bible was brought to this country, the bookseller advised his client with the following note: "The Gutenberg Bible was read in Europe half a century before America was discovered. Please suggest to your deputy that he uncover his head while in the presence of this great book. Let no Custom House Official, or other man in or out of authority, see it without first reverently raising his hat. It is not possible for many men ever to touch or even look upon a page of a Gutenberg Bible."

In the first section of the Fine Printing Exhibit many phases of the development of typography may be traced. The early clinging to the tradition established by the manuscripts immediately preceding printing may be seen in the strict adherence to the manuscript style in type and form.

The first signs of typography as such may be seen in the early sixteenth century work. The introduction of illustration rather than decoration and the establishment of a printing style in contrast to the manuscript style of the earlier works indicate the trend of printing in the "golden age of typography," as exemplified by the work of the Estiennes, Simon de Colines, Tory and Garamond.

The use of the copper-plate engraving as a means of illustration and the effect of this medium on the types used and the books produced may be seen in the late sixteenth century and early seventeenth century examples in the collection. A certain weakness or feminine quality in contrast to the early strength becomes apparent and provides in its ultimate development examples of what is sometimes considered the depths of printing.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the work of the classicists, Baskerville in England, Didot in France, and Bodoni in Italy, represents a rebirth in printing history. Though still somewhat in the "engraving" tradition the works of these men comprise a significant period particularly through the technical excellence of their productions.

The historical period is completed by the works of the early English private presses, the Strawberry Hill, Lee Priory and Daniel presses. The work of these presses is less well known than that of the great Revivalists, but it is no less a significant part of the whole tradition of printing.

In the English section, the work of the great private presses, the Kelmscott, Doves and Ashendene, is shown with representative examples of the less well-known early private presses and the works of the modern fine presses and publishing organizations. *(Continued on page 27*

MILLS COLLEGE HONORS A GREAT TYPE DESIGNER

by Carroll T. Harris

"Frederic W. Goudy — Gathering unto yourself the experience and achievements of five centuries of printer's craft and, with consummate skill, making it a possession of our country and giving to American Printing more than five score designs of type individually excellent, rich in variety, unique in clarity, you have added a new word to the vocabulary of world typography — your own."

These are the words that Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, President of Mills College, used at the commencement exercises on June 5th when the degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred upon Mr. Goudy.

This is the second time a noted institution of learning has conferred honors on this remarkable man for in June, 1939, Syracuse University gave Mr. Goudy the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

He is no stranger to the Women's City Club. During the Advertisers' Show of 1939 the Club gave a reception and dinner in his honor. Afterwards he delivered a lecture on his work in designing and making types. This paper was printed in the May, 1939, issue of the Magazine.

In setting the page containing the Goudy article in that issue of the Magazine, it was thought appropriate to use types designed by him. The result was so pleasing that it was decided to use this type face for the whole Magazine. The new type dress was introduced in the May, 1940, issue.

Now for a bit of history of this type: The "body type," that is, the type you are reading now, is Kennerley. This design was made by Mr. Goudy in 1911. It was first used in the first edition of H. G. Wells' "The Door in the Wall," published by Mitchell Kennerley at New York. For Mr. Kennerley it was named.

Although Mr. Goudy had designed a number of types previous to Kennerley, it is probable that this face is the one which started him on the "road to fame." As soon as it was available for general use, it was used by discerning printers in America and England. In the early works of the Grabhorn Press, John Henry Nash and Taylor & Taylor, the three noted fine presses of San Francisco, Kennerley is found in much of their work.

The new heading type for the Magazine is Forum, also a Goudy type. It was designed the same week that Kennerley was originated. While in Rome some years ago Mr. Goudy saw an inscription in stone in the Roman Forum. The classical lines of this inscription gave him the idea for the designs of the Forum type.

During the past two months Mr. Goudy has been at the University of California Press. Last year he completed the designs for a private type face for this press. The first use of this face called "University of California Old Style," is in setting a book on the history of type and type-making, soon to be published by the University Press. Mr. Goudy is the author of this book and its printing is being done under his supervision.

Although now past seventy-five, and the designer of more different types than any man who ever lived, Mr. Goudy still has plans and ideas for other ones. Like most great masters, Mr. Goudy is a teacher. While he has been in California this year he has *(Continued on page 27*

INTER-NATIONAL MARKET

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

"Ever since that time the wishes of all who touch it come true." . . . So runs the legend concerning one of the objects in the Golden Gate International Exposition's International Treasure House. The object is a priceless wishing rug which Suzanne of Tiflis and other beautiful Oriental woman whose name is lost to history wove in 1793 and sold to the Shah of Persia for money with which to ransom their beloved Prince Jean de Lamoiriciere from the wicked Kurd, Sharaf Ali Ogloo of Arabia. The woman wished the Sharaf would buy the rug, which he did. Hence the legend concerning it.

Visitors to the International Treasure House on Treasure Island may make their wishes and touch the rug. In these days, how marvelous would be its power if it could restore to the nations of the world the good-will and the opportunity for unrestrained trade which the International Treasure House and its equally interesting International Market offer to visitors!

International Market, set up in the former Philippine Building at the Exposition makes one forget momentarily the tragedies abroad. For under its wide roof are housed side by side, the stalls and shops of countries now at war, with those which war's havoc have wiped out and some whose fate is yet unknown.

There is none of the spirit of conflict within the building which has been developed under the direction of Mr. John Richard Finch, chief of the Fair's Division of Foreign Nationalities. The new International Market is a vast trading post where one finds featured a wide range of imported articles from Balinese cloth to totem poles, and from English leather goods to Philippine furniture.

Within the Market (where, by the way, every article is for sale and inspection is invited) booths are set side by side, each decorated in a characteristic way, served by attendants in the costumes native to the country — with all of its articles of sale in the import class. Prices range from $10,000 for a rug to a small sum for some of the more generally used articles.

In the space assigned to the English Art Guild is displayed attractive merchandise which visitors to England in happier days found irresistible. Leather goods, brasses and handsome silver articles are on the counters there. In the Indian Bazaar, the color of the distant land is suggested by the brass bowls and silver pieces, by the Indian prints and the cashmere cloth on display.

Filigree silver, hand-wrought tin and pottery pieces shine against backgrounds of bright serapes and Indian rugs in El Jacal Mexicana, while at a nearby Alaskan Trading Post one may purchase authentic totem poles, articles made of fur and bone, Eskimo dolls and ivory pieces.

Au Petit Paris — the name conjures up all the allure, beauty and chic which the mention of Paris has always implied—one finds ample satisfaction in examining and purchasing the embroidered handkerchiefs, perfumes, lingerie and so forth. French dolls which have long been favorites are also on display waiting for "foster parents" to claim them.

Holland-Java-Balinese is the designation of one of the Market's most attractive booths — that in which are displayed wares from Holland and from the East Indian protectorates which Holland has administered for centuries. Batiks, fascinating wood carvings which have become increasingly popular in recent years, silver of substantial beauty and workmanship, with pottery from Holland, combine to make this one of the most popular of the booths.

Philippine furniture, the roomy, comfortable sort, and smart modern designs, offer buyers a chance to possess some of the pieces most admired and frequently coveted in last year's display in the Philippine Building. And, of course, there are any number of new and interesting pieces, shown along with an array of pina cloth, Philippine bags and brasses.

Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia—three names inextricably interwoven in recent history in the making, are in juxta-position again in International Market, in three booths which bear their separate titles. In the Rumanian stall are fine embroideries hand-done on hand-woven cloth, while the Russian booth displays a generous number of arts and crafts, all interesting and colorful. Russian lacquers, birchwood articles, boxes and trays, and picturesquely costumed dolls of both sexes are all to be found.

Although its geographical boundaries may have been erased and its political systems wiped out, Czecho-Slovakia, as represented in the International Market is not a place, but a quality of workmanship. In its booth are to be found numberless articles, large and small, fine glassware, linens, plain and embroidered, gloves, boxes, scores of those articles which over a decade we came to recognize as "made in Czecho-Slovakia."

The magic beauty of Hawaii is present in its offering of perfume, shell leis, tapacloth.

In a Nippon Bazaar are offered countless articles which are a boon to travelers and gift seekers, chinaware, jewelry, brassware and the like. *(Continued on page 29*

LORENZO SAWYER

A boy who lived on a "York State" farm until he was sixteen, attending the district school in winter, and in summer helping "to bring the harvest home."

A boy who read late into the night, and all day Sunday.

A young man who crossed the plains in '50, with eleven precious books in his library.

A mature man who became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and upon appointment by President Grant, a judge of the United States Circuit Court for our Ninth Circuit.

That is the story of a man whom California, and particularly San Francisco, refuses to forget.

Lorenzo Sawyer.

He sleeps on Lone Mountain, and from the vantage of his resting place you may look forth upon the Pacific, upon the noble span of Golden Gate Bridge, and upon the friendly hills of Marin.

Lorenzo Sawyer who loved the hills and hollows of San Francisco himself selected that beautiful resting place.

Esto perpetua! May he be perpetuated there forever!

Lorenzo Sawyer was born on a farm in Jefferson County, New York, May 23, 1820. Though he moved with the family to another farm in Pennsylvania, he returned to New York in the early '40s to teach school. Teaching a little later in Ohio, he read law, and was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1846. It was from Wisconsin, however ('twas a generation on the move!), that Lorenzo Sawyer set out for California, arriving in July of Golden Fifty.

Virginia City claimed him for a time, but in 1853 he took up permanent residence and practice in San Francisco.

His career was distinguished. His partners were legal leaders, Roderick N. Morrison, Frank M. Pixley.

Governor Stanford elevated him to the Twelfth District Court, at that time, 1862, comprising the jurisdictions of San Francisco and San Mateo. Election took him to the Supreme Court, and the admiring friendship of President Grant to the Federal tribunal here.

Judge Sawyer died in San Francisco, September 7, 1891.

The boy from New York farm went to high honors in his great profession.

Perhaps, however, the honor that he cherished most of all was his selection by Leland Stanford to be one of the original trustees of Stanford University.

When the cornerstone of that institution conceived and born in paternal and maternal love, was laid, May 14, 1887, Judge Sawyer delivered the principal address.

He labored well, and he sleeps peacefully. May his memorial remain where he reared it on Lone Mountain, not to glorify himself, but to testify to his affection for his first wife who died in 1876.

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I Must Tell You About My Trip

As told to Betty Bingham

TO SOUTH AMERICA

"I liked the trip by train from Santiago to Vina del Mar the best," said Mrs. Bruce Howard, reminiscing on her 40-day cruise to South America and the Panama Canal this winter with Mr. Howard.

Mrs. Howard, we might explain, is subject to seasickness. She did admit, however, that sailing along off the coast of Chile on Smooth Pacific waters with the ragged tops of the Andes close at hand and the Southern Cross shining out across the sky, was quite an experience.

"We started from New York, February 9, and stopped at Barranquilla before heading north again to the Canal and Cristobal. It was lots of fun watching the land come down to us as we went through the locks, and there's not a mosquito raising its ugly head anywhere. The swamps, of course, have all been cleared.

"In Buenaventura, at the Pacific end of the canal (which is east of the Atlantic end) we had a dose of the rain which is said to fall at some time 360 days out of every year, and then sailed on up a beautiful river, thick on either side with tropical foliage, to Guayaquil. There one haggles with the natives and comes out sometimes the worse for wear, but well stocked with Panama hats. Guayaquil, of course, is the hats' native heath.

"Speaking of products, in Equador one can be fined or put in jail for using anything but Equador matches for one's cigarettes. Even lighters are taboo—whether they work or not.

"Cruising along the coast, the boat makes stops at Salaverry, in Peru, and everyone goes ashore to gaze awefully at the Inca ruins at Chan Chan. Here it practically never rains and everything is as dry as a bone."

At Lima, South America's most beautiful city, ancient castles are on all sides. Heavy, ornate structures of stone with huge, cool hallways and highly decorated doorways. In "millionaires square" there is one of these on each of the four corners—tombstones of an extinct class of people. The body of Pizarro is also here to see, if you like bodies, lying in state in a glass case in the cathedral.

"Heading farther south to Santiago, we came upon much cooler climate, and in this city is the tremendous, marble-faced race track with gardens in the center where swans and fish disport themselves gayly, quite unmoved by the thrills of the race.

"From Santiago, north by train, as we curve through the foothills of the Andes, the scenery is cool and green with bright splashes of cerise and red which are the bougainvillea vines.

"At Vina del Mar, the group from the ship dined in a large stone building overlooking the ocean, and, * * * the view over the town is broken by the turrets of more antique castle-like structures."

At one spot, Mrs. Howard made a lasting friend of a vicuna which dropped in on them at luncheon and dined fastidiously on hot rolls. The vicuna is like a small edition of a llama but the fur is very soft

One highlight of the trip was having Otis Skinner as deck chair neighbor. He is definitely a gentleman of the old school, Mrs. Howard thought, and made a charming companion.

The western coast of south America, in contrast to the Atlantic seaboard, is of an older period. Its private homes are of adobe and plaster and there are few modern buildings like those of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. Its night life is practically nil but people seem to enjoy themselves anyway.

TO CALIFORNIA

I am afraid I did not discover California. A first trip, and all the obvious places, and all the too, too traditional reactions — I shouldn't have much to write about. But these I submit as some of the things that impressed and surprised me even after all I had heard—

That air, with which we are all pretty well acquainted, could be such a radically different commodity on the California desert. Hot and cool at the same time, an effect not to be described. This was near Palm Springs.

That all the flowers we watch coming and going month by month bloom at once out there in March. Daffodils and hyacinths and the flowering shrubs along with stock and delphinium and petunias. This was Santa Barbara, and they do not consider March their "season." And what do they have in June?

That there could be such miles—such hundreds of miles of beauty undefiled by man. The newness of their good roads, I guess; the sign boards will undoubtedly come. This was along the coast, and also in the mountains.

The size of the orchards. *Grapes of Wrath* should have warned me, but no description can give you the same feeling as driving 40 or 50 miles with unbroken columns of fruit trees as far as you can see in

all directions. The Santa Clara valley was just coming into bloom. A week later we should have been drowned in blossoms.

The lack of monotony in the desert, and the delicacy of the flowers that bloom in it. The abruptness of the mountains rising out of it.

The delightful lack of transplanted styles of architecture. So little Gothic, so few Athenian temples for post offices and banks. I loved the white shining gleaming modernity of Los Angeles. And I loved the houses too, built in an authentic Californian style. The Spanish heritage gives charm to their modern functionalism, and they seem perfectly a part of their sunny setting.

The hills of San Francisco would astound anyone, however much he had heard of them beforehand. What charmed me with that most charming city was that it was so small, as big cities go. So much of interest for a short cable-car ride—or by foot, if you have practiced walking up and down roofs. And of course people before me have noted that it is very beautiful.

And then the great and final surprise was at myself—that I should become just as foolish as all those other California addicts, and just as much a bore to my friends back home. I really hadn't expected to.—*Frances English.*

(Reprinted from *The Magazine* of the Women's City Club, Detroit.)

"Inspiration"

Something is dead within me
Or it sleeps
Deep under surface of my daily path
That winds its commonplace
Of petty toil.
And all the fiery tendrils
Of my poet's vision
Wither and die and do not climb
In spiral green of bud and bloom
Outstretching toward the sun:
But sunken deep lie buried
Under thick clods of heavy earth:—
The roots of fancy and of rhapsody,
Dying in humdrum round of littleness—
Perchance they sleep to take a deeper hold
Who knows?
While my poor soul is starved
For dreams
And I am doomed
To go my dull, drab round,
Dumb driven.
Grant me to sing once more before I die,
Free, throbbing outbursts of creative song.
Let not the bright-hued tendrils
Wither and decay,
Before they reach the light and sun.

—Edith Hecht.

New Group of Artists Join Art in Action Demonstration at Fine Arts Palace

With painters, sculptors and print makers busy in the art demonstration project of the Palace of Fine Arts on Treasure Island, a new group of artists has arrived to join them in taking the public "backstage" in the arts to show the layman how art is being made.

Ruth Cravath, the well known sculptor member of the San Francisco Art Commission, has begun to work on a horse's head in phelsite, a hard stone, the texture of which lends itself particularly well to the subject. It is a dark gray stone with a grain suggesting massiveness. Miss Cravath picked the stone herself in the Montana mountains when she was spending some time at a ranch studying the anatomy of work horses such as the one who served as model for this sculpture.

Other artists with Ruth Cravath in the Sculptor's Pit of the Active Arts Plaza include the well known Dudley Carter, whose impressive Mountain Goat, hewn out of solid redwood timber, is taking final shape; Fred Olmsted and his assistant who, with tireless zeal, are forming their ten-ton block of limestone into a gigantic head of Leonardo da Vinci; and Cecilia Graham who is doing clever and sophisticated clay modeling.

In the field of crafts, Eloise Krysiak, of San Francisco, is demonstrating block printing for table linens. She is working on a design of coffee berries, for use on a breakfast tray cloth.

The interrelationships between the various crafts is actively demonstrated by Bernice Band, Associate Professor of Related Arts at Oregon State College. Miss Band is not only weaving upholstery fabrics, but is also engaged in screen printing of materials for draperies and in hand tufting of rugs.

Jane Wilhoit, of Bolinas, California, is cutting stylized figures of animals and people out of sheet metal: copper, brass, and aluminum.

Meanwhile, Diego Rivera, greatest of all living muralists, is finishing the preliminary sketches for the huge mural on the north wall of the Active Arts Plaza at the Palace of Fine Arts. Upon Rivera's request, the size of the mural has been enlarged from 45 to 75 feet in width, in order to give him added space to express the full meaning of his mural composition which will symbolize the fusion between the traditional elements of Mexico's civilization with the high technical accomplishments of our own.

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(Continued from page 13)

governments of periods of revolution and papers of emigre groups who had fled their native lands. A considerable amount of these materials has been received from donors with restrictions as to use, often with the stipulation that the papers be locked away for a term of years until they cease to be contemporary political documents.

Within the large categories described above the Library possesses unusually important collections on the Peace Conference in Paris, the Russian Revolution and Civil War in Russia, the German Revolution and Republic, on Communism, Fascism and National Socialism. Its materials on food, relief and reconstruction problems of the War and its aftermath are pre-eminent. In the Ray Lyman Wilbur Collection on Social Problems the Library possesses a distinguished collection of documents on postwar social problems in the United States.

A cardinal principle in the Library's acquisition program, from its beginning, has been the collection of materials at their source. It has also often been possible, since the Library deals with a contemporary period, to gather materials while the movements and events to be documented were taking place. While the World War was in progress Mr. Hoover not only made provision for the preservation of all records of his organizations but he also established centers in belligerent countries for the gathering of materials destined for a war collection at Stanford University. During the various phases of the Library's development, as it kept pace with events, competent and qualified agents have been dispatched abroad to collect materials at the scene of action. In this way the Library has been able to secure not only the established publications of governments and organizations but also the fugitive literature without which no true picture for history can be built up.

When the present war broke out Professor Lutz was in Europe gathering materials on Fascism and National Socialism. He was asked by the Directors to remain and establish centers for collecting materials on the conflict now in progress. As a result collecting agencies were established in every belligerent and neutral country in Europe.

While agents have carried on collecting activities in Europe, Library officials in this country have been actively engaged in securing materials relating to the United States, both as neutral and belligerent in the World War and on American neutrality and the present war in Europe.

The activities of the Library's officials and agents, however, have by no means been the sole sources of its wealth of materials. The widespread reputation of the

Hoover Library, both in this country and abroad, has brought to its shelves countless unsolicited gifts of great value from governments, private organizations and individuals throughout the world.

The Hoover Library's materials are open to graduate students and faculty of Stanford University and other universities and colleges and to other qualified investigators approved by the Library's officials.

Three series of publications are maintained by the Library, namely, Hoover Library Publications, of which fourteen volumes have appeared to date, Hoover Library Bibliographical Series, in which two volumes have been issued, and the Annual Reports of the Chairman of Directors.

Long ago the Hoover Library outgrew the quarters which it now occupies in the Stanford University Library Building. Today the half-completed structure of a new Hoover Library Building rises above the Stanford campus. This tower of steel and concrete will be ready for occupancy by January 1, 1941, and will be dedicated during the celebration ceremonies of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of Stanford University. At that time the hopes of many years of officials and friends of the Library will have materialized in a building adequate to house the great institution which Mr. Hoover founded almost a quarter of a century ago.

I Will

These magic words wrought the miracle of the Assembly Lounge and the enchanting purchase of the beautiful Lyman House.

Again we must use the magic words and bring to life 200 new members, because each year we lose this number through change of residence and the hazards of fortune and death.

We must replace these losses in order to keep our Club secure from any economic strain and vitalize it with continuous new life and enthusiasm.

Will I help guard the precious life of this Club by inviting a cherished friend to become a member?

I will, because it is the greatest gift I can make.

I *will* not toss this membership blank into the waste basket.

I *will* take a little time and thought and bring in a valuable new member.

I WILL.

JOSEPHINE A. MUTHER,

Chairman Special Membership Committee.
—Reprinted from the *Bulletin* of Women's City Club of Boston.

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Allied Relief Fund

Headed by W. W. Crocker as chairman, the Executive Committee of the Allied Relief Fund for Northern California has launched its campaign to act as a clearing house through which money and supplies may be quickly, economically and efficiently distributed to the destitute and suffering in France and England.

The Northern California group is one of eight branches of the Allied Relief Fund established in the United States. Much preliminary organization has already been done, with the result that the Fund has established direct relations with various non-governmental relief agencies in England and in France, including the Personal Service League in London, and the American Relief Clearing House and the American Hospital of Paris. It has already contributed to each organization and has agreed to provide them with further funds and supplies.

Relief is being co-ordinated with that of the American Red Cross, according to Crocker, but is being supplemented by contributions directly to hospitals and for other vitally needed civilian relief purposes.

"At this stage of the war," Crocker said yesterday, "it is the plight of the dislocated millions of civilians that calls most urgently for American aid. We believe there are many Californians who are deeply distressed by this overwhelming calamity and who want to do what they can to lessen the indescribable suffering of the refugees. Only through co-ordination can our efforts produce maximum good, and we hope through the Allied Relief Fund to bring about this co-ordination as quickly and as efficiently as possible."

All overhead expenses of the present drive have been underwritten for a period of sixty days, so that every cent of each dollar contributed to the Allied Relief Fund here may be utilized to alleviate the dire distress overseas.

The local committee is in daily communication with Winthrop W. Aldrich, National Chairman of the Fund, who reports that the need grows more urgent daily, with hundreds of thousands of refugees from all the devastated countries pouring into France and England in a constantly increasing stream.

The Executive Committee here is collecting only funds and is recommending that donations of clothing, woolen goods, etc., be sent for free transportation overseas to the British War Relief Fund, Shell Building, or to L'Atelier, de Young Building, with which the Allied Relief Fund is cooperating.

We teach you to make your own hand-stitched leather gloves or will make them to order
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Headquarters for the Allied Relief Fund have been established in Room 721, at 1 Montgomery Street, telephone GArfield 2822. The committee has announced that any contributions to the Allied Relief Fund are deductible for income tax purposes.

Officers and directors of the Allied Relief Fund for Northern California follow: Chairman, W. W. Crocker; vice chairmen, Gayle Anderton, Albert Bender, Mrs. Geo. T. Cameron, Lloyd Dinkelspiel, A. C. Greene, Mrs. W. A. Haas, Mrs. C. O. G Miller and Mrs. Henry P. Russell; secretary, Mrs. E. O. Bartlett; treasurer, James K. Lochead.

More Than 200 Works to Be Shown in Picasso Exhibit

"Picasso: Forty Years of His Art," the greatest comprehensive presentation of the famous Spanish-Parisian artist ever assembled, will open at the San Francisco Museum of Art, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, with a preview for members of the Museum in the afternoon on Tuesday, June 25th, followed by a public preview of the show in the evening of the same day. The exhibit will be on display at the Museum through July 22nd.

Two hundred and twelve paintings, drawings, pieces of sculpture and other items, covering all of Picasso's periods since he came to Paris in 1900, will be presented in the exhibit. Included will be a number of the artist's works from the Museum's permanent and loan collections.

The most celebrated living artist, Picasso is already a legend. He was born in Malaga, on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, in 1881. From a very early age he showed extraordinary talent. In 1896 he passed the entrance tests for the Barcelona Academy, taking a single day for an examination so difficult that a whole month was ordinarily allowed for its completion. A few months later he repeated this prodigious performance at Madrid. But he soon grew bored with the sterile atmosphere of the Madrid Academy and returned to Barcelona to set himself up as an independent artist at the age of sixteen.

Shortly before he was nineteen he went to Paris, where his output continued to be prolific. In 1904 he settled permanently in that city, which is still, or at least till the German occupation a few days ago, was his home.

Since he began to paint in Paris, Picasso has hurtled from one period to another, leaving a trail of schools in his wake. He belongs to none of these schools but rushes recklessly ahead on his varied, original, and often bewildering course.

The great exhibit of his work now being prepared at the San Francisco Museum of Art in the Civic Center, will provide a unique opportunity to experience and to study the work of this artist, who has been one of the most influential creative minds of our time.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

White to make you feel like Summer is really here. To describe the newest hats to be worn during the entire summer is quite impossible, as there are so many new and inspiring ideas for all types. Flowers galore. A luscious new shade of green. A dozen new sailors with different crowns. Quills, twisted and otherwise. All new and all very welcome.

Your hats skilfully remodeled.

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Tell Your
Out-of-Town
Friends About

The captivating Shop of Madame Butterfly at 430 Grant Avenue is one of the real points of interest in San Francisco with its truly colorful reflections of the Far East. Late arrivals from the Orient include an unusual selection of carvings—Birds of all kinds—Parrots, Kingfishers, Macaws, Canaries and every imaginable kind of bird beautifully carved and delicately hand painted. Figurines of the Seven Deities, all exquisitely carved in ivory. Also, Pewter ware and Bowls for flower arrangements. And above all, the exquisite bath robes, kimonos, night gowns and pajamas, all beautifully tailored from the finest silks. So be sure to include the captivating Shop of Madame Butterfly in your next shopping tour.

Madame Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue—San Francisco

The Board of Directors
hopes every member will greet
Miss Grace Parker on July 9

Made in California

The arts and handicrafts which contribute to the fame of California will be presented to tourists and San Franciscans in a showing at Gump's the week of July 22nd. The exhibit titled, "Made in California" comes at a time when American consumers are looking to California for more and more original creations in tableware, decorative pieces, apparel, and nearly everything that contributes to a more varied way of living.

Gump's showing, coincident with the influx of visitors to California's vacationland and the Golden Gate International Exposition, will include the works of such outstanding artisans as: Dorothy Thorpe, glassware; La Mirada, Vernon and Gladding McBean, tableware and decorative pottery; Jalanivich and Olsen, decorative pottery; James West, designer for Gump's, table linens, draperies, and lounging apparel in original hand-blocked designs; the Harndon Studio, weavers of original fabrics, and others whose work is part of California life.

The display will be enlivened by an exhibition of pottery making by Jalanivich and Olsen, and a display of actual weaving by the Harndon Studio.

In planning the exhibit, Mr. A. Livingston Gump, famous art dealer, stated, "We are building this showing in an effort to give San Franciscans and their guests a focal point at which to see all the great arts and crafts which are growing to fame in California."

(Continued from page 12)

The Library originally cost the University one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Bancroft feeling justly that in his transfer of the Library to the University, he was contributing no less than one hundred thousand dollars. Competent collectors and auctioneers venture the estimate that the collection would bring one million dollars on the block. No possible estimate of the present value would adequately describe the accumulation of materials available to competent investigators in every field of Western and Latin American history.

Photographing Books In Threatened Libraries

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

CINCINNATI, May 25—The country's librarians, concerned over destruction of Old World cultural treasures such as the books in the Louvain Library, are working on plans to take micro-photographs of volumes and manuscripts in Europe.

Mrs. Beatrice S. Rossell of Chicago disclosed that work already was under way in the British Museum, the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris and the Vatican library. She is here for the American Library Association's annual conference, which begins Monday.—Reprinted from the New York *Times*.

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Legion of Honor

Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, has announced the following program of exhibits and events for the Museum during July:

EXHIBITIONS

Nineteenth International Watercolor Exhibition (Circuited by the Art Institute of Chicago) Through July 14th

Portraits, by Dorothy E. Vicaji.....Opening July 15th

Oils, by Mardsen Hartley .....July 15th to July 31st

Water Colors, by Maria Izquierdo and Raul Uribi.....July 15th for two weeks

Recent Accessions — Gallery 6.

SKETCHING CLASS FOR CHILDREN

Every Saturday at 10:00 a. m.

GALLERY TALKS

Each Friday at 3:00 p. m.

"Some Problems of the Restorer"
By Henry Rusk .....July 5th

"Rococo Painting"
By Dr. Robert Neuhaus .....July 12th

"The Dutch 'Little Masters'"
By Dr. Robert Neuhaus ..... July 19th

"Tanagra Figurines"
By Dr. Robert Neuhaus ..... July 26th

DISCUSSION GROUPS

Each Wednesday at 11:00 a. m.

An analysis of the stylistic and technical terms commonly employed in art criticism will be the subject of this month's discussions.

ORGAN RECITAL

Each Saturday and Sunday at 3:00 p. m.
By Uda Waldrop

RADIO PROGRAM

Art Review, by Thomas Carr Howe, Jr.
KGO Thursday, July 11th, at 1:05 p. m.

LITTLE THEATER

Motion Pictures—Each Saturday, 2:00 p.m.
Admission Free.

July 6th—
"A.B.C. of Puppet Making"
"The King and the Scullery Maid"

July 13th—
"Pottery Making"
"Potter's Wheel"
"Romeo and Juliet" (Cartoon)

July 20th—
"The Arts and Crafts of Mexico"
"How Motion Pictures Move and Talk"
"Pirate Ship" (Cartoon)

July 27th—
"Churches and Cathedrals"
"Bound to Last"
"Stormy Seas" (Cartoon)

A fine beautifier: a half-hour of vigorous swimming followed by a hot shower tapering off to cold, as cold as you can stand it.

(Continued from page 17)

conducted classes in the Academy of Advertising Art in San Francisco and has lectured to other groups of students of printing and advertising.

An appraisal of the work of this man shows that he has kept away from the spectacular. His influence on printing and printing taste has been more subtle.

In the first place, his designs have been practical. Secondly, they are based on sound tradition. He feels that from an esthetic standpoint the stonecut Roman letters are a satisfactory and practical inspiration for all Roman types of our time.

In making his designs practical he has insured their wide adoption by printers and advertisers. Today, it is doubtful if any American printer, large or small, is without at least one type designed by Goudy. No current issue of a newspaper or magazine can be found that does not show some of his types.

Although holding fast to the origins of basis Roman letter forms, he has seen these shapes with the eyes of the Twentieth Century. So, in Goudy types, we have sound designs with the fresh viewpoint of today. Ever mindful of the technical problems of modern production, Mr. Goudy has created types that are functional as well as artistic.

To have tied together our rich inheritance of beauty in early letter forms with the precise modern methods of manufacturing printing — to have brought about the happy union of art and mechanics in typography required sheer genius. He has it.

Learning would but limp along without printing — the book. He who has contributed so vastly to legibility and beauty in type design has facilitated the spreading of knowledge. Hence, it is not to wonder that centers of education honor this man.

(Continued from page 8)

Mexico, where she arrived April 24 and where all hands enjoyed four days shore leave.

The Argentina encountered no gales in the Pacific, but between Manzanillo and Balboa flirted with a few tropical storms in which water spouts spiraling around under a canopy of black cloud gave the impression of steaming through a succession of vast halls whose dark ceiling rested on revolving pillars.

For four days — between Port of Spain and Para — the Argentina was anchored under the lee of an island where she took refuge from head winds which brought the veteran ferry boat to a practical standstill.

The Argentina left Para June 4, and was reported at Pernambuco June 12.

(Continued from page 16)

Although the difficulties attendant to the assembling of a comprehensive European section have proven many, examples of the work of a major portion of the great presses and designers active since 1900 are on display. In this group the work of the designer and illustrator is often the significant fact governing the selection of a particular book, with presses, as such, playing a minor role.

The American section includes the whole history of American printing. The work of the California printers is shown as a unit rather than as a part of the American section. The work of the amateur or non-professional printer completes the collection.

To provide action, in keeping with the general theme of the Fine Arts Palace, a hand press actually used in the Kelmscott press of William Morris, and now owned by the Quercus press of San Mateo, will be on display and will, on occasions, be operated. The availability of this press is fortunate, for the press differs only in material and mechanical means of pressure from the earliest presses. No invention of such significance has undergone less change; moreover, the association value of the press adds interest to this feature of the exhibit.

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Other permanents from $5.00 up.

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The
Beauty
Salon

Lower Main Floor

(Continued from page 14)

Wm. C. Ralston, was taken up and presented to the Institute to be applied to its mortgage indebtedness. (A bequest of 10,000 dollars for the purchase of technical and scientific books was later made to the Institute by James Lick. At some time following this, John Center presented 500 dollars, and in 1916 a gift of 500 dollars was made in memory of Ernest N. Atkins, the income to be used for the purchase of books on mining and metallurgy. It is interesting to note that these are the only money bequests and donations ever received by the Institute.)

In 1864 a fourth Fair was held on the site which is now Union Square, the use of which had been donated by the City.

The fifth fair was opened August 10th, 1865, and realized 16,741 dollars, including the amount received from the sale of the building which had been erected for the previous fair.

In 1866 the California Street property was sold, the present Post Street location was purchased and a building erected thereon. Fairs were held in 1868, in 1869 and in 1871, on the Union Square site. The receipts from these fairs enabled the Institute to reduce its debt and to purchase many books, so that on June 1, 1872, there were seventeen thousand two hundred and thirty-nine volumes in the library.

In the election of 1868 a number of the members, led by A. S. Hallidie, then President, campaigned to do away with the stockholder system and on December 8, 1869, the Mechanics' Institute was reincorporated on a plan which insured all of the profits reverting to the Association.

On December 15, 1881, occurred what later proved to be the most advantageous financial transaction ever entered into in behalf of the Mechanics' Institute, the purchase of the so-called pavilion lot, a block of land bounded by Larkin, Grove, Polk, and Hayes Streets. The purchase price was 175,000 dollars, and the Institute had but 5000 dollars in cash funds at the time. The then President, P. B. Cornwall, and the then Treasurer, J. A. Bauer, borrowed 5000 dollars on their individual notes to make up the amount required as a first payment, and the library property on Post Street and the new lot were then mortgaged for 165,000 dollars.

This left the Institute dependent for its support upon the dues paid by the members and at the beginning of 1906 it had built up a library of about one hundred and thirty-five thousand volumes. In January of that year a consolidation was effected between the Mechanics' Institute and the Mercantile Library Association by which the number of books in the library was increased to about two hundred thousand volumes. On January 27, 1906, the Mechanics' Institute was reincorporated to conform to the terms of the consolidation agreement and the library then became known as the Mechanics'-Mercantile Library.

Thus the Mechanics' Institute found itself, on the night of April 17, 1906, prosperous beyond the dreams of its founders and with a library, the equal of which, in quality, it would have been difficult to find. On the following day, April 18, 1906, this magnificent collection of books, together with all of the other property of the Institute, was destroyed by the fire which left the City of San Francisco in ruins. The Board of Trustees immediately set to work to reestablish the library, and by the end of August, 1906, a temporary building had been erected on the corner of Grove and Polk Streets, on a portion of the Pavilion Block, and a collection of five thousand volumes had been installed therein. Within a month this had been increased to ten thousand volumes and the work of building up the new library had been fairly begun.

In March, 1909, a building contract was entered into and the erection of a new nine-story structure on the site of the old library building on Post Street was begun, and by July, 1910, the library was again established in its old location.

At a special municipal election held March 28, 1912, the citizens of the City and County of San Francisco voted to establish a Civic Center wherein were to be erected all of the buildings devoted to the city's business. The pavilion block, owned by the Institute, was included in the area so set apart, and negotiations were entered into with the city's representatives for the purpose of determining a proper value for it. Finally, in September, 1912, an amount of 700,000 dollars was determined upon, and on the 24th day of that month a deed to the city was signed and delivered by President Rudolph J. Taussig, and the purchase price was paid over to the Institute. With the funds derived from this transaction the Institute was enabled to pay off all of its indebtedness and to increase its surplus account almost 400,000 dollars.

At the members' annual meeting held in March, 1914, an amendment to the Constitution, fostered by the Board of Trustees, was adopted, creating a perpetual endowment for the Mechanics' Institute.

With its investment thus safe-guarded, the returns from its endowment funds, together with the dues from its members, insured the Institute an adequate income and its progress thereafter was constant and steady. Additions to the library, from

1912 to 1930, averaging over fifty-five hundred volumes each year, have been made, and there has been a yearly increase in the amount of its assets. Today, it numbers one hundred and forty thousand volumes of valuable literature.

The Constitution of the Mechanics' Institute provides that its affairs shall be administered by a Board of fourteen Trustees elected from its membership, who serve as such without compensation. The fact that the Mechanics' Institute has progressed from nothing at all to something of recognized importance in the technical and cultural life of San Francisco and of the State of California is due to the indomitable will and determination of its early day founders and to the conscientious labor of those who followed them in office. Without this spirit there would have been no Mechanics' Institute.

Community Chest

Those who saw the motion picture "They Shall Have Music" were not surprised when Jascha Heifetz paid a call to the Community Music School during his last visit here.

In real life the great violinist is as much interested in music for under-privileged children as he was in the popular picture.

Heifetz believes that music can be a great force in the lives of less fortunate children by helping them to combat environmental handicaps.

The Community Music School is supported by the Community Chest and provides instruction on an ability-to-pay basis. Heifetz is an honorary member of the school's board of directors, and never fails to visit the Chest agency when in San Francisco.

(Continued from page 18)

Not far away from International Market is the International Treasure House, where are fabulous art objects — the largest collection ever assembled for sale on this western coast. According to Mr. Finch, who has this feature of the Exposition as well as International Market in his department, one half million dollars' worth of art merchandise is on sale.

In this building will be found the products of the near East, and southwestern Asia, Persia, Mesopotamia, and even Egypt. Fashioned to simulate an Eastern Bazaar the Treasure House will be a Mecca for Expusition visitors and shoppers who must, for the present, content themselves with vicarious foreign markets.

Some of the Treasure House articles, former museum pieces will be offered for sale this year. One is almost tempted to be a real optimist and say, "do your Christmas shopping early!"

Gardening Gadgets

Copper watering pots in different shapes and sizes for indoor plants and window boxes.

Flower frogs for your spring decorations—pin point and adjustable lead holders.

Smocks — hand dyed, hand blocked, sun fast and washable, in various styles and colors.

Flower baskets, garden baskets, lunch baskets, baskets of all kinds, some imported, some domestic. Also leaf-gathering baskets with wheels and handle.

Vari-colored cactus-fibre twine for tying flowers.

Bird feeding stations beautifully made of chestnut with a tile inset of St. Francis.

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FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

by Mrs. D. W. Edwards

Flower arrangement is usually the expression of someone's love for flowers, the satisfaction of a personal desire, planned to fit into the setting it is intended for. William Alexander Percy, visiting in New York, wrote a poem which included two lines that may well be remembered by those interested in the creative art of flower arrangement.

"I have a need of silence and of stars
Too much is said, too loudly, I am dazed."

We hear glib talks on styles in flower arrangement, we enter classes at flower shows calling for arrangement in the Japanese manner, the Victorian manner, the French style or the Flemish. We study the trends of the modernistic, and arrange our flowers for shows in the most approved stylized manner. What does all this mean and how does it apply to those who want to make the most of the flowers from their gardens for home decorations? No set of rules alone will be enough to make a harmonious setting. Training of eye is more important than rules, but it is well to know something of the rules or basic principles which can be used as guiding stars.

To begin with, design and color are closely related and the greater of these is design. Color is important to the fulfillment of design. Design is essential to color. You can achieve a beautiful picture without color but never without design. Design consists of flowers, containers and any accessories. The range of design or line is almost without limit. You may use a square, rectangle, circle, radiating design and many others.

Balance is obtained by the weight of your material, by line, by vivid color, or, and this is important in all arrangements, by an empty space. The proportion between the flower group and the container must be right for success. A nice grouping will lose its charm if the container is too large or too small for it. There are no hard and fast rules for the size of the plant material in relation to its container, but you will be fairly safe in making it one and a half times the height of the container; or, in a low container, one and a half times the width.

Rhythm may be gained through mass, through color, and through line. Rhythm is motion. With good rhythm the eye is carried along from one part to another without abrupt changes which seem to stop the eye. When one line of the arrangement leads the eye smoothly along to another line, then all the lines seem to bring about the completion of an idea, the arrangement has rhythm. Too much repetition of the same line or form may tend to make the arrangement monotonous. A mixed arrangement of the same general lines like zinnias, calendulas, marigolds, asters, cosmos, has too many circles, too much reptition of the same shape and size forms. The addition of lines of different character may add greatly to the effectiveness of the whole. Spike flowers, such as gladiolas, snap dragons, larkspur, give an interesting contrast of lines.

Center of interest, focal point or primary accent have the same meaning. They refer to the strong flower or leaf or group that accents the place in a flower arrangement where the many converging stems of the group thicken up and come together toward the mouth of the container. It is not necessarily the center of the arrangement, but it is really the center of interest.

There are two distinct points of view in the matter of flower arrangement. One is arrangement for decorative use in the home and the other is the making of arrangements for exhibition or competition at flower shows. In a flower show, one must arrange according to schedule using a certain kind of container and certain kinds of flowers. In arranging flowers for the home we can take our choice. I think most of us are interested in the latter, so I will speak particularly of that kind.

The size of the room where a flower arrangement is to be placed, the type of decoration of the room, the color scheme, the amount of light, the time of day when the arrangement will be most seen, the size of the furniture on which it will stand, all these must be considered. There are few rooms in the average home where it is desirable to place more than two, at the most three, flower arrangements. Too many bowls and vases of flowers, no matter how beautiful each one may be, are distracting. One large, one small bouquet of flowers will give all the color, all the fragrance that many rooms can stand without overcrowding.

Gathering flowers, we instinctively pick those which will add a desired touch to the room where they will be placed, yellow flowers for a blue room, blue or yellow flowers for a yellow room, warm purple blooms for a pink bedroom, bright sturdy blooms for hall or porch, and delicate flowers for a luncheon or dinner table. If the flowers are to be seen mostly during

the evening under artificial light, we are not likely to use blues or lavenders which lose most of their color quality under electric lights; but we select instead, warm colors which are as clear in artificial light as in sunlight. In placing flowers in the home, we select flowers we wish to accent, remembering the place where flowers stand is brought into prominence in the room. Also remember that there are two types of color, receding and advancing, blue and lavender in the first group, red or yellow in the second. If we wish to make a room look longer, we place a group of flowers at the far end. If we wish to shorten the effect, we place flowers of the advancing color, red or yellow, there. In large rooms, the mass arrangement is more suitable than the smaller, daintier designs. When different colors are used in an arrangement it is better, more or less, to group them, letting one color run into another in an uneven line. If flowers of different colors are put hit or miss into a container, the effect is likely to be spotted. Large flowers are better used low in composition, also darker flowers are best placed low.

When the design of a flower grouping is weak, one is tempted to use fine feathery flowers or leaves to improve it. The effect of adding these is like putting a wash over a water color painting that lacks character. The deficiencies of design are not concealed, simply blurred.

See how your plants grow in the garden. Look at their defects. Their weakness may be beauty, for it may make them more interesting. You can get more graceful material from your yard than from the florist. A crooked stem will often add beauy to your arrangement and your florist specializes in straight ones. Unusual plant material may be used in an unusual way. In flower shows it is the unusual that attracts attention and wins prizes. Do not arrange flowers in tiers, levels of color, or levels of form. Scattered material is confusing; it must be clear cut. An arrangement must have a feeling of completeness; there must be a feeling of relationship.

No one has a monopoly on flower arrangement. We all see things differently. Be original. Ask yourself: "Have I made this as beautiful as possible? Does it have good form, good color? Am I content to let it stand where it is? Or do I want to run over to it, to move a leaf or add one?" If you are content to leave it as it is, it is probably a good arrangement. If you have a continuous inclination to do something to it, it is apt to be because the arrangement has poor balance, an uninteresting silhouette, or is crowded. Create for yourself satisfaction that you have achieved something beautiful and artistic. *Reprinted from the Bulletin of the American Women's Club of Shanghai, May, 1940.*

Canape and Hors d'Oeuvres

A canape is really not quite so strange a creation as it sounds. It is merely an open faced sandwich in fancy shape, sometimes made with thin puff paste, tartelettes, etc., and of course, decorated. It is part of an elaborate menu, just to make it more difficult to understand. Such articles as caviar, anchovy, shrimp, or crab leg in aspic, medallion of lobster, toast caprice, cigarettes-surprise, stuffed celery, timbales of pate de foie gras, or what your fancy may dictate will enter into Hors d'Oeuvres.

For a hot canape here is a receipt for crab meat canape Mary Garden.

Slice two ounces of fresh mushrooms and saute in butter, add to it a half pound of fresh crab meat, and a half cup of cream sauce, season with salt and pepper. place on round shaped toast, which is spread with anchovy butter. Sprinkle the canape with grated Parmesan cheese and fresh bread crumbs. Bake it in a quick oven to a golden brown and serve at once. Garnish according to your fancy.

DRESSINGS

French: Salt, pepper, vinegar and salad oil. Dissolve pinch of salt and pepper in a tablespoon of vinegar and 3 tablespoons of salad oil mixing thoroughly. This dressing is good for any kind of salad.

Indian: Curry powder, salt, egg, salad oil and vinegar. To a teaspoon of chopped hard boiled egg add a pinch of curry powder, salt and pepper, one tablespoon of vinegar, 3 tablespoons of salad oil.

Lemon: Lemon, salt, pepper and salad oil. To a tablespoon of lemon juice add 3 tablespoons of salad oil, a pinch of salt and pepper.

Remoulade: Mayonnaise, egg, chives, fines-herbes, capers, salt and pepper. Mix a cupful of mayonnaise with half of a chopped hard boiled egg, capers, fines-herbes and chives—mix.

Roquefort Cheese: Roquefort Cheese, salt, pepper, paprika and sweet cream. Break Roquefort cheese into small pieces and mash finely, add a pinch of salt, pepper and paprika also a tablespoon of vinegar, 3 tablespoons of salad oil and one tablespoon of sweet cream.

Russian: Mayonnaise, chili sauce, celery, green and red peppers; add 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise to 1 tablespoon of chili sauce and mix with small equal portions of chopped celery, green and red peppers; half a teaspoon of caviar may be added if desired.

Vinaigrette: Vinegar, salad oil, salt, pepper, capers, beets, onions, fines-herbes, egg. To 2 tablespoons of vinegar add one tablespoon of salad oil, a pinch of salt and pepper, half a teaspoon each of chopped beets, onions, fines-herbes, and a teaspoon of chopped hard boiled egg.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

AUGUST
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 7

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
CALENDAR
AUGUST 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

SWIMMING POOL CLOSED From September Second Through September Ninth

NATIONAL LEAGUE DETACHMENT OF RED CROSS . . . Room 209 . . . Monday through Friday

AUGUST, 1940

1—FRENCH ROUND TABLE — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM:	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
"Pacific House in 1940" — Illustrated Lecture — *by Paula De Luca*	
2—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUR	President's Room 1-2 p.m.
5—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.
7—NEEDLEWORK GUILD	Room 214 10 a.m.-4 p.m.
8—FRENCH ROUND TABLE — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM:	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
"The Personalities of Ignac Jan Paderewski," by *Dr. George W. Tape of Paso Robles*	
9—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUR	President's Room 1-2 p.m.
12—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.
14—SPANISH ROUND TABLE — *Senorita Angela Montiel,* presiding	Mural Room 12:15 p.m.
BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will Review:	National Def. Room 6:00 p.m.
"The Unquiet Field" — by Beatrice Kean Seymour	
"Geese in the Forum" — by Lawrence Edward Watkin	
15—FRENCH ROUND TABLE — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM:	Lounge 8:00 p.m.
Concert presented by Elizabeth Rankin, Mezzo-soprano, and Herbert Hopper, pianist	
16—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUR	President's Room 1-2 p.m.
19—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.
20—EXPOSITION GARDEN RAMBLE—Tour of Gardens, Tea Following. Fee 50 cents	Meet at Hall of Flowers 1:00 p.m.
21—NEEDLEWORK GUILD	Room 214 10 a.m.-4 p.m.
22—FRENCH ROUND TABLE — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM:	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
A new picture, "Colorful Mexico," in technicolor — presented by Mr. A. G. Albertsen of the Albertsen Travel Service	
23—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUR	President's Room 1-2 p.m.
26—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room 6:15-7:30 p.m.
28—SPANISH ROUND TABLE — *Senorita Angela Montiel,* presiding	Mural Room 12:15 p.m.
29—FRENCH ROUND TABLE — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM:	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
Two motion pictures — *"They Discovered America"* — by courtesy of the Greyhound Lines and *"Flagships of the Air"* — through courtesy of the American Airmails, Inc.	
30—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUR	President's Room 1-2 p.m.

SEPTEMBER, 1940

4—NEEDLEWORK GUILD	Room 214 10 a.m.-4 p.m.
5—FRENCH ROUND TABLE — *Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE — *Mlle. Le Brun de Surville,* presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM:	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
An Address — *"People Away From Home"* — by Miss Emilie Taylour, Executive Secretary of Traveler's Aid Society	
6—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS — *Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUR	President's Room 1-2 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly
at 465 Post Street

Telephone
GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV August, 1940 Number 7

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Room 209 open daily 10 to 4 o'clock.
Miss Alice Mosgrove—
General Chairman

Chairman of Knitting—
Miss Stella Huntington

Chairman of Sewing—
Mrs. John O. Dresser

Material may be secured from the Chairmen for work at home.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS — Dr. Raymond G. Gettell will give a series of seven lectures on Current Economic Events to start on Wednesday, September eleventh. Lectures will be held at the noon hour every other Wednesday through Decembr 4th. Tickets are now available—members 55c, non-members 66c; course tickets—members $3.50, non-members $4.30.

OUR LIBRARY contains a relatively small but well-selected group of books on world affairs today. These books have been added by gift and purchase in accordance with the policy of the Library Committee of giving our members as many of the books which they signify an interest in reading as is possible on our limited budget. The Library Volunteers will be glad to show you a list of these books.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER—FREEDOM and FUN are the two Keywords of Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard's book review in August. "The battle of freedom is never done and the field never quiet" because the "modern" spirit is always in advance of its day, and always in conflict with the merely contemporary mind. With this heartening theme, and with strict historical accuracy the novel, "*The Unquiet Field,*" by Beatrice Kean Seymour, turns back the wheel of time and brings into active throbbing life more than a hundred years of fights for freedom in the personal life of the women and the business life of the men of three generations of one family as with courage they encountered turbulent social changes and world-shocking events. A perfect foil for this rich story is the fine satire on education gone haywire, by Lawrence Edward Watkin (author of "On Borrowed Time"), "*Geese in the Forum,*" the funniest featherweight novel of the year. The blending of earnestness and entertainment promises well for the Book-Review Dinner at six o'clock on the second Wednesday evening, August 14, in the National Defenders' Room.

EXPOSITION GARDEN RAMBLE: on August 20. Group to meet at Hall of Flowers at 1:00 o'clock and will be conducted by Mr. Ingrim through various gardens. Tea following at Hall of Flowers. Fee 50 cents.

SEWING MACHINES—As the Red Cross Detachment in Room 209 expands, more and more sewing machines will be needed. Can you lend one to the Club "for the duration" and will you?

THOSE WHO remember with interest Prof. Colby's illustrated talks on Chinese Robes at our Club will be delighted to know that another opportunity to see these rare exhibits and hear their history will be given when Mr. Colby will speak on Sunday, September 8th, at 4:00 o'clock at Pacific House on Treasure Island, subject "Imperial and Religious Robes of China."

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has planned for your entertainment the following schedule for this month: On August 1, an address—"Pacific House in 1940" by Paula De Luca; on August 8, an address by Dr. George W. Tape of Paso Robles, "The Personalities of Ignace Jan Paderewski," Paderewski, the artist, the statesman, the linguist, the orator, the mathematician, the philosopher, but more than all, the gentleman. August 15, there will be a concert presented by Elizabeth Rankin, mezzo-soprano, and Herbert Hopper, pianist; on August 22, "Colorful Mexico" in technicolor—a new picture presented by Mr. A. G. Albertsen of the Albertsen Travel Service, and on August 29, two motion pictures—"They Discovered America" by courtesy of the Greyhound Lines, and "Flagships of the Air" through the courtesy of the American Airmails, Inc. The introductory program for September will be an address—"People Away From Home," by Miss Emilie Taylour, Executive Secretary of the Travelers Aid Society.

MEMBERSHIP CARDS MUST BE PRESENTED IN ELEVATORS—With public use of the building brought about by the relief work we are now being called upon to give, membership cards must be shown to the elevator men in such a way that the attendant will be able to read the name of the member.

SUMMER SUPPERS SUNDAY EVENINGS—During the months of August and September, Special Suppers will be served in the National Defenders' Room on Sunday evenings from 5:30 to 8:00 o'clock. The usual dinner will not be served in the Main Dining Room, but we know our members will enjoy this innovation of homelike cozy suppers in their own National Defenders' Room. Supper 85c a plate.

RED CROSS—Groups of workers are meeting each week day in Room 209 from Monday through Friday. Our quota of sewing and knitting is quite large and we need many more workers to expedite this work. Members are urged to register and will find a Volunteer Captain in Room 209 who will be happy to enroll all and give instruction.

LEAGUE SHOP—Hand-turned salad bowls in either light or dark wood; various sizes—also salad servers. Paper breakfast tray covers and napkins to match—a "good morning" greeting in the corner of each tray cover in a choice of designs—gay singing birds in red—or pine cone design in green or brown. "Gourmets Guide to New Orleans," containing many famous Southern recipes.

PROF. RAYMOND G. GETTELL

Educated at University of Pennsylvania; taught at Trinity College, Amherst College, and University of California; now Professor of Political Science and Dean of the Summer Sessions; taught in Summer Sessions of University of Maine, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell and Hawaii, Recorder of U. S. Shipping Board during the war, 1917-1918; author of seven books and numerous articles.

The Women's City Club

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DR. RAYMOND G. GETTELL

in a course of seven lectures. Every other Wednesday at the Noon Hour in the Auditorium

SEPTEMBER 11
through
DECEMBER 4

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Members . . 55c	Members . . $3.50
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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

An active member of our organization stated yesterday that she had not known before how to differentiate between the National League for Woman's Service and the Women's City Club. Let us define these. The National League for Woman's Service is the organization which has built the house which is known as the Women's City Club. Therefore our membership is in the National League for Woman's Service and that membership gives us the privileges of the Women's City Club.

The Board of Directors on July 16, 1940, made an emergency ruling which will permit all women who have ever been members of the National League for Woman's Service to revive their membership during this year and will also permit the daughters and granddaughters of past and present members to join on the same basis.

Thus the path is cleared for all of our past and present members and their daughters and grand-daughters to merge themselves into our membership and to participate in the services we are rendering to the American Red Cross and to our own community.

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

★ NEW MEMBERS

EMERGENCY RULING

PASSED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

RESOLVED: Former members of the National League for Woman's Service, their daughters and granddaughters, also daughters and granddaughters of present members, shall during 1940 be admitted to regular membership in the National League for Woman's Service of California on the total payment of $10.00, said $10.00 to include membership dues to March 1, 1941, the beginning of a new fiscal year.

★

Note: By former members as announced in the resolution is meant any person who signed an enrollment blank in the National League for Woman's Service since its founding in 1917.

EDITORIAL

When word came that Grace Parker was coming to San Francisco in July, those of us who had heard her speak in 1918 when the League was organizing in California, were eager to do her honor and to show her this League as it flourishes today in California. It was with pride and pleasure that we welcomed her to our own clubhouse, and it was with the same pride and pleasure that we introduced her to local leaders in Red Cross and Allied Relief. Associated now with the American Friends of France, Miss Parker is still in active service. Her sincere appreciation of our program was that of one who knows first-hand what lies behind the spectacular picture of accomplished effort.

Her words to us on July ninth in our Auditorium could well be called the keynote speech of our 1940 Service Program, for the spirit of which she spoke as accompanying all perfect volunteer service is the leaven which assures results. We are grateful to Miss Parker for coming to us and we are grateful for her encouragement and inspiration.

At last a volunteer service within the reach of every member! The emergency ruling of the Board of Directors whereby service memberships for 1940 are possible is in line with the independence of action which has always characterized the National League for Woman's Service of California.

Today the United States stands at the door of Opportunity—opportunity to serve as its citizens have not in many a day. The American Red Cross calls for staggering amounts in ever-increasing quotas of relief. These calls are but beginning. The aftermath of a rapid-fire dislocation of society in Europe will be more and more the concern of us all. With splendid foresight the Board of Directors of the League recognizes its duty to meet new demands upon its membership. The resolution printed on the Announcement Page is the result.

The list of the new members thus invited falls into two groups, the first, daughters and granddaughters of present members. It is hoped every member who has an eligible "heir" will take this invitation personally to heart and will bring her daughter or granddaughter into the National League for Woman's Service. The second group is not so easy to reach but is just as important. During the twenty-five years of its existence the League has enrolled thousands in its ranks. Addresses and lists of the days of 1917-1927 (before we moved to Post Street) and even later are sketchy. Personal invitations cannot therefore be sent such members and the only medium of announcement is the service of friends who read these pages and "spread the word." We hope that all past members will appreciate our difficulty in reaching them and will themselves come forward bringing their daughters and granddaughters with them. We have often been told "I wish I could do something to help." You now can. This is your opportunity to serve. We hope that you will be responsible for at least one new member under this Service membership of 1940.

For one month—August—the Women's City Club Magazine has been reduced to twenty pages. The September issue will resume its thirty-two-page volume.

American Red Cross! To millions this means the answer to prayer: the justification of the faith that God in His heaven will send help to the needy. As Americans in a land of peace, we stretch our hands across the Seas. The Production Department of the San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross, of which Mrs. Coxon, a former member of the Board of Directors of the National League, is Chairman, has turned to us for help in hand-work. Almost over night a Detachment for this service has sprung-into-being in our Clubhouse. Room 209 and others as they may be needed are set aside for this sewing. Wool and material are available for all. Those who are expert are needed to direct those who are willing to sew but amateur. Conversely, those who are amateur are needed to do work under direction. Sewers, both hand and machine, and knitters, are needed. Sign up for this volunteer service at your Club. We cannot "let down" those who believe in the mercy and help of the Red Cross. The National League for Woman's Service calls upon you to help in this first 1940 emergency service at the Club.

"Who can foresee what the course of other years will bring? Faith is given to us as a help and comfort when we stand in awe before the unfailing scroll of human destiny." Spoken by Winston Churchill, these words had a particular meaning. Nevertheless they are equally apt in this New World, for we, too, must have faith that the personal freedom of the individual will be preserved in this dear country of ours and that no insidious poison of regimentation of thought or action will undermine our morale or our courage.

SUMMER VACATION

1940 AMERICAN STYLE

by Esther Phillips

"I'm dreadfully tired. I don't know why I should be but I am. I'll have to take an early vacation this year. I can't hold out unless I do."

How many people, how many times, have said it this year? And how could one fail to be weary to the point of exhaustion? A glance at the morning papers during breakfast. A shudder. The headlines of the extras as one walks to work. Extras at noon which are a knife in one's heart. The stentorian and ghoulish voices of radio-news announcers. Lying awake at night, thinking of the sufferings of men and women we have never seen and shall never see, whose names are unknown to us, but who are nevertheless bound to us by a thousand ties of friendship.

It was after weeks of thoughts and pangs such as this I boarded a night train for the Sierras, and later staged sixty miles into the mountains of Plumas County Mail once a day, and newspapers that came if the paper stage made connections with the mail stage (it usually didn't.) "Static is very bad, but usually one can get the radio news at night." Yes, if you waited up long enough. But suppose you soberly decided that "bed every night and lights out by nine o'clock had to be a rule of conscience this summer? That gave time to watch the sunset and afterglow and the last radiant light on a patch of snow high upon the mountainside; time to go to the upper meadow to watch the deer feed; time to see the pine logs crackle on the hearth, and to look at a map and plan tomorrow's walk.

News? What is the real news in the mountains? It's whether the fish are biting better in Alder Creek than Warner's Creek, or vice-versa, and whether Mr. "X" and his fishing partner will catch enough fish to give breakfast trout to those wistful ladies at the adjoining table. (Praise be, he did!) The pentstemon, wild orchid, larkspur, columbine, tiger-lily, paint-brush, and Queen Anne's-lace are all blooming riotously on the Circle Trail. And here's news for you: there are at least two dozen snow plants on the Lake trail. Start before nine and get back for a swim in the shaded pool before lunch.

Some days it's a longer walk, and one should really start earlier. Yes, *much* earlier, perhaps in time to see the sunrise. There's a brave announcement of the plan the evening before. Alas for good intentions! There are raised eyebrows when the laggards arrive for breakfast at eight, broad smiles and loud "ahems" when they turn up the second and third days at the usual time. Well, no matter. The morning of the second nine o'clock start was the day the deer were so plentiful on the trail. They got up late, too. Fleet, lovely things that they are. One had a three-months' fawn with her, who will soon rival his mother in leaping the brook. What's that whirring on the hot saddle of the mountain? As I live, that was a grouse coming out of the shrub. Her nest must be quite near. She sits on the top of a manzanita tree, eyes us sharply, and cackles and clucks, making a great to-do, for all the world like a little brown hen in a farmyard. Far up in the blue, there's another whirring, droning sound. I can't see it. Yes, I can now, just barely. It's a plane, bringing not torment and destruction, but mail from the north and east.

Afternoons in the Sierras? Let's not take them too hard. I have some Christmas novels saved all spring for these lazy days. It's a fine chance to re-read an old favorite, to brush up on our French. Perhaps that Spanish book I bought at the Club book mart is not too difficult. What fun to find that it is the drama that won a Nobel prize. There's a little chipmunk who likes our terrace. The French? the Spanish? the "Mill on the Floss?" the crackers and fig cookies we give him. All four perhaps, for he called daily and learned to climb up on our chairs and table for his ration. A choosy little fellow. He liked the fig cookies the best, and would not touch a plain cracker until several visits convinced him that his

(Continued on page 19

NOTES ON PACIFIC HOUSE

AND ITS ACTIVITIES

By Dr. Grace McCann Morley

Midpoint in the Exposition period Pacific House reviews its varied offerings and activities.

The exhibitions, changing every week or ten days in the Four Corners of the Pacific Cases in the Hall have offered so far Chinese imperial robes and Japanese books, tapa cloth and ceremonial bowls from the South Pacific Islands, fine printing from Latin-American countries, and recently typical examples of fine Japanese art and crafts, including textiles, masks, lacquer metal work, pottery and painting from the prehistoric period through the eighteenth century. To come are American Indian textiles, pottery, paintings, and silver, South Pacific crafts, Chinese textiles, Javanese and Balinese work, American Indian basketry and other exhibitions representing the countries of the Pacific.

The guide tours of the Pacific, using the fine Covarrubias murals, which have been reproduced to allow wide private ownership, are given regularly at 2:00, 4:30 and 7:00.

Music of the Pacific Countries, preceded by a short introduction and commentary, is broadcast in the building daily at 3:30.

In addition, the Hawaiian musicians and the marimba band give afternoon concerts from time to time.

Regularly on Saturday afternoon at 3:00, lectures on cultural aspects of the Pacific countries are given by recognized authorities.

Sunday afternoons at 3:30 are devoted to musical and dance programs presented by the nationals of the various Pacific Countries.

Specially announced lectures by authorities who come through San Francisco are given free to the public late in the afternoon as occasion offers. Regularly Thursday evenings at 8:00 in the conference room The Institute of Pacific Relations presents an outstanding speaker on problems of the Pacific. Frequently several hundred have been turned away so that it is well to come early. Opportunity for questions is given the audience after the discussion, for these popular meetings began as forums and try to preserve some of the same character despite the growth in size of audience.

Every other night in the Conference Room, eight o'clock is the hour of the movies. On Monday, Amateur movies of the Pacific Area are shown in a contest before competent judges who give well considered criticism. Weekly prizes are individual Covarrubias maps, with a set as the grand prize for the winner of the series. However, the helpful criticism is as much appreciated as the prizes themselves by the amateurs.

Other movie nights are given to fine travel and culture motion pictures, usually in color, often with sound, and frequently with a commentator. These are unusual motion pictures, not shown in commercial theatres, recording aspects of Pacific life and travel not to be seen elsewhere.

In these varied ways Pacific House is a center for the interest in the countries of the Pacific, and in all ways bears out the legend spelled out by the International Marine Code flags that flutter before its doors: "Welcome to the Countries of the Pacific Ocean."

Pacific House—Golden Gate International Exposition

ART
FOR EVERY MAN

By Beatrice Judd Ryan

The exhibition program for the Palace of Fine Arts of the 1940 Golden Gate International Exposition has been developed especially to meet the understanding and experience of people with a widely diversified background and interest. For the one who determinedly maintains "I know nothing of Art," meaning, Art in its particular sense, painting and sculpture, there is the Architecture and Housing exhibit, illustrated by models, photographs, and an array of new building materials which will change the face of housing when architects and builders get caught up with their use and function. The further thesis of the exhibit, which cannot fail to interest both the homemaker and investor in real estate, is an arraignment against the common practices of those who are allowed to build large areas in our cities with so commercial and temporary a viewpoint that they are creating the slums of tomorrow. The rugged individualist who takes pride and pleasure in his own backyard will not heartily agree, I fancy, with the modern housing unit plans, which is another trend toward the Community First.

If, instead of being a homelover, you prefer to roam in a car with a candid or movie camera, the Pageant of Photography will prove of first interest, with its six galleries, showing the history of photography from the early Daguerrotype to the present, the constantly changing one-man shows of the finest in contemporary photography, and the history of the Motion Picture. In an adjacent gallery Master Movies of the Past are being shown, an instructive and amusing testimony of how far the movie industry has developed its Art.

In the same wing of the building, for the collector or lover of books, there is "500 Years of Fine Printing," illustrated with books, climaxed by the Gutenberg Bible, loaned by the library at Yale.

Although denying a knowledge of painting and sculpture, if you would prefer to be different, there is an educational program, What Makes Art Work, showing through visual examples the simple and fundamental principles on which an understanding and appreciation of art depends. The exhibit in this gallery, together with the daily lectures, provides ample opportunity for those who really wish to gain an intelligent approach to both the Old Masters and Contemporary Art.

Although they have not made the news columns, make no mistake, the Old Masters are with us again in a goodly number. To be sure, no European country has loaned its art treasures, assembled over a span of centuries, but even in the Italian group, important masters of the Baroque are seen in magnificent examples for the first time. This year in so comprehensive a resume it is impossible to comment on individual paintings, but a tour of the portraiture alone takes one through five centuries of great painters and into the later masters of the 19th century. Imagine, if you will, being able to visit through a whole summer with portraits by Titian, Salviati, Tintoretto, Strigel, Joos Van Cleve, Rubens, Jan Mostaert, Cranach, Velasquez, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Anthony Van Dyke, Crespi, Boucher, Goya, Gainsborough, Joshua Reynolds, and the two Americans, John Singleton Copley, and Gilbert Stuart, and then to continue on tour with the later masters to portraits by Delacroi, Degas, Corot, Renoir, Manet, Sargent, Cassett, Whistler, Eakins, Duveneck and Cezanne.

Among the Old Master Drawings, a distinguished group, and the only collection of its kind to be shown hereabouts, we meet the old masters again and are enriched by a more intimate glimpse of their genius.

Contemporary Painting includes the European group, a number of which we have seen before, and the Americas. It is interesting to see the paintings of our Latin American neighbors, many of them for the first time, for even some of the Mexican Painters have been known here previously only through drawings and prints. The development of a project for exchange exhibits between the Americas, which has been initiated, should be extended for mutual artistic benefit and a further foundation for a spiritual understanding between our peoples. In the collection of Paintings from the United States, so many canvases invite ownership that one feels this year that the artists are represented at their typical best. Needless to say, many of these and those in the European and Latin American Sections are for sale.

Those who still wistfully cling to the memory of art and artists before the modern movement came to town will gladly welcome the exhibition of "California Art in Retrospect 1850 to 1915." Here work of California old masters is shown with paintings executed before 1915 by living artists, many of them also represented by modern painting in the contemporary California exhibition of art.

If, as one visitor expressed it, the whole Palace of Fine Arts in 1940 has been humanized, the heart of the creature is the Division of Active Arts. As you enter you will no doubt visit the Thorne Rooms, *(Continued on page 16*

A LEADER RETURNS

By Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

For four hundred one-time and present members of the National League for Woman's Service Tuesday, July 9 of this year, was a red-letter day in their lives. For it marked the return to our San Francisco unit of that organization of its beloved first Commandant Grace Parker. "Of New York," one was about to add. But Grace Parker is the kind of woman who belongs—and is claimed by—many places—wherever efficient work is being well done by groups more devoted to a cause than to an individual.

As she stood on the stage in our auditorium — against a background of restful green, and glossy foliage — Grace Parker epitomized the spirit and the soul which made of the National League for Woman's Service a genuine power wisely guided during the turbulent days of 1917 when our local unit of the National League came into being.

In her audience, listening to her with rapt attention, were many of the women whose loyalty and indefatigable service in the days were given when the United States was a combatant in the first World War. Some of them, because of the stress of years have dropped out of the active ranks of the League, seemed to shed their years as they straightened their spines in recollection of those stirring times when the best that one could give seemed scarcely enough. Others—younger in those days of 1917—but still active in the community service which the National League renders in various ways, were more alert, if possible, than normally.

As Miss Parker, recently come among us in the interests of the American Friends of France, rather than Commandant of our own League, recounted some of the history of the National League, knitting needles clicked in the audience, as busy fingers added stitches to garments intended either for the stricken French, for inter-allied relief, or for our own American Red Cross.

While she talked tears trickled down many cheeks with the fresh realization of man's inhumanity to man and of the consequent unspeakable havoc and sufferings wrought upon innocent women and children. But her words awoke fresh realizations of another kind—of the ability of friends, whether they be close at hand or far away, to be of service and to act wisely.

Responsibility is a word which loomed large in Miss Parker's presentation of the place of the National League for Woman's Service—now as formerly. "We founded our work upon the experience of the women in England after they had been facing war conditions for two years. We had a responsibility under war conditions, of heading up what was necessary of women power. We do not know what is ahead of us now any more than we did then. But we do know that every one of us has a responsibility for keeping alive the spiritual ideals of the world.

"Our study of the experience of our English sisters proved to us that we had a responsibility of preparedness for whatever service might be asked. We were ready before the United States went into war to give help where it was needed."

And in an hour's talk Miss Parker sketched briefly the places where that help was needed—she paid tribute to the splendid "women of spirit" who had foreseen the need and who labored tirelessly to achieve an ideal. "For God, For Country, For Home." That was our motto in 1917. That was the inspiration for service, the record of which makes one of the bright chapters in the story of American women under war conditions.

There were over three hundred thousand women mobilized under the banner of the National League for Woman's Service during the first World War. They had assembled there as a peacetime gesture toward preparedness in second line defense. Under its leaders—Anne Morgan, Maude Wetmore, Grace Parker, and more of their priceless kind—including those in our own ranks—it accepted a challenge and took up its work to the end that women proved to themselves on a community scale the joy of service and the satisfaction of being part of a great ideal.

"You have carried on here in San Francisco in a marvelous way. You have given me one of the thrills of my lifetime, in inviting me here to your beautiful Club—a building planned and erected by women—for women. I return to New York knowing full well that you stand ready for your next step, whatever it may be, and that you will choose wisely your direction when the time comes and you reach the place where you must choose."

With these words, and her final "God bless you all for all you have done" echoing in her audience's ears, the writer as one of the four hundred present felt the benediction of belonging to the National League for Woman's Service, the spirit which is an organization housed in the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

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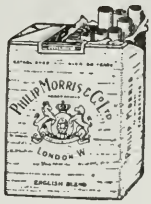

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A Little Journey Via the Embroidery Route

In the gilt showcases of Hostess House on Treasure Island recently was displayed a collection of rare old peasant embroideries. They had been brought from Central Europe, from the villages which dot the border of Hungary on the south. Collected from numerous sources—family heirlooms, peasant maidens' hope chests, from the family wardrobe — they drew admiring audiences while on display at Treasure Island.

The collection, one of the choicest ever shown hereabouts, was brought to San Francisco about a year ago by its owner, Dr. Agathe Krasne, brilliant young Hungarian, as beautiful in her way as the embroideries are in theirs. For an intent audience of visitors to Hostess House Dr. Krasne explained her pieces. In the comfortable surroundings of the building she took them along an imaginary journey into the villages and the homes from which the choice things came.

She invited her listeners to imagine themselves in any one of hundreds of small villages on the southern border of Hungary—a village surrounded by fertile fields and topped at varying distances by mountains. In every such village the central square is the community meeting place. Through each little town runs a brook spanned by a bridge and hedged in spots by shrubs and trees. "Such a brook is as indispensable in any any description of a Hungarian village as are the residents. Every village has its brook and its bridge and its church, whose bells peal on Sunday morning."

Six days a week the peasants — men women and children—oftimes toil in the fields. Sowing and reaping the harvest are an accepted part of the life of each of the village's inhabitants. For six days they work — without question — but not on Sunday. The seventh day is theirs and they make the most of it. On the bridge, near the hedges, on the village green in front of the church, young and old congregate—belles and beaux enjoying each others' company. Note the smiling maid yonder—how popular she seems. And how beautifully is her costume embroidered! There's a connection between the two facts. For in the little villages in the South of Hungary, along the border, the popularity of a girl is in direct proportion to the richness of her dress. If she has much embroidery of fine quality, she has many suitors. Hence the important place in the life of every Hungarian girl of her sewing.

Her shawls, her headdresses, her cuffs, and sleeve trims! Long winter evenings in

Hungary have compensations, even without the moving picture attractions of our American scene. For they furnish long hours in which new embroidery is made.

Southern Hungarian embroidered garments are in contrast to the pleated and starched petticoats and wide, crisp sleeves of the north villages. They are conservative, simple, enhanced by the beauty of mellowed tones and traditional patterns. Designs have been handed down from family to family: colors are soft and rich: a single square design is repeated again and again. The materials are hand-spun linen and batiste with occasional pieces of soft woolen. The women grow the flax and they spin the yarn: they weave the linen and batiste: they make their dyes. In Southern Hungary a woman's garb is truly a part of her—not something put on by a modiste! The artistic quality of the Hungarians is apparent in all of the pieces shown, even in the modern designs and color combinations which were also shown in the Hostess House collection recently displayed.

Along the course of this little journey near the Southern Hungarian border, where one feels the influence of the neighboring nations, Serbia, Croatia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, one learns a bit of the story of the wearers of the embroidered garments—the delicate shawls and the absence of headgear proclaiming the matronly status of the wearer while the young girls in bonnets have the anticipatory look absent from their elder sisters in the same hoods. And thereby hangs the tale, for the young ones have yet the chance to doff their beautiful hand-made bonnets and caps, once they achieve the state of matrimony. But the spinsters are spoken of softly, as "having remained in headdress"—all hope of marriage faded.

As we travel along the embroidery route through Southern Hungary, it is a little difficult to smother the tiniest prick of envy of some of the pieces, but it can be assuaged, as Dr. Krasne, an expert in period furniture, by the way, tells how she achieved her collection. It was through a system of barter. During a residence in one of the villages in Southern Hungary, she frequently saw the housemaid in her home wearing lovely examples of the peasant work. She expressed a wish that she might acquire some. Whereupon, like the spread of a prairie fire, came the proffer of pieces. Money in return for them was not to be thought of, no, indeed, but a gift in return, yes. And so some of Dr. Krasne's choicest pieces were accepted in exchange for a child's cradle, for a wardrobe, a table or lamp. Collecting choice pieces soon became a practice, working in two directions. —*(H. P. F.)*

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(Continued from page 12)

29 new ones, and the contrast between these delightful miniatures and the splendid spaciousness of the Active Art Section when you emerge is like a dash of cold water. On the wall above you is already the drawing for the Diego Rivera fresco, seen through the scaffold, and if you are a good timer, Rivera is at work. Otherwise the section is devoted entirely to California art and artists, and is threefold in objective: the California exhibition, which is arranged in 20 consecutive galleries bordering each side of the section; the four unit rooms displaying Art in Use; and the Art in Action. For the demonstrating artists six workshops extend through the center area, three for the arts—sculpture, painting, and print making—and three for the crafts—textiles, metals, and ceramics. On the opposite wall the Rivera decoration and above the balcony is the mosaic being executed by the WPA for the San Francisco Junior College. Under the balcony on the left is the restaurant, where notables from the art and social world lunch daily. On the right there is a sales gallery, established to sell the exhibiting artists' work and that of the 70 volunteer artists and craftsmen who will have worked in the building before September 29th.

That Art in Action is proving a success is certain. Most of the artists have asked to continue on the program past the time for which they originally signed up, and the visitors constantly express their delight and interest in seeing "how it is done." Each and every man has the creative urge. The distrust of the uninitiated for the creative artist has arisen from an unholy mystery which has been built up around him. It is to be understood that the precious creative processes of the artist, being based on a mental conception, cannot be demonstrated, but from that point on, the execution is bringing about a more intelligent respect for artists and craftsmen. Appreciation is due to those whose ideas have revitalized the Palace of Fine Arts, and to the division heads who so ably have carried them through, but most of all to the artists who have made the plan workable.

Wana Derge Alumni Exhibit

The stimulating and inspiring exhibit presented semi-annually by the Wana Derge Alumni will show flowers and household objects grouped in new and interesting ways lending distinction to the home. There will also be nature formations ingeniously combined to lift one from the humdrum into refreshing thoughts of mountain peaks and sheltered necks. Auditorium—Tuesday, August 27th, 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Wana Derge will talk at 2:15 p.m.

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RECIPES

SWEET TOMATO RELISH

4 cupfuls of peeled and crushed fresh tomatoes
Juice and grated rind of one lemon
6½ cupfuls of sugar
1 8 teaspoonful each ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice
1 cupful of liquid fruit pectin

Scald and peel the tomatoes and crush with a potato masher, then cook uncovered for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the juice and grated rind of the lemon, and measure exactly 3 cupfuls of the mixture into a large kettle. (The tomato will undoubtedly have cooked down to the required quantity.) Add the sugar and spices, mix and bring to a rollicking boil over high heat and stir in the liquid pectin. Skim and pour quickly into hot sterile glasses, and cover at once with a thin layer of paraffin. When the relish is cold, cover with a thicker layer of paraffin — about ⅛ inch thick — rolling the glass slightly to spread the wax well up on the sides, as this helps prevent possible intrusion of molds and yeasts from the air. Makes about 9 glasses of delicious relish.

CHICKEN SHORT-CAKE

The recipe as given is for an individual service, but when cooking for a large group many of these short-cakes can be cooked side by side in a large baking pan. For each service, on top of a slice of corn bread which has been toasted and very generously buttered, place a thin slice of baked ham. Cover the ham with a slice or two of the white meat of roast chicken, and smother the whole with a well-seasoned cream sauce containing a liberal amount of mushrooms. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese, place in the oven, and bake until nicely browned.

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FLOWER SHOWS

City Club members who have been enjoying garden rambles on Treasure Island for the past two years will be afforded an opportunity to view special Flower Arrangement Shows scheduled for August and September are part of the program of activities planned by the Women's Board for the pleasure of Exposition visitors. Since the opening of the 1940 Fair the Flower Arrangement Committee of the Women's Board inaugurated these monthly exhibits by extending an invitation to the Garden Clubs of northern California to participate and through the cooperation of the members of twenty of them, the two shows already held in the foyer of the Administration Building on Treasure Island have been outstanding successes.

Mrs. John Forbes of Ross, a member of the Women's Board and an ardent flower enthusiast, is chairman of this committee which includes Mrs. Roger Bocquerez, Mrs. W. L. P. Jackson, Mrs. Herman Bishopric and Mrs. Clarence Coonan.

At the shows in June and July distinctive designs in Flower Arrangement included one presented by Mrs. Maurice Korshet, Miss Jean Boyd and Mrs. L. M. Kelly in the name of the San Francisco Garden Club, showing a large glass fish surrounded by flora suggestive of the sea; a dramatically simple and colorful exhibit of a single bronze vase of gorgeous blooms; a formal table arrangement, completely photogenic as to line by the Napa Garden Club; an artistic creation depicting a widely opened fan of tiny blue, yellow and scarlet flowers by Mrs. Horace Warren Gardner of the Berkeley Garden Club and an unusually original vegetable arrangement contributed by the California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association of which Mrs. Walter B. Brendel is president.

The next exhibit in the series scheduled for Wednesday, August 14, in the foyer of the Administration Building is open to the public free of charge and flower lovers are invited to view the tables during the hours from 10:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.

Among the clubs which have participated in these exhibits and which will be represented by the flower arrangements of their members in the August and September shows are: Alameda Garden Club, Burlingame-San Mateo, Petaluma Garden Club, San Francisco Garden Club, Hillsborough Garden Club, Berkeley Garden Club, Napa County Garden Club, Woodside-Atherton Garden Club, California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association, Forrest Hill Garden Club, Home Gardeners, Marin Garden Club, St. Francis Wood Garden Study Club of the Peninsula, and Vallejo Rose Society.

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The old Latin Quarter of slate roofs and artists' garrets, "town pumps" and centuries of human dreams, all created in miniature for San Franciscans to see.

Ten years ago, George Alexander, a San Francisco artist, went to Paris to continue his education. He painted, wrote articles and in spare moments, for more than six years, worked on this enormous block of model buildings, representing the hillside of Montmarte, where the tortuous alleys lead to the ancient Church of Sacre Coeur.

In this same exhibit is a marvelous diorama of the Battle of Chateau Thierry, painted by the celebrated artist Major Frederick Pawla. The major was in the camouflage division of the army during the last war which accounts for the almost overwhelming realism of his painting.

The historic interest surrounding the exhibit appeals to all ages and will afford any visitor an extremely pleasant quarter hour.

The admission charge is slight, all proceeds going to the Red Cross to be used for war relief.

(Continued from page 10)

cookies were finished for the day. Then he would nibble the cracker.

Our California Sierras. What beauty, what majesty, what sources of every-day enjoyment! My swim suit, mountain shoes, and hiking clothes are packed away. The smell of the pines lingers no more in my dresses. In the depths of an old trunk I find my knitting needles and Red Cross directions for socks, laid away nearly twenty-two years ago.

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SEPTEMBER
1 9 4 0
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 8

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR SEPTEMBER 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

SWIMMING POOL CLOSED SEPTEMBER 2nd THROUGH 9th

SEPTEMBER, 1940

4—Needlework Guild	Room 214—10 a.m.-4 p.m
5—French Round Table—*Mlle Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex—12:15 p.m
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville,* presiding	Main Dining Room—6:15 p.m
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium—8 p.m
An Address: "*People Away from Home,*" by Miss Emilie Taylour, Executive Secretary of Traveler's Aid Society of San Francisco.	
6—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214—11 a.m
The President's Hour	President's Room—1-2 p.m
9—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room—6:15-7:30 p.m
11—Professor R. G. Gettell—*Current Economic Events*	Auditorium—12 noon
First in series of ten lectures to be held every other Wednesday. Single admissions: members 55c; non-members 66c. Course tickets: members $3.50; non-members $4.30.	
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel,* presiding	Mural Room—12:15 p.m
Book Review Dinner	Nat. Defenders' Room—6:15 p.m
Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review—	
"*Gypsy, Gypsy,*" by Rumer Godden	
"*Madame Dorthea,*" by Mme. Undset	
12—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell*	Auditorium—11 a.m.
First in series of ten lectures. Single admissions: members 55c; non-members 66c. Course tickets: members $4.50; non-members $5.50.	
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex—12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville,* presiding	Main Dining Room—6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium—8 p.m.
Two Sound Motion Pictures—	
"*A New Voice for Mr. X*" and "*A Continent is Bridged.*"	
Courtesy of Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company.	
13—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214—11 a.m.
The President's Hour	President's Room—1-2 p.m.
16—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room—6:15-7:30 p.m.
18—Needlework Guild	Room 214—10 a.m.-4 p.m.
Spanish Round Table—*Miss Rosa del Pino,* presiding	Mural Room—12:15 p.m.
19—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell*	Chinese Room—11 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex—12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville,* presiding	Main Dining Room—6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium—8 p.m.
Two Sound Motion Pictures—	
"*Tobaccoland, U. S. A.*" and Fred Waring in "*Pleasure Time*"	
March of Time productions.	
20—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier,* presiding	Room 214—11 a.m.
The President's Hour	President's Room—1-2 p.m.
23—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room—6:15-7:30 p.m.
25—Professor R. G. Gettell—*Current Economic Events* (Second Lecture)	Auditorium—12 noon
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel,* presiding	Mural Room—12:15 p.m.
26—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell*	Chinese Room—11 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex—12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville,* presiding	Main Dining Room—6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium—8 p.m.
Address "*The Romance of Trees,*" by Grace Bush	
27 French Conversational Class	Room 214—11 a.m.
The President's Hour	President's Room—1-2 p.m.
30—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room—6:15-7:30 p.m.

OCTOBER 4th — HELEN CRLENKOVICH WILL GIVE EXHIBITION OF SWIMMING AND DIVING WOMEN'S CITY CLUB POOL, 8 P.M.
F RELIGHTING, OCTOBER 7th, 8:00 P.M.

OCTOBER, 1940

2—Needlework Guild	Room 214—10 a.m.-4 p.m.
Spanish Round Table—*Miss Rosa del Pino,* presiding	Mural Room—12:15 p.m.
Real Property and Probate—*Mrs. Iula Easley*	Annex—7 p.m.
First in series of 10 lectures. Members $4.00; non-members $5.00.	
3—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell*	Chinese Room—11 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire,* presiding	Annex—12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville,* presiding	Main Dining Room—6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	Auditorium—8 p.m.
Two [illegible] plays presented by Pilares Players	
4—French Conversational Class	Room 214—11 a.m.
The President's Hour	President's Room—1-2 p.m.
Helen Crlenkovich will [illegible] exhibition of swimming and diving	Swimming Pool—8 p.m.
Members and [illegible] invited.	
7—Club Round [illegible]	Main Dinnig Room—6:15-7:30 p.m.
Firelighting—P[illegible] announced late	Lounge—8 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

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MRS. JOHN HOWELL

WILL GIVE A COURSE OF

TEN LECTURES

ON

EXPRESSION

OPENING DATE

THURSDAY — SEPTEMBER 12

11 A.M. — CHINESE ROOM

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB BUILDING

AND WILL CONTINUE

ON CONSECUTIVE THURSDAYS

Mrs. John Howell will give a course in *Expression* at the Women's City Club during the Autumn. Mrs. Howell has been eminently successful as a teacher of voice and diction, and in every phase of the subject of *Expression*. She believes that expressiveness can be learned, and that there is a technique that will enable the individual to attain a development and culture quite undreamed of. In each of ten lessons, there will be simple exercises, in addition to an entertaining talk on the subject, and illustrations of a varied character.

This course will be open to members and friends, and there will be no limit as to number. Those who are interested in well-rounded personal development will find much of value in each of the ten lecture lessons.

Single Admissions		Course Tickets	
Members	$ .55 INC TAX	Members	$ 4.50 INC TAX
Non-Members . .	.66 INC TAX	Non-Members . .	5.50 INC TAX

ANNOUNCEMENTS

DR. RAYMOND G. GETTELL to start series of seven lectures on Current Economic Events, Wednesday, September 11th at the noon hour in the Auditorium of the clubhouse. Dr. Gettell, one of the best informed men in the West on world events and a lecturer of note, has made a great effort to include our group in his over-crowded schedule, and we know the response will be gratifying. Members are requested to purchase their tickets in advance of the opening date, if possible. Tickets are now available at the Executive Office: members 55c, non-members 66c; course tickets: members $3.50; non-members $4.30 (tax incl.).

RED CROSS — Our Red Cross units grow with each week. We have over one hundred knitters signed up who have completed and turned over to the Red Cross over seven dozen sweaters in the few weeks that we have been organized. The sewing group has also accomplished a good deal of work during the last few weeks, over six dozen dresses having been completed. We could use more sewers however and again remind members to sign up for this work. We have several sewing machines promised and when the group is large enough will open another room for their use. Members are asked to signify, when registering, the day of the week and time of day they wish to work.

FIRELIGHTING — Our Annual Firelighting ceremony will be held in the Lounge on Monday evening, October 7th at eight o'clock. The speaker and program will be announced in the October Magazine. Members are urged to attend.

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST — Our second Photography Contest will be held in the Auditorium of the clubhouse on November 13, 14 and 15. Rules will be published in the October Magazine.

MRS. JOHN HOWELL to give course of ten lectures on "Expression" covering every phase of expression from tone of voice to movement of hands.

Outward Expression, according to Mrs. Howell, has to use as its responsive instruments — voice, face, body, arms and legs, hands and feet. There should be rhythmic movements of the body, and rhythmic and clear-toned speech. Possibilities will be indicated, and practical means of attainment will be shown in various forms of expression. Each lesson will be complete in itself, but for those who take the whole series there will be a continuity and real achievement to be realized. There will be slight emphasis on studious effort, the purpose will be to reveal possibilities, and inspire in the members of the group an understanding of the subject of Expression in its relation to our daily lives. Sincerity of expression will be the theme of the course — whatever is false or strained, merely imitative, or schooled expression, will have no place in Mrs. Howell's instruction.

The first lecture will be held on Thursday morning, September 12th in the Chinese Room at eleven o'clock. Tickets are members 55c, non-members 66c; course tickets, members $4.50, non-members $5.50 (tax incl.).

REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE — Mrs. Julia Easley will give a course of ten lectures on Real Property and Probate on Wednesday evenings, following the dinner hour, first class to be held on October 2nd. Members are asked to register in advance as the minimum for the class is twelve. Mrs. Easley is repeating this course by request and those who took advantage of the former classes found the information invaluable in handling business transactions. As Mrs. Easley is a professional woman, she takes this means of contributing volunteer service to the National League.

Course tickets, members, $4.00; non-members, $5.00.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS — Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs has planned the following schedule for this month: September 5, an address "People Away From Home" by Miss Emelie Taylour, Executive Secretary of Travelers Aid Society of San Francisco. On September 12th, two sound motion pictures: "A New Voice for Mr. X." and "A Continent is Bridged," through the courtesy of Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. September 19th, two sound motion pictures: "Tobaccoland U. S. A." and "Fred Waring in Pleasure Time." March of Time Productions. September 26th, an address: "The Romance of Trees," by Grace Bush. The introductory program for October will be two one-act plays presented by the Pilares Players.

ATTENTION! SWIMMERS, DIVERS and SPECTATORS — On the evening of October fourth at 8 o'clock, the famous woman diver, Miss Helen Crlenkovich, will be a guest of The Women's City Club. She has graciously consented to demonstrate in our Club pool the superb skill which has won her championship honors wherever she has competed.

Did you see the Aquacade? And did you wish you were a little nearer to those diving marvels? On October fourth, you will see in the intimate surroundings of the Club pool the loveliest swimming and diving you can possibly imagine. Please don't miss it.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER — Strangeness and beauty of atmosphere, unusual characters caught up in psychological tension, and polished skill in prose writing are the ingredients of the two novels to be reviewed in September by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. "Gypsy, Gypsy" by RUMER GODDEN (remember "Black Narcissus") is an extraordinary novel and haunting story that leaves echoes in one's mind. Segrid Undset's son died this spring in defense of Norway. Mme. Undset herself is now visiting in California. Her new novel, "Madame Dorthea," is an admirable story—telling tinged with mystery. The Book-Review Dinner will be at six o'clock, on the second Wednesday evening, September 11th, in the National Defenders' Room.

YOUR POOL — On September 10th, the swimming pool re-opens at the usual hours. Vacations will be over — but need they be — completely?

You have returned to your usual routine invigorated, rested, instilled with new enthusiasm. Retain that grand feeling, not for a few weeks only but through the winter. A swim once or twice a week will keep your muscles toned, your nerves relaxed. Use the beautiful swimming pool that is maintained for you and your guests. It is your privilege and pleasure.

DRAMA READINGS — MRS. HUGH BROWN will open her series of drama readings on Tuesday morning, October 29th, at eleven o'clock. The latest available New York plays will be read during this series of six readings and Mrs. Brown will adhere to her policy of presenting only the top flight Broadway successes.

Single admissions: members 55c, non-members 66c. Course tickets: members $2.75; non-members $3.40 (tax incl.).

SPANISH ROUND TABLES will be held every Wednesday from now on at the noon hour. Miss Rosa del Pino who has come to California from Madrid, will preside at the Round Tables on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. However, her first group in September will meet on the third Wednesday, but from this date on Round Tables will continue regularly. Miss Angela Montiel will preside as usual on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Both Miss Montiel and Miss del Pino are available for class lessons in the clubhouse.

SPECIAL PRICES IN THE LEAGUE SHOP — To members of The Women's City Club. For the months of September and October of this year the League Shop is making a special reduction of ten per cent on purchases of $2.50 or more to customers who show their membership cards in The Women's City Club.

This reduction will be on all the regular merchandise except those articles which are on consignment.

JOIN THE COACHING CLASS at the pool on Tuesdays. There are games and races at 3:30 for intermediate swimmers; at 4:00 o'clock for advanced swimmers. (There is no instruction at that hour for non-swimmers.)

What swimmer will have won the most points (and the prize) by Thanksgiving?

JUST RECEIVED IN THE LEAGUE SHOP — A selection of old Javanese brass bowls, small brass statues and puppets of buffalo skin. Also Balinese wood carvings — Chinese pewter and figurines.

BEAUTY SALON — No need to look old. Have one of our Eugene "Comfort Waves" and enjoy the glamour and lustre it gives to your hair. Call GArfield 8400 for an appointment.

GLOVE MAKING CLASSES continue on each Tuesday afternoon and Thursday afternoon and evening. Fee $2.00 for instructions — material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor.

SUN TOWER AT NIGHT

Colored fluorescent lighting gives Treasure Island a fairyland setting at night. Above is a corner of the 1940 Golden Gate International Exposition, in the Court of Reflections, looking towards the Tower of the Sun.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

For God, For Country, For Home, the phrase which expresses the guiding idea behind the National League for Woman's Service, today takes on new significance in our thoughts. Volunteer Service becomes of far greater importance than in ordinary years. To be able to serve others in these cataclysmic days is truly a privilege. In our organization far seeing volunteers are aiding the Red Cross as well as serving in all the departments of the Club. They measure their joy in the Club by what they give to it more than by what they receive from it. ¶ Within the month Providence has taken three of our members from us. They were women whose lives were the epitome of service. One spent her life healing the sick, one nursed War's wounded back to health, and one devoted herself to safeguarding the lives of little children. Their spirit of service will live on forever.

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

IN MEMORIAM

ELIZABETH HOGUE MOORE

FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE OF CALIFORNIA 1922-1924. MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS 1922-1924, 1925-1931. PRESIDENT DURING THE BUILDING PROJECT OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO. CHAIRMAN OF MANY COMMITTEES, INCLUDING WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE 1928.

ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D.

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE OF CALIFORNIA 1920-1923, 1924-1930. ORGANIZER AND CHAIRMAN OF THE ANNUAL HEALTH EXAMINATIONS AT THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB 1928-1932. EDITOR OF THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE 1930-1940.

EDITORIAL

For some time past, the Editor has been conscious of the interdependence of the club editors of "the dailies" and the editor of a club magazine. This particular club-magazine editor has found ready cooperation from the professionals of the newspaper world in San Francisco whose "pages" spread the word of organization doings and committee efforts in our midst. In appreciation of this she has wanted to spotlight the technical world of reporting which is so little appreciated by the layman who takes for granted the good stories she reads and over-emphasizes the mistakes she occasionally finds — a psychological process which we are told is characteristic of us all. With the theme for the September issue "the professional woman in the field of newspapers," she therefore set forth to ask each of the women club-editors for a story for the Women's City Club Magazine. Although, as one of them answered, "I simply don't have time for extra-curricular activities," not one of these editors said "No".

As a result we are privileged to present — Ethel Bogardus of "The San Francisco News," Edith Bristol of "The Call-Bulletin," Zilfa Estcourt of "The Chronicle," Hazel Holly of "The Examiner" — in a series of stories taking us behind the scenes into the newspaper world. To us outside, this world sounds romantic and stimulating. To the professional it is all this but something else as well, for it is technical and exacting, and back of the simple, "five hundred words" are often hours of fact-finding and of preparation, with always the possibility that in the end the City Editor may "throw it out." It is no mere accident that these four women have held their positions these many years. It is recognition of ability. We take this opportunity in behalf of the Women's City Club Magazine to thank them for their continuing cooperation with our club "publicity" and in turn to pledge them accuracy of data as far as possible.

No Women's City Club Magazine with this month's theme could go to press without another "newspaper woman" in its picture — Marie Hicks Davidson. On two counts she belongs here, first, the professional one. She it was who, as Editor, "cleaned and oiled the presses" as she herself says, and launched the Women's City Club Magazine years ago. Her vision and ability it was that steered the course of its first years of history which were "the hardest." Her wide acquaintanceship brought forth the stories which set the high standard which this Magazine has since continuously achieved. As Society Editor of "The Call-Bulletin," as music critic, as feature writer, as novelist she is already well-known to all of us in San Francisco. As charter member of the National League for Woman's Service of California, she responds to our plea for a story and we are delighted to add her name to the quartet of experts who have graciously given us of their talent.

And then there is a sixth writer, whose facile pen has been our joy on many occasions — Hazel Pedlar Faulkner. She it is who has for over two years brought us first-hand informative stories of the Golden Gate International Exposition, and of the Women's Board.

Such a sextette makes us glad that women entered the field where a distinct contribution to letters is their opportunity.

Other stories this month include the talk by Grace Parker printed verbatim by request of many members, both present and absent from the meeting in the Auditorium on July ninth. The spirit of this talk was ably described by Hazel Faulkner in our last issue.

We initiate this month a poetry page, of which one of our members, Florence Keene, one-time Editor of "Westward," will be the Editor. Interest of our readers in western poetry, already declared "tip top" and in poetry never before printed but of promising merit, has been proven by letters written us. We hope this new page will meet with approval.

And then the book reviews. Reviews this month are of books just received from the publishers. They are written by members who bring unbiased criticisms with the hope that they may help you in choosing your Fall reading.

Quoted by the Chicago Women's Club at the head of its Club Program are these words:

"It is not enough to be well informed —
It is necessary to understand,"

Dr. Gettell comes to us with a course of lectures designed to help us understand this fast-moving economic upheaval and its world consequences from which we are not immune and to which we must give our real attention if we are to assume our personal responsibility as members of a living democracy. It is hoped and believed that Dr. Gettell will be met at his first lecture on September eleventh by an audience comparable in size and enthusiasm to that of the Oakland Forum where for many years he has regularly lectured. Members and their guests are eligible to this course.

Preachments usually have special application to the absentees, but seldom does exciting news of an organization mean more to those outside the ranks than in. The recently announced 1940 Special membership is "the exception that proves the rule." This privilege belongs to those no longer members of the League, and to daughters and grand-daughters of these and of present members who are eligible but not yet enrolled. To spread the word outside is a volunteer service within the reach of every member. Please tell this news to some past member and to "daughters and grand-daughters," for the expanding volunteer service of the present hour will increasingly need many workers.

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
PRESENTS

DR. RAYMOND G. GETTELL

in a course of seven lectures. Every other Wednesday at the Noon Hour in the Auditorium

September 11 *through* December 4

Single Admissions
Members . . 55c
Non-Members 66c
(Tax Included)

Course Tickets
Members . . $3.50
Non-Members $4.30
(Tax Included)

Prof. Raymond G. Gettell—Educated at University of Pennsylvania; taught at Trinity College, Amherst College, and University of California; now Professor of Political Science and Dean of the Summer Sessions; taught in Summer Sessions of University of Maine, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell and Hawaii; Recorder of U. S. Shipping Board during the war, 1917-18; author of seven books and numerous articles.

LATIN AMERICA IN THE EXPOSITION

by Dr. Grace McCann Morley

Andean Landscape — by Jose Sabogal of Peru.

Pacific House, dominating the Lagoon of Nations and surrounded by the foreign pavilions of the Pacific Area, symbolizes the Exposition's theme — "Pageant of the Pacific." The lesson of interwoven interests and relationships of the countries surrounding and within this great ocean is illustrated and emphasized by the Covarrubias mural maps and by the great fountain of the topography of the area which occupies the center of the hall.

Of all this part of the world which citizens of the West should learn to know no region is of more immediate interest and importance, nor holds more for us, than our neighbors to the south in this western hemisphere — the countries of Latin-America.

Latin-America is well represented at the Exposition. At Pacific House itself where exhibitions, programs, lectures, conferences, receptions and broadcasts have constantly directed attention to Latin-American culture, art, commerce, economy, the common interests and the inter-relationships of all the western hemisphere peoples, there has been emphasis on the New World this season. In the Pacific Area, official government pavilions and unofficial but colorful national markets, give prominent place to the arts, crafts, products, industries, cultures and atmosphere of the various Latin-American countries.

Colombia's attractive pavilion features the principal product of the country — coffee, both by illustration of the method of growing and harvesting, and by service of the drink well-brewed. Ecuador's building contains examples of the country's unique "Panama Hat" weaving, popular crafts in carving and painting, and the intricate native textiles, but the emphasis falls on the Colonial painting, polychrome carvings and religious sculpture. These are characteristic examples of the School of Quito, from the days when this lofty Spanish capital, which had been the seat of the Inca Empire, was the great artistic center of the New World. Both paintings and sculpture are by native artists who assimilated the Spanish styles of the 16th and 17th centuries, and added something of their own. They furnish an insight into Spanish Colonial America. Peru stresses its colonial silver, woodwork, modern Indian textiles, ancient Inca and pre-Inca effigy jars and its agricultural and mineral products, in an attractive and spacious display.

In Brazil's pleasant pavilion, one may sip fine coffee or maté, listen to the Brazilian music or study the well-installed products of the country. Guatemala is represented by a Marimba Band, Mexico by two well-supplied markets. The other Latin-America countries find a place for their distinctive handicrafts and products in one or other of the International Markets.

Important from the cultural point of view and because art is direct communication without language barriers to overcome are the exhibitions of the ancient arts of the Indian peoples of all the west coast of the Americas in the Federal Building, and the contemporary painting of Latin-American countries touching the Pacific in the Fine Arts Building.

Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Costa Rica, El Salvador and Mexico are represented by carefully selected examples of the typical expression in painting of their respective cultures in the Fine (*Continued on page 25*

LET'S APPRAISE IT

by Marie Hicks Davidson

This slavery, this treadmill which saps our very life blood and leaves us unfit, even for treason, stratagems and spoils . . . this newspapering which is alleged to offer glamour and excitement and variety and profit. . . .

Let's appraise it: Only last week a newspaperman said to me, "How is it that I never saw a newspaperwoman who wasn't ca-razy about her job?" I patiently explained to him that it was because we are born that way . . . nitwits from birth, and that the smell of printers' ink sets us off like a match to powder.

Of course we're ca-r-razy about our jobs. Don't we sit in ringside seats when the high and mighty are passing by? Don't we know the inside and lowdown of every situation as it develops? Do we not know whose mothers were not like Caesar's wife and whose fathers were horse thieves?

Where the bodies are buried?

Who is climbing up the steep hills of public esteem and who are on the skids coming down?

Why and when and where?

Yes, we are supposed to know all the answers.

It's exciting no end. Like prizefighting, I imagine, or any other occupation in which there is competition. For always and always there is the "slimy contemporary" to rise up and scoop us if we don't watch out.

But that hazard is not the real springboard of our hectic activity. It's a drive which, seated in the very center of our subconscious propels us to *get the news.*

If any one of us, having married that mythical millionaire, should, as we lolled by in a satin-lined limousine, hear a screaming "Fireman, save my child," we'd stop the chauffeur with one-syllable words, dash into the flames, get the story and leap to the nearest telephone to tell it to the first city editor whose shell-like ear offered itself.

That's the way we are and there's no help for it. Ease, comfort, wealth or dignity avail not when the "story" is gestating.

I have been asked to name the day of greatest contrast in my procession of assignments.

It may have been the day I went to West Oakland to tell a mother that her son's plea for a reprieve had been denied and that he would have to hang on a certain date. In the afternoon I went to the Fairmont Hotel to interview an exotic dancer, at that time called "inspirational."

She was an orchidaceous fool, vain and pretentious, who glibly told me all.

Meanwhile my thoughts were with the broken-hearted mother in West Oakland whose grief was too deep for lamentation. She dropped into a chair and, pulling her apron over her face, silently rocked back and forth as if the motion could ease her pain.

Many events have happened throughout the seasons, routine things and outstanding, sharp-pointed episodes. I have sat in courtrooms when verdicts carrying the death penalty have been brought in by juries. I have heard judges pronounce those sentences and seen men stand up to them. I have seen armies march away to war—and come back decimated and crippled, but with the look of heroes on the faces of the men.

I have written stories of stately ships coming through the Golden Gate on maiden trips, galleons laden with the great and near-great. It was my privilege to write for the paper which I have the honor to represent — the story of the opening of America's only municipally owned opera house, the glorious edifice on Van Ness avenue, San Francisco. I have "done" balls and debuts, parades and pageants, have interviewed poets and opera stars, thugs and thieves, clergy and strike-breakers, lecturers and phoneys, demi-gods and devils.

What does it all add up to?

Just a day's work you say.

But a day to stir the blood, to kindle the imagination, to furnish food for dreams when the long trick is over. A day of humanities.

And so we learn to be tolerantly amused at pomposities, callous to the slings and arrows, appreciative of manners and breeding, unmindful of much, but also observant of much.

There's a deal of "first person singular" in this, but we must be judge, jury and chronicler when we go out on assignment and perhaps the I counts a bit more than in other callings. We certainly are on our own and we jolly well better know our way about — or somebody else will tomorrow be tapping our typewriters.

We don't grow wings nor gather moss. Not many of us are mental giants, but we do have a lot of fun and we often see through brick walls.

A PUBLICITY CHAIRMAN SPEAKS

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

Several years ago Dr. Lillian Moller Gilbreth wrote a book on "The Home Maker and Her Job." In that very readable little volume Dr. Gilbreth, who does more things in more places than any woman I know reduced the whole absorbing task of home making to a very simple formula. Stripped of its trimmings it is this — first know what your job is — what are you trying to do. Second, assemble your tools, get together the things which you need for your work, whether it be meal planning, painting a room, or making a cake. Third, do the job, and fourth, clean up.

Simple, isn't it? and sensible. And what a lot of labor it saves, if put into practice. But more than that, it is equally helpful when applied to other jobs than home making.

If you'd like to be let into a secret — it is a work sheet or set of instructions for publicity women as well as for housewives.

When it comes to publicizing an organization — and a spirit — it is even simpler. For that is all there is to the publicity chairmanship in this or any other club, or business. Well, almost all, one should say. For there are a few "catches" in the formula when it comes to meeting the exigencies of publication deadlines and event dates. But taken step by step Dr. Gilbreth's idea is a good guide.

In handling any publicity it has always seemed essential to know a little more than one can tell in a single article or story. Newspaper writers recognize that — and that is the reason they are almost always interesting people off their jobs. For it is their business to know a bit more about what they write than they put into print.

Next to knowing the background or the past history of an organization or individual as an aid to intelligent publicity is the extreme good fortune to work with those in the business who know that background and who understand the spirit which has taken form in this particular organization, to bring our job down to particulars.

From the articles which appear elsewhere in this issue of the Women's City Club Magazine — our readers can see illustration of that point.

San Francisco's newspaper women unanimously have demonstrated their recognition of the fundamentals of this organization and through their columns have presented to their readers proper accounts of its activities and principles. By their unfailing cooperation they have made almost automatic the third and fourth steps in the formula mentioned above.

They help do the job — and by their methods, eliminate almost entirely the necessity for any "clean up" work.

To the club publicity chairman belongs the second step — that of assembling the "tools" of publicity — a step in whose taking she has the constant cooperation and often the actual physical assistance of the staff and magazine. Right here may she be permitted to slip in a word of appreciation to all those who do the "chores" of getting initials and models for pictures and so forth from time to time. And to those in charge of similar work in the Exposition who have helped us throughout the past two years to assemble for the enjoyment of our Magazine readers Exposition stories and photographs which have added to its interest and timeliness.

There is room for a margin of difference of opinion as to what has major news value — where the emphasis is desirable in news stories. To a newspaper woman the answer is always in favor of what makes the best story. Announcements are news before hand — frequently the "story" appears in the event itself. What certain persons or groups do rather than what they say frequently is the essence of publicity.

The task for the Publicity chairman in such a group as the National League for Woman's Service is to recognize continually that the underlying purpose and the method of work are the framework upon which its news should be fashioned. And in this building — the Women's City Club — with all it offers to its members and guests — with its constantly opening doors of opportunity for woman's service in our community — responsibility for "assembling the tools" is a pleasant one.

Constructive publicity, development of that idea in every field of our daily lives, has made fortunes and built buildings. In most instances, if not in all, its underlying theme and principle have been service. Service of one sort or another, but always with the idea of extending a benefit. The case of the National League for Woman's Service therefore is not unique. But it is singularly fortunate in its friends, the local newspaperwomen who interpret it to the community.

WRITERS' MATERIAL

by Zilfa Estcourt

It was more years ago than I like to remember when the shy, scholarly, solemn-eyed child that was myself, hiding her timidities behind a pair of large glasses, crashed the gates of a newspaper editorial room and sat down to the hunt and pick of a typewriter.

Why I chose this profession or it chose me, I hardly know for the qualities essential for success in a field that requires aggressiveness, keenness in evaluating people and events and a sixth sense for news — were sadly lacking in me.

However, that first day in the dirt and din of an old time city room, with a queer hawk-faced man at a nearby table casting bitter looks in my direction as he spat a chain of tobacco juice beads on the floor where lay the neat folds of my pearl gray tailored skirt (we wore them long then) was one of the thrills of my life. It marked the beginning of everything that has been important to me since.

I was there, I suppose, because of an unquenchable, fledgling yearning to be a writer — an ambition that was frustrated by my own realization that I knew nothing of people, nothing of the world, had nothing to say. I had faced in solitude a blank piece of paper in a new typewriter and had discovered I must do some real living before I could do much writing that anyone would care to read.

And so in the Kipling tradition I set out to learn about life as fast as I could from a ringside seat in a newspaper office. I have been sitting in that seat ever since watching the dizzy spinning reel unwind.

Beginning in that swift moving era just before World War I, I found myself in the midst of upheaval and drama — so busy observing what I saw, so involved in learning the essentials of an exacting profession, that I had little time and less inclination for philosophizing about anything. Things happened and my job was to put them on paper, as quickly as I could and with as little fuss.

For the sake of a newspaper thriller I went up in a tiny British army plane during a stunt exhibition and looped the loop three times. I tore around an automobile race track at 120 miles an hour with a famous racing driver. I climbed up the side of an ocean liner in a rocking sea to be the first person to interview Rabindrinath Tagore on his initial visit to America only to find that the Master was insulted that a woman had been sent to meet him.

I spent two years at a big army camp jolting around in a flivver in mud hub-deep from General Headquarters to Remount Station writing human interest stories — stories of boys who had never killed a rabbit learning to thrust their bayonets into sandbag dummies, boys peeling tons of potatoes on KP, homesick boys, scared boys, brave boys, drilling in the drizzle, tramping in the mud. And then almost before I knew it, the war was over, the boys were home.

Then came the period of chaos. There were industrial conflicts — wars of ideology. I was on the job when men picked each other off with highpowered rifles and broke into a jail and dragged their shivering victims to an unpleasant fate at the end of a rope.

There were endless interviews with visiting notables — dear old Schumann-Heink wept out her heartbreak on my shoulder as she clutched in her hand a cable bringing news of the death of her son. Alma Gluck on her honeymoon with Zimbalist held up a scrap of sheer white needlework for me to view — a baby's dress. And so I told the world of the expected coming of the stork.

I curtsied to a visiting king and queen, then burst into peals of laughter when a hard-boiled newspaper photographer shouted, "Hey, King, stand up if you want to get in this picture."

There were years when I lived in an atmosphere of murder and sudden death — walked in and out of courts and prisons with greater ease than sitting down to afternoon tea.

Looking back with the eyes of memory across the years, it seems very like one of these all day movies. The newsreel, war flashes, romantic feature, gangster thriller, the comics — and then with variations it begins all over again.

Once all life was new and mysterious and interesting. Now nothing is new except perhaps blitzkrieg and parachute troops. Life is what it has always been — conflict. It is man against himself, man against man, and man against fate — that's the material writers deal with.

Well, I've seen it all from my ringside seat and somehow I don't seem to care so much to write about it any more. It has given me a great sympathy and great admiration for human beings, and a great anger that they are so traduced.

It has given me an inner conviction that sorrows and failures here are not all loss, nor success all gain. Perhaps there is a better tomorrow — who knows?

SHE WHO RUNS MAY READ

by Edith Bristol

Remember me?

I'm the necessary evil who called you up one morning, right when you were busiest with a million things, to confirm the story about your son's new honors in the diplomatic service — or was it to ask the color of your daughter's wedding gown?

You had a dozen more important things to think about; but I'm the girl who bothered you. Remember? Sure you do. Nobody ever forgets a nuisance!

Perhaps my call was on a less happy matter. Maybe I telephoned you when my paper was checking every local name on the passenger list of a liner, wrecked in mid-ocean, and we wanted to make sure that it was not your family that would be devastated with grief by the fatal word "Missing."

I might even have annoyed you far beyond the limits of your accustomed patience — for you *are* a patient woman — by inquiring all the details when your home was burned to the ground; or possibly I asked you impertinent questions about that little legal matter you'd have preferred to see forgotten.

Anyhow, whether for better or for worse, I'm the public pest who taxed your tolerance — and you'll never forget how insistent I was about middle initials and how I stood adamant to know whether the lady you mentioned spelled her name "Smythe" or "Smith" or "Psmith."

I'm the one who wrote it. That's my job. That makes me the accused, the defendant at the bar of public opinion — your opinion

But you're the one who reads it — and that makes you, Madame, the judge and the jury and the court of final appeal.

And a highly important question to both of us is this, "How do you read it?"

Do you read your newspaper with appreciation of the fact that while you, Madame, have a superior knowledge of a score of special subjects, the great mass of readers have not that special knowledge?

Do you read it with the understanding that the pages you skim so lightly or study gravely must be written in the vernacular that the man in the street, the rank and file, the mass of "We The People" may grasp its meaning? Written so that she who runs may read?

Do you read it with the realization that news, like water, can not rise higher than its source? That the material spread before you on the printed page can be accurate, informative and educational only as its sources are accurate, informative, educational? That if you tell me the name is "Smythe" and we print it "Smythe" I'll be the culprit in the mind of the good woman who knows it should be "Psmith" and who is very touchy on the subject of spelling it "Psmith."

Do you read it with the tolerant allowance that the account of events offered to your eyes was compiled from facts available when it was written? That since it was put into print other facts may have come to light completely changing the vital aspects of the story?

"I never bother to read the daily papers," an estimable woman said to me not long ago. "They are so horribly incomplete. I wait for a weekly magazine. Then I can see what's really happening."

Since freedom of the press includes freedom of choice on the part of the reader, the good lady has the right to her own preference. But to those of us who have devoted our working lives to preparing the facts, day by day, hour by hour, for your consideration, her choice is a little like waiting until Christmas to catch up on a year's eating.

And if waiting a week for a complete news story is a moderately good thing, then why not improve on it and and wait for a year to see how it all turned out. Perhaps by 1966 some competent historian could give my friend a fairly accurate idea of what's happening in Europe now.

But to get back to that morning when I called you to the telephone — after talking with you I went down to the Hall of Justice and talked with the mother of the boy who had just killed his sweetheart. You read the story, that night. And if you didn't get a choke in your throat when you read it then that part of my day's work was wasted — for it was meant to be a tear-jerker. There's a place for tear-jerkers. It brought tears to my eyes when I wrote it — although I didn't really write it.

On a story like that there's seldom time to write it. You must have it while it's still news — so after I listened to the pitiful, poignant and heartbreaking words of the mother, caught in the most tragic of all tangles of grief, I called our office, got a re-write man, talked the story into the 'phone, just as the mother gave it to me.

I did my best. The re-write man did his best to get into the printed words the suffering, the heartache, the frustrated pride and stricken mother love — but the fate of the story rested with you, the

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PHONE SUTTER 2424

by Hazel Holly

When I walked into the women's department of the San Francisco Examiner six years ago, the women's editor said, "When can you start work?" "Right now," I said. So I did.

At that point, all I knew about the women's page was what I read in the paper, having been concerned, journalistically, up 'til then with such things as elopements, accidents, small boys who shot each other with "guns that weren't loaded," and the less important murder trials.

In the light of the past six years, the things I didn't know about the women's page add up to quite a few; since they are things about which you readers ask us, by the hundreds, every day, I'll pass some of them along, so that you'll understand a little more about what you're getting in the Examiner's "Smart Set" section every morning with your breakfast.

Jobs on the women's page of a metropolitan daily these days are highly specialized. The women's editor, who supervises everything that goes into the pages, correlates the work of the staff. She decides what goes into the paper, where it shall be placed. Her greatest single worry is pictures. After a cameraman takes your picture for the paper, the plate goes to the photographic department, the art department, the engraving room. It's checked and rechecked by each department, and by picture editors.

Everyone else on the staff is concerned primarily with getting news, writing it, and getting it into the paper on time. But getting news and writing it is only half the job. It's a far cry from the days when a society editor went padding about to a tea, jotted down a couple of notes, and then wrote a long, and flowery article about who was there. The women's page has become a public service, and if you don't think so, just ask our telephone operators.

All day long, every day, our telephones ring. Every day, you ask us questions about etiquette — "Can a man wear a Tuxedo at a daytime wedding?" "How do I answer an invitation to a wedding reception?" "Where shall I seat the guest of honor at my dinner?" All those questions and countless others we answer while we're in the middle of a sentence about somebody's speech. The minute we get that settled and go back to the speech, a press agent walks in with publicity pictures for a benefit tea, for a horse show, for almost everything that goes on in town. To the remark that we hear from everyone, "I'd like to write for a newspaper," our silent answer is "I'd like to, too." Writing, in the women's department, is something you do between visitors and phone calls.

Take "Babette," the fashion editor, for instance. She writes about fashions, yes, but in addition, she has to know what clothes are coming into local shops before they arrive, so that she can tell you how to plan your wardrobe ahead. As a stylist, she's an expert. She can tell you, months ahead, what fashion trends will become next season's fashions. But in order to tell you, she must know how to write; she interviews fashion experts from all parts of the world; she knows more about local shops than their owners do. She goes everywhere, to see what you're wearing, and how you wear it. Most of her day, she's "on the hoof." The amount of time she has for actual work in the office is small.

Almost any time of the day, if you walk into Prudence Penny's office, you'll hear a voice saying, "Yes, in a 350 degree oven," or something like that. How bay region husbands ever got anything to eat before Prudence Penny's day, I don't know. She, incidentally, is an excellent cook, as well as being a writer. I know, from personal experience. Years ago, newspaper women who worked in the home economics department used to send their friends into hysterics with stories about the time they printed a recipe, left out the baking powder, and were deluged with calls from irate and disappointed housewives. All that has changed. To write about foods and their preparation nowadays for a newspaper, you know your job — or you don't have it very long.

Our beauty department, presided over by Judith Merrill, has so many calls and letters, it doesn't know what to do. Women — and men too, in numbers that would probably surprise you — ask her questions about shampoos, coiffures, creams, lotions, reducing exercises — everything.

In the Good Neighbor's office, you can witness the modern counterpart of the time-honored "advice to the lovelorn column. Anita Day Hubbard, who writes that column, knows more about the troubles of human beings, and the solutions to their problems than any judge. People come by the hundreds to see her. The proof of the fact that she knows what she's talking about is that when anyone on the staff gets into a jam, he usually asks the Good Neighbor to help get him out of it.

As for the society staff — how they find out engagements, coming "blessed events," and personality copy as fast and as interestingly as they do is still something of a mystery to me — and I work in

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SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE

by Ethel Bogardus

With the possible exception of earthquakes, volcanos, and the weather, it's people who make the news. Scan your newspaper — preferably the news — and see if you can find an item without a personality or a lot of personalities behind it.

That's why "names make news" — axiom No. 1 on any newspaper. We're all small towners at heart. The most interesting thing in the world to us, after ourselves, is the other fellow. We want to know how his — or her — personality affects us, what our neighbors think about, what they're doing, and why.

"You must meet such interesting people," is the first comment most people make in meeting a newspaper reporter. Well, we do. Sometimes the interesting qualities are not noticeable. Other times the people we meet strive so hard to make themselves seem interesting that they succeed only in being grotesque. But here, listed only as they come to my mind, are a few of the interesting people I've met.

First, I believe I'd put Mme. Schumann-Heink. She had the kindest face I ever saw. I interviewed her one day in the St. Francis Hotel. I have forgotten what she said — but she talked about the project which was claiming her attention at that time. I believe it was young people and music. But I'll never forget what she did.

We were sitting on the davenport, when the moving men came to bring in her grand piano. She paid them, and started talking to one. He was so delighted, he told her about his brand new baby. Madame's face lighted in the smile for which she was famous. She told him to wait a minute, and went to the desk to get her purse. She tipped both men generously, then pressed two more silver dollars into the hand of the young father.

"For that baby," she told him in her rich contralto voice.

The "big people" I have always found the most gracious. It's the small fry that try to build up their own ego by being difficult. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for instance, is one of the most delightful people to meet.

"Why, come in," she exclaimed, when reporters and photographers had been left standing in the hall outside her suite in the Mark Hopkins Hotel when she was greeting the Womens' Board of the Exposition. The president's wife, whether or not you admire her politics, is charming, poised, intelligent, and kindly in her approach to people. She is much better looking, incidentally, than her pictures.

Another to whom pictures do not do justice is Anne Lindbergh, wife of the famous flyer. I had a most amusing time trying to interview Mrs. Lindbergh. I had been sent by my city editor to an Atherton home where the Lindberghs were guests at a reception and tea. The interview was supposed to have been arranged by a friend who was guest at the party.

There is nothing I hate more than "crashing" places to which I have not been invited. You'd think a reporter would get used to it, but not all of us do. Orders, however, were orders. The lady who was to have arranged the interview answered the door.

"Oh yes —" she was flustered, and ran off through the room somewhere, leaving me standing on the porch. The host came along just then, inquired my name and promptly invited me in.

"Wouldn't you like to meet the Colonel?" he asked. Well, of course I would. So he presented Col. Lindbergh. We chatted a moment, the colonel remaining completely "dead pan." I asked to meet his wife.

"She doesnt' give interviews," he assured me solemnly. Just at that moment I spied Anne, chatting gaily with others across the room.

"Wouldn't you just introduce me," I begged. His face remained bland.

"She isn't here," he insisted — and he stuck to it. So there was nothing for me but to start my story:

"Interviewing Anne Lindbergh is like flying to the moon — it may be possible, but no one has accomplished it."

Another delightful personality I met was Mrs. Margaret Sanger, a charming, diminutive, soft voiced woman, whose aggressive campaign for dissemination of birth control information has left her not bitter nor stringent, but still gently and firmly convinced that her cause is just.

Not all the "interesting people" we meet are famous for their good deeds. I interviewed Dorothy Ellingson the morning after she shot her mother, when the lipstick she'd worn at the party she attended after that shocking deed, was still smeared on her lips. Whatever the psychologists said of her, I believe she was incapable of any deep feeling. She wanted to have a good time, and she greatly enjoyed being in the public eye.

Another young women who ran afoul of the law was a curious personality. She wanted a baby, and couldn't have one. So she told her husband she was pregnant, and deceived him for several months with padding. Just before the time of the baby's arrival was due, she came to visit her sister and mother in San Francisco, advertised for a baby — and got one.

She'd had it several months, and apparently was giving it extra fine care, when the baby's own mother decided she wanted it — sued for its custody, and got it back. I've often wondered what happened to those two families.

That's the sad thing about this business — you meet such interesting people, and they go out of your life forever.

POETRY PAGE

Telygraft Hill

O Telygraft Hill she sits mighty fine,
Like a praty that's planted on ind.
And she's bannered wid washin's from many a line.
Which flutther and dance in the wind.
O th' goats and th' chickens av Telygraft Hill
They prosper all grand and serene.
For when there's short pickin' on Telygraft Hill
They feed their swate sowls on the scene.

For the Irish they live on the top av it.
And the Dagos they live on the base av it.
And every tin can in the knowledge of man,
Is scattered all over the face av it.
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Nobby owld, slobby owld Telygraft Hill!

O Telygraft Hill she sits proud as a queen
And th' docks lie below in the glare
And th' bay runs beyant 'er all purple and green
Wid th' ginger-bread island out there.
And the ferry boats toot at owld Telygraft Hill,
And th' Hill it don't care if they do
While the Bradys and Caseys av Telygraft Hill
Joost sit there enj'yin' th' view.

For th' Irish they live on th' top of it,
And th' Dagos they live on th' base av it,
And th' goats and th' chicks and th' brick bats and shticks
Is joombled all over th' face av it.
Av Telygraft Hill. Telygraft Hill,
Crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill!

Sure Telygraft Hill has a castle from Wales
Which was built by a local creator.
He made it av bed-slats wid hammer and nails
Like a scene in a stylish the-ay-ter.
There's rats in th' castle o' Telygraft Hill,
But it frowns wid an air of its own
For it's runnin' th' bloof that owld Telygraft Hill
Is a sthrong howld of morther and shtone.

For th' Irish they live on the top av it,
And th' Dagos they live on the base av it.
And th' races they fight on the wrong side and right
To th' shame and onendin' disgrace av it.
Av Telygraft Hill. Telygraft Hill
Windy-torn, shindy-torn Telygraft Hill!

And Telygraft Hill has an illegal lot
Of shanties and shacks. Hivin knows!
An' they're hangin' on tight to the dumpin' off spot
Be th' grace av the Saints and their toes;
And th' la-ads that are livin' on Telygraft Hill
Prefer to remain where they're at.
And they'd not trade a hen-roost on Telygraft Hill
For a mansion below on the flat.

For th' Irish they live on the top av it,
And th' Dagos they live on the base av it,
And th' owld sod-gossoon sits as high as th' moon
And there's nawthin he'd take in th' place av it.
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Lump owld, bumpy owld Telygraft Hill!

—Wallace Irwin.

Telegraph Hill

There are half a hundred trees on Telegraph Hill,
They droop in the mist like a fountain that is still;
But on a bright morning they stand up high,
Feet in the slant soil, heads in the sky.

And when the wind blows over Telegraph Hill,
And the velvet dark is deep and the air of evening chill,
They are torn and twisted, they sway and turn,
And over their branches the great stars burn.

I saw them at first as they tossed in the wind
Restless and passionate, starry and kind.
I saw them at last as we crept out to sea—
A banner of wild memories for you, my dear, and me.

For there are strange echoes in this city by the gate,
And some come too early, and some come too late—
But they would signal me were my heart forever still,
These restless bannered trees on Telegraph Hill.

—Katherine Hale.

Girl Artist (Telegraph Hill)

Brave bird of morning, perched upon a bluff,
You bathe your spirit in the early sun
Until it flutters and the colors run
Toward canvas, from magenta red to buff.
For me, though, there is coloring enough,
Divorced from paint, in dresses gaily spun,
On you who lost the pallor of a nun,
Bronzed by the solar artist from above.
The choice of theme is subject to your will:
One end, a scattering of sun-marked shacks
Ribboned with green or gaunt along the Hill;
In front, a restless swarm of boats and stacks . . .
A battlefield whose breath is never still—
Barracks of industry smoke at our backs.

—Douglas V. Kane.

San Francisco

Had I a song half brave enough to sing her,
Whose ringing streets run bravely to the sea:
Had I a heart half high enough to bring her
To bend her heart to me.

To sing walled heights with orchard petals sifting,
Magnolias, creamy pale as slave girl's ears,
And reaches where gull-jeweled mists run drifting
By piers on shining piers.

Of lusty pride, of high and lovely laughter,
Of friendship taking both a stranger's hands—
And of the whispering charm that echoes after,
Calling in alien lands:

Or sing her with her ships between her fingers,
Sudden against the armor of the sun
To swell the crystal chant that drowns and lingers
Song and her tides in one.

—Theodosia Teel Goodman.

[WALLACE IRWIN *began his literary career in San Francisco, writing for local newspapers. In 1902 Paul Elder published his "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," which brought him considerable fame. Another volume, "Love Sonnets of Car Conductor," soon followed. Then he wrote his famous "Letters From a Japanese Schoolboy," and went to New York and took up magazine work. In 1912 he began writing fiction.*]

[KATHERINE HALE *(Mrs. John Garvin) of Toronto, Canada, came to the Coast in 1929, giving readings of her own poems and legends and chansons of French Canada, and wrote this poem on leaving San Francisco. One of her poems, "Grey Knitting," was read at the unveiling of the monument to the unknown soldier at Washington.*]

I HAVE BEEN READING~

BERKELEY MOYNIHAN—SURGEON; by Donald Bateman. The Macmillan Co. $4.00. Reviewed by Ethel D. Owen, M. D.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INDIVIDUALIST; by William Henry Chamberlin. The Macmillan Company. $3.00 Reviewed by Elsie Leale Johnston.

AND SO TO BATH; by Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Company. $3.00. Reviewed by Virginia Chilton.

WINGS OVER THE AMERICAS; by Alice Rogers Hager. The Macmillan Co. $2.50. Reviewed by Mrs. E. J. Turkington.

THE PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY: FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO THE CANAL ZONE; by Harry A. Franck and Herbert C. Lanks. D. Appleton Century Co. $5.00. Reviewed by Mrs. E. J. Turkington.

This biography of a great English surgeon is skilfully written by another physician. It is a book of absorbing interest for the professional person as well as the layman. It traces Berkeley Moynihan's life from its humble beginning through the exciting war years of 1914 to 1918 on to his ultimate triumph and appointment to the peerage. At this time when again the democratic way of life is being threatened by the same foes, Berkeley Moynihan's stirring speeches of patriotism seem strangely timely. Of especial interest to American readers is the record of Lord Moynihan's great friendship with Dr. William Mayo and Dr. Crile. The impression of his American visit is charmingly recorded. He believed that Americans were the most idealistic and least materialistic of all people.

It is a good thing just now to review the mental processes of 1914. This book recreates the era vividly.

It would seem at times that we have had enough and to spare of autobiographies of newspaper correspondents. But as we turn the last page of this book we realize that here is no hectic narrative of a soi-disant hero but the tightly packed chronicle of a thoughtful observer.

Mr. Chamberlin's fame was won during the twelve years which he spent in Russia as the brilliant correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. Like many of those whose life has been spent largely in libraries, the young Chamberlin entered Russia as an enthusiastic admirer of the Communist Experiment. As the Stalinist dictatorship developed with its increasing disregard for human rights, though plagued by a growing distaste, he struggled to retain an attitude of unbiased observation. But an extended first-hand observation of the crowning atrocity of what he insists was "the man-made famine" of 1932-33 convinced him that he was "engaged in a system of false book-keeping"; there were no entries that could legitimately balance the denial of human rights. He felt that the truth must be told and so he left Russia.

The iron of Russian experience has evidently entered Mr. Chamberlin's soul. Back in Europe (after two years in Tokyo where he covered the outbreak and development of the Sino-Japanese war) he saw the same sinister developments taking place in Germany. He was one of the first to point out the essential identities in the Russian and German regimes and brilliantly to prophesy their inevitable alliance.

Closing his book in Paris, in February, 1940, he views with deep pessimism a European civilization committing suicide. He prophesies that Russia alone will be the ultimate victor in this hideous war and that Europe is doomed to "the glacial advance of an oriental despotism."

This is the story of a road: the ancient road from London to Bath, and the people who have lived along its way in the nineteen centuries since Caesar's Legions built it. It is a fascinating theme and Cecil Roberts who gave us, among other books, "Victoria Four-Thirty," has written a colorful and highly interesting story.

After having driven over it almost every day for six years, he was first led to explore its history by a chance meeting with an Austrian student who had a great interest in Samuel Richardson, a now almost forgotten writer of the Eighteenth Century. The student was anxious to see the house in which Richardson had written a part of "Clarissa" and which still exists on this road to Bath. From this beginning, Roberts takes us step by step along the way.

We discover, with him, the ford where Julius Caesar crossed the Thames and where later the Danes under King Cnut were forced back by forces under Edmund Ironside, King of England. We suffer with Count D'Orsay and the young Disraeli in their trials with the bailiffs; visit Walpole House where Thackeray went to school and which he later describes in the opening chapters of "Vanity Fair," as the academy attended by Becky Sharp. He takes us to Syon House, built as a monastery during the reign of Henry V and later used by Henry VIII as a prison for his Queen, Katherine Howard, before she was taken to the Tower for execution.

Chaucer, Pepys, Hogarth, Milton: there seems no end to the procession which has passed along this ancient highway.

The book is rich in history, with a flavor not found in text books, and will encourage many to go further in their acquaintances with the people met in its pages. Perhaps the reader may be stirred to explore the history of some road which he has "been motoring up and down * * * blind to the ghosts that haunted it, to the panorama stretching across the centuries."

It was not long ago that travel to Central and South America meant days and weeks of tossing on two oceans or difficult journeying along rough roadways where the air was stirred only by the tinkle of mule bells announcing the arrival of travellers and treasure. Today these same countries are traversed by a splendid network of paved highways and through the air swift Clipper ships speed from place to place. Two recent books gave us thrilling accounts of these means of seeing the countries of our Southern neighbors, which have suddenly become the chief object of international attention. Mrs. Hager in her book just published, "Wings Over the Americas," gives us a most interesting account of the participation of the United States in this Central and South American picture. The author is the only woman journalist writing exclusively on aviation and has just been appointed Chief of the Public Information Section of the Civil Aeronautics Board. She is also a member of the Aviation Writers Club and the Women's National Press Club. In her book she has written an enthusiastic account of her flight through these two countries and not only gives us glimpses of the social and economic life of the people where she stopped but also explains the technique of

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flying a great Clipper ship. The journey was started from the Pan-American seaplane base at Miami, Florida, and the intriguing description of that airport and the exciting experience of the "take-off" makes us want to say with her, "We are to take the sky-road South." "We lived now," she states, "in a land of air and water." After Havana with its grand boulevards, which was but a brief port of call, the great flying ship headed for Mexico over the Gulf stream with Yucatan lying ahead and finally Mexico City where she meets and describes personalities prominent in aviation. Then onward to Guatamala City describing its airport as one of the loveliest in the whole of Central or South America. Over the Canal Zone with a stop at Panama City. Mrs. Hager's picture of the Canal from the air is truly unforgetable. Descriptions of countries from this great height, incidents and episodes, fill the story from Panama to Guayaquil until the Clipper reaches Lima. In this chapter of her book which she titled "Winged Llama" we find an account of the building up of Peruvian Aviation and its incidental difficulties softened by a fascinating description of the towns from the air.

"Arequipa," she writes, "waited for us about mid-afternoon with Misti brooding over it. Her sister peaks set themselves a background for her calm serenity and Arequipa dreamed along its latticed streets where the white flood of sheep goes by at shearing time." Through Chile's long finger the ship continues from Santiago over the Andes to the "broad and level pampas of the Argentine." Included in the chapter on Buenos Aires is an enlightening account of German and Italian penetration in South America. Up the coast to Rio and through Brazil we learn the difficulties political and economic of building great airways. Bahia, Porto Rico and back to the Canal Zone are delightful, entertaining reading with accounts of fellow travellers, including many children, meals good and bad, until with the setting sun "we come to our journey's end." Mrs. Hager possesses a charming style of narrative and an explicit manner of information that gives to the reader a splendid story of Pan American Airways in South America.

In "Pan American Highways," just published we find a book intriguingly interesting to tourists and to lovers of travel. The book by Harry A. Franck and Herbert C. Lanks is a descriptive account of that part of the projected Pan American Highway from the Rio Grande to the Canal Zone—a highway which will eventually run from Alaska to Cape Horn. Mr. Franck, who with Mr. Lanks, roamed far and wide through these countries, writes a thrilling account of the trails and backcountry jungles, of the principal cities visited, describing the magnificent scenery, the strange customs and the picturesque people in a delightful way that is a great tribute to these fascinating countries. The book is illustrated by more than one hundred and fifty remarkable photographs taken by Mr. Lanks and shows a new land of lofty mountain passes, snow-capped peaks and a people existing much as they did a thousand years ago. Both authors are widely known. Mr. Franck is distinguished as a writer of travel books covering almost all parts of the world, while Herbert C. Lanks was among the first to pioneer over the Pan American Highways in Mexico and his brilliant photographs take the reader through that country and all of the Central American states. The text is delightfully written and will be found exciting and interesting reading.

An Antidote

In spite of the fact that the gravity of the times makes us all definitely "service-minded" we must not forego the lighter forms of entertainment which make long hours of duty less fatiguing. With this in mind The City Club is glad to announce another season of play readings by Mrs. Hugh Brown.

Mrs. Brown promises us the same light touch, the same delightful mornings spent in an atmosphere of make-believe contrived for us by the successful playwrights of our day. She tells us there are several rumors of good things in the future, Jane Cowl's name is coupled with a play by Van Druten, the English dramatist, who spins such graceful and charming social dramas, John Houseman and Orson Welles are planning a play about Woodrow Wilson and E. B. Ginty who wrote *Missouri Legend* a few years ago has a new play with a good chance of being successfully produced since Guthrie McClintic has it in hand. Other rumors circle around the veterans George Kauffman and Moss Hart, whose *Man Who Came To Dinner* gave us such real fun last season. The new play has a psycho-analytical background. Marc Connelly is still very determined about a production he calls "fantasy of escapism." It all sounds interesting and definitely "must hear."

Two plays of the immediate future are *Philadelphia Story*, the play Katherine Hepburn carried through a long and successful run, and the present Lunt-Fontaine vehicle, Robert Sherwood's tremendous propaganda play. *There Shall Be No Night.*

The readings will be held as before in the Auditorium on the last Thursday morning of each month, promptly at eleven. We urge you to secure a season ticket. There will be six readings.

She Who Runs

(Continued from page 15)

reader. Unless you brought sympathy and compassion to your reading of it, the story was just so much black ink on so much white paper. The final verdict, after all, for any of my work, rests in your decision!

That afternoon, as fast as I could scamper from the Hall of Justice, I went to your Red Cross unit — the one you are so devoted to. And from the facts available there I whipped up a story for next day which (I hope) led to some generous contributions from the men and women who read it.

It wasn't signed, that Red Cross story, it was all in the day's work, but I put my best into it. So much of my best, in fact, that the city editor — thre's a spot of cynic in the best of them — threw it back on my desk. "Watcha trying to do? Turn this whole paper over to relief? Did it ever occur to you we'd like a few inches of *news* in this sheet?"

But you, as I mentioned before, are a woman of great patience. And so I am certain you did *not* say, when you read the story in its final form, "I should think they could manage to do a better story on a subject of such importance as this!"

Your opinions of plays and books and works of art and music may have differed from mine. But isn't that quite as it should be? They were offered, after all, as opinions. And possibly we were both right!

At early morning trains, at boats and planes and hotel lobbies I've met your favorite authors, your pet coutouriers, your admired picture stars, your respected lecturers. I've waited in draughty foyers and caught celebrities in bed or bath or beauty parlors.

I've listened attentively to what they had to say about Shakespeare or the musical glasses, the price of fish or the fate of democracy — and tried to give you briefly and concisely, the gist of the best of it.

It's very possible that what I wrote about the things they said wasn't exactly what interested you most — but when you read it, do you keep in mind one rule "This interview or report is, to the best ability of the careful writer, the highlights, much condensed, of the things that will interest the greatest number of people?"

If I have made your heart throb with fellow-feeling when the kidnaper did his dreadful worst . . . if I have moved you to deep emotion as justice wound its tortuous course through the long weeks of a dramatic murder trial . . . if I have stirred you with the words of an eloquent statesman or amused you with the whimseys of a comedian . . . if I have done any or all of these things it is because something is contributed by you, the reader.

You are a woman, broad minded, appreciative, sympathetic, tolerant, understanding — and you bring every one of these attributes to the reading of what a hundred of us, every day, work carefully and conscientiously, to write. And never, never, in all your life, did you toss your paper aside and say, "There's nothing in the papers, these days, seems to me."

Or did you? ? ?

Charlas De Confianza

Conchita—Oye Celia. Ya es tiempo de entrar en actividad.

Celia—Sí. Debemos cooperar a la unificación amical de las Américas.

Conchita—Sí pues! Todo el mundo y la prensa hablan de la politica del buen vecino.

Celia—Sí. Leiste el artículo sobre Don Juan Montalvo, ensayista y critico de nota del Ecuador?

Conchita—Por supuesto. No se le tiene por el Emerson del Sur? Es estilista sin tacha y gloria de las letras hispanas.

Thursday Evening Program For October 3rd

Two one act plays, a modern comedy and an old-time melodrama, will be presented by the Pilares Players. The group is headed and directed by Maurice Pilares, who has had an interesting background of theatre experience. He has produced and directed plays in Honolulu, the Orient and in this country. Besides being a protege and associate of Edna B. Lawson and Guy Bates Post, Pilares has worked professionally with the Wilbur Players, the Pamela-McKenlay British Reportory Company and has studied Stanislavsky Theatre technique under a Moscow Art Theatre graduate.

A number of professionals and semi-professionals make up the group. Those taking part in the plays are Thelma Schaefer, Lola M. Valjalo, Betty Lorray, Mona Jones, Paul Schaefer and Josef Pilares.

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Dr. Adelaide Brown

Death has passed its kindly hand over the brow of Dr. Adelaide Brown, humanitarian, physician, scholar and beloved woman.

She died at her home, 45 Sixteenth Avenue, July 29th, after an illness of six weeks at the age of 72.

Often referred to as the Dean of American medical women, Dr. Brown had been in the vanguard of every forward-looking health move in San Francisco for more than 30 years.

She fought fearlessly for clean milk, for sanitary garbage disposal, for maternal and child welfare, for visiting nurse service, for cardiac and birth control clinics. She lived to see her crusades materialize into benefits for thousands.

She was born into the medical profession in Napa, daughter of Henry Brown and Dr. Charlotte Brown, who founded San Francisco's Children's Hospital and the San Francisco Nurses' Training School, first institutions of their kind in California.

Dr. Adelaide Brown attended Smith College and Cooper Union Medical School (now Stanford Medical School). After receiving her M. D. she studied in Vienna and Germany.

On returning to San Francisco she went into practice with her mother, who died in 1905. After the 1906 earthquake and fire, Dr. Brown started on her long list of crusades. First result was establishment of the medical milk commission of the San Francisco Medical Society, to which she belonged.

She served for many years on the staff of Children's Hospital, became the first woman member of the State Board of Health, a post she held for 14 years.

She served as president of the Women Physicians of America, as a staff member of both California and Stanford Universities, and was responsible for the establishment of the Children's Hygiene Bureau of California.

Honorary doctorate degrees from Smith and Mills Colleges were awarded her.

In 1931 Dr. Brown officially "retired" from active practice, but many of her close friends and a select list of patients continued to demand her services at her home.

The above was printed in the San Francisco *Chronicle* at the time of Dr. Brown's death, July 29, 1940. To this we in the National League for Woman's Service must add the memories of her many volunteer services to us. At many a Board Meeting questions of policy pertaining to the professional field in which she had pioneered in San Francisco and the State were referred to her for advice. Freely and spontaneously given, her answers year after

(Continued on page 23)

Mrs. Elizabeth Hogue Moore

Death has ended a long illness for Mrs. Elizabeth Hogue Moore, Stanford alumna, planner and first superintendent of Palo Alto's first hospital, and for many years superintendent of Lane Hospital in San Francisco. She passed away at the Veterans' Hospital in that city.

Dr. D. Elton Trueblood, university chaplain, officiated at funeral services Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

When Stanford's Naval Base Unit 2 was staffed and equipped in 1917, it was Elizabeth Hogue who was in charge. In 1920 she was appointed dean of women at Stanford, but she married instead of taking up this work, and turned her attention to civic activities.

From 1922 to 1924 she was president of the National League for Women's Service; it was during her regime that the Women's City Club building was planned. From 1928 to 1930 she was grand president of Kappa Alpha Theta. She was one of the founders of the San Francisco Community Chest, former president of the San Francisco Stanford Women's Club, active in the Visiting Nurses' Association, and a member of the Century Club.

Elizabeth Hogue was born near Santa Barbara. She was graduated from Stanford in 1901 with Phi Beta Kappa honors.

As superintendent of the old Student Guild Hospital at Stanford, she helped plan the new hospital erected on Embarcadero road. She served as superintendent of this until Stanford took over Lane Hospital, when she went to its staff.

Supplementing this story of Mrs. Elizabeth Hogue Moore, which appeared in the *Palo Alto Times* of July 25, 1940, Mrs. Ada Edward Laughlin writes:

"Elizabeth Hogue Moore's passing brings poignantly to the minds of those who knew and loved her through the years dating from the time of her matriculation at Stanford University to the present, the realization that her vital, active life did not foster the contemplation or analysis of all her personality meant in *their* lives and the lives of the thousands of individuals whom she contacted and served during her distinguished career.

"In viewing her activities and accomplishments one is impressed with the fact that her abilities were outstanding in organization work and in intelligent forward looking vision. These two qualities could not have carried her on to ever greater responsibilities and influence, with the years, without what Elizabeth Moore had so abundantly, sympathetic understanding and a desire to be of service to all of those whose lives she touched.

"Added to all of these qualities were the most blessed of gifts, courage to take a firm stand for high principles, fairness, justice and an unswerving loyalty to causes and organizations as well as affectionate devotion to her friends.

"Those of us who survive her will ever carry with us the imprint of this rare personality which embraced all virtue."

Dr. Adelaide Brown

(Continued from page 22)

year helped to direct the League in its forward course. To enumerate in detail her myriad services to us is impossible. They are now jewels in her crown and we who were privileged to work with her and whom she served in the National League are the better citizens in the city she loved because she taught us the value of community effort in matters of health which affect us all.

Present and Future

I.

War Planes

The whirr of wings above my head
Suggests no gentle bird that flies
Into the blue and boundless skies
To soar in joy toward Paradise.
These wings hiss songs of shot and lead;
Of torn and mangled youth that lies
Writhing with agonizing cries
And gripped in torture, moans and dies.

II.

Prayer

Dear Lord, let not Thy burning torch flare out
And leave Thy world in darkness and in fear;
To struggle on in desperation's doubt
Beneath the despot's bloody heel and spear.
But hurl afar Thy crimson blaze alight
Until the wide horizon gleams aflame
Illumining the depth of blackest night
By driving tyranny to death and shame.

III.

Hope

In times now dead so far they seem;
'Mid spacious peace of student's dream,
In libraries with fireside glow
Scholars relived the long ago.
They resurrected history's past
With gentle studies that are cast
In hate today on culture's pyre
To crumble in ash of bigot fire.
But lo! from death the phoenix flies
Rising above fanatic lies.
Thus to the high, empyrean blue
Reborn, man's freedom soars anew.

—Edith Hecht.

EDITH HECHT *is well known to our readers as one who has contributed often to our columns. As a poet all know her; as a volunteer Club member we know her also and we are grateful to her.*

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Women's Day on Treasure Island

Wednesday, September 18th, has been officially designated WOMEN'S DAY on Treasure Island! Eleven days before the 1940 Exposition closes forever the Women's Board of the Exposition and the women of California are asked to join hands and forces to make September 18th the largest week-day attendance of this year's Fair.

In 1939 with little more than a week in which to do it, women hereabouts, under the leadership of the Women's Board chalked up the largest midweek gate of the entire 1939 Exposition. This year there is the challenge to surpass that record. Plans are under way for numerous special events of interest to women of all groups.

While details are tentative at this time, certain events are settled. State Presidents of the major organizations of women in California will attend as guests of the Women's Board, and during a set hour in the afternoon each will have her special niche, in which she will greet any and all members of any unit of her organization. The Lounge in the California Building will house this feature. The Treasure Island Women's Club will cooperate to permit non members to see the club. Hostess House will offer two unique exhibits — one a "millinery event" of unusual note — forty years of hats — watch your daily papers for details! The other is a display of hand weaving done by the women in the Tennessee Mountain settlement school which the national Pi Beta Phi sorority maintains. A committee of bay area Pi Phis will staff that feature.

Flower arrangements in the foyer of the Administration Building — tables prepared by the Garden Clubs of northern California, a score of them — will draw thousands to that building through the day. A reception honoring the "Ladies of the Press" and a program presented by the Home Economics women of Radio are but a few of the special attractions. There will be many others — some in the Federal Building, others in the Recreation Building, in the San Francisco Building, in short all over Treasure Island. Everything will be humming on Women's Day, September 18, so plan to be there!

Helen Crlenkovich Our Guest at the Club

Miss Helen Crlenkovich is not content with being one of the finest divers in the world. Recently she enrolled with the Civil Aeronautics Authority (C. A. A. for short) in the local school for women pilots. Remember, she is a guest at our Club Pool on the evening of October fourth.

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(Continued from page 11)

Arts Exhibition. It is interesting to discover how clearly the style, the subject matter, even the technical approach, reflects each country and conditions in each country.

Chile's section is strongly influenced by French contemporary painting in approach to art problems, and as in French painting the standard of technical execution is high. Chile's population is predominantly European with few remains of ancient Indian cultures and these less advanced than farther north. The people feel strongly their cultural kinship with Europe and the pre-Colombian period has had no influence upon their thought or art. Their Indians like our own have been driven back to reservations, and do not now count in the evolution of the country. In Peru, on the contrary, the large Indian population does not for a moment allow the continuous tradition in highly developed arts from Inca and pre-Inca times to be forgotten. The heritage of this rich native past has deeply influenced the creative artists and they have welded a highly original, expressive national style from these Indian traditions, European technique and sensitive reaction to their environment of austere massed mountains and sculpturesque Indian types. Their painting tends toward abstraction and conventionalization with an emphasis on decoration. The best work escapes the dangers of illustration which always threaten any movement greatly concerned with subject matter, and has a fine heroic simplicity that is in harmony with the landscape of Peru.

Both Ecuador and Colombia are searching for national styles derived deeply from native traditions and rooted firmly in the lives of the people and the character of the landscape. The older painters, largely European trained, are loyal for the most part to European art traditions and a European point of view. The younger artists are more aware of the conditions that set off their people and country from Europe, are sensitive to the stimulus of pre-Colombian Indian arts, and are struggling with sincerity to find an expression peculiarly their own.

In Central America, San Jose, Costa Rica, and San Salvador, El Salvador, are two active centers representing art development in that region. In both, young painters are seeking a national style, with a tendency toward great decorative emphasis which seems in harmony with the decorative character of vegetation and native life there in the tropics.

In Mexico, this tendency toward the development of a native and characteristic expression in art has gone farther than in any other country of Latin-America in the formation of a true native style. The Mexican part of the exhibition in the Fine Arts Building, including as it does the well-known painters who were initiators of the movement and the new young painters who are beginning to be prominent, is proof of how sturdy and how integrated a style has emerged in twenty years. It points the way to future development throughout the Western Hemisphere. Each country and people must, however, find its own style, for to take over a national style such as Mexico's would be to repeat the borrowing of foreign styles which has already occurred in the transplantation of European styles to the New World. A style must be rooted in the country and its people and be expressive of them directly and sincerely.

This forging of national styles is, of course, echoed in our own country where the artists have only within the last decade freed themselves of European influences and struck out to discover their own country and to interpret it, in subject matter and in expression.

In the Latin-American paintings at the Exposition we see the same process taking place, and besides gain an insight into these countries which are our neighbors on the Pacific.

Sutter 2424 *(Continued from page 16)*

the same room with them. One thing I do know is that wherever fashionables gather, the society staff knows all.

The things I, as club editor, know about women's organizations would take six years to tell. The club editor's job, briefly, is to know every women's organization in town, its officers, its meeting dates, its plans for the year, any projects or programs it might have. You have to know who likes whom and who doesn't; you find out about everything before it happens (how, you'll never know. We have to keep SOME trade secrets). You hear people make speeches on, actually, every subject under the sun. You interview visiting celebrities. You've been to every convention in the state of California. You go to the legislature. Women, these days, are into everything, so club editors are into everything too. And at the end of the day, as you sigh, and close your desk, the phone rings and a club president invites you to an evening meeting.

"I'm so sorry," you murmer, "but —"

"Oh, that's TOO bad," says the club president "You really would enjoy it. Don't you EVER have time to play?"

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Autumn promises multitudes of smart hats. The headgear this season clings snugly to your head as the back of the hats are nearly to the hair line. The military trend is new with gold braid and stiff quill-like feathers. . . . High and low crowns, but new and different. Brims turning to the side are smart and becoming. . . . All kinds of veils.

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ADDRESS OF MISS GRACE PARKER AT THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

Madam Chairman, Members of the National League for Woman's Service, and Friends:

I cannot tell you what joy it gives me to meet you here this morning and to speak to you in this Auditorium in your own beautiful Club Building.

First of all, I am bringing to you greetings from our National Chairman, Miss Maude Wetmore. It was her wonderful leadership which made possible during the last World War the splendid service of over 300,000 women all over this country. It was her understanding, her vision and her sincerity of purpose which inspired the members of this great organization to give of their best throughout the first World War—and today Miss Maude Wetmore is still one of the outstanding leaders in America—as women are again being called upon for service in a world at war.

It was twenty-two years ago that I came to San Francisco, and at that historic luncheon at the Palace Hotel, discussed with you the program of the National League for Woman's Service. I shall never forget your inspiring response to our call for service under the slogan of the National League for Woman's Service: "For God: For Country; For Home." I left San Francisco after that meeting with the heartfelt conviction that the women of San Francisco would carry on to the end — and as I stand here before you this morning and consider the record of your past years and your glorious achievement in this beautiful Club House, dedicated to service for years to come, I realize how thoroughly earned and well deserved is the "Well Done" which I bring to you today from our National Chairman, Miss Maude Wetmore.

May we turn back the pages for a few minutes to those days of twenty-three years ago, and review briefly the program and the work of the National League for Woman's Service.

You will remember that our program of service was prepared on the basis of an intensive study made late in 1917 in England of the work of English women. Britain had been at war for over two years and we women in America realized that in case this country should become involved, we had much to learn from England's experience. We knew so little about what a nation at war requires of its woman power. We understood something of the needs for the sick and the wounded. We knew little or nothing of the social and industrial problems confronting a nation at war. It was on these phases of woman's service that our study was concentrated. You will remember how our program covered:

Social Clubs
Comrade Clubs
Canteens
Motor Corps
Information Bureaus

Recommendations to our Government as follows:

First, That under the Council of National Defense there should be appointed a Woman's Committee through which the war work of all organizations of women should clear;

Second, That under the Federal Department of Labor there should be a bureau to deal with questions of women in industry;

Third, That a compulsory census of the woman power of the country be made by the states throughout the country, based upon a Federal standardized plan.

The National League for Woman's Service came into being in January, 1917, in Washington, D. C., at the Congress for Constructive Patriotism. This Congress was arranged by the National Security League, and there were present over three thousand delegates from all parts of the United States. When war was declared in April, 1917, branches of the National League for Woman's Service had already been organized in many cities throughout the country. Canteen units were trained, equipped and in uniform ready for service. Motor Corps units also were ready. Social clubs were organized in a number of places where there were Army camps and training stations. Your own splendid National Defenders Club was an example of these clubs and what they meant to the enlisted men.

Our canteen units were continued for the duration of the war in connection with the social clubs. Our R. R. Station Canteen Units, however, equipped and uniformed, were turned over to the Red Cross when that organization became responsible for canteens for troops in transit. Cooperation was the keynote of the service of the National League at all times and we stood ready at all times to turn over trained, organized, equipped units to carry on where their service could be of greatest value.

Regarding our recommendations to the Government —

When we called upon the chairman of the Council of National Defense in Washington in March, 1917, and recommended that a Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense be appointed, through which the service of the woman power of the country could be delivered to our Government in the event of war, the chairman smiled indulgently and said: "We don't know yet what we are going to do with our man power. It may be that, when the time comes, we may be willing to consider the appointment of a Woman's Committee." And the time came. Immediately upon the declaration of war the Government was

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bombarded with letters, telegrams and telephone calls from women's organizations from all parts of the country, offering their services for war work. It was then that the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense was appointed, and Anna Shaw was named chairman of this Committee.

The second recommendation to our Government — that there should be established, under the Department of Labor, a bureau to deal with questions of women in industry — was presented to the Secretary of Labor. He was heartily in favor of such a bureau, but stated that as there was no appropriation to meet the expenses, it could not at that time be established. He added, however, that the Federal Department of Labor would sponsor a bureau of this kind, if, pending the time when an appropriation could be secured, the National League for Woman's Service would supply the funds to carry on the bureau. This the League agreed to do, and copies of every War and Navy Department contract went through this bureau. Over 20,000 investigations were made of industries receiving these contracts. To show you how the service of this bureau worked:

A contract was awarded to a factory in Indiana for gas masks. The contract had to be completed by a certain date. There was a shortage of labor in the locality, and the factory could not complete the contract on time unless labor could be mobilized. Through the cooperation of branches of the National League for Woman's Service in nearby states, the needed labor was mobilized and the contract finished on time.

Another illustration is the experience of canneries in Baltimore. In 1917, when carloads of fruit and vegetables would have been lost because of shortage of labor in the canneries and the difficulty of securing labor, through the cooperation of the National League for Woman's Service, labor was mobilized and tons of fruit and vegetables which otherwise would have been lost were saved for our army.

The third recommendation to our Government made by the National League for Woman's Service was also based upon England's experience. When England mobilized her army, thousands of men were taken out of industry, and then for one awful year industry became crippled. It was impossible to get munitions fast enough to supply the army, or necessities of life to supply civilians. It was necessary to bring back men from the front to speed up industry. Then England did what Germany had done years before. A compulsory census of the woman power was made, based upon industrial requirements. So the program of the National League for Woman's Service recommended to our Government that such a census should be made.

NEW ARRIVALS

Pottery, made in California in bright blues, bright yellows and bright greens, reasonably priced.

Glass—Blenco Glass from West Virginia in unusual shapes and colors. Also crystal clear glass.

Wooden salad serving dishes of bass and maple in modern design. Also salad bowls and servers.

Baskets for gathering flowers in either natural or stained wood, artistic in appearance and sturdy in construction.

From China, fish shape bowls for succulent plants or cut flowers. . . . Also wooden ducks for the patio, beautifully carved and lifelike in appearance.

Brasses from Bali and Java, old hand wrought temple pieces, all are individual pieces in artistic shapes and sizes. Decorative hand carved Balinese figures in light and dark wood. (Banyan and mango.)

A complete assortment of Christmas cards in boxes. Too, Christmas card books are now available. . . . Ribbons, tags, seals, and an excellent selection of Christmas wrapping papers are now on display.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

During September and October a discount of 10% will be allowed to members of the Women's City Club on all purchases of $2.50 or over.

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It was suggested that the clerical work in such a census could be done by women volunteers, since the question of expense and lack of appropriation was a natural consideration with the Government. Only two states in the United States made a compulsory census of their woman power: New York State and Rhode Island. Other states undertook a registration of women, but this was not compulsory, and did not give a dependable basis for possible distribution of woman power.

Then came the Armistice, in 1918, before we in America really knew very much about war. Only the families whose men went to the front really understood about the sacrifices of war. There was little sacrifice or giving up even of the luxuries of life by the great majority here in America. I remember an incident in a mid-western city which illustrates what I mean. I was attending a meeting of women at which food substitutes were being discussed. We had been asked to economize on table oils — fats and butter — and for nearly an hour I listened to a discussion of certain substitutes for lard in pie-crust, and finally I suggested that a simple solution might be that we agree to give up pie for the duration of the war.

The work of the National League for Woman's Service has passed into history. A record of this work is written in a book, "For God, For Country, For Home," which is a history of this organization. It is also memorialized in a marble column in the Memorial Building erected in Washington, D. C., by the Red Cross, as a memorial to the war service of national organizations of women during the World War.

Included in the National Defense program prepared by the War Department of the United States following the World War is a cross-section of the records of the 20,000 industrial investigations made by the National League for Woman's Service through its Bureau working in cooperation with the Federal Labor Department.

But, perhaps, more than all this is the gratitude written in the hearts of our enlisted men, many of whom lie in the fields of Flanders — gratitude for the service and the comradeship of the women of the National League for Woman's Service. Over and over again men came into our Clubs in New York and spoke of the wonderful women in the Club in San Francisco. One remark we often heard was, "The women who wear that pin we call the women with a heart."

When the Armistice was signed, many of our women who had realized the joy and satisfaction of service could not go back to lives of leisure. They wanted to "carry on" — to do worthwhile things. I think we can say with great pride that no group of women carried on more magnificently than your group of twenty leaders here in San Francisco. You are responsible for this beautiful building, this monument to the service of women. With your over five thousand women members, you stand today as one of the outstanding women's clubs in America.

And now, what is before us? Who can say? I do feel this, that the challenge in that wonderful poem, "In Flanders Fields," is a challenge which you women here in San Francisco have met, and that in the spirit of this challenge you will carry on.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

And so today with breaking hearts we think again of Flanders Fields, where so many thousand of our boys gave their lives in a war which was to end war. Today those fields in Flanders have been made bloody fields again by the same enemy they were fighting twenty-three years ago.

We must take up the quarrel with the foe, fighting again for the same principles for which we fought twenty-three years ago —"For God, For Country, For Home." We must be ready for whatever demands are made upon us. Each of us has a responsibility which we must face. We do not know what may be required of us in the way of material help, but we do know that we must keep alive the spiritual ideals upon which this country of ours is based.

In Richmond, Virginia, where I was several weeks ago, the members of a Bible Class in old historic St. John's Church had gathered to consider world conditions, and they said, "We do not know yet what may be required of us, but we do know that we can pray." And so they passed a resolution that every day at twelve o'clock noon, no matter where they were nor what they were doing, they would silently say this prayer: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." And that about covers it all, doesn't it?

As I came through the Southern states and on towards this part of the country, I saw quick changes. When I left New York the latter part of May, there was quite a wave of indifference. I found this almost everywhere I went, and one heard

such remarks as, "This isn't our war; why worry about it?" over and over again. Then, as I got further along on my trip, Holland was invaded, and Belgium, and then France; and when France was fighting for her life, and Holland had been taken and Belgium had surrendered — then everywhere people were saying, "What can we do? How can we help?" Then France surrendered and sweeping over our country today like poison gas is the sentiment that France should not have surrendered. Everywhere one hears criticism — criticism of military leaders; criticism of national leaders; criticism of God! "Why does God allow all this to happen? Why doesn't God strike down Hitler?" etc. etc. When I was in Washington, a young Roman Catholic girl said to me: "Oh, I cannot understand it all — it looks like to me that God has turned His back on the world"— and I said, "Well, it looks like to me that the world has for too many years had its back turned on God." It seems to me the time has come for us to right-about-face and examine ourselves as individuals — and we might begin by saying, "Who are we as individuals or as a nation that we should condemn or criticise?"

There comes to mind an experience in the life of our great Leader — Christ — who said to those people who were condemning the woman who had led a life of shame —"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." I believe we have come to realize in America that this is our war, that the "Freedom" for which the Allies have been fighting and for which Britain will now fight alone — is the Freedom for which America stands and for which, she too, may be called upon to fight.

We, as Americans, may be proud that we are represented in France by an outstanding American woman who was decorated by the French Government for her splendid service during the last war — a woman who from the beginning of this war has been interpreting to France the friendship of America, through the work which she and the members of her Units have been doing for the evacuees and refugees—Miss Anne Morgan. It is the American Friends of France of which Miss Morgan is president that I now have the honor to represent. Since the surrender of France we have sent neither money nor supplies. I do not know at this time just what the next move of this organization is to be. We have no assurance that help sent to France will reach the French people. We do know, that somewhere in France, representing the best of American ideals, stands a group of women headed by Miss Anne Morgan. The latest cable received from Miss Morgan came about four weeks ago — several days after the surrender. In this message she said, "We are all safe and well in Bellac — attempting to work out a plan whereby we may continue our aid — will send details later" — and we have heard nothing more. We are holding all money and supplies in New York awaiting further instructions. How these can be sent I cannot tell you.

This morning I received a telegram instructing me to return to New York at once. What this means I do not know, but, I do know that those women in France have represented the best that you and I have to give. I would like to read to you a letter from a young American woman who is working in France with the American Friends of France as this will give you some idea of the kind of service these women have been doing. When the evacuation of the civilian population in the border areas in France began last September, so that the army could move up to these locations, the American Friends of France were there—equipped with trucks, cars and ambulances to help in this evacuation. From then until after the surrender, the Units worked under fire most of the time.

This letter was written about the middle of May by a young woman whom we would commonly speak of as a "society girl." She said she had never done much to help anyone and when she heard of

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Miss Morgan's organization she said she felt this was her chance. The requirements for service in the Units in France are very rigid — one must be between twenty-five and thirty-five; young enough to have endurance and old enough to have good judgment in an emergency; one must speak French fluently; must pass a rigid physical examination; must pay all expenses including transportation over and return, and expenses while there. This letter was written by Elizabeth Adams of Providence, Rhode Island, to her parents and they, feeling it would be of interest to the organization, sent us a copy.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

This letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Adams, parents of Miss Elizabeth Adams of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the American women volunteer chauffeurs in the American Friends of France Unit, under the direction of Miss Anne Morgan, which was bombarded while rescuing civilians of northern France at the time of the German invasion.

Tuesday, May 14, 1940
At the Front

Dearest Family:

I haven't been able to write to you because on Friday when Belgium and Holland were invaded, I was rushed right to the front! I can't tell you where I've been but it has been on land between the Maginot line and Belgium. We evacuated people in a town there. It was terrible. I have been bombed — oh God — if you knew how it felt to have a plane go over you like a dark vicious shark and see it drop its bombs.

At 1:30 A.M. one black early morning we were awakened with — "Get out — find your cars — evacuate all the children — there isn't time to wait for the old and sick — but save the children."

Without lights, airplanes zooming overhead — bombs dropping about — we drove about evacuating people. When we left that town the enemy was very close. We are following the refugees — trying to give them food when we can't find any — and care for them on their dreadful journey.

We are now in another town farther away, but bombs drop here just as much. One went down just this second.

I know what it is like to be driving twenty people in a truck — see the planes — because when planes are coming, people's faces turn upwards to look and the truck makes so much noise I can't hear them — so I watch the refugee's faces on the roadside. Anyway — it is hell to get those 20 people out of the truck and into a ditch and lie down and wait. We are often machine gunned, too. The planes come so close down. Damn them!

I am well and useful. I am frightened, yes — oh God — terrified — but in that nightmare time in that town ahead of the Maginot line — I won a "well done" from Anne Morgan, from my own boss, Miss Dolan, and from all the others. I don't know why because I was such a coward inside. I was almost crazy with fear, but I had a job to do — to get out those kids and I got them out — down 20 kilometers of road by a river and railroad and factories that were being bombed all the way. I made 11 trips back and forth!

Don't worry — someone is leaving here to go to Paris and will take this letter for me. When you get it, I'll be probably out of all this. When we get the people safely away, we have to settle them in their new place. But the Germans yesterday bombed the railroad when we had gotten hundreds to the train and they couldn't leave. Now we have to take them away in trucks. The Germans don't want them to get away safely. They machine gun them in the roads, these poor, poor people without homes — without food. No one smiles. Life is just one long hell!

Now, I am well — I get bread and enough to feel full — and — although I am in a constant sweat of fear — I am content because I am doing useful things. You've read of Belgium and Holland and the invasions in the papers. Well — I've been and am right in the middle of it — in the thick of it — where Americans ought to be — and I'm proud.

I must say this — if anything happens to me — remember I am content to be here — and it is right, I haven't had my clothes off since last Thursday — God — I need a bath. I'll write more fully when I'm home. Explain to Mrs. Sharpe why I can't write. I wish I could have my letters from home. Tell Mrs. Sharpe to tell the woman who gave me the hundred dollars to spend that I have spent my first bit of it for bread and milk for these people — and the thanks they have poured into my lap belong to her and I told them so! It really gave courage to them that people in America and Americans cared! Susan and Blakeley are not here! Still in Bellac. My boss said, "Gee, Adams, you don't know how glad I am to have you here, you are invaluable." SO—remember that if anything happens! God bless you. I love you. I'll wire when I'm back safe. There goes another bomb — near us. I must stop. Oh, I love you all. Please have America help. We need her.

—ELIZABETH F. ADAMS.

This is what our American women are doing over there — Just what is to be required of us we do no know. But, of this I feel certain, you women of San Francisco will carry on with the same spirit, the same devotion as you have in the past — and I can only say "God bless you and thank you for all you have done."

"MASTER DRAWINGS"

GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1940

"The Beheading of St. Barbara."

A collection of Master Drawings from museums and private collections in this country is displayed this year for the first time in the Fine Arts Palace of the Golden Gate International Exposition. In fact, only a few exhibitions of this kind have ever been brought before the American public, notably the one held in 1935 at the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York. On the West Coast small but select groups have been shown at Mills College, during the past few years.

A marked increase in interest has been noticeable throughout the country, especially since the Oppenheimer Sale in 1936, at which a great many outstanding drawings such as the "Portrait of an Ecclesiastic" by Fouquet, and the "Portrait of a Young Man" by Dieric Bouts were acquired by American collectors. Other magnificent additions to the constantly growing number of important drawings are: "Two Heads" by Hieronymus Bosch, Dürer's "Girl in a Dance Costume" and Watteau's "Jeune Femme," all of which are included in the present show. With the growth of interest in the acquisition of drawings there has been a corresponding activity on the part of scholars, particularly in the Fogg Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, who have published hitherto unknown material and have begun to catalogue sytematically the masterpieces owned in America.

It is therefore opportune, in an exposition which shows to the American public trends in present thought and taste to feature a group of one hundred masterpieces typifying various phases of this new interest. As contrasted with the older and richer collections in Europe, the connoisseurs in this country have, either by chance or by choice, stressed certain periods and styles, renouncing others that were no longer available. This explains some of the obvious omissions in the present exhibition which is none the less representative of the high standards of American collectors. They have lent outstanding examples of the work of the most important European artists from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. It is highly interesting to note in them an affinity and a continuity reaching beyond country and period. Each individual drawing is in itself an independent unity, retaining the freshness and directness of the creative mind which found in this medium the most natural expression possible.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

OCTOBER
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 9

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR OCTOBER 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m

OCTOBER, 1940	HEAD-DRESS DINNER — OCTOBER 15TH	FIRELIGHTING — OCTOBER 7TH
2—Needlework Guild	Room 214	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
Real Property and Probate—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding. First in Course of 10 Lectures. Members $4.00, non-members $5.00. (Group will meet in Dining Room at 6:00 p.m.)	Board Room	7:00 p.m.
3—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell*—Fourth in Series of 10 Lectures	Chinese Room	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Tea Honoring Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dill—Tea 35c	American Room	4:00-6:00 p.m
4—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214	11:00 a.m.
Spanish Round Table *Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
Helen Crlenkovich will give exhibition of swimming and diving. Members and guests invited.	Swimming Pool	8:00 p.m.
7—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room	6:15-7:30 p.m.
Firelighting—*Miss Alicia Mosgrove*, guest speaker. Program to be arranged by the San Francisco Recreation Commission.	Lounge	8:00 p.m.
9—Professor R. G. Gettell—*Current Economic Events* (third lecture)	Lounge	12:00 noon
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel* presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—*Mrs. T. A. Stoddard* will review: *"The House of Lee" by Gertrude Atherton*, and *"The Beloved Returns" by Thomas Mann.*	National Def. Room	6:15 p.m.
Real Property and Probate—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (second in series)	Board Room	7:00 p.m.
10—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell* (fifth in series)	Chinese Room	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program: Musical Program presented by Dorothy Nattenstedt, dramatic soprano, and Mary Louise Hynes, pianist.	Lounge	8:00 p.m.
11—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214	11:00 a.m.
14—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room	6:15-7:30 p.m.
15—Head-dress Dinner and Program—$1.50 per plate. Reservations in advance	Auditorium	7:00 p.m.
16—Needlework Guild	Room 214	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
Real Property and Probate—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (third in series)	Board Room	7:00 p.m.
17—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell* (sixth in series)	Chinese Room	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program: Two new color motion pictures: *"Aloha Land"* and *"New Zealand,"* presented by Roy A. Murray, traveler and lecturer.	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
18—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214	11:00 a.m.
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria	12:15 p.m.
21—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room	6:15-7:30 p.m.
23—Professor R. G. Gettell—*Current Economic Events* (fourth lecture)	Auditorium	12:00 noon
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel* presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
Real Property and Probate—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (fourth in series)	Board Room	7:00 p.m.
24—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell* (seventh in series)	Chinese Room	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program: Address: *"Women's Outlook for the Future"*—Mrs. Vlasta Kousova-Petrankova of the Women's National Council—Praha, Czechoslovakia.	Auditorium	8:00 p.m.
25—Drama Reading—*Mrs. Hugh Brown* (first in monthly series of six) *"Philadelphia Story"* by Phillip Barry. Members 55c, non-members 66c. Course tickets: Members $2.75, non-members $3.30 (tax included).	Auditorium	11:00 a.m.
French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214	11:00 a.m.
28—Club Round Table	Main Dining Room	6:15-7:30 p.m.
30—Needlwork Guild	Room 214	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
Real Property and Probate—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (fifth in series)	Board Room	7:00 p.m.
31—Hallowe'en Dinner Party. (Bridge following in Card Room. $1.50 per person. Reservations in advance.)	Main Dining Room	6:30 p.m.
"Expression" *Mrs. John Howell* (eighth in series)	Chinese Room	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room	6:15 p.m.

NOVEMBER

THANKSGIVING PANTRY SALE — NOVEMBER (Date to be announced later)

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST — NOVEMBER 13TH, 14TH AND 15TH

1—French	nal Class *Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214	11:00 a.m.
Spanish R	—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Mural Room	12:15 p.m.
4—Club Roun		Main Dining Room	6:15-7:30 p.m.
6—Needlework		Room 214	10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
Professor R.	*Current Economic Events* (fifth lecture)	Auditorium	12:00 noon
Real Property	te — *Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (sixth in series)	Board Room	7:00 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV October, 1940 Number 9

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MEMBERS' PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Sponsored by

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

NOVEMBER 13, 14, 15

11 A. M. TO 9 P. M.

AUDITORIUM

●

JURY OF SELECTION

P. DOUGLAS ANDERSON, F.R.P.S

C. STANTON LOEBER

GEORGE ALLEN YOUNG

●

RULES

All members are eligible to participate. Amateur photographers are cordially invited to contribute work.

Four prints in any photographic medium may be submitted. Hand-colored prints are not acceptable.

All prints must be mounted on 16x20 or 14x18 white or light-tone boards. Each mount must bear on the back name and address of the entrant and marked for photography contest.

Prints will be returned to sender as soon after the close of the exhibition as possible.

Participants will be notified immediately of results.

●

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE MADE BEFORE NOV. 8

ANNOUNCEMENTS

HEAD-DRESS DINNER: Head-dress of all description, even hats of grandmother's day, will compete for the several prizes offered. The most original, the most elaborate and the most comical. All of which will be by way of a house warming as we open the doors of our newly decorated Auditorium. A lively program will entertain the guests with Miss Mary Wilcox in charge, assisted by Mrs. Winthrop Martin and Mrs. J. P. Coghlan. Judges will select the winners and both announcements and program will be given over our new loud speaker, to be used for the first time on that evening. Tuesday, October 15th, marks the date. Dinner will be served at 7 o'clock, $1.50 a plate. A gay and gala evening is promised. Please make reservations in advance.

PAGEANTRY AND ENTERTAINMENT: With but little expense for costume, members may enjoy a gay evening in the newly-decorated Auditorium, where pageantry and entertainment will open the season in a spirit of grateful appreciation that such a Clubhouse is our "very own."

FIRELIGHTING—OCTOBER 7TH: This Annual Fall Ceremony will have as guest speaker this year Miss Alicia Mosgrove, our Board member and one of the founders of the National League. Miss Mosgrove has arranged a musical program by the San Francisco Recreation Commission. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton will light the fire and cider and doughnuts will be served. Members are urged to attend.

REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE: A course of ten lectures by Mrs. Julia Easley on Real Property and Probate will start on Wednesday evening, October 2nd, at 7:00 o'clock. Lecture will follow the dinner hour; for those wishing to dine at the Clubhouse a special table will be reserved in the Main Dining Room for this group. Course tickets—members $4.00, non-members $5.00.

MRS. JOHN HOWELL—LECTURES ON EXPRESSION: Mrs. Howell is holding her lectures in the Chinese Room every Thursday morning at 11 o'clock. Course tickets are available and although the course itself has started, it is possible now and still acquire great benefit from Mrs. Howell's instructions. Single admission tickets will be credited toward course tickets.

SPANISH ROUND TABLES with Miss Maria Moya del Pino in charge have been changed from the first and third Wednesdays of each month to the first and third Fridays at the noon hour. A table will be reserved in the Cafeteria on these days and those wishing to brush up on their Spanish conversation are urged to attend. Members may bring guests.

Miss Montiel will hold her Spanish Round Tables on the second and fourth Wednesdays as usual.

THANKSGIVING DAY: In November America celebrates Thanksgiving Day. At this season each year the Women's City Club accepts from its members gifts for a Holiday Sale which other members later buy and convert into cash for its exchequer. This is the reminder that this annual event will be held in November. As jams and jellies, mince-meat and "lemon-squash" are made for our own home, an extra jar is asked for the Club sale.

EXHIBITION OF DIVING AND SWIMMING: Helen Crlenkovich will appear in our Pool on Friday evening, October 4th, at 8 o'clock in an exhibition of swimming and diving. Guests are invited to attend. A group of eighteen swimmers under the direction of Mrs. Peters will also give demonstrations of rhythm swimming. An unusual event. Come and bring your friends.

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS: Dr. Raymond G. Gettell will give his lectures on Current Economic Events during October on the 9th and 23rd in the Auditorium at the noon hour. These lectures are held every other Wednesday and Course Tickets are available. Single admission 55 cents members, 66 cents non-members.

HALLOWE'EN BRIDGE PARTY: To open our newly decorated Card Room, the League Bridge group will celebrate with a Hallowe'en dinner party followed by bridge. Dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room at 6:30 o'clock, with cards on the Fourth Floor. Dinner $1.50 per plate. Members and guests are invited.

HONORING MR. AND MRS. MARSHALL DILL: On October 3rd a tea will be held in the American Room in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dill. Members and guests are invited. Tea will be served from 4 to 6 o'clock, 35 cents.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Gertrude Atherton and Thomas Mann are the two illustrious names that set the pattern of the books to be reviewed by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard this month. We, San Franciscans, are ever alive to the times and trends concerning our city. Therefore, we welcome the brilliant novel by one of California's most distinguished women writers, about three San Francisco women who met the challenge to contemporary defeatism with characteristic courage and wisdom. We, also, welcome the joyous novel by "the greatest living man of letters," that challenges the forces of oppression and terror which are darkening our world. The two noteworthy novels are: "The House of Lee" by Gertrude Atherton; "The Beloved Returns" by Thomas Mann. The Book Review Dinner will be at six o'clock on the evening of the second Wednesday, October 9th, in the National Defenders' Room.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, announces that the two one-act plays to be presented by Pilares Players which were scheduled for October 3rd, have been postponed until December 5th, and the following programs have been planned for this month. October 10th, musical program presented by Dorothy Nattenstedt, dramatic soprano, and Mary Louise Hynes, pianist. October 17th, two new color motion pictures —Aloha Land and New Zealand, presented by Roy A. Murray, traveler and lecturer. October 24th, Address—"Women's Outlook for the Future" by Mrs. Vlasta Kousova-Petrankova, of the Women's National Council, Praha, Czechoslovakia. There will be no program on October 31st, but the introductory program for November will be "An Evening of Drama," courtesy of Eva Smith Hackett Studio of Drama.

NEW PERMANENT WAVE SOLUTION: Our Beauty Salon is now featuring the new Helene Curtis creme oil permanent wave — no ammonia, no borax, no potash. This marvelous solution gives an oil treatment while steam is applied, avoiding the harsh, dry, and broken ends of the average permanent. After having one of these natural, lustrous, soft waves you will be so happy with the results no other will satisfy. This startling new discovery is revolutionizing permanent waving and meets the public demand for something new. Our prices are reasonable. Call GArfield 8400 or come in and let us make an appointment for you.

THANKSGIVING DECORATIONS: Members who have gardens and those who live in the country are asked to think of the Clubhouse when coming to town. We shall need decorations for Thanksgiving especially and would like so much to have gourds, oak leaves, madrone berries, persimmons, grape leaves, pepper branches, squash, in fact, any and all kinds of flowers and greens for fall decorations.

DRAMA READING: Mrs. Hugh Brown will open her series of fall drama readings on Friday morning, October 25th, at 11 o'clock. The play, "Philadelphia Story" by Phillip Barry, will be read. Mrs. Brown's selection of plays, always so interesting, gives promise this season of wide variety. She will bring to her audience the very latest New York hits, interpreted in her own inimitable manner. Single admissions: members 55c, non-members 66c. Course tickets: members $2.75, non-members $3.30 (tax included).

HOLIDAY PANTRY SALE: We shall hold our Pantry Sale in November preceding Thanksgiving Day, the date to be definitely announced in the November Magazine. However, we do wish our members to keep the Sale in mind as we shall need jams and jellies, fruit cakes, cranberry sauce, candies, nuts and all the many and varied things that will go to make our Pantry Sale the success it has always been. Be prepared, for we shall call upon you.

MEMBERS' PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST: Exhibit of pictures to be held in the Auditorium on November 13th, 14th and 15th, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Members are invited to participate in the Exhibit and to bring their friends to view the photographs during these days. Tea will be served each day from 3:30 to 5 o'clock—35 cents. See Rules on page 3.

WHAT MAKES A DEPARTMENT PAY? Use! Here is a service within reach of every member. Entertain at the Club. Arrange your next committee meeting there. See to it that your daughter keeps up her swimming now vacation is over. Prepare for opera and holiday season by visiting the Beauty Salon.

RED CROSS: We can use more workers in our Red Cross units which are now meeting every week-day through Friday from 10 to 4 o'clock. Members of the National League are urged to help with this work, as the need grows daily. Night groups will be established just as soon as a sufficient number of members signify their willingness to help.

IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Personalized paper napkins in various sizes and colors—paper coasters and relish trays—may be ordered in The League Shop, marked with name or monogram—and packed in gift boxes.

Blanket bags made of transparent composition—sized to accommodate a pair of blankets—finished with zipper closing.

FOREIGN BOOKS: The Red Cross has need for books in many foreign languages. We would greatly appreciate having our members who may wish to contribute bring their books to the Clubhouse and we shall see that they reach the proper hands.

July 19, 1877 — July 25, 1940

ELIZABETH HOGUE MOORE

HER MEMORIAL FLAG

Chief Nurse Navy Base Hospital No. 2 — 1918-1919

President National League For Woman's Service
of California, 1922 - 1924

Member Board of Directors — 1925 - 1931

EDITORIAL

Memories are the afterglow of experience. They may be sad or happy, bitter or sweet, they may be a queer mixture of all the emotions, but one common characteristic persists. They are always echoes of things which are no more.

As the Golden Gate International Exposition ordered "lights out," we of San Francisco found ourselves possessed of such memories of 1939 and 1940 as have been vouchsafed to but few peoples of the world. While war clouds have hung over countless millions abroad, we at the Golden Gate have been allowed to wander at will on a peaceful island, well-named because it housed the treasures of happiness, education and recreation. As we of San Francisco think back of the horticulture and landscape, of the perfection of out-of-door lighting, of the vistas of modern architecture, of our freedom at all times to wander at will through courts of exquisite beauty, we wonder why we are the privileged few who can, just now, have such golden memories.

As we turn our faces away from this Fair and cherish the pleasurable hours it has brought us, we make the resolve to profit by its theme and to continue the study of the arts and cultures of other peoples and other ages. With this in mind, the Women's City Club Magazine for October brings stories of museums and galleries available near at hand, where we may browse and learn more of the things to which the Golden Gate International Exposition introduced us. Few communities can boast such a wealth of material, housed in most modern way for education and enjoyment. We can continue our studies, begun at the exhibits at the Fair, in places of rare distinction. To our readers we bring descriptions of five of such museums —the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, the San Francisco Museum of Art, the California Academy of Sciences, and the Montalvo Foundation of the San Francisco Art Association. We hope these stories of already familiar spots will whet the appetite for renewed interest in them.

Another story in our Magazine this month carries facts about the American flag. Although taken for granted in time of peace, it personifies the life-blood of our nation. It is not merely a piece of bunting. It is the emblem of the spirit of these United States, and in such trying days as these it is well that we remind ourselves of some of the points of which Hazel Pedlar Faulkner now writes.

Miss Josephine Randall tells us of the future plans for construction work on the recreational field of San Francisco "after the Fair."

The book reviews this month are up-to-the-minute, and helpful we hope in the selection of Fall reading. The poetry which Miss Keene has selected for October pertains to the theme of which our stories tell.

Quietly seated in a corner of the Lounge of the Women's City Club day after day, sat a little lady watching the panorama of volunteers in gay uniforms as they checked in and out in their path of service one to another. Unmindful of the fact that her ever-ready encouragement of their efforts was in itself volunteer service, she longed to "do something," as she said. Finally an inspiration! More than once as audiences drifted up from Auditorium and Assembly rooms, had she heard the complaint, "I couldn't hear the speaker." Oftener still had she heard the plaint, "We'll just have to have a loud speaker when we can afford one." Here at last was her volunteer service! She would write a check for this coveted piece of new equipment for the Auditorium of the Clubhouse she loved.

With the announcement of this generosity of Mrs. Vaughan, the Board of Directors voted last month to refurbish the Auditorium and to bring this oft-criticized corner of the Clubhouse up to the most modern standard of lights and acoustical perfection. No gift to our Club has meant more to us than that of Mrs. Vaughan. Our gratitude to her is expressed individually by each of us. To show this appreciation tangibly, we propose to frolic in our beautiful Auditorium on the evening of October fifteenth at the Head-Dress Party, wearing gay and interesting headgear. By this time the "last word" in loudspeakers will have been installed.

The 1940 membership privilege has been hailed with enthusiasm by those who have learned of it, but there are many who yet do not know that ten dollars only is necessary to make daughters and granddaughters of members eligible to the National League for Woman's Service. The reaching of past members with this news is a problem. Will you help by spreading the word? As conscription gets into its stride, many services will be needed "behind the lines" and our organization must then expand its program with opportunity for young and older. Let us bring into our ranks right now those who will help us to answer the calls as they shall later be made upon us.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Radio news of the torpedoing of scores of helpless children, roaring of airplane motors in the still, starry night while searchlights play across the heavens, crying of newsboys waving papers with alarming headlines of disaster. We ask ourselves if life be real. We feel unreal and hesitant as we plan for recreation and peaceful handicraft. And yet we know our local institutions must survive, our financing of Community Chest and Needlework Guild must proceed, our relief efforts must press forward, our support of Club activities which bring forth use of the Clubhouse must continue, if we are to be found ready when the call shall come. Let us proceed calmly and prayerfully with our daily tasks of service.

In October . . .

ANNUAL FIRELIGHTING CEREMONY to be held on Monday, October seventh, at eight o'clock in the Lounge. Miss Alicia Mosgrove, Member of the Board of Directors and one of the Founders of the National League for Woman's Service of California, will be the Guest Speaker. A musical program will be given by the Recreation Commission of San Francisco, of which Miss Mosgrove is president. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton will light the fire. Cider and doughnuts will be served by volunteers.

DRAMA READING — MRS. HUGH BROWN: A series of six drama readings will be started with the October 25th reading by Mrs. Hugh Brown, when she will present the play, "Philadelphia Story" by Phillip Barry. Mrs. Brown has selected the last Friday in each month for her readings from October through April, December being omitted. The course tickets are — members, $2.75; non-members, $3.30; single admissions — members, 55c; non-members, 66c, including tax.

HALLOWE'EN BRIDGE PARTY: A Hallowe'en Dinner Party, with bridge following, to celebrate the redecorating of our Card Room on the Fourth Floor will be held on Thursday, October 31st. Dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room in typical Hallowe'en style. Dinner $1.50 a plate, including bridge on the Fourth Floor. Reservations in advance.

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS by DR. R. G. GETTELL are to be given on the 9th and 23rd of October at the noon hour in the Auditorium. Dr. Gettell is one of the best informed men in the West on world events, a lecturer of note, and an author of seven books. His well-rounded experience brings to his audience a fine delineation of the world today. Lectures are to carry on through December fourth, on every other Wednesday. Tickets: Single admission, members, 55c; non-members, 66c; course tickets, with credit for single admissions, still available.

HEAD-DRESS DINNER PARTY

Believe it, or not!

REMEMBER the last one?
Remember what FUN we had?
Remember how we LAUGHED?
So let's repeat the Performance.

Committee—*Miss Mary F. Wilcox, Chairman,*
Mrs. John P. Coghlan – Mrs. Winthrop Martin

●

WHAT TO WEAR?
HATS of ancient vintage · Period HEAD-DRESS
ORIGINAL head-dress · COMICAL head-dress

THE PLACE · WOMEN'S CITY CLUB AUDITORIUM
THE DATE · OCTOBER 15, 1940 — 7:00 P. M.
RESERVATIONS—Phone: GArfield 8400 PRICE—$1.50 per plate

YES, there will be PRIZES, too
For the most BEAUTIFUL . . . For the most ORIGINAL
For the most COMICAL

DON'T MISS THIS HEAD-DRESS PARTY
Remember, WE'RE TELLING YOU!!! *And we hope, we hope* WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!!!

MUSEUM OF THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

by Robert Cunningham Miller

Leopard, Simson African Hall

Twenty years and a few odd weeks ago this writer bade adieu to the eastern United States and, with hope in his bosom and twenty-three dollars in his pocket, set out to explore the West. In due time, and after such vicissitudes as any ingenious person may surmise from the nature of the resources mentioned, he arrived on the Pacific Coast, where he discovered successively in the order named, San Francisco, Golden Gate Park, the Pacific Ocean, and the Museum of the California Academy of Sciences. Each of these impressed him as being the best thing of its kind he had seen to date. The tendency of advancing years toward reminiscence is here briefly indulged in order to state that, after two decades, he still adheres to his first opinion. He would, in fact, be willing to discourse at length on any or all of these four topics, but limitations of time and space and judicious editorial supervision restrict him to a single one, the last one named.

In writing of the California Academy of Sciences I find myself immediately cast in a dual role—that of the casual visitor of 1920 who strayed into the Academy's Museum and thought it the best natural history museum he had ever seen, and that of one who today is a participant in the undertaking so to maintain that Museum that it will continually impress other visitors in the same way. It is doubtless a salutary exercise for both the writer and his readers (if any) to try to take an objective point of view, and to ponder the question, "How good is our Natural History Museum?"

The present Museum in Golden Gate Park represents the last and largest of a long line of museum undertakings sponsored by the California Academy of Sciences, and going back to the early history of the West. Founded and legally incorporated in 1853, the Academy had as two of its major objectives the establishment of a Museum and a Library. Antedating by a number of years the first of the state or territorial universities* on the Pacific Coast, the Academy was in the decades immediately following the gold rush the leading center of scientific activity in a region so isolated from other parts of the world as to be almost entirely dependent upon itself and its own new-found resources. It was through early members of the Academy — Dr. Gustav Eisen, Mr. G. P. Rixford and others — that the Smyrna fig, the alligator pear and other exotic fruits were introduced to the state. Dr. George Davidson, president of the Academy from 1872 to 1886, surveyed most of the Pacific Coast for the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, established his own astronomical observatory on the hilltop that is now Lafayette Square, and persuaded James Lick to endow the observatory that bears his name. The Academy played a leading role in the establishment of the Sequoia National Park, one of the early forerunners of the National Park system of this country.

**The University of Washington was established in 1861, the University of California in 1868, the University of Oregon in 1872.*

The Academy's first museum was a vague, amorphous thing, scarcely more than a dream in the minds of its creators. Indeed, in recent correspondence with the director of the American Association of Museums, the writer has had difficulty in setting the precise date at which this museum began. It appears, from the minutes of early meetings of the Academy, that almost immediately after the first incorporation, the members began to accumulate scientific books and natural history objects and to keep them at their place of meeting, the office of Col. Thomas J. Nevins, San Francisco's first superintendent of schools. Thus an unpretentious room at what is now 622 Clay Street, seems to have been the first museum and science library in the West.

In 1874, with financial assistance from Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford and others, the Academy established its first formal museum in a rented building at the corner of California Street and Grant Avenue (then called Du Pont), diagonally across the street from the property occupied then as now by Saint Mary's Church. In 1891, with greatly increased resources from the James Lick endowment, the Academy moved into new and larger quarters at 833 Market Street, the present site of the Commercial Building. This is the location which old-timers remember as the site of the Natural History Museum before the fire, and here the Academy still maintains a downtown office.

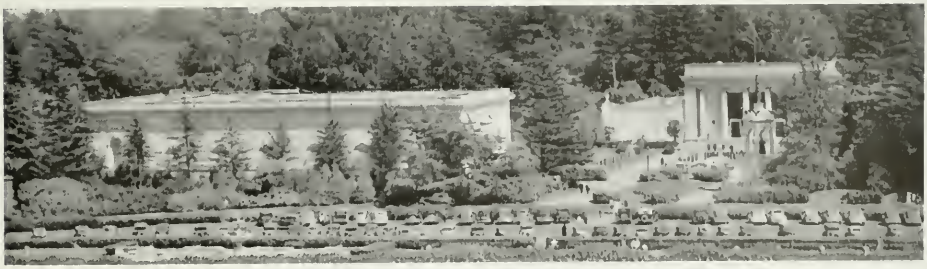
Following the catastrophe of 1906, in which the Academy lost all of its priceless books and collections except those which Miss Alice Eastwood and her helpers were able to load into one express wagon and transport to safety, authorization was granted under an amendment to the City Charter for erection of the present museum in Golden Gate Park.

Building completely anew, the Academy was able out of its own experience of some fifty years, and study of other museums, to adopt the latest techniques in presentation of natural history exhibits. The immature judgment in 1920 of a young man newly arrived from the East was in fact correct. The halls of North American Mammals and North American Birds, completed but four years previously, represented the first large halls in any museum in the world to be exclusively devoted to habitat groups of birds and mammals. Even today, with all the advances that have been made in museum technique, the forty-seven dioramas in these halls, presenting some of the most beautiful and striking aspects of natural history in the West, are difficult to surpass.

To realize how great are the advances in museum technique in recent years, however, one has but to step from the North American Hall to the Simson African Hall, completed in 1936. Here the magnificently mounted animals, the beautifully executed backgrounds and carefully balanced lighting effects combine almost to convince the observer that he is himself on the African veldt. The esteem in which this hall is held by qualified students may be judged by the fact that the Leopard depicted at the beginning of this article represents the only animal diorama from any American museum selected by Laurence Vail Coleman for reproduction in his recent (1939) three-volume work on "The Museum in America." A new wing to be added to the Simson Hall in the immediate future will give San Francisco the most complete collection of African mammals in any museum in this country.

A further advantage San Franciscans enjoy that is entirely unique is the existence of their science museum and their public aquarium, gift of the late Ignatz Steinhart, side by side and under the same administrative control. The living exhibits in the Steinhart Aquarium and the dioramas of bird and animal life in the North American and African halls are mutually complementary. The experience which this writer doubtless shares with numerous other visitors to New York of having lingered too long in the American Museum of Natural History and then hastened on the subway down to Battery Park only to find the Aquarium closing as he arrived, emphasizes one advantage of having the Aquarium and the Museum as integral parts of the same institution.

Persons planning to visit the Museum in the immediate future will be interested especially to note the recent impressive additions to the Michael Lerner collection of big game fishes, the installation of a replica of the famous Goose Lake Meteorite, additions to the William B. Pitts collection of minerals and semi-precious stones, and to the Carter collection of marble, as well (*Continued on page 27*



Present Location of the California Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park

THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF ART

by Charles Lindstrom

Veterans' War Memorial Building—Home of the San Francisco Museum of Art

The San Francisco Museum of Art this winter will begin the seventh year of a career already memorable. Since its opening in 1935, its program of changing exhibitions has brought to San Francisco more than 80 shows each year—some which the Museum itself has organized, such as Cezanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Art from Bay Region Collections—some brought from other museums, such as of Surrealism, Abstract Art, African Negro Sculpture, Picasso. The entire list tells of a full representation of all the imposing men and movements of modern art given perspective by frequent showings of older works.

The next exhibition of extreme importance which the Museum will present is of Georges Rouault, contemporary French painter of great power. His work has been seen here from time to time, and the Museum possesses one of his paintings in its permanent collection, but this will be the first comprehensive showing of his work. The exhibition is being organized in collaboration with the Boston Institute of Modern Art and the Phillips Memorial Gallery of Washington, D. C. It will be shown here in February. In the winter will also be shown the exhibition of paintings by the Associated American Artists of scenes from the motion picture "The Long Voyage Home." On October 18 an exhibition, Design Decade, pointing out the changes in design concept which have occurred during the last ten years, will begin. And at present until October 15, the Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association—the 60th of this most important representation of Western art—is on view.

The Museum's educational program resumes its full force this month. Two adult courses begin October 8—an introductory inquiry into what makes art work called "The Language of Art," and an advanced course on "Rembrandt and His Times." The Museum's extension exhibition program, which has sent series of fine exhibitions to the most remote communities in northern California, also goes into its fourth year with six new exhibitions added to the list of fifteen from past seasons. Both the adult courses in art appreciation and the extension exhibition program were ambitious experiments three years ago which have now become a regular part of the Museum's service. They were first put into operation by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. The Carnegie Corporation's confidence in the Museum as an instrument for fruitful educational experiment has been reaffirmed by another grant this year for experiment in Microfilm—a new medium for visual education. The products of this new research will be seen at the Museum presently.

The Children's Saturday Morning Hours have begun again after summer vacation with a complete enrollment of 300 children from five to seventeen. This is the fifth year of this service. The Museum's regular free public lectures on Wednesday evenings and Sunday afternoons continue with distinguished guest speakers and lectures by members of the Museum staff.

A series of dance recitals, a series of historic motion pictures, occasional concerts, special lectures on the opera and symphony, and many another event of lively interest will be a part of the San Francisco Museum's new season's program—a program of extreme variety in which you are cordially invited to take part.

MONTALVO FOUNDATION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION

by Anne Dodge Bailhache

In an era seemingly committed to the destruction of civilization, it is important to note that a new enterprise in support of the cultural arts has been established in California. Facing many obstacles to such an undertaking, the San Francisco Art Association has converted the country estate of the late Senator James D. Phelan, near the town of Saratoga, California, into a Foundation dedicated to the development of an American culture in music, art, literature, and architecture.

For many years this beautiful estate, the Villa Montalvo, situated in the foothills of the Santa Clara Valley, had been a rendezvous for distinguished visitors to California. Men of letters, composers, artists, poets and statesmen of a past generation had found welcome upon its threshold, thereby establishing a tradition for hospitality and friendly sojourn. Probably because of this tradition, combined with the expressed ambition of its owner, that the Villa Montalvo became an "Athens of the West," in the year 1930 Senator Phelan bequeathed the property to the San Francisco Art Association with the request that it be used for development of the arts.

The ensuing years were devoted to a search for some plan which would meet not only the expressed desires of the donor, but also the requirements of a changing social and economic condition. Many plans were formulated, analyzed and eventually discarded during these years, due to rapid changes in social requirements as well as the economic structure of the trust. It was of primary importance that the accepted plan be both functionally and economically feasible. As a result of this careful planning, the Montalvo Foundation of the San Francisco Art Association was founded and formally dedicated on July 29, 1939.

The program of development which has been undertaken seems to offer broad possibilities for future growth and service, its ultimate success depending largely upon the factors of flexibility and an existing need for a development of this character. The plan falls naturally into three sections: Sanctuary, Education, and the Community. The first is designed to provide a temporary retreat for workers in various creative fields while engaged upon some special program of work. The second provides for special summer study courses under the direction of distinguished visiting instructors. These courses will be in the nature of post-graduate work, offering to the young artist in music, art, literature, or architecture an opportunity for specialized experimental work. The third section emphasizes the importance of supporting cultural advantages for many neighboring communities. To this end an Art Gallery with changing monthly exhibits has been opened to the public, and lecture courses, chamber music and symphony concerts, and a duly accredited school of art instruction are contributing to community enjoyment and appreciation of the arts.

Since the formal opening of the Montalvo Foundation a year ago, approximately ten thousand persons have availed themselves of its advantages. Many have come to wander through its extensive and beautiful gardens. Others have been attracted by the lectures and music programs. Some are developing active appreciation through work in the School. Eleven persons have used the studio facilities while working on a specific pro- *(Continued on page 29*

Villa Montalvo—
"An Athens of the West"

THE M. H. DE YOUNG MEMORIAL MUSEUM

by Walter Heil

Gallery With California Costumes and Pioneer Portraits

The M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park has always been a favorite with San Franciscans. It has constantly attracted exceedingly large numbers of visitors. Indeed, in its average annual attendance of 650,000 during the last years, it not only exceeds by far the combined attendance of the other two San Francisco museums but leads most American museums in actual figures and all of them if we consider proportionate population. This popularity may be partly due to the great variety of exhibits which the museum offers. Although the de Young Museum is primarily an art museum, the fact that, aside from art, objects of historical or technical significance (Californiana, ship models, arms, etc.) are being displayed, is apt to arouse the interest of many people to whom art as such has but a limited appeal.

Like several other museums in America the de Young Museum owes its existence to an exposition. It was the California Mid-Winter Exposition of 1894, for which a fanciful art building in the style of the Gay Nineties had been erected. The success of this Fair was such that its general manager, the late Mr. M. H. de Young, together with other city authorities, decided to preserve this building and many of its contents. Mr. de Young subsequently added a great deal to the collections, acquiring pictures, sculptures, furniture and other decorative art objects, colorful Oriental material and many other items of greater or lesser importance during his numerous trips to Europe and other parts of the world. The resulting museum rather resembled those curiosity chambers of the princes of the Renaissance where fine pictures were mixed with seashells, minerals and other curios from far-off lands. This is significant as it is precisely from this type of collections that have sprung some of the world's greatest and most celebrated art galleries.

The building itself was considerably enlarged by additional wings in the following decades. But they still somehow kept the original character of a fair building, essentially a temporary structure inexpensively built, with fire protection as main requirement. The walls were left in their plain concrete, the floors were done in cement which showed the ravages of time in many unsightly cracks. There were no skylights but only plain glass roofs. Ugly radiators were conspicuously placed in the center of the galleries. However, in 1931 a new wing, the central one, was built along the lines of modern museums with proper ventilation, better floors and, above all, an admirable lighting system.

In 1934 we were able to secure the help of the W.P.A. for a complete modernization of the remaining interior of the museum. This work has been going on for several years and is just now being finished. The outside of the museum, incidentally, will soon also be modernized in a new W.P.A. project to be started shortly. A simple modern facade will replace the present one, the ornamental parts of which have disintegrated to such an extent that it has become unsightly and might in time involve hazards to the public.

Along with the reconstruction a rearrangement of the collections was undertaken. First step was a sensible distribution: The separation of works of art from objects of historical or other non-artistic significance. We thus established in the already mentioned central wing a series of galleries illustrating in chronological sequence the arts of Europe up to the early 19th century, preceded by three small rooms devoted to Egyptian, Greek and Roman objects and followed by a number of galleries for American art up to about 1840. A division as to fine arts and decorative arts was deliberately omitted. We rather tried to convey a more comprehensive idea of any given period by combining whatever we had in the way of paintings and sculptures with pieces of furniture and other art objects of the same age.

(Continued on page 27

THE CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

by Francesca Deering Howe

The California Palace of the Legion of Honor was presented to the City of San Francisco by Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels in 1924 as a museum of painting and sculpture dedicated to the memory of California soldiers who fell in the great war.

The building is magnificently situated on a hilltop in Lincoln Park overlooking the Golden Gate on the north and the City of San Francisco on the east. Architecturally, the building is based upon the Palace of the Legion of Honor in Paris (formerly the Palais de Salm), built in 1782 by Pierre Rousseau. The style of architecture is French Classical of the Louis XVI period.

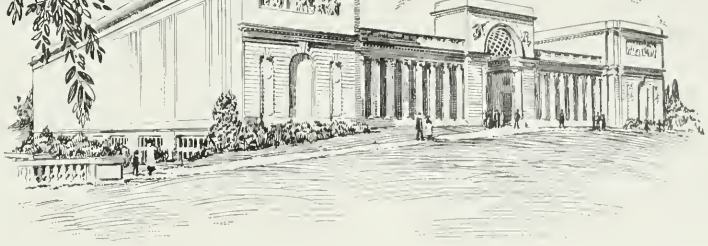
The California Palace of the Legion of Honor was formally opened November 11, 1924, on which occasion, in addition to the donor, Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels, and numerous state and city officials, M. Tirman, French Councillor of State, and M. Jean Guiffrey, Conservator of Painting in the Louvre, were present as official representatives of the French Republic.

The Museum contains 19 galleries and two garden courts, in addition to a fully equipped Little Theater seating 350 persons, administrative offices and ample storage rooms. The late Mr. John D. Spreckels presented a pipe organ to the building, making possible a regular weekly program of concerts. In conjunction with the organ, a full set of chimes and a fanfare of trumpets have been installed in the Triumphal Arch in the entrance of the building.

The first large exhibition held at the museum was a comprehensive collection of French painting, sculpture and example of the decorative arts from the 17th century to the present day. It comprised 800 works, borrowed from this country and abroad. Since that time, it has been the aim of the Trustees and the Director to hold a series of important loan exhibitions representing various developments in the history of European and American painting and sculpture. Outstanding among the exhibitions of recent years have been the following:

Loan Exhibition of English Painting of the 18th Century (June, 1933).
Exhibition of French Painting from the 15th Century to the Present Day (June, 1934).
Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting (June, 1935).
Exhibition of Paintings by Vincent Van Gogh (May, 1936).
Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Prints by Francisco Goya (June, 1937).
Exhibition of Venetian Painting (July, 1938).
Seven Centuries of Painting (January, 1940).

Among the permanent collections of the Museum may be mentioned a fine group of Sculpture by Rodin and a large collection of the bronzes of Arthur Putnam, an important collection of Greek vases, Tanagra figurines and Egyptian art, the gift of Mrs. Alma Spreckels Awl (the former Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels); the Mildred Anna Williams collection of eighty paintings by European masters from the 15th to the 19th century, together with a group of six 17th century Franco-Flemish tapestries, two French 18th century tapestries, and a collection of 18th century French furniture presented by Mr. and Mrs. H. K. S. Williams, of Paris; the James D. Phelan Collection of Drawings by Italian, French, German and Austrian masters from the 15th century to the 19th century, made possible by a gift of the *(Continued on page 21*



"DISCOVERY DAY"

Compiled by
Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

October again—with all that the early fall implies. Harvest moon, myriads of chrysanthemums, crisp, sunny days and starry nights—and on the calendar Discovery Day.

Autumn always is a favorite season—even more satisfying than spring, it seems. With the beauty of fall, there is a sense of accomplishment, of things attempted and something done. The air of expectation and of the beginning which is spring—and which is not restful—gives way to the fullness of harvest and the feel of effort completed.

In that atmosphere annually there comes the announcement of a holiday—Discovery Day—the anniversary of that October 12 almost four hundred and fifty years ago when a band of intrepid explorers saw the Islands of the Caribbean and mistook them for the land which was the "far east."

That discovery day had great significance for the entire world—a world whose boundaries were then unknown. For those of us who have been born on the western hemisphere—and particularly here in the United States—there has been even greater significance, immeasurable import to that October date.

An incident has just occurred outside my office window—one of a hundred such incidents during the past two years in which the Exposition has been in progress on Treasure Island. There has been a fanfare of trumpets, a roll of drums, and a band of rare precision is playing a stirring military march. A company of soldiers—men of the 30th Infantry's Treasure Island Company—are marching by. They are paying military honors to one or another of the world's notables who rate such honors. The music has passed — half the company of soldiers precedes the color guard. The flag is passing by.

I swallow the lump which invariably rises in my throat when the Treasure Island company marches by; and emotional individual that I am, I brush a few hot tears which always fall down my cheeks. And as I turn back to my desk the breeze blows open my calendar to October 12—Discovery Day.

In another week the Exposition will be over—the 30th Infantry company will have rendered its last honors to visiting dignitaries. This particular group of men will not march by my window with their flawless precision—the spectacle will be no more.

But the flag will be going by at other places—and on other occasions. And for a moment I realize that I have discovered it anew—not only this October day but on many days recently.

Sentimental? Yes—and "teary" too. But you and I can well discover our flag again just now. We can make every day discovery day in the matter of the meaning of our national emblem. We can declare unto ourselves its meaning—its significance in a war-torn world.

During past years there have been those in increasing numbers who have brushed aside the emotion which the passing of our flag engenders. What is a piece of bunting more or less, they say. Not you, of course—but perhaps the person next to you, the one who feels it smart to be so universal in her attitude toward the world that she has lost sight of what America means to her—and to us.

Let's for a moment do a bit of discovering of our own. Let's take time out to unearth a few facts about Old Glory. It won't hurt us—and it may do us good. I for one can't be apologetic about the heart thrill the flag gives me. In these days of near chaos in much of the world, and uncertainty in the balance of it—and amid all our talk about national defense and democracy, may it hearten us to find out that ours is the oldest of the national standards of the world; older than the Union Jack of Great Britain or the Tricolor of the third republic of France.

The flag was first authorized by Congress on June 14, 1777. That date is now observed nationally as Flag Day throughout the United States.

The flag was first flown from Fort Stanwix, on the site of the present city of Rome, New York, on August 3 1777. It was first under fire three days later in the battle of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

It was first decreed that there should be a star and a

stripe for each State, making thirteen of both; for the States at that time had just been erected from the original thirteen colonies.

The colors of the flag may be thus explained: the red is for valor, zeal and fervency; the white for hope, purity, cleanliness of life and rectitude of conduct; the blue, the color of heaven for reverence to God, loyalty, sincerity, justice and truth.

The star (an ancient symbol of India, Persia and Egypt) symbolizes dominion and sovereignty, as well as lofty aspiration. The constellation of the stars within the union, one star for each state, is emblematic of our Federal Constitution, which reserves to the States their individual sovereignty except as to rights delegated by them to the Federal Government.

The symbolism of the flag was thus interpreted by Washington: "We take the stars from Heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

In 1794 Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union and the number of stars and of stripes was raised to fifteen in correspondence. As other States came into the Union it became evident that there would be too many stripes. So in 1818 Congress enacted that the number of stripes be reduced and restricted henceforth to thirteen, representing the thirteen original States; while a star should be added for each succeeding state. That law is the law of today.

The name "Old Glory" was given to our National Flag August 10, 1831, by Captain William Driver of the brig Charles Doggett.

The flag was first carried in battle at the Brandywine, September 11, 1777. It first flew over foreign territory January 28, 1778, at Nassau, Bahama Islands; Fort Nassau having been captured by the Americans in the course of the War for Independence. The first foreign salute to the flag was rendered by the French Admiral LaMotte Piquet, off Quiberon Bay, February 13, 1778.

And what of all this, you ask. Nothing, save as a reminder of the history of the Stars and Stripes. It is important only as we make it so. From the far corners of the United States real Americans can agree on certain things. One is this:

The United States Flag is unique in the deep and noble significance of its message to the entire world — a message of national independence, of individual liberty, of idealism, of patriotism.

It symbolizes national independence and popular sovereignty. It is not the flag of a reigning family or royal house, but of a hundred and thirty million free people welded into a Nation, one and inseparable, united not only by community of interest but by vital unity of sentiment and purpose; a nation distinguished for the clean individual conception of its citizens alike of their duties and their privileges, their obligations and their rights.

It incarnates for all mankind the spirit of Liberty and the glorious ideal of human Freedom; not the freedom of unrestraint or the liberty of license, but an unique ideal of equal opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, safeguarded by the stern and lofty principle of duty, of righteousness and of justice, and attainable by obedience to self-imposed laws.

From the lofty pinnacle of American idealism, it floats over an assemblage of people from every racial stock of the earth. It embodies the essence of patriotism. Its spirit is the spirit of the American nation. Its history is the history of the American people. It has witnessed the expansion of our national boundaries, the development of our vast natural resources, and the splendid structure of our civilization. It must remain for us all a symbol of the triumph of popular government, of civic and religious liberty and of national righteousness.

The flag first rose over thirteen states along the Atlantic seaboard, with a population of some three million people. Today it flies over forty-eight states, extending across a continent bordered by two oceans, and over great islands in those oceans. One hundred and thirty million persons owe it allegiance.

It has been brought to this proud position by love and sacrifice. Citizens have advanced it and heroes have died for it. It is the sign made visible of the strong spirit that has brought liberty and prosperity to the people of America. It can still do that, so long as it is the flag for all of us alike.

A recent commander of the American Legion — whose members certainly know first hand about what the flag can evoke — said this:

"Your flag stands for humanity, for an equal opportunity for all the sons of men. Of course we haven't arrived yet at that goal; there are many injustices yet among us; many senseless and cruel customs of the past still clinging to us, but the only hope of righting the wrongs of men lies in the feeling produced by the sight of that flag. Other flags mean a glorious past, this flag a glorious future. It is not the flag of your king; it is the flag of yourself and all your neighbors."

Let's discover it again — really and truly for ourselves. And let us dedicate ourselves to its preservation, through our intelligent support and defense of the blessings — material and spiritual — which it brings to all of us.

POETRY PAGE

Edited by Florence Keene

Bird-Refuge

MONTALVO, SARATOGA

In Florida there is a place of dreams
Known to the singing birds of colder clime.
No hunting-dogs are there, or sportsman's crime,
And no unfriendly gun the peace blasphemes.
Softly the sunshine falls on shimmering streams,
Golden the birdsongs float as a faery chime;
For one who loves the birds of summertime
A bit of Paradise for them redeems.

So here a Californian has made
A place of golden sunshine, velvet shade;
Unlocked his gates, and opened wide his door
To homesick poets, in a strange world strayed.
Safe here in Eden their lost feet are stayed,
Lest these, our singing birds, should sing no more!

—ELEANOR PRESTON WATKINS.

Sonnet on a Greek Head

It is not awe that holds one —'tis not love,
Too friendly to be strange, yet strangely cold,
Like Night, enfringed by steadfast stars above,
She veils her beauty, lest one prove too bold;
Lest ... austere; nor dare one venture far
To plead ... human longing to possess —
Pride set upon her brow a barrier!
And yet what tribute could one offer less
Than love and to be loved? Her pouting lips
Are chastely silent ... sweetly eloquent:
The nectar of the gods ... mortal sips
And only Jove himself ... commands consent!
A goddess she — to lesser ... 's enthrall,
And humbly ma... devotional.

...MES D. PHELAN.

A Palace of the Past

(Fine Arts Palace at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915.)

Time's silent shadows sleep in grass and urn
By walls where carven gods bend pensive heads,
Musing, where once there splashed the rapid tern,
On the bright lake whose happy smiles are fled.
Into the hours where Memory's hopes are vain,
Her wan hands clasping but the embers white,
We seek the marble day of Beauty's fane,
Her ruby loveliness upon the night.

Shall some new builder, as he returns the mold
Where rust the scarabs of a happy day,
Restore this dreamland on the Coast-of-Gold,
Now sleeping like an Egypt in her clay?
Or shall the mordant sea, with dripping hand
Reclaim her empire on the weeping sand?

—PHILIP S. HALEY.

Sculptured

(At the Sculpture Exhibit, Palace of Fine Arts of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, 1929.)

The while I walk, irresolute,
Between these stricken stones and metals,
Something timeless in them settles
On my voice. The while I'm mute.

A silent tongue enlists the breath
Of ocean winds to word the merest
Utterance: Art is the nearest
Life has ever come to death.

—HOWARD EDMINSTER.

I HAVE BEEN READING~

THE HOUSE OF LEE; by Gertrude Atherton. D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.50. Reviewed by Cora Bjornstrom.

OUT OF THE FOG; by Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton-Century Company, $2.50. Reviewed by Ida J. Lord.

MR. AND MRS. MEIGS, by Elizabeth Corbett. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.00 Reviewed by Stella Huntington.

CLEAR FOR ACTION; a novel about John Paul Jones. Clements Ripley. D. Appleton-Century Co. New York. 1940. $2.50. Reviewed by Harriet T. Parsons.

AN ADOPTED CHILD LOOKS AT ADOPTION, by Carol S. Prentice; D. Appleton-Century Company, 1940. $2.00. Reviewed by Phileta Fitzgerald.

Gertrude Atherton has created her first novel in nine years with a modern setting around the locale of San Francisco—Pacific Avenue, St. Francis Wood, Joe Di Maggio's, Top o' the Mark, with a little of the atmosphere of Chinatown thrown in.

The House of Lee—"Built by the first California) Lee in the most debased period of American architecture, with bulging bow windows, a mansard roof, a tower crowned with an open cupola at one end, a picture gallery of no period whatever over-balancing it on the right, it stood above twenty wide steps——" houses three generations of Lee women and Chang, the faithful cook and friend. Financially reduced to an income upon which they cannot keep up their home and unable to sell it, three generations face a future in which natural intelligence, social position and social training are the only available equipment.

Of the three Lucy Lees the most vivid and interesting is Mrs. Edington, the so-called leader of San Francisco society. Mrs. Edington is sixty years old, dignified, intelligent, with a vision of the larger social implications of which their circumstances are a symptom. The other two Lucys, blonde, bridge-playing mother and tall, dark, impetuous daughter, are even a bit tiresome at times.

The situation in which these women find themselves is not an uncommon one, though their circumstances may be more extreme than others, in the contemporary scene. Mrs. Atherton's solution for the characters in her novel, the finding of places for themselves in a new world without sacrificing their already established positions in the old world, makes an interesting story. To many readers the underlying conclusions will be both unsatisfactory and challenging.

As a novelist Joseph C. Lincoln is supreme in describing his own locality of Cape Cod — the quaint people, their customs and conditions. His last book borders more on the detective story than most of his previous novels.

The seeming crime and mystery surrounding the death of George Crockett, son of the most influential man in Wellmouth, is told by Myra Crusit, a keen-witted "spinster" and correspondent for the weekly paper of the county. Capt. Mark Hanson, who had risen from a poor Point-end boy to the high position of bank president and selectman in the town, had the case to solve but it was "brought out of the fog" largely by the efforts of Myra, who "worked and wrote letters for Capt. Hanson every day."

After all the mysterious involvements had been disentangled, Myra takes it upon herself to arrange the marriage of Capt. Hanson and Mrs. Colby, a widow of culture and background, whose son Harvey had been indirectly connected with the "case." Myra's feelings and admiration for the "Splendid Captain" are made known constantly through the story, but she steps aside and does everything possible to bring about the marriage. The book ends with her occupying the same position as in the beginning, but as life goes along she is happy in their friendship.

The story abounds in apt sayings of New England. We learn that "luncheon must be called dinner because the hearty meal should be eaten in the middle of the day." Then the hunting for Mayflowers, or Trailing Arbutus, is told in a very realistic manner and will be appreciated by those who have lived in the East and have looked for the first promise of spring in the little pink and white buds peeping out from under the snow and sending forth their never-to-be-forgotten fragrance.

The book is also replete with sayings regarding human nature and human relations, and to those who have enjoyed the previous stories of Lincoln, "Out of the Fog" is another treat to be added to the Cape Cod legends of this writer. All of his novels can truthfully be said to be products of the place in which the author lives.

Is "Young Mrs. Meigs" a friend of Yours? If so, you will be glad to see this new book, "Mr. and Mrs. Meigs," which takes up the life of our old friend, Carrie Eaton Meigs, aften ten years of married life.

Carrie is a devoted mother, even to the unpleasant child Millicent who "takes after" Carrie's mother-in-law. The mother-in-law is a trying person to live with and Cousin Irene arrives to spend the winter and add more problems to Carrie's life.

"Young Mrs. Meigs," eighty years young, was the first book about Carrie Eaton Meigs. This is a worthy successor and will be a boom to the workers at the library desk to whom so often comes the plaintive request: "Haven't you *any* nice stories with no war in them?" "Mr. and Mrs. Meigs" will give great pleasure to such readers and there are many of them.

For many of us, the name John Paul Jones calls up only a vague history-book memory of a great naval hero (and we are not sure just why he *was* a hero), and possibly some recall dimly the old jingle which tells of his deeds:

"Captain Paul Jones was a sailor bold,
With his brave crew he scoured the sea;
His ship, the *Poor Richard*, was leaky and old,
But little for that cared he.

"He met the foe on the ocean blue,
And he fought with all his might;
They sank his ships and killed his crew,
But he had won the fight."

However, as we read "Clear for Action," we begin to know Paul Jones for the adventurous, brave, swaggering, but lovable and clever man that he was. He was a "sailor bold," but he was a leader too. His crew was brave because he instilled in them a courage and confidence from his own courage and confidence, and his personal magnetism carried their hearts and bodies with him when their heads might have stopped them sooner.

Told by Angus Lowrie, Scotsman, clerk and confidential friend of the Captain, the story gains in appeal and cohesiveness by the author's use of this character. In

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Lowrie's canny Scotch way, he draws for us Washington, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and others, sketching them sharply by a single incident or a few lines. He shows us New Englanders and Southerners, all lovers of liberty, trying to cooperate and having a hard time doing it. He pictures Richmond, silenced under the spell of Patrick Henry's powerful words; and Paris, emotional and mercurial, learning to say those same words. He shows us Commodore Jones, impeded constantly by Congress in its new stiff stages, battering hopelessly at its door for his men's pay, and a ship to fight with.

There is the smell of gunpowder and salt water, the feel of lashing winds and flying spray, the sound of drums, guns, and the laugh of American seamen just before a fight. There is humor, and there is romance, one or two lovely ladies of those revolutionary days adding piquancy and sentiment, but not too much gentleness to this tale of action. When we came to the end, which was all too soon, we were no longer in doubt as to why John Paul Jones was a great naval hero, and the old jingle can be thrown into the discard as "Clear for Action" takes its place in our memories and on our shelves.

"An Adopted Child Looks at Adoption" is not merely a handbook for social workers nor a guide to persons planning to adopt a child. Woven as it is around the life story of the author, it is a warmly human document which will appeal to all readers who find in the experience of others written in biography or autobiography some approach to the problem of living.

This book is extremely timely for two reasons. In the first place the adoption of children has become almost a fashionable fad and a somewhat dangerous one if it is not surrounded by safeguards for the protection of the child, of society and of the natural and adoptive parents. Moreover, with American homes preparing to receive refugee children from England there is need to look clearly and without sentimentality at the problem presented by transplanting children from the environment into which they were born. Mrs. Prentice brings an unusually well-rounded background to her subject. She was an adopted child; she has worked with child placement agencies in various parts of the country; as an attorney she has studied the adoption laws of many states; she adopted a daughter to round out her family of two sons. Her book, however, is not based on her personal experience alone but on a comprehensive study of the available material on her subject. The notable progress made by students of the problem of child-placing in this country is given with full appreciation.

Mrs. Prentice makes out a strong case for adoption but she emphasizes the need of careful study both of the child and the adopting parents before placement, in order that insofar as it is possible a child shall be placed into a home where he will fit not only when he is a winsome baby but also when he is a difficult adolescent and a young adult with a personality of his own. As she points out, "All 'good' homes are not good for all children." Her plea is for "the right home for the right child." This, she believes, can be accomplished by careful placement by reputable and experienced agencies of which she tells. She illustrates her arguments with incidents from her wide experience and study. These incidents will have a familiar ring to child welfare workers but to the lay reader they will open new vistas which will help them understand why the precautions taken in placing children for adoption are necessary.

The book closes with an excellent "Manual for Adopting Parents" and a comprehensive bibliography.

New Books in The Club Library

NON-FICTION

AMERICAN WHITE PAPER; Joseph Alsop and Robert T. Kintner.
AMERICAS TO THE SOUTH; John T. Whitaker.
AS I REMEMBER HIM; Hans Zinsser.
CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM; John MacCormac.
WHY EUROPE FIGHTS; Walter Millis.
THE IMPERIAL SOVIETS; Henry C. Wolfe.
STORY OF THE PACIFIC; Henrik Willem Van Loon.
INSIDE EUROPE (1940 edition); John Gunther.
THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INDIVIDUALIST; William Henry Chamberlin.
HOW WAR CAME; Raymond Gram Swing.
TURKEY AT THE STRAITS; James T. Shotwell and Francis Deak.
MEIN KAMPF; Adolf Hitler.
THE MARCH OF FASCISM; Stephen Raushenbush.
GREAT BRITAIN: AN EMPIRE IN TRANSITION; Albert Viton.
CHART FOR ROUGH WATER; Waldo Frank.
THE STRATEGY OF TERROR; Edmond Taylor.
THE SACRAMENTO; Julian Dana.
NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER; Van Wyck Brooks.
PARIS, FRANCE; Gertrude Stein.
THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION; Hermann Rauschning.

M DAY; Leo M. Cherne.
ESCAPE WITH ME; Osbert Sitwell.
WINGS OVER THE AMERICAS; Alice Rogers Hagar.
AND SO TO BATH; Cecil Roberts.
THE PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY; Harry A. Franck and Herbert Lanks.
BERKELEY MOYNIHAN: SURGEON; Donald Bateman.
COUNTRY EDITOR; Henry Beetle Hough.
MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST; Anna Elizabeth Klumpke.

FICTION

A LION IN THE GARDEN; G. B. Stern.
THE ENGLISH AIR; D. E. Stevenson.
THE WHISPERING CUP; Mabel Seeley.
THIS SIDE OF GLORY; Gwen Bristow.
THROUGH THE HOUSE DOOR; Helen Hull.
MRS. MINIVER; Jan Struther.
THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE; W. Somerset Maugham.
WORLD'S END; Upton Sinclair.
MADAME DORTHEA; Sigrid Undset.
THE BELOVED RETURNS; Thomas Mann.
WHITEOAK HERITAGE; Mazo De La Roche.
WHEN IS A LADY; Harriet Henry.
OLD LOVER'S GHOST; Leslie Ford.
BEFORE LUNCH; Angela Thirkell.
TO THE INDIES; C. S. Forester.
QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS; Evelyn Eaton.
THE BIRD IN THE TREE; Elizabeth Goudge.
NIGHT IN BOMBAY; Louis Bromfield.
STARS ON THE SEA; F. Van Wyck Mason.
EMBER LANE; Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Flora Fox Appointed To Bell-Brook Staff

Appointment of Mrs. Flora Fox as Director of the Home Economics Department of Bell-Brook Dairies has been announced by T. S. Swan, Sales Manager.

Mrs. Fox recently returned from the Hawaiian Islands where in the last few months she has been very successful in promoting the sales of national food manufacturers in that territory.

Club members will remember Mrs. Fox as having conducted the "Club House" at 1511 Gough Street. Here she did an outstanding job for many food products, and served luncheons to over 200,000 women consumers. Mrs. Fox is also well known as a radio artist in this area.

In addition to her home economics activities, Mrs. Fox will arrange showings of Bell-Brook's new all-color motion picture, "Your Quart of Milk," to San Francisco women's clubs and organizations.

(Continued from page 15)

late Senator Phelan; three galleries of French paintings, sculpture, tapestries, porcelain and furniture which were given by Mr. and Mrs. Archer M. Huntington, in memory of Mr. Huntington's father, the late Collis P. Huntington.

Two important examples of the work of Anna Hyatt Huntington stand in front of the Museum; the equestrienne statue of Jeanne d'Arc, presented by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, and the equestrian statue of El Cid, presented by Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker.

Included among the artists represented in the permanent collection of the Museum are the following:

Fra Bartolommeo	Hoppner
Beechey	Largilliere
Ferdinand Bol	Lawrence
Boltraffio	Longhi
Boucher	Ochtervelt
Brouwer	Perroneau
Burgkmair	Raeburn
Burne-Jones	Rubens
Carreno de Miranda	Snyders
Corot	Teniers
de Troy	Tintoretto
Cornelis de Vos	William Van de Velde
Duplessis	Van Dyck
Fragonard	Van Loo
Greuze	Valesquez
de Guardi	Veronese

The permanent collection also includes a number of works by European and American artists of the 19th and 20th centuries, in addition to a representative group of paintings by California artists, past and present. Among the important loan collections on exhibition is that of the late Jacob Stern, consisting of 18th and 19th century European and American paintings.

The Museum is open to the public every day in the year. There is no admission charge.

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The Men of the Trees —A Vital Contribution

By RICHARD ST. BARBE BAKER *(Founder)*

Reprinted by permission from the English Speaking World, the monthly magazine of the English Speaking Union.

Theodore Roosevelt once said: "The fundamental idea of forestry is the perpetuation of forests by use. Forest protection is not an end in itself: it is a means to increase and sustain the resources of our country and the industries which depend upon them." The war is bringing home to us in Great Britain the truth of this statement. The tendency in the past has been to regard our woodlands for their amenities. We hold a passionate regard for the trees in our beautiful parks, and the hedgerows with their many branched oaks and elms are one of the valued characteristics of our countryside.

During the past eighteen years the Society of The Men of the Trees, under the leadership of a representative Council, has endeavoured to inculcate a deeper understanding and appreciation of trees and forestry by organizing practical work and using their influence for a progressive forestry policy.

We have earnestly warned the public of a threatened famine in timber and other forest products. Now that Norway has been invaded the shortage of paper, chiefly made from spruce, has become acute. It is true that some kinds of paper can be made of grass or straw, but they are more difficult to manufacture, and always more costly in production.

Gifford Pinchot, who was America's first forester, expressed the idea that, next to the earth itself, the forest is the most useful servant of man. Not only does the forest sustain and regulate the streams, moderate the winds, and beautify the land, but it also supplies wood, the most widely used of all materials. Its uses are numberless, and the demands which are made upon it by mankind are numberless also. It is essential to the well-being of mankind that these demands should be met. They must be met steadily, fully, and at the right time, if the forest is to give its best service.

Unfortunately, during the last German war, Great Britain had to fall back on her all too meagre forest resources and sacrifice four-fifths of her timber to meet the needs of the nation. Whole beech forests were felled by stalwart Canadian lumbermen and sent to France to provide duckboards and wood for the trenches. During the years of peace the Forestry Commission has made steady progress in planting, and owners of woodlands have done their best to restore their woodlands, in spite of heavy taxation, and in face of many discouragements.

From time to time the Society of The Men of the Trees has called the nation to action, and with the cooperation of the Forestry Association of Great Britain, a forestry plan was presented at their first Summer School, held at Oxford in July, 1938. At that time recommendations were made to the Prime Minister. Early in 1939 a committee meeting of Members of Parliament in the House of Commons was addressed, and subsequently a public meeting was held in Kensington Town Hall calling for the establishment of a plan for Great Britain on the lines of the Civilian Conservation Corps in America. The resolution presented to His Majesty's Government on that occasion met with the unanimous support not only of all those present, but many Members of Parliament and other representative people of all political opinions and many who were especially interested from the social and economic aspects of the proposals.

Following a suggestion by Dr. Darvall, of the E-S.U., a deputation of members of The Men of the Trees proceeded to America to study the work of the C.C.C., sailing in the new *Mauretania* on her maiden voyage. The party was given a civic reception at New York World Fair, where they planted two English beech trees as a token of their appreciation of New Yorkers' hospitality to the King and Queen. The following day a reception was given to them at the New York Headquarters of the E-S.U., where the Hon. Secretary of The Men of the Trees in New York, Miss Ebben Schram, acted as hostess. This proved to be a delightful send-off to the first official party of Britishers to the U. S. A. since the Royal visitors.

In Washington the deputation entertained the Heads of Government Departments associated with Forestry, National Parks and the C.C.C., and afterwards proceeded to Fort Hunt to plant two Canadian white oak trees, as a token of their appreciation of all that had been done by the President in the cause of conservation and to commemorate the Royal visit to their Camp on June 9th.

From Washington the deputation set out on a nation-wide tour, visiting National Parks and C.C.C. Camps, and planting trees in Civic Centres, including Los Angeles and Hollywood. The climax of their mission was in the redwoods of Northern California, where for several years past The Men of the Trees had been co-operating with Save the Redwoods League to preserve a grove of the oldest living trees on earth. A site for a world centre hard by the groves was inspected. An air mail letter recently received brings the good news that nine thousand acres of the finest redwood trees in the world have now been preserved by the State to form a sanctuary

for tree lovers for all time. This is indeed a great achievement and one for which we may be deeply grateful.

In years to come thousands of tree lovers the world over will be able to meet in these groves, sacred through their antiquity and loveliness. How can one describe the majesty of these ancient trees which are admittedly the supreme achievement of tree growth in the world today? These ancient veterans rise from the ground with their massive trunks like great pillars in a cathedral. Would that the warring nations could glimpse even for a brief moment the peace and harmony of the redwoods.

"There is a harmony that dwells in silence
Diviner than the harmonies of sound.
Here, on the leaf-strewn aisle among the redwoods
The mystic arms of quiet fold us round."

That is how Stanton A. Coblentz, the well-known writer and poet of the redwoods, describes his own feelings on entering the shrine of the forest.

The world centre near the Grove of Understanding which The Men of the Trees are now attempting to establish may yet become, not only a Mecca for their members and tree lovers, but would provide a common meeting ground for leaders of the future who would gain inspiration in the task of building a new a better world.

Believing our work to be of vital importance now, we are going ahead with plans for our next Summer School which is to be held at Puncknoll Manor, one of the most beautiful places in the South of England. It is situated near the Dorset coast, halfway between Weymouth and Bridport. The proposed dates are from 25th to 31st July, and subjects to be studied cover "How Forestry Can Help in War-time," "The Part of Forestry in the Revival of Rural Life," and "Men of the Trees in the New World Order." There will be expeditions to wooded estates, under technical guidance, and practical forestry demonstrations such as pruning, thinning, and the care and repair of trees in the Puncknoll estate.

All those who are interested are cordially invited to write to the Summer School Secretary, Men of the Trees, Puncknoll, near Dorchester, Dorset. Already fifty members have registered for the course. The contribution that The Men of the Trees can make is generally recognized as an important factor in the great national effort now being made. It has well been said: "If a nation saves its trees, the trees will save the nation." And one might add that the task of conserving the forests of the world is sufficiently great to need the concerted action of every country.

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Vancouver, British Columbia

Situated thirty-two miles north of the International Boundary, Vancouver, British Columbia, is a pulsating modern metropolis of a quarter of a million people. As the third city in the Dominion of Canada, it is often referred to as the "gateway to the Orient." Canada's California, it is the focal point of a great empire rich in timber, in minerals, in maritime resources. To the industrialist, it is still an unconquered new horizon. Much of its natural wealth is still undeveloped.

To the traveler and tourist, Vancouver is the heart of Canada's Evergreen Playground; a sportsland of long cool days between the peaceful Pacific waters warmed by the Japanese current and the snow-capped peaks of the Canadian Rockies.

Above all else about Vancouver, it must be said that its scenery is natural. It is not man-made. Stanley Park, for instance, is one thousand acres of virgin forest given access by lovely walks and paved drives only five minutes from the business district of this thriving new city. Sun rays filter through giant evergreens . . . the Pacific washes the sandy sweeps of over thirteen miles of sheltered beaches . . . golfballs sail down magnificent fairways . . . sports and outdoor life predominate in the Dominion's third city.

In Vancouver you can hear the strange twang of the London Cockney pierce the soft but rapid jibberings of the picturesque Oriental vegetable man. You can see the turbaned East Indian study the inscriptions on the Kiwanis memorial in Stanley Park to the memory of the late President Warren G. Harding, erected on the spot where he spoke, a few days previous to his untimely death, as the first United States Chief Executive to set foot on good Canadian soil while in office. You can watch a graceful Queen of the Pacific seaways slip outbound from Vancouver's landlocked harbor through the tide-torn and narrow Lions' Gate and under the new Lions' Gate Bridge — the largest and longest suspension span in the British Empire.

Or inbound may come a sturdy little tug with its massive boom of logs for the hungry maws of Vancouver's lumber mills. British Columbia, like its sister States of the great Pacific Northwest, is the home of a thousand Paul Bunyans. Great massive timbers go swinging along the high lead . . . the husky snort of the logging loco echoes through virgin timberland a few short hours from the center of this lumberborn city.

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land's basic industries. Canada's third city came into being with the erection of a lumber mill. Since the day in 1862 when the first settler arrived on the shores of its picturesque Burrard Inlet, it has grown and prospered on the great value of its timber in the world trade markets.

By 1886 its population had grown to some 3,000. The rude sawmill town of "Gastown" or Granville had become the City of Vancouver on April 6, 1886, named after Captain George Vancouver, the early English explorer of the Northwest Pacific Coast.

Then, on June 17, 1886, fire of unknown origin swept the young city in forty minutes. But true to the spirit of the new west, rebuilding started immediately. Later the same year the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed into Vancouver. Vancouver's future was ensured.

The Panama Canal was opened. The Canadian National Railway entered Canada's third city. Jim Hill extended his Great Northern Railroad into the key city of Canada's Evergreen Playground. Today as a result of transportation, Vancouver is a keypoint on the great British Red Line of Empire. Great grain elevators line its waterfront; hold for ships of every flag millions of bushels of the staff of life from Canada's great breadbasket — Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

Vancouver, and its historically romantic British Columbia hinterland, is a land of superlatives. Its lumber mills can be counted among the world's greatest; its logging industry leads Canada. Its silver harvest of salmon from the rockbound coastal waters from the international boundary to Alaska contributes some thirty million dollars each year to the economic life of the Province. Its airport is the most modern and busiest in Canada. Its landlocked harbor is rated with the best in the world: is ice-free throughout the year and permits the largest ships on the Pacific to dock unassisted.

From Vancouver the largest fleet of palatial coasting liners in the world cruise the treeclad and rugged fjords that make the 12,000-mile British Columbia coast the most rugged in the world. Fine highways lead to trout-stocked streams; to unexploited game preserves.

A spectacular mountain road built in 1865 by Queen Victoria's Royal Engineers to permit British Columbia's first citizens—California miners—to enter the rich gold-mining Cariboo country, is today one of the completed sections of the long-sought British Columbia-Alaska Highway. From Vancouver it twists and turns, clings and climbs through the riotous Fraser Canyon, through the cattle-raising Cariboo country to make one of the most picturesque and interesting drives on the continent.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

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Autumn promises multitudes of smart hats. The headgear this season clings snugly to your head as the back of the hats are nearly to the hair line. The military trend is new with gold braid and stiff quill-like feathers. . . . High and low crowns, but new and different. Brims turning to the side are smart and becoming. . . . All kinds of veils.

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Why not plan your Christmas shopping now and take advantage of the price reductions of luxury merchandise at the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly.

Kimonos, house coats, pajamas, night gowns and everything imaginable to add enchantment to milady's wardrobe. Too, gifts for men this year are smarter than ever before. Dressing robes, lounging pajamas and smoking jackets are perfectly styled in subdued colors of tribute silk . . . And the excellent selections of objects of art are the finest obtainable so plan to visit the colorful shop of Madame Butterfly for it is literally teeming with worthwhile suggestions.

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Fall Exhibit of Table Settings

The Kennel Table is a sporting idea to be dramatized among the surprising group of table settings planned for Gump's Fall Exhibit of table settings. Lenox place plates with dog etchings by Richard Bishop, miniature dogs by Royal Doulton, Steuben crystal, "Harmony" sterling and Gump's linens complete the picture.

Long an institution in San Francisco, Gump's Fall Table Show this year will stress the achievements of American tablewarc artisans. Gump's designers will assemble these triumphs in daring new ways, presenting their yearly quota of original table ideas and setting them off again with the help of brilliant flower arrangements by Podesta & Baldocchi. The Exhibit is planned for the week of October 29, and it's open house at Gump's for thousands of San Franciscans when the show goes on.

NEW ARRIVALS

Pottery, made in California in bright blues, bright yellows and bright greens, reasonably priced.

Glass—Blenco Glass from West Virginia in unusual shapes and colors. Also crystal clear glass.

Wooden salad serving dishes of bass and maple in modern design. Also salad bowls and servers.

Baskets for gathering flowers in either natural or stained wood, artistic in appearance and sturdy in construction.

From China, fish shape bowls for succulent plants or cut flowers. . . . Also wooden ducks for the patio, beautifully carved and lifelike in appearance.

Brasses from Bali and Java, old hand wrought temple pieces, all are individual pieces in artistic shapes and sizes. Decorative hand carved Balinese figures in light and dark wood. (Banyan and mango.)

A complete assortment of Christmas cards in boxes. Too, Christmas card books are now available. . . . Ribbons, tags, seals, and an excellent selection of Christmas wrapping papers are now on display.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

During October a discount of 10% will be allowed to members of the Women's City Club on all purchases of $2.50 or over.

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How to talk with charm, and how to enjoy conversation makes one the guest who will be invited again. In knowing how to dress with charm, one must know her own type, and make the most of her good points.

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Facts About Community Chest

How much do you know about the Community Chest?

Do you know that 24,500 people make use of the Chest's 85 agencies each day?

Do you know that the Chest represents 19 health centers, 22 organizations rendering family service, 19 agencies caring for dependent children, and still 22 others providing recreational and character-building activities for boys and girls?

Do you know that the Chest's record of spending but five cents on the dollar for administration and campaign costs constitutes one of the finest Chest economy records in the nation?

The Community Chest relentlessly fights delinquency and crime through individual treatment of boys and girls who make use of Chest neighborhood houses and community centers.

When tendencies towards delinquency cannot be handled here, the cases are referred to trained psychiatrists in Chest-supported hospitals. They attempt to unravel the problem before the youth becomes both a menace and complete loss to society.

(Continued from page 14)

In the adjoining East Wing we arranged the collections of Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatic art, also our ethnographical material from the South Seas, the Mexican, Peruvian and North American Indian collections, etc. Here we made full use of the opportunities offered by the W.P.A. project. Under the conditions of the project we were free to design the rooms as we wanted them and solely for the purpose of the best possible display of the contents of the galleries. Thus we had the walls treated in different ways, each time providing an adequate background for the respective objects. We also were able to dispose of the necessity of using many free standing cases, which are always a problem, by having recessed cases built in the walls.

A peculiar problem was offered by the existence in the museum of a large assortment of so-called pioneer material ranging anywhere from fire engines to photographs of early Californians. Although few of these possess great artistic merits, they are of considerable sentimental value to San Franciscans. Hence, something had to be done to preserve them and to present them to best advantage. The most interesting of the early views of San Francisco and California in paintings and prints are now displayed in a special gallery. Furniture, paintings and many other objects were used in the reconstruction of four characteristic interiors to provide a faithful and vivid picture of the way in which our early Californians decorated their homes. The museum's excellent collection of women's costumes is shown in a large and handsome gallery along with the choicest of our pioneer portraits, each group complementing the other and together giving a colorful survey of fashion throughout the last century. Old fire engines, carriages, riding equipment and pictures thereof complete the department devoted to the history of California.

The museum further contains ship models and other nautical objects, one of the outstanding collections in the country; a gallery devoted to musical instruments and their history; a large hall for arms and armor which will shortly be opened.

Affiliated with the Educational Department of the museum are study rooms of sculpture reproductions, prints and drawings, textiles, a Children's Room for working classes and for occasional exhibits of children's art and a reference library. Ateliers for picture restoring and photography, shops for carpentry, bookbinding, matting and printing, are provided to meet the manifold requirements of the museum and its staff. In all respects, the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum is today a thoroughly up-to-date institution of which the city can justly be proud.

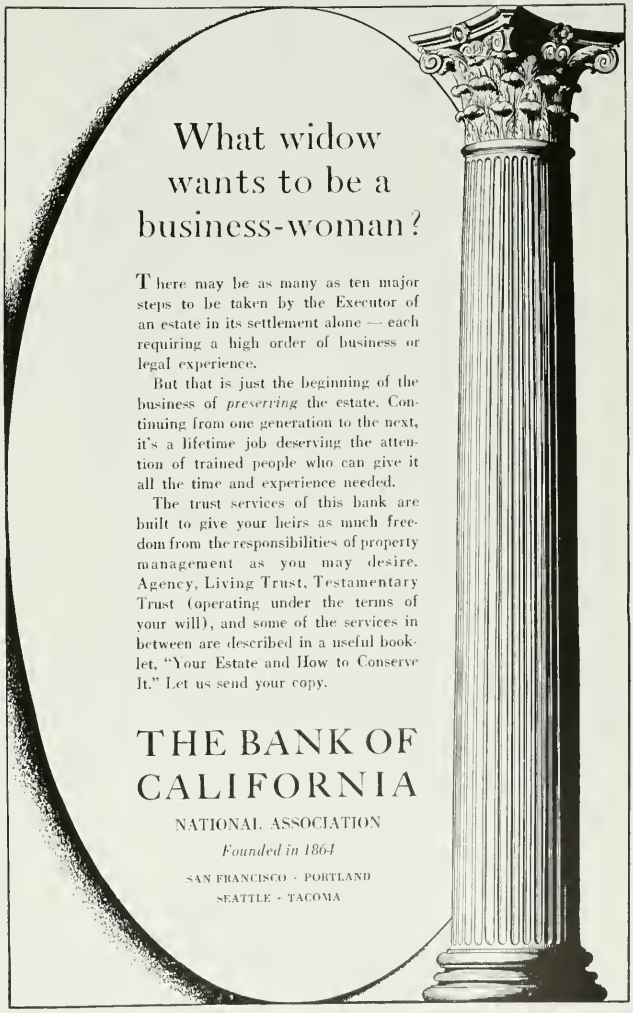
Announcements

GUEST CARDS are available for those who are not eligible for membership but to whom hospitality is due, to those who are visiting San Francisco and to whom our Clubhouse can offer the gracious use of its departments from Beauty Salon and Swimming Pool through League Shop and Restaurant to Lounge and bedroom facilities. Be sure that your visiting friends have such cards.

GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES consistently interest a large group of members. Classes are held every Tuesday at 1 p. m. and Thursday at 1 and 7 p. m. Mrs. Ruth Tanbara, instructor. Fee $2.00 for three lessons.

(Continued from page 11)

as the installation of two new cases in the John Ward Mailliard Memorial Collection of birds of the San Francisco Bay region. At the close of the Exposition the Academy's exhibit of replicas of California wildflowers and other vegetation, which has attracted so much interest, will be moved to the Museum, as the nucleus of a permanent and larger exhibit to be placed in the proposed new Hall of Botany on its completion.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The Future of Recreation in San Francisco

JOSEPHINE D. RANDALL, *Superintendent*, Recreation Department.

We seem to be living in a world which we find unpredictable, even from day to day. We are engrossed in the most gigantic peace-time program of defense that our country has ever known. What is it that we defend? Is it not liberty, freedom, the pursuit of happiness? Is it not courage, aspiration, the pioneer spirit, romance, adventure, individual initiative?

In a recent editorial in the magazine "Recreation," Mr. Howard Braucher, Secretary of the National Recreation Association, made the following statements:

"We cannot defend America well without keeping strong that which we defend. America is life, real life for all from the cradle to the grave. Through recreation we build much that is above the mere cellar foundations of existence. In our cities and in our open country blossoms a civilization of abundant living which has been the dream of men always everywhere. Leisure is no longer an empty word.

"All this we will defend. All this is worth defending. But surely this dream land that we have made real land—we will not give up just because we are going to defend it. We will keep our recreational lands and waters, our music, our beauty, our sports, the laughter of little children, a measure of rhythm and lightheartedness even as we step out ready to defend to the full all we have, all that we have with God's help builded.

"Rhythm and smiles are a part of gallant defense and help keep away the tenseness that weakens defense. The hunger of all men and women for spiritual comradeship is greater at the present moment because of all that is happening in the world at large.

"Keep the home fires, the heart fires burning. Keep the morale high. Recreation, the song in the heart, must be strengthened, not weakened, when we prepare to defend our shores. Always we must hold firmly that this part of the world with all its share of sorrow must ever be kept a land of high courage."

How are we, in San Francisco, striving to keep strong that which we defend? How are we contributing to the maintenance of high courage?

Our major playgrounds render a distinctive service. They serve people of all age groups, they are open on a year-round basis, they require no group affiliation as a condition of admittance. On the schoolyard playgrounds, through a cooperative arrangement with the Board of Education, we are able to offer supervised play to thousands of our children each day. Habits of play are being fostered that not only provide joy in the development of skill in such games as baseball, basketball, tennis, softball, handball and volley ball, but instill in the child the love of hiking, nature activities, music and dramatics, and insure the development of interests that carry over into the recreational life of the adult.

The Industrial Division of the department organizes and sponsors an athletic program for employees of almost ninety of San Francisco's industrial and mercantile establishments. The Music and Drama Divisions furnish creative opportunities in these cultural fields for thousands of persons each year. The nature program and camping opportunities have developed rapidly during the past few years.

But this is not enough. The Recreation Department specializes in the leisure time afield. Its administrative and supervisory officers and many of its recreational directors devote their full time and energy to recreational planning. They are well aware that some of our centers are located on our hilltops, others are near the sea, some are large and some are small; groups to be served are very different in ages and interests. Many of our neighborhoods are not yet adequately served from a recreational standpoint.

The Recreation Department is challenged by the possibility of the development of increasingly effective service to all age groups in every section of our city. In every branch of recreational service there is opportunity for expansion. Camps for our boys and our girls are needed both in the high mountain country and very close

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to our city. Facilities for indoor and evening activities are being provided as rapidly as funds are available. Junior museum, nature and handicraft activities are in the development stages. The possibilities in the field of social recreation are legion and many of our directors are experimenting with this type of work at the present time.

More important than areas, facilities and activities is trained, vital and dynamic leadership. Recreational leadership needs to be very wise. "It should be the kind that frees one, that makes it easier to do what one deeply wishes to do. It must not be a leadership that restricts, that makes it harder to remain one's self." If, more and more, the field of recreation can draw to it the type of leadership that is challenged by the opportunities offered, daily living will continue to be increasingly "free, rich, challenging, adventurous, deep, satisfying —and no matter how many years come and go, our world will be filled with activity, with comradeship, cooperation, with chances to be one's best, deepest self, to realize one's self, to share the activities one cares most about with others—then we have a world worth fighting for, worth living for."

Montalvo Foundation

(Continued from page 13)

gram. The Art Gallery has shown twelve exhibits including watercolors, oils, prints and drawings. There have been fifteen special programs of music, eight lectures on art subjects, and fifty-three students enrolled in the Art School during its first semester.

Not the least important factor in the results achieved has been the enthusiastic support of people from neighboring communities. This active support of the objectives of the Foundation has been organized through a sponsor group, known as the Montalvo Society of the San Francisco Art Association, which enrolled two hundred and eighty members during the year, representing nearly every city and town from San Francisco to San Jose. The only prerequisite to enrollment is active interest in the objectives of the Foundation. Members are privileged to visit the Foundation at regular times and may bring a guest to any event programmed by the Society. Dues are used to promote the cultural interests of the community. Through the channel of a large membership, opportunity is provided for a better understanding and enjoyment of the Arts.

In summing up, the San Francisco Art Association believes that the Montalvo Foundation, wisely conceived and carefully administered, may be expected to make a significant contribution to the cultural arts of America.

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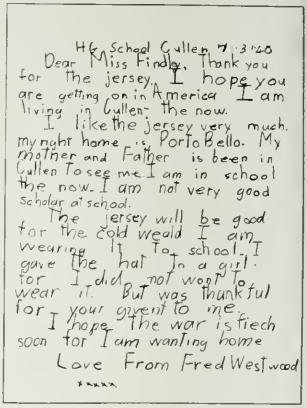
"Business As Usual"

Each year for the past twelve years a Walter Hines Page Traveling Scholar has visited the California Branch of the English Speaking Union. Despite war and destruction at home, Miss Joan Lee-Cole, who won the scholarship for 1940, braved the Atlantic crossing, arriving in New York a mere ten days late. Miss Lee-Cole was graduated with "First Class Honours" from Dublin University and is General Science Mistress at the Runton Hill School, Cromer, Norfolk, England. Reported to be quite at home on a speaker's platform, she will have an interesting message for her audience as Guest of Honor at the English-Speaking Union Tea in the American Room on Tuesday afternoon, October 8th. Her specialty is biology, but in addition to her academic interests she is particularly interested in modern domestic architecture and wants to see Amercian examples. Will she tell us of underground bomb-shelters while we show her sunny gardens in Spanish-Californian courtyards? Such is the contract of life over there and here.

Just a little over a short year ago, Miss Lee-Cole's predecessor, Miss Elspet Findlay of Airdie, Scotland, had a happy visit here as the 1939 Page Scholar. At home now in addition to her usual school work she is a trained emergency Red Cross worker and carries to and from her evacuated school in a strange Scottish village a kit bag filled with medical supplies so that at any moment if raids occur she may be of service. In her district she is also distributing to evacuee children clothing sent to Dartmouth House, London, by the National E.-S. U., New York. Many of her small charges send thanks to their American friends in terms that are pathetically expressive.

In Cullen the noo

We may smile at the above messages from two very small boys, but the sincerity of their gratitude cannot be doubted.



H.G. School Cullen 7.3.40

Dear Miss Findlay. Thank you for the jersey. I hope you are getting on in America I am living in Cullen the noo.

I like the jessey very much. my night home is Porto Bello. My mother and Father is been in Cullen to see me I am in school the now. I am not very good scholar at school.

The jersey will be good for the cold weald I am wearing it To school. I gave the hat In a gift for I did not want To wear it. But was thankful for your givent to me.

I hope The war is fiech soon for I am wanting home

Love From Fred Westwood

xxxxx

Code for Volunteers

By Dr. Lillian Moller Gilbreth

I realize that as a volunteer worker I am subject to a code of ethics similar to that of professional workers in the same line. Therefore, I agree to assume responsibilities, and to keep confidential matters confidential. I interpret "volunteer" to mean that I agreed to work without compensation, but that my work must be according to standards set up for professional workers.

I believe all work should be analyzed so that duties may be clearly defined. I believe people should be studied with a view to determining the work for which they are best fitted and want to do. I believe the attitude of mind is important, that the volunteer should be trained for the work to be done, and should give it interest and attention.

I realize that I have assets my companions do not have, and will try to make use of them, and also that they have assets I do not have, but I will not let my lack make me feel inadequate.

I will find out how best I can serve, and offer as much as I can give, but no more, so that the agreement may be clear and misunderstandings shall not arise. My attitude will be that I have a professional obligation to give all I can to the betterment of humanity.

Dr. Gilbreth started her talk with a discussion of problems of placement, pointing out that every one lives three lives.

"First is the individual's relation to his home and family, second his citizenship, and third his work. In all types of work it is necessary to keep physically fit, mentally alert, and maintain emotional stability. These things are important for the social adjustment of every personality."

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

ANNOUNCES

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A special trade-in allowance of $20 on your old stove is being offered from October 4 to October 19. This special trade-in allowance applies to all makes of Gas Ranges listed herewith that sell for $129.50 or more.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

NOVEMBER
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 10

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR NOVEMBER 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m

THANKSGIVING PANTRY SALE — NOVEMBER 19th

NOVEMBER — 1940

1	FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 — 11:00 a.m.
	SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria — 12:15 p.m.
4	CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Rm. — 6:15-7:30 p.m.
6	NEEDLEWORK GUILD	Room 214 — 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
	PROFESSOR R. G. GETTELL—*Current Economic Events* (Fifth Lecture)	Auditorium — 12:00 noon
	REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (Sixth in Series)	Board Room — 7.00 p.m.
7	"EXPRESSION"—*Mrs. John Howell* (Ninth in Series of Ten Lectures)	Chinese Room — 11:00 a.m.
	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
	THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	"An Evening of Drama"—Courtesy of Eva Smith Hackett, Studio of Drama.	
8	FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 — 11:00 a.m.
11	CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Rm. — 6:15-7:30 p.m.
13	PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST—*Miss Florence Bentley*, Chairman	Room 208 — All Day
	SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Angela Montiel* presiding	Mural Room — 12:15 p.m.
	BOOK REVIEW DINNER—*Mrs. T. A. Stoddard* will review "The Family," by Nina Fedorova.	Nat. Defenders' Rm. — 6:00 p.m.
	REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding	Board Room — 7.00 p.m.
14	PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST	Room 208 — All Day
	"EXPRESSION"—*Mrs. John Howell* (Last of Series)	Chinese Room — 11:00 a.m.
	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
	THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	"The Broken Lyre," a poetic fantasy presented by California Composers and Writers Society: Florence Colby Battram, President.	
15	PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST	Room 208 — All Day
	FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 — 11:00 a.m.
	SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria — 12:15 p.m.
18	CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Rm. — 6:15-7:30 p.m.
19	THANKSGIVING PANTRY SALE	Auditorium — 11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.
20	NEEDLEWORK GUILD	Room 214 — 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
	PROFESSOR R. G. GETTELL—*Current Economic Events* (Sixth Lecture)	Auditorium — 12:00 noon
	REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (Eighth in Series)	Board Room — 7.00 p.m.
21	THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER—$1.50 per plate	Main Dining Rm. — 2:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.
22	FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 — 11:00 a.m.
25	CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Rm. — 6:15-7:30 p.m.
27	SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Angela Montiel* presiding	Mural Room — 12:15 p.m.
	REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (Ninth in Series)	Board Room — 7.00 p.m.
28	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
	THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	Motion pictures—"20,000 miles around North and South America," by Neil Duchene.	
	SPECIAL THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON ($ .85 per person)	Cafeteria — 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.
	SPECIAL THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON ($1.00 per person)	Main Dining Rm. 12:00 - 2:00 p.m.
	SPECIAL THANKSGIVING DINNER ($1.25 per person)	Main Dining Rm. 5:30 to 8:30 p.m.
29	DRAMA READING—*Mrs. Hugh Brown* (Second in Monthly Series of Six) "There Shall Be No Night," by Robert Sherwood.	Auditorium — 11:00 a.m.
	FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 — 11:00 a.m.
	SYMPHONY TEA—Honoring *Monsieur and Madame Pierre Monteux* and the members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra—Tea, 35 cents	4th Floor Lounge — 4:00-6:00 p.m.

DECEMBER — 1940

2	CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room — 6:15-7:30 p.m.
4	NEEDLEWORK GUILD	Room 214 — 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
	PROFESSOR R. G. GETTELL—*Current Economic Events* (Last in Series)	Auditorium — 12:00 noon
	REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (Last in Series)	Board Room — 7:00 p.m.
5	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex — 12:15 p.m.
	FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room — 6:15 p.m.
	THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM	Auditorium — 8:00 p.m.
	Two one-act plays to be presented by the Pilares Players.	
6	FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 — 11:00 a.m.
	SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria — 12:15 p.m.

XMAS RAMBLE TO AHWAHNEE — DECEMBER 23rd, 24th, 25th

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV November, 1940 Number 10

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Prof. Raymond G. Gettell — Educated at University of Pennsylvania; taught at Trinity College, Amherst College, and University of California; now Professor of Political Science and Dean of the Summer Sessions; taught in Summer Sessions of University of Maine, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Columbia, Cornell and Hawaii; Recorder of U. S. Shipping Board during the war, 1917-18; author of seven books and numerous articles.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THANKSGIVING PANTRY SALE to be held on Tuesday preceding Thanksgiving — November 19th —the better to serve those planning to entertain on Thanksgiving Day. Members are asked to make this Sale a success by contributing foodstuffs of all kinds, flowers, fruit, gourds, berries, et cetera, for table decorations; in short, send to us your prize cake, or condiment, or jelly, and we in turn will convert your talent into income for the Club. Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer is chairman, assisted by Mrs. B. F. Dearing and Mrs. J. C. La Boyteaux. Nonperishable gifts may be brought in on Friday and Saturday preceding Sale. Perishable foodstuffs will be received by Mrs. Goodell in the Lobby of the Clubhouse on Monday as well as on the morning of the Sale. Remember your prize dish means money to the Club.

MEMBERS' PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST — November 13th, 14th and 15th; Miss Florence Bentley, chairman. Our second annual Photography Contest. All members interested in this work are urged to submit photographs. Ribbons will be awarded on the evening of the 15th, at which time Mr. Loeber will discuss the fine points of the various prize-winning photographs, and give expert criticism on the whys and wherefores of good photography. Members are requested to abide by the rules for this contest printed on page 10 of this issue of the Magazine.

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS by Professor Raymond G. Gettell will be held on November 6th, November 20th and December 4th, at the noon hour in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. An enthusiastic audience greets Dr. Gettell at these mid-day lectures, and regret is heard on all sides that his present course is drawing to a close. Single admissions are available and members are urged not to miss the last three lectures.

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON AND DINNER will be served on Thursday, November 28th, for those who wish to adhere to the old Thanksgiving date to celebrate the day. Reservations should be made in advance. Luncheon $1.00 a plate, dinner $1.25 a plate. A special Thanksgiving luncheon will also be served on this date in the Cafeteria from 11:30 to 1:30 p.m.—85 cents a plate.

CHRISTMAS RAMBLE TO YOSEMITE: A ramble will be given to The Ahwahnee in Yosemite over Christmas Day. Group will leave Southern Pacific station, Third and Townsend, at 8:15 a.m., December 23rd. Luncheon in Merced—arrive Yosemite at 3:30. The famous Bracebridge Dinner will be served Christmas Night. Leave Ahwahnee Tuesday, December 26th, after luncheon, dinner on train, and arrive in San Francisco at 10:00 p.m. Fee, all inclusive, $65.00 single and $60.00 double accommodations. Ten-dollar deposit required on all reservations must be in by December 1st or available rooms will have to be cancelled.

DRAMA READING: At the second of her series of drama readings Mrs. Hugh Brown will present "There Shall Be No Night," by Robert Sherwood. The reading will be held at 11:00 o'clock on November 29th in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. Mrs. Brown is delighted to announce that she will use our new loudspeaker on this occasion. Series tickets are available—members $2.75, non-members $3.30. Single admissions—members 55 cents, non-members 66 cents.

ANNUAL SYMPHONY TEA: In honor of Monsieur and Madam Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be held on Friday, November 29th, from 4:00 to 6:00 o'clock in the Lounge of the Clubhouse. This yearly event so eagerly anticipated by our members will be livened by Madam Monteux's chat, done in her inimitable manner. Members and guests are cordially invited. Tea 35 cents.

THANKSGIVING DAY, November 21st, will be celebrated by a Special Dinner which will be served in the Main Dining Room from 2:00 o'clock to 8:00 o'clock. Dinner is $1.50 a plate. If turkey is to be carved at table, $1.75 a plate. Reservations should be made in advance. Private dining rooms will be provided for large groups.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: We need volunteers in the Cafeteria, especially on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Members having free time on either of these days may register at the Executive Office.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman, has arranged for your entertainment the following programs: On November 7th, "An Evening of Drama," courtesy of Eva Smith Hackett Studio of Drama. November 14th, "The Broken Lyre," a poetic fantasy presented by California Composers and Writers Society; Florence Colby Battram, president. November 21st, having been declared as Thanksgiving Day, there will be no program. November 28th, motion pictures, "20,000 Miles Around North and South America," by Neil Duchene. December 5th, two one-act plays to be presented by the Pilares Players, which will terminate the Thursday Evening Programs for this year.

OUR AUDITORIUM: Do you know that the Auditorium has been newly decorated? That the walls have been given acoustical treatment? That the very latest in loudspeaker equipment has been installed? All of which means that this room is now in perfect condition and available for functions of all kinds. Members who belong to outside organizations are reminded to think of us when their groups are planning parties, lectures, teas, dances, etc.

RED CROSS: An evening group of sewers will be organized on Wednesday evenings, if a sufficient number of members will register. Mrs. Margaret Smith has agreed to be chairman of this group to instruct the sewers. Will those interested please call the Executive Office?

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: Our Dining Rooms are always available to outside organizations for luncheons, teas and dinners. The new loudspeaker equipment can be used in all of the Third Floor rooms and is, we feel, an added feature to our always excellent cuisine and service. Bring organization meetings to us.

EMPLOYEES' CHRISTMAS FUND: Cards will be mailed to the membership the last week in November. We request that checks be mailed in as soon as possible. This will greatly facilitate the early distribution of the Christmas bonus. We urge that every member contribute some amount to the Employees' Fund this year.

REINSTATEMENT of old members and new memberships for daughters and grand-daughters of present members and former members are still available. Fee covering entrance and dues to March 1941, $10. Also members interesting friends in joining the Club are reminded that dues are now being pro-rated to March 1, 1941.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER: Mrs. T. A. Stoddard will review this month the $10,000 Atlantic Prize Novel, "The Family," by Nina Fedorova; also will comment briefly on two short novels: "Who Dwell in Wonder," by Kathleen Coyle, and "The Stone of Chastity," by Margery Sharp. Of these books and women writers it has been said that Nina Fedorova has written the best Russian novel of the last two decades, that reading Kathleen Coyle is like seeing the first maple clothed in glory of autumn color, that Margery Sharp's light-hearted frivolity breathes the charm and sweetness of an old English countryside as it once was. The essential theme of strength, and faith, laughter and entertainment makes these novels especially acceptable. The Book Review Dinner will be in the National Defenders' Room at 6:00 o'clock on the second Wednesday evening, November 13th.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE: Have you a book belonging to our Club Library which is long overdue?

The Library Committee is appealing to all members who may have books which by chance have not been checked out or books which are long overdue, to return them to the Library desk. If you have enjoyed one of our books, will you cooperate with the Committee by returning it so that your fellow Club members may also enjoy it?

NEW IN THE LIBRARY: VOICI! Through the generosity of a member of the Board of Directors, our Club Library has been given a subscription to "VOICI," a new French language magazine now being published in New York. The Library Committee wishes to call the attention of our members who read French to this magazine, for in it they will find articles on subjects of current interest written by some of the best-known contemporary French authors and journalists.

BEAUTY SALON: The Beauty Salon is now open on Saturday afternoons, since the closing of the Exposition. Also, Friday evenings by appointment. Come in and let us show you how really lovely you can be after expert grooming. Our restful Salon and courteous operators will do wonders for you. Call GArfield 8400 — Lower Main Floor.

IN THE LEAGUE SHOP: Inexpensive bridge prizes of fireside matches, golf tees and memorandum rolls—packed in attractive gift boxes.

Engagement and address books—covered in gay plaid taffeta—sold in matching sets or singly.

Pewter boxes with decorated enamel tops—useful for stamps or paper clips.

THE CHANNEL
Photograph by C. Stanton Loeber

FIRST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL IN AMERICA

" 'Our harvest being gotten in, our Governour sent foure men on fowling, that so we might after a more speciall manner rejoyce together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labours: they foure in one day killed as much fowle, as with a little help beside, served the company almost a weeke, at which time amongst other recreations, we exercised our Armes, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest King Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five Deere, which they brought to the Plantation and bestowed on our Governour, and upon the Captaine (Standish) and others. And although it be not always so plentifull, as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodnesse of God, we are so farre from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plentie.' ¶ "Thus the first thanksgiving festival was celebrated in America and by little and little the custom spread, and its influence deepened until it has become a national holiday, proclaimed by the President, reproclaimed by the Governor of each state, and observed on the third Thursday in November by every good American and true."

NOVEMBER EVENTS

★

THANKSGIVING PANTRY SALE — TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

★ Opportunity to help your Club by donations for this annual Sale. Opportunity to help the Treasury by coming to buy good food. Opportunity for unusual catering in foodstuffs personally given by fellow members.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY LUNCHEON AND DINNER — NOVEMBER 28

★ Special Menus and particular holiday service available for those who would observe Thanksgiving on the last Thursday of November. Cafeteria open at noon; Main Dining Room noon and evening. Private Rooms for special parties.

TEA IN HONOR OF MR. AND MRS. MONTEUX — NOVEMBER 29

★ Annual Tea in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the Lounge at four o'clock. Members delight on this occasion each Fall to welcome these friends whose talent means much to San Francisco.

★ Details on Announcement Pages.

EDITORIAL

As we approach a Thanksgiving Season, it is appropriate that we express ourselves in our thoughts of others less fortunate. This number of the Magazine carries stories written especially for us by executives of American Red Cross and Community Chest and asks our attention. On another page Florence Bentley tells us of the joy found in her hobby and Mr. Loeber comes to us a second year sharing with us the point of view of the professional in the field of photography.

Familiar to many of us and helpful as well, Miss Ruth Thompson of the San Francisco *News* writes appropriately, reminding us of the bounty of this land in which we live.

Florence Keane brings us more local talent on her poetry page, and Mrs. Coghlan, Miss Turkington and Dr. Stadtmuller review books which the publishers would bring to our attention. Our November Number has interest for us all.

As we prepare for the holidays in the manner our Mothers did before us, let us remember our Club and share with it jams and jellies, cakes and breads, pies, poultry, and delicatessen dainties. If we are making our own table decorations let us add a few extra for gifts to the Pantry Sale — and if our gardens and farms produce more than the family table will need, let us share with our own Club and bring to the Sale on the 19th of November the fruits of the farm. Every gift will add its pennies to the earning of our beautiful Clubhouse. And then on the 19th let us "come — buy," let us entertain and feel repaid, at the same time enjoying the pleasure of meeting fellow members — a happy preamble for our Thanksgiving pleasures.

Thanksgiving Day in these United States! Perhaps at not one of the hundreds of such celebrations has there been greater need for remembering that William Bradford did not just idly establish this custom nor greater reason for counting our mercies in order that we might be the more conscious of them.

Here on this Thanksgiving Day 1940, in this Western world, we can say "We," without danger of obliterating the "I's" which mean individual personal liberty; we can still be assured of protection of property without fear of confiscation; we can think for ourselves—out-loud, if we choose—without horror of "gestapo" or "purge"; we can be sure that the soil will produce plenteously if we but do our share of work in the planting and the care; and we can in every field of endeavor reap the reward of our own efforts which we can voluntarily select. In short, here we can be thankful because, of our own choice or that of our forebears, we live in these United States where personal liberty is sacrosanct.

Unfortunately there are some in our midst who believe that the State owes them all this, that it is their due. To such Thanksgiving Day is but a hollow habit. No real meaning can be attached to any holiday which merely means "a day off." Across the seas from an Old Order this philosophy has come to them, but it was not planted here by those Pilgrim Fathers three hundred and seventeen years ago when they bade us set aside one day each year, at which time we would thank Almighty God for the fruits of a new land capable of yielding abundantly—provided we sowed aright. It behooves us on this Thanksgiving Day to beware lest we take for granted the things we as Americans possess.

As we raise our hymns of praise and thanksgiving in a land declaredly at peace, let us also give thanks that we are being given time to prepare ourselves to defend our institutions against any possible aggressor who would take from us the things for which the First Thanksgiving Day was proclaimed—the assurance of the protection of free enterprise.

In the National League for Woman's Service of California we can be specific, and be grateful that we live in a land where women are allowed to reap the reward of service "to God, to Country, to Home" and to join together unmolested in an organization which is privileged to give regularly some four thousand hours each month in volunteer service to one another and to the community in which we live.

MEMBERS PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

SPONSORED BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

NOVEMBER 13-14-15--11 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

ROOM 208

Chairman, Florence Bentley

JURY OF SELECTION

P. Douglas Anderson, F.R.P.S

C. Stanton Loeber

George Allen Young

RULES

All members are eligible to participate. Amateur photographers are cordially invited to contribute work.

Four prints in any photographic medium may be submitted. Hand colored prints are not acceptable.

All prints must be mounted on 16x20 or 14x18 white or light-tone boards.

Each mount must bear on the back name and address of the entrant and marked for photography contest.

Prints will be returned to sender as soon after the close of the exhibition as possible.

Participants will be notified immediately of results.

*All Entries Must Be Made Before November 6th

First Award, October 1937, "Textures"— Old and New — By Dr. Mary H Layman

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

CORDIALLY INVITES

MEMBERS AND THEIR FRIENDS

TO ATTEND

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

IN ROOM 208

OF THE

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB BUILDING

NOVEMBER 13·14·15···11 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

Florence Bentley, *Chairman*

Tea Will Be Served Each Afternoon

CABBAGE

by C. Stanton Loeber

A little dictation, Miss Henderson. I know you don't like cabbage. And don't wrinkle your nose as I dictate; it's too distracting.

Of course, the very word cabbage nauseates you, reminds you of horrible cooking smells. Only Jiggs and his ilk would enjoy it. I'm certain you've made that exceedingly clear. And rabbits might like it: I know that, too.

Also, you have made me well aware that only a screw-ball would photograph a head of cabbage. But don't forget the bet you made with me—the bet that the Photographic Society of America would not accept "Cabbage" for its international salon. Or will I have to raise your salary in order to collect?

And now, my dear Miss Henderson, we will drop the personalities. There are many who have wondered, just as do you in your blissful youth, why should anyone photograph such a deadly dull thing as a cabbage. I'll tell you—if I can.

A photograph can be just a record, as all of us take on vacations and outings. That is simply snap-shot photography. Or it can be professional. The picture is larger, thought and workmanship better. It, too, is record photography, but at times, superbly done. Yet it is but a document, a factual representation of the thing photographed.

It may be of a shop window, the boy friend, a great mountain, a bear fight, a murderess being electrocuted, or any other thing. It may be of a beautiful landscape and because the landscape is beautiful—to the uninitiated it is a fine picture. That does not necessarily follow.

For photography can be creative—not just a literal copying of the object as seen by the lens—but creative in the same sense that a water color, an oil or a dry point can be creative. Of course, all oils, all water colors and all etchings are not creative.

They, too, can lack in aesthetic values. But it is the aesthetics that make a photograph a picture, an oil a work of art. And a photograph can be based on art principles. It can have strong compositions, beautiful tonal values, sensuous feelings of form, and roundness and texture.

Nor is it necessary that a thing be beautiful to have these aesthetic values. Beauty does not mean art. Neither is it the obvious. And that is the cameralist's province. He can see the commonplace with an eye that the average person does not have. He sees with and in a different light.

And if he can force his lens, his film and photographic paper to capture the thing he saw so differently, then he has created. If he can introduce the feeling of form and texture, placed on a composition that is strong, yet not obviously forced, his work has aesthetic value.

And who can say this is not art; perhaps not great art, but at least something far superior to just another photograph of a beautiful girl, a sunset, or a Hollywood hero.

Many dislike this cabbage portrait. They tell me so. "Cabbage!" they sneer, "Where's the corn beef? You must be hard up for subject matter."

But I laugh at them. I point to the awards it has won, tell them it will win even more. They leave, shaking their heads.

But this cabbage does have certain merits. The whorl of curving lines formed by the leaves, the veins in those leaves, emphasize a well-outlined pattern. The solid head with its crisscrossing lines, its *(Continued on page 31*

"QUICK SNAP!"*

by Florence Bentley

Over on Treasure Island, Pacifica surveys her now quiet domain with apparent relief. The weird figures around the fountain seem pleased, too, at the absence of countless human figures, who, for two years, seemed bent on emulating their poses . . . behind a tripod.

Perhaps the fascination of this ever-growing hobby of photography lies in its extreme accessibility. Anyone with 69 cents is the potential owner of a dashing, streamlined "Brownie." With growing enthusiasm, he may purchase a filter, and a portrait attachment; then perhaps a photo flood bulb for snapshots at night. The acquisition of "Darkroom Outfit No. 1" represents the end of quiet evenings at home, of the stamp collection, of your nail polish. By now you see everything in squares, are confused but resolute.

A vast amount of material has been written about photography as an art, vs. photography as a craft (and some feel it is too "mechanical" to be either). Everyone, however, has seen photographs which could only come under the first category, yet the most inartistic of us can press a button and take a picture. Surely this is another reason for the frenzied popularity of photography as a hobby.

It is a modern medium both in aspect and in operation, with strangely ancient connections. When delving into the past of most arts and crafts, one finds early references in China; and such is the case here. Frequent claims have been made as to the discovery of China plates over 2,000 years old, chemically treated so as to be sensitive to light. The Egyptians apparently used pieces of lens-shaped glass for lighting purposes, and similar fragments have been unearthed in Pompeii.

The first real reference, however, dates back to the fourth century B. C. to Aristotle, who observed that "light entering a minute hole in the wall of a darkened room, casts on the opposite wall an inverted image of whatever lies outside the hole." Leonardo da Vinci, centuries later, makes frequent mention of experiments in "darkened rooms," . . . the first artist to study this phenomenon. The first "camera" so-called, was merely a piece of artist's equipment. It consisted of a small box with a "lens" at one end and a translucent screen at the back, where the image might be studied . . . and traced!

The fact that silver (or to be exact, salts of silver) is greatly affected by exposure to light, led finally to the possibility of making permanent records by this process. Along with other technical achievements of the nineteenth century, the camera came into its own with its "fathers," Niepce and Daguerre; the official date being 1839. The same little artist's "box" now had at the back a piece of metal coated with the newly developed substance, so sensitive to light. People came in droves to see the "sun pictures"; were amazed when (Continued on page 28

*Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," IV, 5, 3.

Golden Gate International Exposition — Tower of Sun Reflection

THANKSGIVING PANTRY SALE

AT THE CLUBHOUSE

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

IN THE AUDITORIUM

ELEVEN TO NINE O'CLOCK

CHAIRMEN

Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
Mrs. Bradford F. Dearing
Mrs. J. C. La Boyteaux

Enjoy meeting your fellow members. Buy your Thanksgiving condiments and table decorations from our wide assortment.

JAMS, JELLIES, CONSERVES, CAKES, COOKIES, PIES, FRUIT CAKE, PLUM PUDDINGS, NUTS, FRUITS, MINCE MEAT AND THE MANY OTHER DELICIOUS FOODSTUFFS THAT WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE.

Members are requested to bring in non-perishable gifts on Friday and Saturday preceding sale — Perishable foodstuffs will be received on Monday and early Tuesday morning.

Plan to Have Luncheon and Dinner at the Club

THANKSGIVING WITHIN OUR GATES

by Ruth Thompson

Thanksgiving Table Arrangement—By Alice Burr

Our Nation's gates are closed! Within our gates are some 3,026,789 square miles. Within our gates are coastlines, plains, valleys, mountains, great sweeps of prairies, deserts, flowing rivers—and plenty. No greener pastures are without our gates. We do not have to look beyond the bars of our Stars and Stripes. We can produce what we need. We live in a land of peace and plenty. For that we are thankful.

The closing of our gates has produced a problem. Though we do live in this land of plenty we've been accustomed to reaching across into other places beyond and importing foods and materials. We have been accustomed to handing our foods and products out across to other lands.

But now our gates are closed. This Thanksgiving season we find the patriotic and loyal thing to do is to serve for dinner our own products. And perhaps for the first time we look over our local situation with amazement and find — we can do it! And by utilizing our own products we are being well fed on the very best. We needn't miss one item.

California alone can furnish our larder and give us healthful and good foods. Our fruits — fresh and dried, sun-filled and treated with the vitamins and minerals Nature gives them, are all for our own consumption. And in spite of the report that authorities give us that there are supplies of foreign foods stored in abundance, we should use the foods we have at hand. There is no foreign market for them. And the glory of our situation is that this is no hardship! For that we can be thankful.

Commission men report that turkeys, for instance, are in abundant supply and should sell at moderate prices.

Let's take a quick look at the entire food situation for Thanksgiving and act accordingly. From our angle closed gates are proving a blessing, for we now can get the best at reasonable prices. In fact, wholesalers report that not since 1933 has produce been as reasonably priced and as abundant as now. Extreme cold and rain alone can change the situation. Even then we've an abudance.

A year ago we were buying imported breads, canape fillings, mostarda—those delectable and colorful fruits in a clear sweet sauce put up in Italy and used in place of our own cranberries.

A year ago we were buying the imported caviar, escargots, pate de foie gras, truffles, marrons, as well as such more common foods as spaghetti, olive oil, jelly, jam and anchovies.

A year ago we were buying those imported flat, round fruitcakes.

And so it goes. But we can find excellent substitutes today, here and now, in our own country's productions.

This is good. This will make us consume what we have. It will help save our money. This will cultivate our taste for what we have in our own land. This will aid local growers and tradesmen. This may even aid in cultivating our palate — we never know what blessings are presented to us in some other guise!

Now we've made up our minds we're going to be All-American and as far as we can be, All-Californian in our Thanksgiving shopping and be thankful for the opportunity, let's take a swift view of some of the districts we're aiding with our purchases.

Maybe we're going to have broiled grapefruit with sherry topping for flavor. Both can be California, though Arizona grapefruit are now available and of the best. And wines, by all means, wines *(Continued on page 24*

IMMEDIATELY BEFORE US

by Robert S. Elliott

As the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross looks ahead to the months to come, there are several outstanding problems which we must meet, if we are to continue to render increasing service to the community as a whole.

From the point of view of sheer magnitude of coordinated effort involved, the matter of completing a quota in excess of 13,000 garments for war refugee work before the end of December, is probably the most important. We shall continue this work on the general broad lines which we have pursued during the past few months; namely, use the production headquarters at 625 Sutter Street as a distribution, receiving and shipping center, with the major emphasis being placed on an increasing number of individual units, of which there are now over 130 scattered throughout San Francisco, ranging from the largest of the women's clubs to the smallest neighborhood sewing circle.

There has been considerable discussion as to why the Chapter has not engaged more heavily in the matter of surgical dressings production, and a word of explanation would not seem amiss at this point. To date, the dressings produced have been sent to the Atlantic seacoast for shipment and it was felt advisable to discontinue this because of the expense of shipment involved, and to have them made on the Atlantic seaboard. We have, however, accomplished a major objective in that we now have available approximately 100 individuals who have completed the surgical dressings course and could be called on to serve as instructors . . . when and if a need for a greatly expanded program of surgical dressings is required.

Of course, the production program is the most spectacular because its results are immediately visible in completed garments, but there are other programs whose value to San Francisco as a community are equally important, but they have little or nothing of the spectacular about them; however, they must be carried forward so that all of our effort will not be expended in one direction. Among these programs is that of First Aid training, which as one woman said to us the other day, "No one who has not taken the training can realize the immense value of it in the everyday routine of living." At the present time, in the city of San Francisco, well over a thousand individuals are taking training in First Aid and the Chapter is in the process of training additional instructors because of the increasing demand upon the Chapter for qualified personnel to serve additional groups who desire this training. The classes are free to anyone who desires to enroll . . . the only cost being a nominal one for the textbook and the willingness of the individuals to give up twenty hours of their leisure time over a ten-weeks period to secure the training.

Another program which is assuming increasing importance, due to the rapid expansion of the military establishment of the United States, is that of the military and naval welfare. The San Francisco Chapter is called upon to assist the field directors of the American Red Cross, who are stationed at every Army and Navy post throughout the country, in planning ways and means of working out problems which the enlisted personnel of the military establishment bring to the directors daily. These problems range from assisting a man and his family financially during a period of illness in the family, through helping a widow of a veteran to complete and file her claim for a government pension, to securing a picture of the grave of a soldier for a brother who had never been able to see the grave. Any success that the Red Cross may have had in this field is due to the faithfulness and work of thousands of volunteers scattered throughout the 3,700 Chapters in this country who use their own time to carry out all of these and many more tasks.

With the increasing awareness of the need to plan for any and all eventualities on the part of communities as a whole, the general program of Disaster Relief of the San Francisco Chapter is receiving more attention from outside groups, who in the past have felt (Continued on page 25

WORKING TOGETHER

by Patrick Kelly

"I have been a resident of San Francisco for about fifteen years. I suppose I have the same number of friends as the average woman — the bridge club, the wives of my husband's business associates, the people of the neighborhood, and a few others.

"Last year a friend asked me to work for the Community Chest, and to put it mildly, I considered myself 'hooked'; but believe me, I wouldn't trade the three weeks I had working with the Chest last year for anything. When it was over, I felt as though I knew almost everyone in town, and out of this experience came contacts which I could have gained in no other way — friendships that mean much to me."

Yes, the Community Chest appeal is here again. This statement reveals just one of the many reasons that San Franciscans are giving as they volunteer their services for the Mercy Mobilization.

San Francisco is a large city. We don't all live together in close human relationships as our neighbors in smaller cities do, and so we break down into smaller groups to find companionship and friends. Working for the Chest is a natural escape from this convenient but limited kind of social existence, and it is as beneficial to San Francisco as to those who participate in the work.

When the bugle notes sound sunset on Armistice Day, some 6,000 San Franciscans will "go over the top" to prove that the last war was not fought in vain; that the fundamentals of democracy, freedom of action, tolerance and kindness are still very much alive in this world. Their efforts will provide funds for 84 affiliated member agencies of the Community Chest, which during the past year provided care for 115,000 people without regard to their race, creed or color.

The woman who found an outlet for new social activity through her work with the Community Chest was quite right. Many new friendships have arisen as a result of eighteen years of campaigning in San Francisco, but this year's appeal is much more than a campaign for charity. As President Roosevelt said when he opened the nation-wide drive for community chests, "The spiritual fortification which the success of the mobilization would bring cannot be dismissed lightly by those in other lands who believe that nations can live by force alone."

Never in our lifetime have freedom, democracy and the institutions which we Americans hold dear been so gravely threatened as at present. The Community Chest is an important fortification in our chain of national defenses. In the words of Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon-General of the United States: "For what cause is this nation arming if not in behalf of the men, women and children who compose it? Their physical fitness, their moral or mental stamina will determine almost entirely the effectiveness of all other defense efforts."

It is obvious that if our people, our families, many of whom carry the deep scars of the depression, remain physically and morally weak, our defense contains a dangerous and unnecessarily weak link. It is the recognition of these factors which this year is driving hundreds of new workers into the ranks of the Community Chest volunteer army and giving an entirely new color to the appeal. Those who are aligning themselves with the Chest army, in addition to finding the friendships and contacts which all workers have found in the Chest are discovering the same spirit which marked the early years of the Chest.

Plans for carrying out the campaign itself have been greatly altered. Luncheons are to be held at the St. Francis Hotel with the volunteers paying for their own lunches as usual. The cost of these luncheons has been reduced. Busses colorfully decorated with Chest flags and posters will bring workers into the meetings from the outlying districts. The busses are being generously provided by the Greyhound Company and will make scheduled runs on luncheon days throughout the appeal.

According to those who are planning the luncheons, the onward progress of teams as they strive toward their respective 100 per cent quotas will have greater meaning than ever this year. The old method of reporting daily totals will be altered. In place of (Continued on page 29

POETRY PAGE

Edited by Florence Keene

Giving of Thanks

Thank God for the gleam of the sunlight,
Thank God for the freshening rain;
For the laugh of the breeze as it plays through the trees,
For the gold of the ripening grain.

Thank God for the carpet of heather,
Which purples the moors at our feet.
For the mountains which stand like a sentinel band
Where the lochs and the rivulets meet.

For the valleys that smile in the sunshine,
For the velvet of emerald grass,
For the blue of the sky, for a bird's happy cry,
For the grace of the deer as they pass.

For the stars in their shimmering splendor
Ablaze in the silver above;
For the peace, sure and tried, in a heart purified,
Thank God for these gifts of His love.

—Lewie Prittie Castellain.

The Art of William Keith

Here, vast and awful, the Sierras rear
Their everlasting summits to the sky;
The mighty waters of the sunset lie
In all their changing opalescence; here
The brooding melancholy of the sere,
Dun autumn woods; the laughing leafery
Of budding boughs, blending each tender dye
With the lush green of the awakening year.
This is not painted canvas,—this is life,
Creation, earth, in all her varying moods!
These fields a-thrill with motion and with light,
These forest-ways, with dream and mystery rife!
Here nature's heart throbs through the solitudes!
Here nature's soul looks from the mystic height.

—Ian Coolbrith,
California's first State poet laureate.

Corot

The trees Corot has painted
Are neither peach nor prune,
Nor damson plum nor cherry,
Nor apples ripe in June.

The trees Corot has painted
No luscious pears will bear,
For packing in a basket
And selling at the fair.

The trees Corot has painted
Appease no appetite
But these: the thirst for loveliness,
The hunger for delight.

—Arthur Price.

Arthur Price, 14 Tamalpais Road, Berkeley.
Editorial Department, San Francisco Examiner.

The Pool of Enchantment

(Golden Gate Park, San Francisco)

Come, nymphs, to the pool of enchantment
And dance to the pipes of Pan,
There is no spot in the woods more fair
Than this, near the haunts of man,
For here is a charm that makes one seem
In the heart of the wild alone,
To fancy that magic has shaped the rim
And the beasts of the carven stone.
Here you may linger as blithe, as free,
As you would by some mountain stream,
For men will but deem it the glancing light
When they look, and your white limbs gleam;
And ever this shrine to Beauty shows
How she dwells in the heart of man;
Come, nymphs, to the pool of enchantment, come
And dance to the pipes of Pan.

—Vera Moller.

The Pool of Enchantment is at the front of the main entrance to the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, and was presented to the Park by Mrs. Maria Becker. The sculptor was Melvin Earl Cummings.

Drama Reading

Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "There Shall Be No Night" by Robert Sherwood, on November 29th at 11 o'clock in the Auditorium. This is the play the Lunts are playing in New York now with brilliant success.

The editor took occasion to interview Mrs. Brown recently and received such an illuminating view of her work that we want to pass it on to our members. Mrs. Brown explains that while she is in the entertainment class of performers she considers herself very definitely in the cultural and educational field.

"My appeal," said Mrs. Brown, "should be to people interested not so much in *plays* as in *dramatists*. I create for the dramatists of our day an audience strictly their own. I am only secondarily interested in the actors who appear in the plays, although the stars are often an index of the play's value.

"We should be interested in dramatists just as we are interested in novelists, painters or musicians," Mrs. Brown continued. "What the dramatists produce is often noteworthy as a work of art and always significant as a barometer of modern tendencies. Even the lightest comedy of manners may have real social significance. Take Phil Barry's plays, for instance, or better still, S. N. Behrman's. (He wrote 'No Time for Comedy,' remember?)

"Both these men write light society dramas. They are in the light entertainment class, but both these men have definite social convictions about some modern questions. They present with their deft touch arguments which are often very deep. Many times the depth of their plays is entirely lost in production. The personality of the star, or the simple blindness of the producer often completely submerges the real value of the play. 'No Time for Comedy' is a case in point. That was a good play. It is just too bad that it was tossed off by Miss Cornell and Mr. Lederer.

"But in a reading presentation of a play, provided the reader is a real interpreter and a conscientious student, the heart of the play can be uncovered to the great enjoyment of the listeners and much profit to the reputation of the dramatist. A real drama needs interpretation. The words mean something through *intonation* which only appears through study. It is no light thing to interpret a play.

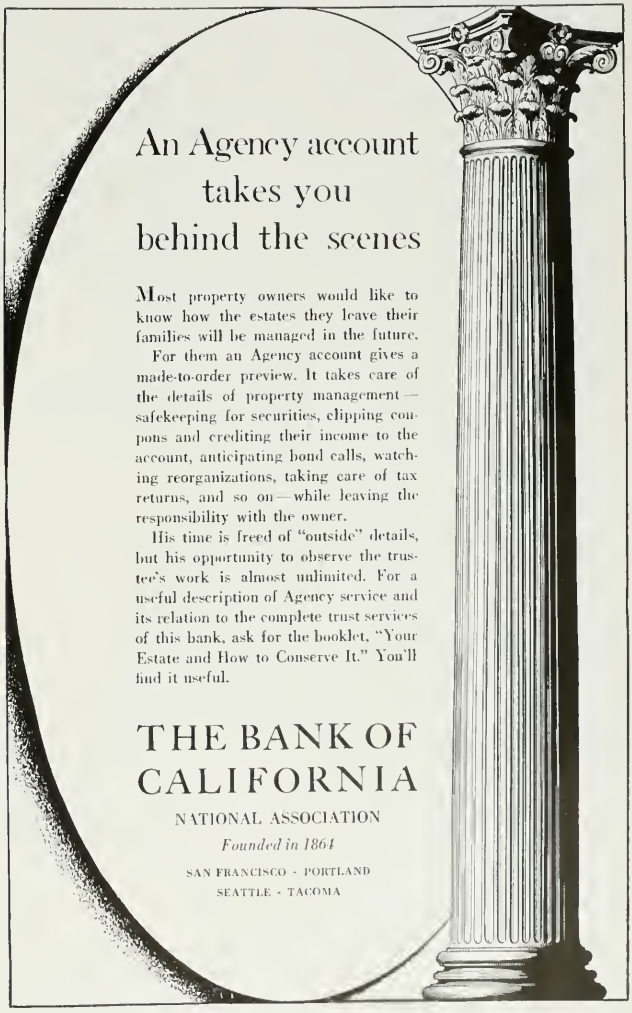
"This is what I aim to do. Dramatists have style and import. Audiences who follow me year after year come to have a definite realization of the style and message of men like Robert Sherwood or Maxwell Anderson or Phil Barry. We should be definitely interested in their development, in what they do year after year. And the appearance of a new dramatist should be as thrilling as a new comet."

Taken from this angle, we began to realize the presentation of play readings by a competent person like Mrs. Brown takes on something more than a pleasant form of entertainment. It is definitely instructive. Through her talent for interpretation the dramatists become known to us, we recognize their style, we want to know what they are doing. We are pleased when they present us with a fine new example of their genius and we are sorry when they don't live up to the ability we think they have.

We asked Mrs. Brown about Mr. Sherwood's play. "There Shall Be No Night" is serious but not tragic. Robert Sherwood is a propagandist in the very *best* sense. He believes the time has arrived when we must all make up our minds what we live by and what we are willing to die for. The day of blind reactions to such words as "patriotism," "liberalism," "equality" is over. He is brave, clear headed and talented. The play is grand!

What of the future of the season:

S. N. Behrman has a play almost ready and those two perennials, George Kaufman and Moss Hart, have presented us with "Washington Slept Here," and there is always "Saroyan." The season looks promising.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I HAVE BEEN READING~

GETTING READY TO BE A MOTHER; by *Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom*. The Macmillan Co. $2.50. Reviewed by Ellen Stadtmuller, M.D.

I PLAYED THEIR ACCOMPANIMENTS; by *Elizabeth Harbison David*. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50. (Reviewed by Mrs. J. P. Coghlan.)

FINAL EDITION; by *E. F. Benson*. D. Appleton-Century. $3.00. Reviewed by Mrs. E. J. Turkington.

Trained persons doing special pieces of work recognize the voice of one speaking with authority in their own field. They turn gladly to such an authoritative source when it can assist them in developing their own particular problem. It is as great a surprise in seeking this aid to find the face and dress, the manner and complexion of such a source of authority changed as it would be to greet any other old friend and find externals all altered.

It is with such a sense of surprise that one takes up the fourth edition of the volume "Getting Ready to Be a Mother" by Miss Carolyn Van Blarcom. Miss Van Blarcom's name has for years stood high among those dealing successfully with her chosen field—maternal nursing. She speaks with authority of those years of experience which have been gained serving mothers of all classes and races.

The last edition of her book has put on modern dress. The type and paper have been changed, the number of pages reduced. These changes have made the book easier to read since the type is larger, the ink blacker.

The book retains its former size which was that of a volume easy to handle.

The contents of the book have been re-arranged, the sections on anatomy and physiology now serving as the means of introducing the topic "Hygiene of the Expectant Mother" rather than be relegated to an appendix. Chapters have been re-titled and re-arranged as to position, somewhat lessened space than in preceding edition devoted to the topic of the premature and sick infant.

The chief new feature is the complete re-placement of the illustrations, those for this volume have been chosen from drawings and models prepared by the Maternal Association of New York for the New York Fair there. The illustrations are of several types, the line and wash drawings are used to illustrate the mother's needs and her part in the hygiene of pregnancy. The halftone reproductions of plaster models give the scientific facts of re-production of the development of the infant. Silhouette and outline drawings are used to emphasize details of equipment and special instructions to mothers. The handling of the infant is fully illustrated, many of the pictures being drawn from "The Care of Mother and Baby in Pictures" by Miss Zebraski, also a member of the Maternal Association staff.

The information given is accurate, easily understood and logically arranged. It gives instructions varied as to the mother's situation in life and assists her in planning for her delivery service either in a hospital or in the home. A mother following this booklet would feel well prepared and secure in her preparations for the great moment of childbirth. Throughout the whole there has been retained the joyous note which is one of the great assets of Miss Van Blarcom's work.

"I Played Their Accompaniments"; by Elizabeth Harbison David. Elizabeth Harbison David has written an interesting book on the fine art of accompanying. It is filled with intimate glimpses of the great and the near great, from the late 80's down to the present day, ending with a chapter of lively comment on Edward Johnson and other recent celebrities of the Metropolitan Opera.

Necessity made Mrs. David an accompanist. A natural gift for music and long study under good teachers fitted her to become professionally associated with many great artists.

The book is filled with amusing accounts of concerts, teas, salons and other meeting places of artists and musicians. It tells of such interesting experiences as traveling with and accompanying Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, and Clara Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain.

Madame Schumann-Heink furnishes another interesting chapter. Florence Hinkle, Percy Grainger, Lucrezia Bori, George Hamlin, and Herbert Witherspoon, have a place in the book. So do many other old friends, including Rena Lazelle of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and Alfred Hertz, the great conductor of opera and for years of the San Francisco Symphony.

Mrs. David's association with Margaret Wilson took her to France during the first

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World War, where Miss Wilson sang for the soldiers. Her account of their experiences—meetings with President and Mrs. Wilson and great leaders in the war commands of the different nations—is one of the features of the book. If one enjoys personal adventures "I Played Their Accompaniments" will furnish a good evening's entertainment.

"Final Edition," by E. F. Benson. . . . For the great number of people who find pleasure in the glamour of English days, "Final Edition" is a vivid and various picture of the social and literary life of England past and present. In his inimitable style, the author presents in this new book a series of memoirs and reminiscences of peoples and places that are delightful reading. Mr. Benson, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, through his background and many contacts with outstanding personalities of England, relates with humor and pathos anecdotes of these great and near great, and most interesting are the short biographies that give a keen insight into the lives and characters of the members of his own family, including his two remarkable brothers, Arthur and Hugh, later Monsignor Benson, an invalid sister Maggie, and a truly memorable mother, "who held that life was a piece of material given her to work on to the best advantage." After the death of her husband, the family resided at "Tremans" in Sussex, where a constant stream of visitors were entertained, and in charmingly told stories we meet such famous acquaintances as Henry James, Marie Corelli, Dame Ellen Terry and Philip Burne-Jones. Humor sparkles everywhere throughout the book and one revels in the account of "Taffy," the black collie puppy, or reads with pleasure the interview with the gardener. The closing chapters are intriguing in detail of the duties of the author as Mayor of Rye and his participation in the ceremony of the ancient organization of the Cinque Ports. Mr. Benson is the brilliant author of Queen Victoria's Daughters, the Lucia Books and Old London, and in "Final Edition" reveals himself as a man of charm and wit, and has produced a book of real enjoyment.

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In the Heart of Chinatown

PHOTOGRAPHIC SAN FRANCISCO

(Reprinted by request from the Women's City Club Magazine, October, 1939.)

—By C. STANTON LOEBER

Photography is my hobby—the most fascinating and absorbing interest I've ever known. It has brought friendships, laughs, lasting pleasures.

I talk photography, preach photography, eat and sleep photography. Mine has become a one-track mind. But it's fun—the greatest.

And sometimes a print finds its way into some salon. Then, some one longing for the green grass of far-off fields, asks, "But where? Where can you find pictures?"

And the answer is always the same: "Right here in San Francisco." For this city-by-the-Golden-Gate is the cameraist's heaven.

Rome was built on seven hills, it's said. San Francisco has thirteen, and from each are pictures for any man's camera.

Swirling summer fogs shroud skyscrapers into ghostlike forms that are ready-made for the camera. Suddenly these fogs dissolve—and there is a soft diffused light unequaled anywhere for photography.

Sails dot the bay, smoking ferries and sleek liners slide under the bridges, the famed Embarcadero stretches below in a half circle.

Stroll along this waterfront. Ships of all the seas berth beside its piers. Frayed hawsers, anchor chains, bits of rope, circling seagulls and the ships themselves—all are picture material.

At each end of the Embarcadero are two of the city's best picture spots—the world-famous Fisherman's Wharf, known to everyone—and the but-little-known "Channel."

Banana boats from the tropics unload here. Grain and hay barges glide past the drawbridges to dump their cargoes into the rickety hay barns where scores of cats chase other scores of rats and a fine, thirty-one-year-old horse nibbles his oats.

Lumber schooners disgorge redwood from the Mendocino and Humboldt forests. Piles of sweet-smelling Oregon pine lie on the docks. And the whine of whirling saws in the yards mingles with the lazy tooting of barges. Picture possibilities are everywhere.

A speedboat darts into the channel, its staccato motor roaring. A tugboat chugs by. The water smooths out in long ripples and if you are quick with your camera and the sun is low in the sky, there's a picture of sunlight dancing on water.

Wander along the cliffs of Lands End. There are camera pictures in the rocks and dashing spray.

Stand on the Esplanade above Seal Rocks and at ten or eleven in the morning watch the breakers roll in. Watch the line of sunlight that glistens along the curling wall of water.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun is low and shadows long, note these shadow patterns as people wander by. Many shots have been made here later to grace the walls of some salon.

Loaf through the sand dunes at the western edge of the Sunset District. Let your camera pick out the sand patterns, the curv-

ing, shadowed ridge of a sand bank. Here we have desert photography in our own back yard.

Golden Gate Park—out where it meets the sea—shelters a drove of wooly sheep. In the spring they lamb just as on any ranch. Pictures are here.

Sheep are excellent lawn mowers. So this band is usually busy trimming the big lawn opposite Spreckels' Lake.

But when the afternoon sun sinks low, they are herded—herdsmen riding in a rattling Model T Ford—back to their paddock. If the day is fogless, follow them.

They cross the driveway and shuffle along a winding back road. Scuffling feet raise clouds of dust. But you'd find pictures—pictures of slanting sunrays stabbing through dust-filled air to point out white sheep against a forest of trees.

If it is color you like in photography—the brilliant Kodachrome or Dufay color in either stills or movies—then Golden Gate Park is your Mecca.

Color, in the spring, comes to the blazing banks of rhododendron and azaleas.

Visit the Conservatory, turn your movie camera, with its load of color, onto the fish pond, the water lilies, the goldfish. Photograph the lavender orchids, the red hibiscus, the myriads of gorgeously colored flowers.

And if your movie has a fast lens—f 1.4 or f 1.5—and you can slow it down to eight frames per second, go movie fishing in the Aquarium.

For you can photograph the vividly marked South Sea fish in all their natural color. And on the movie screen in your own living room, they'll swim again, just as brilliant in color and as large as life.

It's lots of fun.

If you like people and the things they say and think—whether it's robes or rags they wear—go to Chinatown's Portsmouth Square, go along the Embarcadero, go down to the Municipal Fishing Pier.

Here are faces lined and seamed by the suns and storms of the seven seas—faces telling lifetime histories—faces begging for the lens to record their saga.

More than one of these sun-seamed heroes has become a character on some salon wall—all unknown to himself. For these character-shots must be taken on the sly. Somehow, a staring lens robs them of naturalness, steals away the personalities that are theirs.

It's a lot of fun—photography! San Francisco is the ideal city—scenically and climatically. What more can one ask?

The Great Salt Desert

A mighty, white salt desert
Framed by hills of azure hue—
Mother Earth wears a great moonstone
Set in giant sapphires, blue.

—Thelma Ireland, McGill, Nevada.

SWIM
AT THE CLUB

Winter Colds are often the result of a rundown physical condition. . . . So why not keep fit by swimming regularly in the Club Pool?

Special rates arranged for swimming parties.

New Arrivals

Metal table Christmas trees, hand decorated trays, hearth brooms, stationery, Christmas cards, wrapping paper, seals, stickers, ribbons, and everything imaginable to make Christmas shopping a pleasure.

For the Children: Trains, dump carts, wagons, quoits, garages, gas stations, automobiles, children's chairs, toy chests, woolly animals and dolls.

For Unusual Christmas Gifts Visit

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During the Fall and Winter Seasons your hair should be coiffed attractively and distinctively. Our operators are thoroughly skilled in the art of individual styling. Discriminating women demand this kind of service, so why not make your appointment now?

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BEAUTY SALON

Guide to Shops and Service

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(Continued from page 15)

must be Californian! (Star that one!)

Now in your choice: salad greens, tomatoes, onions, garlic, celery, cauliflower may all come from the Bay region—Colma, and as far south as San Juan, across the Bay in Alameda County, and north to the Sacramento Delta region.

Some of our other vegetables: sweet potatoes from the San Joaquin Valley; white potatoes from Shafter in Kern County and from Salinas and the Delta region; peas arrive from San Mateo, or Mendocino Counties, or the San Joaquin Valley; string beans from Ivanhoe and the San Joaquin Valley; corn from Contra Costa County.

Our dairy products — milk, butter, eggs from Marin County and Sonoma, San Joaquin Valley and even Eureka.

And fish for canapes and other purposes all up and down our Pacific Coast!

Olives may come from Lindsay, down the valley.

Fruits! Figs, raisins, nuts (there's a bumper walnut crop this year) from San Joaquin, Santa Clara; and citrus fruits from Southern California. Pears mostly from Lake County.

Pumpkins for our Thanksgiving pies are from Stockton, Fresno, Alameda and Santa Clara Counties, among other places.

And the turkeys from around Sacramento and Maxwell, northern counties, are royal birds which are so royal they're good enough indeed for the queen's taste!

Very briefly that's the situation within our gates.

So where does that leave us? Practically the only item out of the array of an excellent Thanksgiving feast which is imported is coffee! And after all, that is probably from non-belligerent South America and is roasted and prepared for market in the Bay region.

Thus the whole thing is up to American housewives to plan, and buy, products from within our gates, cook, and sit down to the Thanksgiving feast and "talk turkey" in a new way:

"Look, my dears, every item of food on the menu for our Thanksgiving dinner was raised in our own country and—most of it came from our own California!"

THEN we've been loyal! Then we can indeed be thankful for our land and its generous bounty. We've learned the lesson of true appreciation this Thanksgiving season. We've learned that we are self-sufficient within our gates.

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A good winter exercise. Fog, wind and rain take the pleasure away from tennis and golf. They make no difference to the pleasure of using our Club pool.

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for Thanksgiving
Give

See's
Oldtime Home Made
CANDIES

(Continued from page 16)

verbal reports from individual teams, gay flags will be raised on poles divided into percentages. Woe to the team whose flag remains at half mast or below! Though the campaign has yet to begin, leaders are emphatic that on the final day of the appeal every team flag must be fluttering at the top of its mast.

The entire appeal this year is under the energetic and spirited leadership of Jean C. Witter, who is serving as campaign chairman. Mr. Witter enjoys the assistance of Robert Koshland, a veteran Chest volunteer of many years, as his vice-chairman.

Changes have been made in a hundred directions in campaign organization. Individual workers in the residential areas will have fewer calls to make ths year, thus having an opportunity to concentrate their efforts to secure more complete coverage.

The Central Committee, which has the responsibility of soliciting in the large donor group, will be led by J. Ward Mailliard, Jr., with Mrs. Henry Potter Russell serving as vice-chairman.

Sixteen establishment divistons handling large business concerns will be under the capable direction of Carl Heise. As chairman of the divisions, Mr. Heise will direct the activities of some 1,520 co-workers.

Other prominent division leaders include Paul T. Mackie, business divisions; Mrs. W. F. Chipman, chairman, and Mrs. Wm. L. Rogers, vice-chairman, residential divisions.

Earl Warren, Attorney General, assisted by Thomas Coakley, will serve as chairman of the public employees divisions.

Just what services will these civic-minded men and women provide for San Francisco's needy? Open the records of the Chest for the past twelve months and you will find these highlights of service:

73,000 sick persons went to Community Chest clinics.

61,781 free and part-pay days' care were provided in Chest-supported hospitals.

48,000 home visits were made by Visiting Nurses.

In child care the record is no less impressive.

4,858 children were cared for in Chest orphanages and foster homes.

939 children in nursery schools.

Democracy in the future will turn to the youth of today for its strength. What training are we giving them to insure a better democracy for tomorrow? Again the Chest record speaks for itself. Twenty youth organizations provided training and guidance for 28,794 San Francisco boys and girls last year.

One could go on by the hour listing figures such as these but they are cold and lifeless. Each of the 115,000 San Franciscans who was helped in some way by the Chest last year, however, could tell a dramatic story of need and express his gratitude for the generosity of San Francisco.

There is truly a quality of newness about this campaign emanating from Chest headquarters which will soon be felt in every home in San Francisco. New blood is coming into the ranks of the volunteer army. Campaign organization is new. There are new plans for welfare work for next year. And, indeed, everyone is talking about "the new Community Chest." And it is NEW. Conditions in the world make it so. Never before in history has America been called on to prove that "democracy in action works." We have been able always to take that for granted. In the words of one spokesman for the Chest, the time has come for us to "be American, be thankful, be generous."

There are many of us who will be unable to participate in the Mercy Mobilization but with democracy on trial throughout the world, we can do our part and "Defend Our Way of Living by Giving."

RHODA ON THE ROOF
HATS

It's the line of your Hat says Fall 1940. The lines this season are more than flattering, as there are so many different styles to suit all types. Veils continue to be smart, but they must be the right kind of mesh so they will do something for you, if you like them over the face.
Your Hats skilfully remodeled.
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Individual Gifts
The shop of Madame Butterfly is literally teeming with new importations of Hand-Blocked Silks, Obi Cloth and Metallic Cloth. To our patrons who plan to give Made-to-Order gifts of Pajamas, Kimonos, Bed Jackets and House Coats, we suggest an early selection of materials.
■
New arrivals of gifts are more interesting than ever before. Exclusive importations of the finest Objects of Art obtainable. . . . Incense Burners, Jade Vases, Rose Quartz Bowls, Flowers of Rose Quartz and Jade, Flowers of Carnelian and Jade set into solid Quartz, and many others. Prices range to $1000.00. . . . And Oh! so many exquisite things we suggest you make an early visit to the colorful shop of Madame Butterfly
■
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The new catalogue for the Madame Butterfly Shop is now available.

Your club dining room serves you CASWELL'S COFFEE exclusively!

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GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH MY $25,000?

—By MARGARET PETSCH

Do you remember seeing this query: "What Widow Wants to Be a Business Woman?" It was the caption of an advertisement run in the last issue of Women's City Club Magazine by The Bank of Cal fornia.

Of course there are widows, as well as wives, who have gone into business and liked it. If they hadn't, their businesses probably would not be there to tell the tale today.

When he, or she, wrote the advertisement there was no disposition to becloud the successes already chalked up by women in business. Rather, there was the suggestion that the business of keeping money well invested, of keeping an estate from dwindling under your eyes, would not be the choice of anyone who had been through that mill before.

It is unfortunate, nonetheless, that there are still plenty of husbands, as the probate records in any large-city court will show, who leave not only the estates to their wives—the responsibilities are thrown in, too.

Responsibilities?—well, that's in the way you look at it, of course. If your estate is to last more than seven years after its builder has passed on—and that is the generally accepted life-average of all inheritances of $5,000 and up—then there will be responsibilities, many of them, for *someone*.

Suppose a $25,000 estate came your way tomorrow. No encumbrances, no strings on it—just $25,000 lying there with nothing to do.

Given some business experience of your own you might undertake to manage the money yourself. There would be any number of ways to invest it, but all of them would take some investigating. You would give them the time they required, and draw freely upon the advice of friends whom you could trust. The upshot would be, unless you are the rare exception, that you would choose the stock-and-bond form of investment. That would land you in the market, where so many shirts are lost—even the best of shirts. To be accurate, you would not always be *in* the market: you would be in and out of it. You would have to know the background of its fluctuations, a world-study these days, by the way, and to win you would have to know when to be out. All in all, it would be too much of a lottery, and being a business woman you wouldn't care much for it. (Not to mention the whereabouts of your shirt.)

Given no specialized business experience you might either: (1) call in a family friend, probably your attorney, and put him to work, or (2) inquire into the trust services of a reputable bank.

The first of these alternatives might very well be the best one. There are always competent individuals in the legal and investment fields who, if they have the time, can do as good a job of estate management as anyone else. If your requirements are not apt to carry on past your own generation, and if the vacations or eventual retirement of your counselor and estate manager do not promise to interfere with your own security, his services will probably more than pay for themselves.

But, since the trust services offered by nearly any established bank today are tailored to fit, the second alternative most certainly should not be overlooked. You can turn your inheritance over to the trust department outright and, under the terms of a living trust, charge the bank with complete responsibility for the management of the estate. Or you can retain greater control over the proceedings by setting up what in some banks is called a custodian account and at The Bank of California—to refer again to our advertiser—is called an agency account.

An agency account has on occasion been called an "animated safekeeping service" but it can be much more than that. In other words, the bank goes beyond the provision of vault protection and certain routine attentions to securities such as clipping coupons and crediting their income to your

account, making out income tax returns, and so on. As part of their full agency service, the bank's trust officers will consult with you about investments, suggesting securities that might be bought, and then those securities will be managed in much the same way as they would be in a full-fledged trust account. If you have real estate investments, the bank will take care of them, too. Whatever is done will be reported to you as frequently as you like—records of purchases, sales, tax payments, income, and so on—so that you can always tell just where the account stands. Under a limited agency account, the bank's duties will be about the same but your responsibilities will be a little greater, as no sales or investments will be made without your specific approval. Yours will always be the final veto power.

So there is practically no limit to the kind of trust service you can get from a bank. If someone tells you the bank is too impersonal, just ask for the details. A family doctor is scarcely more personal, in the nature of things, than a trust officer representing a bank which has been in the service of a family from one generation to the next—and which has seen the children born, grow up, go to college and come back to business careers, all on the funds protected for them by that bank as part of its trust duties prescribed by law.

All in all, it's a lot better, when salesmen representing one kind of financial service or another start calling on you in swarms, to be able to say, "I'm sorry, but So-and-So takes care of all that." Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they won't call on So-and-So if he has a reputation for doing his job well.

Charlas Informales

Celia: Oye, Conchita. Recuerdas quien escribió la "Gramatica de la Lengua Castellana" que estudiamos en la escuela?

Conchita: Cómo no! Aquí tengo la mía y dice que fué Don Andrés Bello, el famoso sabio Venezolano.

Celia: Yo creía que era Chileno.

Conchita: No. Solo vivió algunos años en Chile. Fué rector de la Universidad Nacional y codificó las leyes civiles de ese país. Te acuerdas cuando aprendíamos de memoria una de sus poemas, "La Oración Por Todos"?

Celia: Si, pero no soy tan avispada como tú. A mí se me olvidan los detalles. Dispénsame alguien llama a la puerta. Adiós. Hasta otro dia.

Reasons Why

PEWTERWARE

makes the ideal gift

Gifts of pewter are always acceptable, for they may be enjoyed for a lifetime. • Pewter, because of its richness of texture and neutrality of color, fits perfectly into any color scheme. • Pewter is more decorative than silver, yet considerably less expensive. • Pewter offers the ideal in table service. For over one thousand years the Chinese have used pewterware dishes.

Now for further facts on pewter

Do you know that the Bowl Shop is the largest importer of pewter in San Francisco? • Do you know that there are various grades of pewterware and that quality pewter will not tarnish? (The Bowl Shop carries only the finest grade of pewter.) • Do you know that the designs and styles of pewter at the Bowl Shop are individual and are made to order in their own plant in Hong Kong? • See the new and distinctive pieces of fine pewter now on display at prices ranging from fifteen cents to fifteen dollars.

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Wholesale Butchers ★ Sausage Manufacturers ★ Beer and Pork Packers ★ Quality Merchandise That Satisfies ★ Purveyors to Hotels, Restaurants, Steamships, Butchers, Railroads and Clubs ★ Shipping to all parts of California

Your *Club* Demands the Best!

That Is Why

Our milk is now being served by your Women's City Club. Selected because of its Outstanding Quality and Flavor. May we suggest that when you purchase milk for your home, you ask for SONOMA MARIN MILK, and experience a new delight in Milk drinking.

Sonoma Marin Milk is extra rich and creamy, easier to digest and does solve your Milk problems.

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THANKSGIVING AT HOME

Do you know you can order many delicacies from the Restaurant Department—

Hors d'Oeuvres for Cocktails

★

Turkeys Roasted to order with stuffing and gravy

★

Salad Rings

★

Pumpkin Pies
Mince Pies

★

Plum Puddings

★

Fruit Cakes

★

Molded Ices

★

Catering Department

Women's City Club

GArfield 8400

(Continued from page 13)

Daguerre managed to cut down the time of exposure to twenty minutes.

Presently, "Daguerrotypes," as they were called, were more generally available. The discovery spread to England, where new methods were developed. Indeed it was an Englishman, Henry Fox Talbot, who developed the negative-positive technique, the basis of modern photography. Niepce had been troubled by the fact that the image was always reversed; noting that "the background of the picture is black and the object white, that is, lighter than the background." (He had a "negative," of course.) Niepce had wished to make his pictures directly in the camera. It was Talbot who thought of the above-mentioned technique: of "copying" in reverse, the negative image first obtained.

These early processes were so involved, the taking of pictures such a feat, that one marvels at the rapidity with which photography has grown. It is predominant in the newspaper and magazine field. It plays a tremendous part in science and education; in all research work. The surgeon, the explorer and the newspaper editor all know the vast importance of photographic records.

Time has always shown an inclination to fly . . . a procedure to be applauded in 1940! To quote Shakespeare (more reverently this time) man "struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more." Yet his "hour" and its adventures are extremely precious to him. Nearly everyone, at one time or another, has kept a diary to record, in some tangible form, these very intangible memories. A photograph, however, is worth a great many words indeed. Perhaps here is the main reason for the widespread popularity of photography.

* * * *

How much there is to photograph around us! The Bay district alone is a photographer's paradise. After all, extravagant tales about California were already in circulation in the days of the Spanish dons (and one cannot truthfully say that this type of publicity has ceased). Some day we may well treasure records of these familiar surroundings as much as the favorite, irreplaceable old photographs . . . in my case, one of my mother in a most remarkable tea-cosy of a hat, and a film of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, taken during their gay visit to Paris . . . only two years ago. As Ansel Adams has said, a photograph is truly a cross-section of time.

California Palace of The Legion of Honor

Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, has announced the following program of exhibitions and events for the month of November:

Special Exhibitions—

Paintings of Mexico by Frank Perri. Through November 13.

Landscapes of Hawaii by Reuben Tam. Through November 15.

Drawings by Gene Frances. Opening November 15.

Drawings by Jean Vigoureux. Opening November 16. Through December 6.

Portraits, Figure Compositions and Landscapes by A. G. Warshawsky. Opening November 16. Through December 15.

"Masterwork of the Month"—

"The Call to Arms" Bronze by Auguste Rodin, 1840-1917.

Gallery Talks — DR. ROBERT NEUHAUS.

"A Method for Analyzing Pictures." Sunday, November 10, at 4:00 p.m.

"The Painting Techniques." Sunday, November 17, at 4:00 p.m.

Museum Tours—

A general tour of the museum emphasizing new acquisitions and special loan exhibitions. Each Thursday and Friday at 3:00 p.m.

Art Question Hour—

A question and answer discussion of local and national art events or any relevant art topic suggested at the meeting. Each Wednesday, 11:00 a.m.

Children's Art Hour—

Instruction in drawing and painting, gallery tours or art games for children between eight and fifteen years of age. Each Saturday from 10:00 to 11:30 a.m.

Motion Pictures—Admission Free

"Modern Lithographer" and Animated Cartoons. Saturday, November 9, 2:30 p.m. A program of laughs especially for children.

"The Making of a Fresco" and "Mexico's Murals." Saturday, November 16, at 2:30 p.m.

"William Tell" and "Sunshine Makers" (color cartoon). Saturday, November 23, 2:30 p.m.

Radio Program—

"Art in Modern Living." KFRC each Wednesday at 4:00 p.m. Presented by Paula DeLuca and Dr. Robert Neuhaus.

"Art Review." KGO Thursday, November 14, 1:20 p.m. By Thomas Carr Howe, Jr.

Organ Recitals—

Uda Waldrop, Organist. Each Saturday and Sunday at 3:00 p.m.

COME TO THE PANTRY SALE — NOVEMBER 19

(Continued from page 17)

that there was little need of planning for something—the exact nature of which no one could predict. With this awareness has come an increased demand from community groups to the Red Cross, that they be allowed to assist in the formation of Disaster Relief plans. Few people, we are sure, are aware of the thoroughness with which the groundwork has been done in this field in San Francisco, but the volunteers who compose the Disaster Relief Commission, so that at the present time it is impossible for the Chapter to offer to the community a comprehensive plan for the alleviation of suffering in time of disaster. Each step of this program must be carefully thought out so that there will be a maximum of result for the effort expended. This all requires a great deal of time on the part of these volunteer leaders who must be careful that their plan does not grow so quickly that it will burst of its own size . . . thus necessitating doing the job of organization all over again.

In this connection, although not directly related to it, the Chapter must plan, insofar as it is able, to meet any problems which may be presented as a result of the proposed mass evacuations in the Orient, many hundreds of whom will undoubtedly be landed in San Francisco as a logical port of entry. This problem alone will require very close coordination of effort on the part of social agencies, both private and governmental, and the facilities of many city, county, state and federal agencies, who are not in the field of social work but who will have a portion of the problem to bear.

These are a few of the things which face the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross in the coming months and whose successful solution will require the complete cooperation of all of San Francisco.

The publication of the Womens Rest Tour Association has this to say:

"The Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club of San Francisco, 465 Post St., is open to non-members (resident or visiting) for a first-class shampoo and finger wave, permanent, manicure or any kind of facial treatment. Prices are lower than elsewhere, operators excellent, and the work is done in quiet surroundings under ideal conditions."

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FAMOUS QUALITY
The same
extra goodness
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Edy's Grand Ice Cream is served exclusively in the Dining Room and Cafeteria of the Women's City Club.

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Paintings to Live With

—By Don Church

The public's awareness of Tom E. Lewis and his value to the West as a painter has been arriving in a healthily gradual way. For some time increasing appearances of his highly individual oils and watercolors in exhibits of western artists have indicated just how juries and museum authorities feel about him. Over twenty important honors in the last five years contributed to his artistic stature. The distinction conferred on him by the committee for the James D. Phelan Award in Art when they called him the outstanding California painter for the year and gave him an outright $900 to continue in the same direction, marked another stride forward. We were quite impressed but not surprised to learn that throughout the country he is known and recognized, as evidenced by the long list of foremost national and international exhibitions where Lewises are shown by invitation and jury.

All of that academic attention is assuring. However, none of these carry as much indication of what his brush can do as learning that these same paintings that are considered works of fine art in the museums are found in an unusual number of private living rooms. This means something. When an artist can, without surrendering his very own expression and approach, find a wide audience that wants to live with his work as a part of their home, he has proven his worth. When a group of these owners band together and finance the publication of a book of reproductions so that others will be sure to know of him, it is even more pointed. Such a book is in our hands and tells the story of Mr. Lewis.

While he is still alive and progressing, while he is still a young man, confident admirers of this artist paid this printed tribute to him. Ted Cook, of the well-known Cook-Coos column, wrote in the preface, "Friends of Tom E. Lewis present this booklet in an effort to partially document his progress . . . his spontaneous and important color sense. Many of us who enthusiastically acquired Tom Lewis paintings earlier in his career have happily seen our judgment confirmed, and observe with deep satisfaction the high esteem in which he is held."

An analyzation is made from the other point of view by San Francisco Museum of Art Director Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley: "Tom Lewis shows himself in these paintings a sincere and conscientious craftsman, handling his medium, whether oil or watercolor, with great flexibility, and an intimate knowledge of its resources. Responsive to color and to the mood of his subject-matter, he finds means of reflecting the character of the things he paints by his manner, and yet he has evolved a very distinct and personal style which marks unmistakably all his work. The secret of this style seems to be an acute but selective vision which seizes essential character, movement, form, design, and fixes them in a clearly conceived and well-balanced organization. It is this unity of effect which invariably makes Lewis' work successful in the decorative sense, also . . ."

Attention should be drawn to the sensitivity with which Tom Lewis has captured the tradition of "Rococo" Californian culture. Too little has been achieved toward preserving this particular phase of American background, which in the west became a tradition akin in spirit to the guilded giddiness of Versailles. The elaboration of porch railing, window shutters, gables, and the other frilled accessories of the architecture of the past, arose directly out of the financial bonanza enjoyed by California to a greater degree than almost any other district of the United States. Life as a circus with stage lace on all the houses and lace money in all the pockets; this is the light-hearted California that strikes us in many of his paintings. We know of no other California painter who so adequately transcribes this robust and fantastic era in our past.

The spirit and vividness of California's plant-life and countryside find rebirth in the shifting colors and forms of Mr. Lewis' still-lifes and landscapes, which make excellent companions with contemporary interiors . . . daily experiences . . . paintings to live with.

(Continued from page 12)

myriad shimmering dew drops, form the center of interest from which radiate the curling leaves. There is tonal harmony in the silvery grey tones. There are neither solid blacks nor pure whites. It has roundness, form, textures.

To quote one of America's foremost critics, "In certain respects, 'Cabbage' is a rather unusual photograph * * *. This may not be a great picture, but it contains the basic elements of greatness in that the photographer was able to feel into his subject and appreciate the essential qualities on which his picture should be based."

The photograph was made early, early in a morning of gloriously drenching fog. The crystal drops glittered with the gleam of a thousand diamonds. Few people ever get up that early. Miss Henderson, have you ever been up that early, early enough to see the dew drops on anything, even a cabbage?

And I'll bet a Coca Cola that you still hate my cabbage. But who cares?

Thanksgiving Dinner

NOVEMBER 21, 1940

2:00 P.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

$1.50 Per Person. Turkey Carved at Table
$1.75 Per Person

Fruit Coupe with Mint Supreme
or
Crab Coupe Supreme W. C. C.

•

Celery Olives Pickles

•

Fresh Lobster Bisque, Whipped Cream

•

Roast Young Tom Turkey with Old Fashioned Sage Dressing
Giblet Gravy and Cranberries
or
Broiled Filet Mignon with
Fresh Mushrooms

•

Candied Sweet Potatoes Mashed Potatoes
Fresh Garden Peas, Creamed Silver Onions
Mashed Yellow Turnips

•

Apple Cider

•

Romaine, Tomato and Avocado Salad,
French Dressing

•

Dinner Rolls

•

Thanksgiving Ice Cream
Pumpkin Pie Hot Mince Pie
Assorted Cheese with Crackers

•

Coffee

•

After-Dinner Mints

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING

Luncheon and Dinner

NOVEMBER 28, 1940

CAFETERIA
11:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.
85c Per Person

•

MAIN DINING ROOM
Luncheon: 12:00 Noon to 2:00 P.M.
$1.00 Per Person
Dinner: 5:30 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.
$1.25 Per Person

Red Cross Detachment

SEWING: *Mrs. John O. Dresser,* Chairman

We members of the Women's City Club have a job to do. The job is sewing—sewing for the Red Cross. The women who are on the job now are doing a valiant work but we need more workers —many more. There are many of you working for the same good cause through other channels. Please go on with that work, but to those of you who have been delaying your help and to you workers who can give us an extra few hours a week, we make this appeal.

We have sewing of all kinds to be done —the need is desperately great—the call for more volunteers is urgent.

Won't you please join one of the groups of sewers who meet daily in Room 209?

KNITTING: *Miss S. Huntington,* Chairman

July 1, 1940, we started our Red Cross Detachment in the Clubhouse. To date we have sent nearly 300 sweaters, 18 shawls and about a dozen pairs of socks. Wool for twenty more pairs has just come in.

Knitters seem to be born and made. For the "born" kind we point with pride to a knitter who had never knitted before July, but who has turned in a child's sweater each week for twenty weeks! Now she is making the coat type for a woman and sweaters for adults are very much needed. And for the "made" knitter we have one who loved to knit for many years, but was not a very good knitter. Now she is teaching others, having learned through her own mistakes.

We are very proud of our knitters, but even good knitters we find have to be warned not to make the neck too small and to be sure that the sleeves are neither too long nor too short.

We are constantly astonished to find what good knitters our modern women are. Only about ten sweaters have been turned in that had to be made over, and out of 300 that is a very good record.

But we need more knitters. Can you knit?

Poem Read at the Firelighting October 7, 1940

Burn, wood, burn —
Wood that was once a tree and knew
Blossoms and sheaf and the Spring's return,
Nest and singing and rain and dew —
Burn, wood, burn!
Shine, flame, shine —
Woven of sunlight through and through:
Light of the centuries, golden, fine,
Clear and exquisite, warm and true —
Shine, flame, shine!

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A NEW 1940 GAS & ELECTRIC RATE REDUCTION

Rates for natural gas and electric service in all territory served by the Pacific Gas and Electric Comany were reduced in October. Annual savings by gas and electric users will reach the sum of $5,000,000. Gas customers benefit the greater by a reduction of $3,000,000 while electric customers receive $2,000,000.

The new lower 1940 rate schedules make available to homemakers and apartment dwellers the use of additional convenient and labor-saving appliances at the same cost as former monthly bills.

Avail yourself of the opportunity for increased gas and electric service brought about by the new rates. Numerous new appliances await your selection. Winter is here. How about the convenience and comfort of gas heat? The new ranges make cooking a pleasure. Protect your family's eyes with scientifically designed modern lamps. Save on food bills with a modern refrigerator. And do not let washing day be a day of dread when the services of a new washing machine and ironer easily can be had.

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Ernie Pyle's column, "Traveling," has grown and becomes more popular every day because he's just plain old Ernie out having himself a good time. Read his column today, and you will want to tag along, hitch-hiking on every word every day in

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San Francisco's complete, white, Home Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE of San Francisco

DECEMBER
1940
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 11

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST ST. • SAN FRANCISCO • 15¢ PER COPY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR DECEMBER 1940

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

DECEMBER, 1940

2—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room, 6:15-7:30 p.m.
4—PROFESSOR R. G. GETTELL—Current Economic Events (last in series)	Auditorium 12:00 noon
REAL PROPERTY AND PROBATE—*Mrs. Julia Easley* presiding (last in series)	Board Room 7:00 p.m.
5—"VERSE SPEAKING"—*Mrs. John Howell* (second in series of four lectures)	Chinese Room 11:00 a.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM:	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
Two One-Act Plays to be presented by the Pilares Players	
6—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria 12:15 p.m.
9—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room, 6:15-7:30 p.m.
11—SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Angela Montiel* presiding	Mural Room 12:15 p.m.
BOOK REVIEW DINNER—*Mrs. T. A. Stoddard* will Review:	National Def. Room 6:00 p.m.
"For Whom the Bell Tolls by Ernest Hemingway	
12—"VERSE SPEAKING"—*Mrs. John Howell* (third in series)	Chinese Room 11:00 a.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
ADULTS' CHRISTMAS PROGRAM—	
Christmas program by the Acapella Choir and Choral Strings of the San Francisco State College (there will be no charge)	Auditorium 8:00 p.m.
13—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
14—CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY—	
Mr. Scott will present his Puppets in "Puss in Boots"	Auditorium 2:30 p.m.
Christmas Tree and Santa Claus. Admission 75 cents, including refreshments	
16—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room, 6:15-7:30 p.m.
19—"VERSE SPEAKING"—*Mrs. John Howell* (fourth in series)	Chinese Room 11:00 a.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
PRE-CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON $1.00. Christmas Carols will be sung during luncheon hour. Please make reservations in advance	Main Dining Room 1:00 p.m.
PRE-CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON 85 cents	Cafeteria 1:00 p.m.
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS TEA WITH CAROLS	Lounge 3:30 to 5:00 p.m.
PRE CHRISTMAS DINNER $1.25. Please make reservations in advance	Main Dining Room 6:30 p.m.
20—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
23—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room, 6:15-7:30 p.m.
25—SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DAY DINNER $1.50. Please make reservations in advance	Main Dining Rm. 2:00 to 8:00 p.m.
26—FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
27—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
30—CLUB ROUND TABLE	Main Dining Room, 6:15-7:30 p.m.

JANUARY, 1941

1—SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S DAY DINNER $1.25	Main Dining Rm. 5:00 to 8:00 p.m.
Please make reservations in advance	
2—NEEDLEWORK GUILD	Room 214 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex 12:15 p.m.
FRENCH ROUND TABLE—*Mlle. Le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room 6:15 p.m.
3—FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL CLASS—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 11:00 a.m.
SPANISH ROUND TABLE—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria 12:15 p.m.
6—TWELFTH NIGHT LECTURE—Sir Thomas Beecham will be Guest Speaker. His subject "A Mingled Chime." ($1.00 plus tax. Please purchase tickets in advance at Front Office)	Auditorium 8:15 p.m.
(Special Dinner in Main Dining Room preceding Lecture: $1.25 per person)	
7—CONTRACT BRIDGE INSTRUCTION—by *Mrs. Henry E. Annis*—(25c a corner)	Room 208 2:00 and 7:00 p.m.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly
at 465 Post Street

Telephone
GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV December, 1940 Number 11

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Miss Harriet T. Parsons
Miss Esther Phillips
Mrs. Stanley Powell
Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
Mrs. Paul Shoup
Mrs. C. R. Walter

WE NOMINATE THE IDEAL GIFT FOR MEN! HAIRLINE STRIPED

Gabardine Robes

10.00

They're new! They fit perfectly! . . . They're wearable—and just warm enough, thanks to a 40% wool content! . . . Lightly padded shoulders give them a coat-tailored smoothness! . . . Navy, Maroon, Green and Copen. Small to extra large.

Men's Furnishings, Street Floor

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SPECIAL HOLIDAY SERVICE in the Lounge at the Tea Hour each week day during December. Menus will include cakes and wines of various countries.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY—A Toy Tea will be given for the children on Saturday afternoon, December 14th—"Puss in Boots," a Puppet Show—Santa Claus with favors for each child, a perfectly huge Christmas tree and refreshments, will usher in our true holiday spirit.

Each child who comes is requested to bring a toy, a game, or anything at all that will help make some other little child, who may be less fortunate, happy. Please mark each gift on the outside, whether for a boy or girl as these packages are sent to one of the hospitals and it will help in the distribution. Tickets including refreshments 65 cents.

MEMBER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY — On Thursday evening, December 12th, the "Acapella Choir" of sixty voices and choral strings of the San Francisco State College will give a beautiful program of Christmas songs. Members are invited to come and bring their friends to hear this outstanding group of singers. The program will be held in the Auditorium. There will be no charge.

HOLIDAYS IN THE RESTAURANT: On December 19th the usual Special Christmas Luncheon and Dinner will be served in the Main Dining Room and Cafeteria. Carols will be sung by the Recreation Commission, accompanied by an organ, the choir will wear robes of red and white. We know we do not have to urge attendance of members, as this event is looked forward to with anticipation each year. It brings with it the first real feeling of Christmas. The Clubhouse will also be in Christmas array on this day. Luncheon, Main Dining Room, $1.00; Dinner, Main Dining Room, $1.25; Luncheon, Cafeteria, 85 cents.

REINSTATEMENT: What could be nicer as a Christmas present than to reinstate a former member? It would give her joy all year round and at the same time add one more loyal member to the Club roster—a two-fold gift.

TWELFTH NIGHT—January 6th—We are happ to announce that on this Twelfth Night we are t present Sir Thomas Beecham, Director of Symphony Or chestras, in a lecture "A Mingled Chime." Sir Thoma Beecham is to give but four lectures in the West and thi will be the first time he has ever gone on lecture tou One lecture is to be given in Salt Lake City and the othe two in the southern part of the State, and our prograr will be an exclusive one in San Francisco. We feel tha Sir Thomas Beecham needs no introduction here, as he to direct two of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestr programs at the Opera House. Tickets should be purchase early, as they are already in great demand. Our new lou speaker will be in use. Tickets $1.00 plus tax.

CALENDARS: The League Shop has had perfectl stunning blotter calendars made for sale at Christma time. They are to sell at 35 cents or three for $1.00 an will make lovely little Christmas remembrances. The orig nal paintings were made for us individually and one show a scene on Post Street, bringing in the entrance to th Clubhouse. We know our members will be delighted wit them.

DR. RAYMOND G. GETTELL will give the la lecture in the present series of Current Events o Wednesday, December 4th. Our members who have bee following Dr. Gettell's course have been most enthusiast and we urge those who may have missed some of the le tures to be sure to attend this closing one, which will be summing up of present-day world events, and where the are leading us. Single admission: members 55 cents, no members 66 cents.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE: We need Voluntee in the Library, both for day and evening hour especially Volunteers who can be called upon for substitu service when the regular Volunteers are unavoidably al sent. If you would like to volunteer for this very interes ing service, please register at the Executive Office.

CARD HOLDERS: Chinese brocade card holders with several compartments for your various Club cards. Made exclusively for the Women's City Club and so convenient. They will make ideal Christmas gifts and are on sale in the League Shop at $1.00 each. Ask to see them.

MRS. HUGH BROWN will resume her drama readings on the last Friday in January. The play will be announced later.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman, has planned for your entertainment on December 5th, the following program—two one-act plays to be presented by the Pilares Players which will bring to a close the Thursday Evening Programs for this year.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER: "For Whom the Bell Tolls," by Ernest Hemingway, will be reviewed by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard in December. This book is the truest and richest novel Mr. Hemingway has written. Also, it is one of the deepest and finest novels of this year or of the last ten years. It is a tale of Spain at war in today's kind of warfare, a tremendous tale of plain people who have enough faith in themselves to fight and to die for human freedom; a tale so moving, so just, so sympathetic, so convincing, that it becomes not the lost cause of the Spanish Republic, but the new-found cause of all Humanity—a living faith in human Freedom.

The dinner will be at six o'clock on the evening of the second Wednesday, December 11th, in the National Defenders' Room.

MRS. JOHN HOWELL will conduct a course of four classes in verse speaking on Thursday mornings starting November 28th. The fee will be 55c for members and 66c for non-members. This course follows Mrs. Howell's lectures in Expression and is especially for voice training. Those who have not had the pleasure of attending Mrs. Howell's other classes may come into this group, as it is not altogether necessary to have had her former training.

Following this four weeks' course, Mrs. Howell will open her new class of ten lectures in "Expression" on Thursday, January ninth, at eleven o'clock and an additional course for business women and others who cannot attend the morning class at seven o'clock. The fee for each course will be—members, $4.50; non-members, $5.50; single admissions—members, 55c; non-members, 66c, including tax.

GLOVE-MAKING CLASS: Gloves make perfect Christmas gifts. Why not join this class now, as there is ample time to make one or two pairs of gloves before Christmas catches up with us. Your friends will be delighted to receive such a thoughtful gift. Classes continue on each Tuesday afternoon and Thursday afternoon and evening. Fee $2.00 for instructions—material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, instructor.

EMPLOYEES' CHRISTMAS FUND: Contributions to this fund is the privilege of members who during the year have wished that they could in some way reciprocate for the fine service which the staff offers each and every day. Now is the opportunity to show real appreciation to a very loyal staff of employees. We hope that every member makes some contribution. Please send contributions early so that distribution may be made well before Christmas.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS: Books and subscriptions to magazines make perfect Christmas gifts. In buying books or subscribing to magazines, please remember that you can help your Club by placing the orders through us. Remember that too, when buying your own books and subscribing to or renewing your subscription to any magazine. We shall be very glad to place your order for books or magazines. The proceeds go into the Library Fund, which always needs additional revenue if our Library is to meet the needs of our membership. Make your slogan this Christmas, "Give books and magazines and help buy a new book for the Club Library." Orders may be left at the Information Desk on the Fourth Floor.

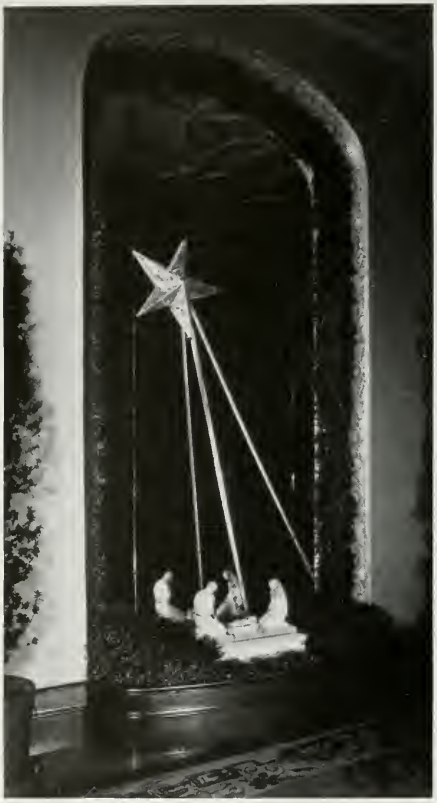
CONTRACT BRIDGE INSTRUCTIONS: Mrs. Henry E. Annis has arranged to give instructions in contract bridge on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock and Tuesday evening at seven o'clock. The fee will be twenty-five cents a corner and the group will meet in Room 208 on the second floor. Cards and score pads will be provided. First meeting to be held January 7th.

RED CROSS: We do need more workers, either sewers or knitters, to help complete our quota to the Red Cross. As winter approaches in foreign countries the need for warm clothing grows greater and greater, and the National League as a service organization should rank among the first in this relief work. Members will find the group at work in 209 each day. Do come in and register to work one day a week sewing or get wool to take home. Miss Huntington is chairman of the knitting and Mrs. Dresser is chairman of the sewing.

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR: This annual event will be held in February, as usual, exact dates to be announced later. We wish to remind the membership to think of our Book Mart when they are clearing their books shelves after Christmas to make room for the new books which Christmas always brings.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE: Appointed by the Board of Directors at its last meeting, invites suggestions for Board Members. Miss Alicia Mosgrove, chairman.

LEAGUE SHOP: Sprays of holly branches in various lengths for Christmas gifts or decorations. The holly is treated with a cover *(Continued on page 22*



A Christmas Setting in the Library of the Clubhouse

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Once again comes the old, old wish — a Happy Christmas to all. An old wish, it has been renewed all down the years, and this year we seem to feel its spiritual significance more deeply than ever before.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men"

ELIZABETH ESHLEMAN

THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
PRESENTS

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM
IN A LECTURE
"A MINGLED CHIME"

An account of Sir Thomas Beecham's career and his own long and varied experiences in music circles the world over. In a personal vein he tells many fresh and original stories of the great composers, opera stars, conductors, musicians of all kinds that he has known. It is a wholly delightful and significant story of the outstanding personalities in contemporary music.

Time: Monday, January 6, 8:15 o'clock

Place: Auditorium, Women's City Club

Tickets: $1.00 plus tax, on sale Front Office

Plan to come . . . . . Bring your friends

EDITORIAL

Christmas! Whatever the origin of the customs which develop about it as the years go by and as centuries grow up, the word itself connotes happiness and peace. What place has it then we ask in the year 1940. Perhaps a bigger role than at any celebration before. Good-will toward men can remain in our hearts while at the same time we fight the philosophy which misguides their acts. We see Britain showing restraint in her warfare, because this Christian principle directs her leaders. Without the dramatic appeal of its arch enemy war, peace demands of her followers the quiet persistence of love which survives the test of sacrifice. As we look on at a starving, bitter Europe and Asia, we must remind ourselves that the spirit of Christmas bids us humbly rejoice that the Christchild came into the world of men to understand their feeble intellect and to promise them the ultimate reward in their pursuit for Peace on Earth. We in America humbly thank God that we are privileged to live in a land where good will toward men can still be the guiding force of free men in their relationship one to another, and we pray that our individual acts may be righteous in the sight of Him who sent the little Babe to point the way.

The theme of the Women's City Club Magazine this month is obvious. The writers of the various stories need no introduction to our members, for each has written for us before, and each is a member of the National League for Woman's Service. The editor never turns to them for volunteer service of their facile pens but they answer affirmatively and without demur. Marie Hicks Davidson, June Lucas, Rosalind Keep, Virginia Chilton, Marie L. Harris, Florence Keene, Edith Hecht, Josephine Bartlett Wilson, Eva Alves—no need for us of quiz contest, for identification of this loyal band. We know them all and in behalf of our readers we thank them, each one.

With the sorrows which inevitably thread the lives of mankind, Christmas is always a season of mixed emotions. Christmas like a thread of gold, lights the monotonous three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, and finds Jew and Gentile, believer and atheist, greeting in friendly fashion his fellow men on the three hundred and sixty-fifth. The home becomes the symbol of the hour and the clan gathers from far and near. Sadness of past Christmases when others shared the board filters the sunlight of present happiness with its hallowed memories, and seasons the unthinking emotion in which immaturity indulges.

In the National League for Woman's Service this Christmas we remember those "who have gone before" and whose service is a tradition which sets a high standard for us to follow. We rejoice that their vision and their work gave to us our beautiful clubhouse, which we have striven to keep in order and a credit to their memory.

This year we are grateful too for the contribution which spurred us on to redecorate our Auditorium, and as we gather together at the Children's Party and again at the Member's Christmas festivity in this room we shall renew our pride in ownership.

The Lord Mayor of London has appealed "to all stamp collectors and those interested in philately both at home and abroad" to give support to the auction sales of stamps now conducted in London on behalf of the British Red Cross and St. John Fund. The Women's City Club Magazine will be glad to be the intermediary for all such gifts which its readers may care to make at this time.

One of the characteristics of the Christmas period is hospitality on all sides. Everywhere lights burn in the windows in invitation to friends who may care to call. As our Clubhome lights its candles and its trees, it too bids us welcome while the Yule log burns. Modern efficiency urges us to "buy early" and so as we find the leisure which this forsooth will bring to us in the days before Christmas, let us entertain at the Women's City Club and share with friends the pictures of its beautifully decorated rooms. We stand in wonder before those who year after year bring to their volunteer service talents of imagination which create new holiday decorations in familiar and beloved settings. This year the tea hour in the Lounge will be unique and this year as perhaps never before the Restaurant Department on the Third Floor is equipped to do the unusual. Holiday entertaining is thus made easy, and relaxation after shopping is made the more enjoyable in comfortable surroundings which breathe the spirit of home and a royal welcome.

FORETOLD BY THE MAGI

by Marie Hicks Davidson

The hour was not yet midnight and the air was sharp with a promise of frost. The saddle bags creaked and the camels dragged weary feet.

"Here's a hillock. I'm for stopping a bit on the lee side and letting the animals graze," said Balthasar, first to speak since the three had departed the stable. It had been a prescient kind of silence, however. as if each had been busy with freighted thoughts.

"Well, what think you?" inquired Melchior, the casuist, as they settled themselves in reclining position to stretch their legs.

"I feel that we have seen things which will reach far into the future—things which the race" . . . Gaspar liked to believe he had the gift of clairvoyance.

Melchior interrupted impatiently. "Never mind the human race. What think you of yonder Star and what the Angel said? The race is not worth discussion."

"That's where you are mistaken. For the Angel said—the shepherds heard it very distinctly—'On earth, peace, good will toward men,' " replied Balthasar, of simpler mind than the other two, and being kindly, much impressed with the night's events.

"Here we are, emissaries of Herod, sent to make sure that a king is—or is not—born to displace him. We have seen a Babe in a Manger. We have delivered Herod's gifts of gold and frankincesnse and myrrh. We've done as commanded. But, speaking for myself only, mind you, I am not returning to Herod." Melchior finished his speech with an air of finality which the others knew too well.

"But we can't do that," demurred Balthasar. "It would be seditious."

"I am with Melchior," put in Gaspar, the prophet. "For I can see by so doing we will save ourselves a deal of complications."

"Meaning what?" asked Melchoir who, master of indirection, demanded that others be literal.

But Gaspar heard him not. He had arisen and, stretching his arms to the Star, began to see visions. And to speak in that peculiar soft voice of his:

"This Babe, it seems, will, as soon as He is taught to speak, bring a message so simple that mortals will be shamed that they did not themselves think of it before . . . It is nothing but the doctrine of kindness. Nothing else matters, when you come right down to it. Learning and wisdom, sophistry and science are unimportant when compared to it."

"There's the rub. It's so simple that it will not carry weight. There will be wars and cruelty, hatreds and humanity beaten to the dust—just the same as in the past," replied Melchior, by now in polemic mood.

The Star gleamed serenely on, and the camels browsed at the frozen grass. Balthazar roused himself with a start. "I think I was near to sleep," he said, "for I heard the same words the shepherds repeated, except that it was more, for I heard a voice saying 'Glory to God in the highest.' "

Gaspar continued his prophesy: "And when He has delivered his message the people will kill him. He will not have written a single word, not have harmed a single living thing, but they will crucify Him just the same. And forever thereafter, somehow, men will be proud to follow Him and die for Him."

"There is no logic in what you say," answered Melchior. "How can a man be a leader who has neither armies nor throne?"

"You are right when you say that wars and cruelty will persist as in the past, but that will not be the fault of the doctrine this Man will preach," continued Gaspar. "His name will be Jesus, and they will say that He is the Messiah for whom they've been waiting. He will protest nothing, but go His way healing and speaking words of kindness and encouragement; and then one day, when He is about thirty-three years old, right in the prime of His manhood and usefulness, straight and strong as a tree on a high rock, He will be condemned by a judge who will forever after be sorry and in sickness of heart will eventually end his own life."

All this did not please Melchior, whose creed was expediency and whose code has no place for remorse . . . or contrition.

"But what will it all prove?" he asked.

"Many will be the interpretations placed upon the story which we this night have seen in its early chapter. Churches and temples will be built in His name. Sanctuaries and schools will dot the land and in them men will endeavor to find the answer. Seers will go into the desert to try to wrest it from the silence. Others will expect to find it in crowds, even in battles. Many will be like Balthasar here, content to eat and sleep and die without much introspection. To dream and hear voices saying 'Glory to God in the highest' " . . .

"You have not answered my question," interjected Melchior. "This doctrine, ethic, call it what you will, still remains to me just a myth. If this Babe be the Christ, then His teaching will be termed Christianity. Will Christianity cleanse the world?"

Gaspar refused to be confounded. "It will if the world will permit it. That will ever be the trouble, the lack of perception. Men will either deliberately decline to find the way or be too stupid to see it."

Melchior laughed sardonically. "Yes, I can forsee that much will be ascribed to stupidity. And much to selfishness."

"Just the same," replied Gaspar, near to tears with vexation and the knowledge that he was unmatched to Melchior's cynicism. "I say that this Babe will reach the highest summit of human greatness, that He will infuse into the world a new spirit."

"To attain what you predict a man would have to live a completely unblemished life," said Melchior.

"Granted. But that is within possibility. This Babe's will be like that, and His followers will try to emulate Him."

Balthasar rose from the hillock and drew his cloak around him. "I cannot see into the future," he mused, "but I can feel the holiness of whatever happened in that stable."

"That's because you are hopelessly emotional," laughed Melchior.

"Conceded. Scholasticism, all austerities, inspirations and equilibriums eventually reduce themselves to the emotions. But we are getting away from the big fact immediately before us. Do we return to Herod or do we deflect?" asked Balthasar, the practical. "See, the Star still shines. It beckons us. Shall we go back—or forward—into the unknown? If we do not return to Herod we shall evermore be wanderers over the earth. Mihtants, they probably will term us."

Melchior, too, arose. He walked away from the others and, reaching a level space of earth, flung himself on the ground, face downward. They watched him for a moment in amazement and then turned away, as if they had seen that which their eyes were not meant to see.

The prostrate figure raised itself in crouching position, and slowly beat its head against the ground. Then it knelt uprightly and, after a time, raised its face to the Star.

Balthasar and Gaspar went about the business of tightening the girths of the now rested camels, pretending a great unconcern for an agony which they sensed was beyond their help.

When he came back to them he said, humbly, "The eternal glory, in all things, is to have laid the first stone. I shall not go back to Herod."

Thus, the one of guile laid off his sophistry and the other two, without genius other than kindness and clairvoyance, mounted their camels and disappeared over the horizon.

"What happened?" whispered Gaspar to Balthasar.

"I can only guess. But did you notice—when he laid the box of perfume at the edge of the cradle and Mary lifted the Babe to him—that the Little One curled its fingers over Melchior's hand? I think from that moment he was a changed man."

Gaspar bowed his head until it touched the camel's ear and whispered, so low, that Balthasar could scarcely hear: it sounded like "A Little Child Shall Lead . . . them."

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN MANY LANDS

by Marie Lange Harris

It has been an instinct in nearly all peoples, savage or civilized, to set aside certain days for special ceremonial observances, attended by outward rejoicing.

Modern England has almost lost the festival habit, but there is one feast that survives—Christmas. Many details of its history remain in obscurity, but it is said that the earliest celebration of the Birth of Christ on December twenty-fifth took place in Rome about the middle of the fourteenth century and that the observance of the day spread from the Western to the Eastern church. Previously it had been celebrated on January 6th as a joint commemoration of the Nativity and Baptism of the Redeemer.

It is claimed that the Christmas tree dates way back to the Roman custom of decking houses with laurel and green trees at the Kalands of January and was connected with the then popular belief that every Christmas Eve, apple and other trees blossomed and bore fruit. There is a legend in Wormesley in Herefordshire that a Holy Thorn blossomed at 12 o'clock on the 12th night. "The blossoms are thought to open at midnight and drop off about an hour afterwards. A piece of thorn gathered at this hour brings luck if kept for the rest of the year."

In England holly and mistletoe have from antiquity been used as Christmas symbols. The mistletoe was used as far back at the Druids. It also has signifiance in France.

The first historical mention of the Christmas tree dates back to 1605 by a Strasburg citizen—it seems that Alsace Lorraine has celebrated Christmas more elaborately than most other countries. Strasburg used to set fir trees in the parlors and hang thereon roses cut out of many colored papers, apples, wafters gold foil, sweets, etc. They had Pyramids without lights, made of gilt, evergreen, apples and nuts. These were carried about before Christmas and presented as gifts. England used the Pyramid custom before 1800. The Christmas tree was not used until Queen Victoria and Prince Albert introduced it in 1840. The custom spread rapidly through the British Isles.

Christmas poetry appeared in England in the fifteenth century, though other forms of religious lyrics were used in great numbers in the thirteenth and early fourteenth century. A Christmas Carol, in modern English sense: can be defined as a religious song, an expression of popular devotional feeling, intended to be sung outside rather than within churches.

In France the true Noel celebration begins to appear in the fifteenth century manuscripts but it was not until the following century that it attained its fullest vogue and was spread all over the country by the press. From that period came "Adeste Fideles," Its music and rhythm has made it the most beloved hymn. No other hymn seems so full of the spirit of Christmas devotion and the sense of reconciliation between Heaven and Earth. France, after the midnight mass, has the celebrated "reveillion." The family gathers around the hearth with the yule log burning and feasts on wine, chestnuts, and boudins while singing the joy of Noel. Before retiring, shoes are placed on the hearth so presents may be put in them.

In the Scandinavian countries, the Trolls are believed to celebrate Christmas Eve with dancing and revelry. Candles are placed on the table, burning all night and not to be extinguished until the sunrise or until the beginning of Christmas services. Christmas day is a day of feasting with family and friends. Different fish dishes are served, then meats and their celebrated rice pudding.

Bethlehem has impressive and devout services held on the Latin Christmas Day. The Patriarch comes from Jerusalem with a troop of cavalry and followers in gorgeous array. The solemn service lasts from ten o'clock in the morning until long after midnight.

In Spain and Italy the crib, a replica of the holy manger, is often the focus of the festival in the home as well as the church. They also have the custom of exchanging gifts.

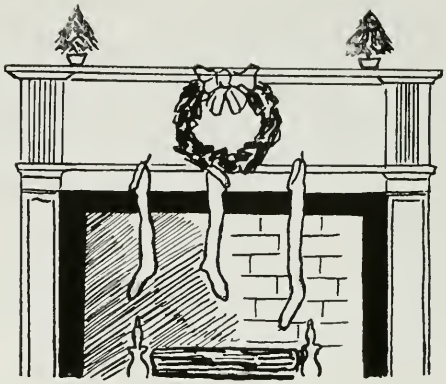
In our own United States where we have many religions and peoples of all races and customs, the Christmas tree is in every home. Midnight mass and devotion starts the festival for many. The family gathering, like in other countries, is a main event of Christmas day. The traditional turkey is to be found in modest homes as well as luxurious ones. The plum pudding, fruit cake, and nuts represent the England influence of our celebration. Twenty years back, I can remember Paris restaurants serving fruit cake and plum pudding beside turkey and truffles.

So we see that through the years all peoples whose lives were touched by the Christian influence have made Christmas the great festive day of the year. In each country the details of the celebration reflect previous habits of beliefs of the peoples as well as the native foods and customs in making merry.

In America, the melting pot of all races, all creeds, all civilization, Christmas, too, reflects the habits and traditions of many peoples. Here, it is a day dedicated not only to its religious significance but is a time when even people with no interest in its sacred origin do devote themselves to good will, charity and peace.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

by Rosalind Keep



"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there."

So many generations of happy children have hung up their stockings year after year on Christmas Eve, that we take the custom as a matter of course without questioning its origin. When and where did it get its start? Nobody seems to know. It may have been in France or Belgium or Holland or even on our side of the Atlantic, in New Amsterdam. Anyway it was a long established tradition in this country in 1822 when Dr. Clement Clarke Moore wrote for his children his immortal "Visit from St. Nicholas," a ballad which is said to be "America's only real contribution to the literature of Christmas."

While Helen Patten in "The Year's Festivals" offers evidence that the Christmas stocking (sabots) originated in Belgium or France, Lillian Eichler in her book on "Customs of Mankind" points to an ancient tradition of Holland about St. Nicholas making his rounds upon Woden's horse, Sleipner. This famous old horse of Dutch mythology is represented by the reindeer whose hoofs the children are supposed to hear on Christmas Eve. When Dr. Moore dashed off his poem and described "the right jolly old elf," long patron saint of Russia associated with generosity to children, he had in mind a round little Dutchman often seen about his home. Probably they had had many a chat about old world traditions similar to those Lillian Eichler records. She writes that, according to an old tale, the children of Amsterdam set their little wooden shoes in the chimney corners because they believed Sleipner would pass by, unless he saw them there. And St. Nicholas would leave no gifts unless he saw the little shoes all in a row by the chimney place and so knew the children were tucked in bed.

From Belgium come almost identical stories of St. Nicholas. Long before his expected arrival the children polished their shoes, often filling them with hay, oats, and carrots—to tempt the Saint's white horse—and setting them neatly on the hearth. Then the room was put in order and the door closed and locked. Next morning—*mirabile dictu*—the furniture was topsy turvy, while the little shoes, from which the fodder had vanished, held sweetmeats and toys for the good children and rods for the bad ones. In some towns wooden or china shoes, stockings, baskets, cups and saucers, and even bundles of hay, were placed in the chimney or by the side of the bed, or in a corner of the room, as the favorite receptacles of St. Nicholas' presents. Christmas Eve curiosity was as contagious then as today and parents had to get the children to bed. Evidently ingenious fathers and mothers of long ago created the myth for their own convenience. One after another neighbors borrowed the idea until finally it grew into an established custom.

Customs like news travel. In France the children were taught to place their wooden shoes on the hearth to receive the gifts of Bonhomme Noel. In Germany and Scandinavia gifts were not placed in the shoe, but hidden "in out-of-the-way places about the house." In England and the United States the stocking tradition grew naturally out of the shoe. Thus the shoe of Amsterdam became the stocking of New Amsterdam. Besides, a stocking has an advantage over a shoe in that it can be stretched and made to hold almost anything in its bulging sides.

Some writers, including Havelock Ellis, believe that the custom of hanging up stockings at Christmas comes from old traditions in Russia. The peasants often resorted to divination. When a girl wanted to know whom she would have as a husband, she would say, "Come and take my stockings off." Among the professional classes and sometimes in the lesser nobility, parents placed money in the stockings of their child—boy or girl—as a gift for the other partner at the marriage ceremony. Who knows but the "sixpence in the shoe" of many a bride today, may have come down through the years from Russia!

At the Christmas Season there *(Continued on page 26*

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN THE CLUBHOUSE

by Virginia Chilton

"Peace on earth, good-will to men." Even in a world at war, the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of peace and good-will. Our Club grew from an idea born in a world at war, was nurtured and came to flower in a world at peace and now that war is again besetting an unhappy world, it is good to dwell on the spirit of Christmas and the peace and good-will it brings.

Ever since the early days at 333 Kearny Street the Club has made Christmas an occasion for presenting the best decorative talents of her members to create an atmosphere of hospitality and beauty. In those days, though space was limited, many lovely effects were achieved, but, now that we have a Clubhouse which lends itself perfectly to dignified decoration, these talents are allowed full scope and each year they seem to give us more beauty than the last.

For weeks before the holidays the volunteers who are responsible for all this beauty are busy making their plans and doing all the hard work which must be done behind the scenes so that we may enjoy the finished result of their ingenuity. To present each year a new theme and still preserve the traditional spirit is no easy task, but somehow it is done.

Any description of our Christmas decorations must, of necessity, be couched in very general terms, for were we given the whole Magazine for our story we could not begin to do justice to the achievements of past years. This year's plans are still secret, but we are sure will be as successful as those of the past.

There are so many lovely arrangements, all making an harmonious whole, that it is difficult to know where to begin. Probably the most logical place is at the main entrance, where we are almost sure to be welcomed by a wreath of greens, or a cluster of giant pine cones tied with a red bow, blending perfectly with the great arch of this lovely teakwood door.

The Lobby is always fragrant with greens and gay with little Christmas trees to set the stage for what is to follow.

The Third Floor, where so much of the holiday entertaining takes place, is always one of the gay spots of the Clubhouse. The walls are hung with garlands and the tables bright with berries and twinkling candles and always the Cafeteria has its Christmas tree decorated especially for the Children's Christmas Party with the tinsel and old-fashioned ornaments that mean Christmas to a child.

On the Fourth Floor the large chest just in front of us as we step out of the elevator into the Hammon Gallery always holds one of the most important arrangements, sometimes a conventional green Christmas tree, sometimes a fantastic arrangement of silvered branches, and once at least, a beautiful and very simple Crib.

The American Room, scene of so many happy gatherings during the holidays, is a perfect setting for a simple tree and greens, in the manner of the old-fashioned decorations of Colonial Days.

The mirror in the Library is another highlight, with its reflection giving depth to the scene in front of it. The arches above the bookcases in this room and in the Lounge provide niches for tiny Christmas trees or stylized candle holders.

And now we come to the focal point of the whole—the large tree in the Lounge. Placed so that it may be seen as a vista through the series of arches that lead into the room, the great, symmetrical tree is a thing of breath-catching beauty. Floodlights are thrown on it from the side to bring it into clear relief and points of light are caught in the glittering balls and tinsel with which it is trimmed, shining as the stars must have shone in that first Christmas Tree we read of in the beautiful old legend. You remember the little Fir tree which felt so badly when she overheard the other trees

(Continued on page 27)

CHRISTMAS IN YOSEMITE

by Mary Curry Tresidder

Here on the desert it is hard to think of the snow falling, falling, building up the dazzling white world of mountain winter, turning the smaller pines and firs into hooded nuns and strange beaked parrots and all sorts of fantastic forms, giving the smooth open slopes a profile sharp against the pale blue winter sky or the distant mountains when the sun comes again.

Yosemite at Christmas time is a very special place, given any luck at all in that matter of snow. The ceremonies of the Christmas rites gather into themselves such diverse elements as the smell of newly-cut evergreens, crackling fires and flickering candles, the little Indian children at the Village Christmas party, with their eyes growing bigger and more solemn at each red wagon or curly-haired doll that Santa Claus hands out from under the gay, old-fashioned Christmas tree (none of your stylized modern affairs all ghostly blue or silver!), the excited children in snow-suits falling all over themselves and everybody else in the snow, tugging at unaccustomed sleds, building snow-men — but perhaps I had better start with the calendar.

By the day before Christmas the wreaths are up at the Lodge and the Ahwahnee. The tall fir whose tip reaches the ceiling of the lounge was decorated the night before with aid from some of the early comers, children reveling in a treasure trove of tinsel and gilt and strange Christmas fruits. Red candles burn high in the sconces, at dusk on Christmas Eve.

Bringing in the yule log starts things off; as it is placed on the fire, sleigh bells herald the arrival of Santa Claus, by sleigh or dog team. The first carol rings out:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie."

And now the children may begin their Christmas.

That evening the Valley's own Christmas tree celebration is held; it is not part of the show for outsiders, but a high point of Christmas for those of us who live in Yosemite. There are a hundred or more of the local children under ten, and it is their evening — and Santa's. Once after a particularly successful evening Santa Claus made the mistake of calling out, in farewell, "Does any little girl or boy want to go home with Santa?" And one small boy responded bravely, "I'll go, Santa Claus; just wait till I get my goo-loshes!"

Early the next morning there are carols to waken everyone to a gleaming world. Youngsters are rushing to the toboggans, the skating rink, the dog-teams. Their elders of high school and college age are mostly off to Badger Pass, to ski all day long and come in, rosy and happy, barely in time to get ready for dinner.

At Yosemite Lodge, dinner is a gay but informal affair — candles burning on the cafeteria tables, songs and friendly banter, and then a Christmas dance, or an evening of carnival at the skating rink. Is there moonlight for the holidays this year? I have no almanac at hand, but I think there should be at least a crescent in the western sky by then, while Half Dome towers from the upper end of the Valley, frosted over with lace. Firefall down a snowy cliff brings the evening to a climax.

At the Ahwahnee, trumpets sound through the corridors for the Bracebridge dinner. The guests assemble in the Great Hall, and at a flourish of trumpets and a burst of song the Bracebridge family *(Continued on page 28*

The Ski House—Badger Pass, Yosemite

A CHRISTMAS CHILD

by June Lucas

Time—Christmas Eve 1940
Place—The City of Saint Francis

Christopher Leyton was seven when it happened. He did not feel any pain. The darkness slashed with beams of light, the roar of the anti-air craft battery in their woods, his mother's voice calling to him to lie flat—all these were suddenly gone. The sun was shining clear upon the hills, bells like those in their little church in the village were ringing softly, then he felt the warmth of the man's hand upon his head.

"It's all right, son. You are safe." Christopher thought he had never seen kinder eyes, and the man's face looked sad but very tender and shining.

"Oh, Sir, is this America? Is Tony here?" Christopher's eyes were glancing quickly around, the blue sky with white clouds flying, the distant trees, a house not far away with flowers around the door made him think of his grandfather's home in Surrey.

"Oh, no, this isn't America. Did you want to go there? And who is Tony?" As the man spoke he brushed the dark hair back from Christopher Leyton's blue eyes and smiled into the boy's white face, a face strained, tense as though he remembered things that hurt him.

"Tony's my brother. We drew lots about going to America — only one of us could go, you know, and Tony had the luck. We have not heard from him yet and Mummy's a bit anxious. We all wanted to go. But this looks pretty fine to me — if it isn't America, Sir, it may be just as good."

The man's face quivered slightly—Christopher watched him wonderingly—Then—"You will love it here, my boy—there are many little chaps your age around the place. But you wanted to go to America, didn't you? Well," as Christopher nodded eagerly, "I must go to America for a few hours tonight. You come with me — of course we will have to come back, my son, but we might find out about Tony."

"Indeed, Sir, I call that splendid — a clipper trip to America and back — and all this! Bully I call it! My name's Christopher Leyton"—and held out his hand.

The man grasped the boy's hand tightly in his—"Thanks, Christopher. I have been called Brother Francis a long time now, a very long time."

* * * *

The City of Saint Francis climbed her hills with jewels in her hands—the night was soft and clear—earlier there had been wisps of fog drifting high above the crown of lights — a veil of rain from the hills had washed the streets until they glistened under the stars. The robed figure with head uncovered climbed the hill slowly.

"Am I too heavy, Brother Francis?"

Saint Francis stopped and let the boy slip from his back, "I wouldn't know you were there, Christopher, if I couldn't feel your arms around my neck—look at the Bay, how it sparkles—Isn't this a beautiful city? I think it is the loveliest of all."

Little Christopher leaned against the man, holding one of the Saint's workworn hands close to his thin cheek—they were great friends now. "It's like a fairy city —no—it's like a picture in our school room of the City of God all shining. Mummy says that's the way all cities should be. I hope Tony got sent here. Do you think we shall ever find him, Sir?"

"If he is here, we'll find him, my boy, but you will remember he may not see us—he'll only know those who love him are near. We must go on—up you go—there. You are too thin for this world."

Christopher Leyton laughed as he rested his chin on the broad shoulders of Saint Francis and hugged him close around the neck. They went on up the hill. At the top the street seemed full of Christmas—in houses, in the gardens, in the trees above low protecting walls, everywhere hung the lights of gold and blue, of crystal white, of red and green.

"We'll sit here and rest awhile, my lad. It is early." Christopher slipped off Saint Francis' back to the low wall edging the lawn of a fine house set back a little from the street. He pressed close to the old Saint whose arm held him in a warm sheltering grasp. Christopher Leyton was happy. He loved the mystery of this journey. He did not feel strange with Saint Francis. He had always known about him, always, and now to be in on this big secret of Christmas Eve, to be able to go around with Saint Francis and no one able to see them! That was tops! If only he could see Tony, then he could let his mother know. No boy in his school would have a bigger war yarn to tell than he when he got back!

"It is wonderful not to have any war here, Sir. Why do wars happen?" Christopher always asked that question of people but the answers confused him. As he looked up into this man's fine sensitive face for the first time he felt sure of an answer he could understand. Anyway, Brother Francis would not call him a pest the way Tony did sometimes.

The old man was silent for a long time, or so it seemed to Christopher. "Am I talking too much, Brother Francis?" "Not a bit, my son, but your question is a pretty big one. Let me ask you one. Did you ever ask anyone to forgive you anything?"

Christopher smiled wryly, "yes, I have, Sir, but it is not very nice; I sort of hate myself because I have to do it—it wouldn't be sporting not to, you know—but I do not like the other person very much because, well, because." Saint Francis' laughter rang out in the night.

"Now, Christopher, that is part of the answer — people cannot forgive one another. To forgive, one must love. And men do not love, they hate. Forgiveness is not easy but it is the way to peace."

Christopher sighed happily and leaned closer, "Well everybody must be very loving here, Brother Francis." He yawned a little for it was very late for him. "But they must be brave too. Mother says I am pretty brave for my age, Sir."

(Continued on page 24)

CHRISTMAS
AT THE
CLUBHOUSE

CHILDREN'S TOY TEA

DECEMBER 14

MEMBERS' CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

DECEMBER 12

CHRISTMAS LUNCH and DINNER

DECEMBER 19

TWELFTH NIGHT

JANUARY 6

For details . . . See Announcement Pages

POETRY PAGE

Edited by Florence Keene

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled Summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
An earth so fair—so close to Heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return?
Only these broken lives, and lift
Them up to meet His pitying scorn,
As some poor child its foolish gift:

As some poor child on Christmas Day
Its broken toy in love might bring;
You could not break its heart and say
You cared not for the worthless thing?

Ah, word of trust, His Child! That Child
Who brought to earth the life divine,
Tells me the Father's pity mild
Scorns not even such gift as mine.

I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

AT CHRYSTMASSE TYDE

Two sorrie Thynges there be—
Ay, three;
A Neste from which ye Fledglings have been taken,
A Lambe forsaken,
A redde leaf from ye Wilde Rose shaken.

Of gladde Thynges there be more—
Ay, four;
A Larke above ye olde Neste blythely singing,
A Wilde Rose clinging
In safety to a Rock; a Shepherd bringing
A Lambe, found, in his armes, and Chrystmasse
Bells a-ringing.

FROM "CHRISTMAS UNDER ARMS"

Which way we look is night,
and the wind of a great unrest
Moans on our high-built towers,
and passes on to the West.
Vague in the gloom before us
move shadows vaster than man,
And doubts lay hold on the human host
and rumors trouble our van.

Have we builded but for the flame
and sown that death may reap?
Shall we give our morning to murder
and our noon to eternal sleep?
Answer, Thou who we dream
dost abide in the gloom apart!—
There is no answer, O Man! except
in the silence of thy heart!

With thee alone is the answer,
and the answer is "Love and Peace!"
Except the message be heard,
the bountiful years shall cease;
Except the message be honored,
a curse shall come to the lands
Where thou waitest on Christmas morning
with a sheathless sword in thy hands!

—George Sterling.

Edward Rowland Sill *came to California after his graduation from Yale in* 1861, *engaging in business. He returned East in* 1867. *In* 1871 *he accepted a position in the Oakland High School, and in* 1874 *took the chair of English Literature in the University of California, remaining till* 1883.

George Sterling, *who ended his life in* 1926, *more than any other poet gave his heart to San Francisco and sang unceasingly of the beauty of her hill vistas.*

I HAVE BEEN READING

"Let the Earth Speak": *by Ann Steward.* Published by the Macmillan Co. Price $2.50. Reviewed by Eva Alves.

"Call Frae the Heather"; *dialect lyrics by Kate Rennie Archer.* The Eucalyptus Press, Mills College, Oakland, California. $1.50. Reviewed by Edith Hecht.

Specialites de la Maison, compiled and published by the American Friends of France, New York. Reviewed by Mrs. Winthrop Martin.

Grape Festival Cook Book, published by the San Francisco Presbyterian Orphanage and Farm, San Anselmo, California. Reviewed by Mrs. Winthrop Martin.

"Let the Earth Speak"; by Ann Steward. This is the story of a city family who came to live for a year on a Kentucky farm, Hayes El.

The theme, a "back-to-the-soil" motive, is not new. The first owner, Old Hayes, a man who lived to be almost a hundred years old, was such a dominant character that his influence continued long after his death.

The main characters are Major Jarrell, his third wife, Janet, his daughter, Julia, a writer, whose last book was a failure and her twin brother, Dirk, a successful architect, until he lost his right arm in an automobile accident. The strongest character, Zayda, the laundress, is the one who helps all of them to adjust their lives. Through her they learn of Old Hayes and his influence on all the rest of the community. There are a number of other characters, each one an interesting study.

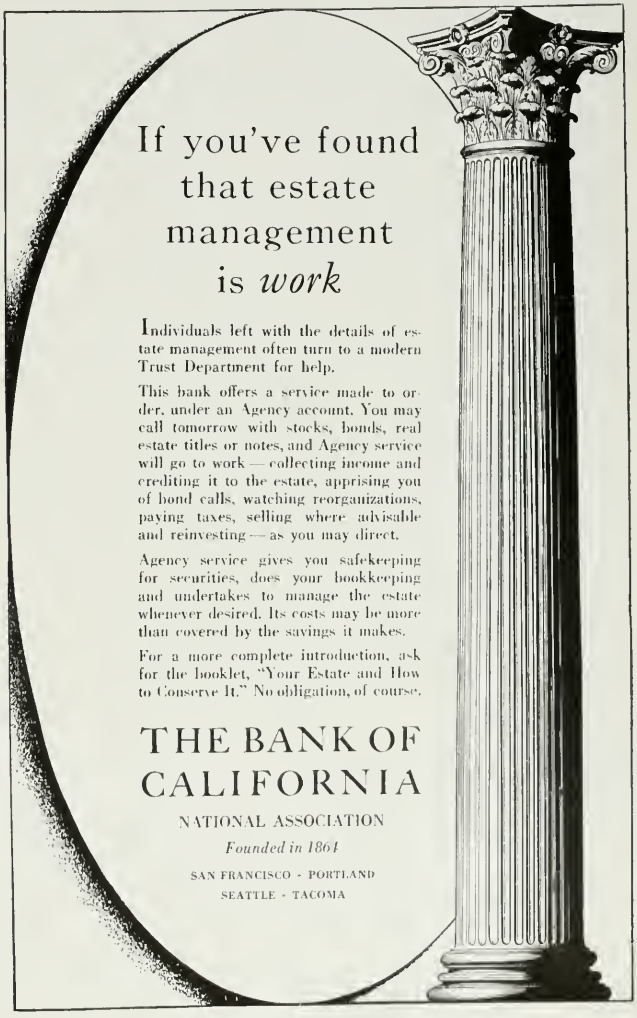
The style of writing is odd, dashes instead of quotation marks, are used throughout. The manner of telling the story is unusual. The author is very analytical and sometimes over elaborate. She is determined to make you feel the power of the Spirit of the Earth upon her characters.

"Call Frae the Heather"; dialect lyrics by Kate Rennie Archer. Through our tortured world, struggling for its very life; sound these verses of peaceful days, in their repose and serenity. With music, refreshing as the breath of their own Highland hills, they sing in rich variety of rhythm, in beauty of picture, and even in quizzical Scotch appraisement of human nature. The ugly, sordid present fades away, and the pipes and plaids of rugged, cool Scotland are with us, in the tempo of a happier age. Incidentally, there is none of the self-consciousness of the twentieth century in these dialect poems. They have achieved the difficult, well nigh impossible feat of singing in true ballad spirit, without modern individualistic sophistication; a highly artistic achievement in itself.

The quality of Robert Burns is in these lyrics. The nostalgia for the past of familiar sights and sounds is but a pleasant, soothing melancholy

"that resembles only sorrow
as the mist resembles rain."

It is a melancholy that reminds us of the times when men could look and dream and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This bank offers a service made to order, under an Agency account. You may call tomorrow with stocks, bonds, real estate titles or notes, and Agency service will go to work — collecting income and crediting it to the estate, apprising you of bond calls, watching reorganizations, paying taxes, selling where advisable and reinvesting — as you may direct.
Agency service gives you safekeeping for securities, does your bookkeeping and undertakes to manage the estate whenever desired. Its costs may be more than covered by the savings it makes.
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In the Heart of Chinatown

garner beauty in space and leisure.

It takes an artist to restore these to a jangled and weary world. We owe a debt of gratitude to Kate Rennie Archer for giving us "Call Frae the Heather."

However apprehensive we may be these days as we look at the world about us, there's still something about a really fine cook book that can take a woman's mind (or a man's) away from it all for a blissful while.

And simultaneously on the Atlantic and the Pacific shores of our country two very fine books on the culinary art have sprung into being. One is entitled "Specialites de la Maison" and has been compiled by the American Friends of France. The proceeds, to quote from Louis Bromfield's introduction, "will go to help those who are fighting for civilization, and in civilization the art of cooking holds a high place."

The Pacific Coast opus is "The Grape Festival Cook Book" compiled from the choicest recipes of famous hostesses and chefs of Marin County. The proceeds from this volume are turned over to the San Francisco Presbyterian Orphanage and Farm in San Anselmo. And since this splendid organization provides a healthful, happy, and normal environment for children from broken homes, or homes where there is but one parent left and that one must work, it may well claim its share also in the maintenance of that civilization which has suddenly become so intensely dear.

But, to get to the two cook books — they're delightfully alike in purpose, though the recipe contents vary.

The Friends of France have wheedled priceless culinary secrets from such notables as Gogo Schiaparelli, Katharine Cornell, William Rhinelander Stewart, Charles Chaplin and many more.

The Grape Festival Cook Book offers for the first time to the general public the prized recipes of Mrs. Norman Livermore, Mrs. James K. Armsby; the widely-travelled Jane Maggard Speck, Mr. John Dempster McKee and Mr. E. H. Denicke — who, incidentally, has a delightfully informal way of expressing himself. There are the recipes of famed Chinese chefs and in a few instances their own inimitable wording has been retained.

Both cook books are to be heartily recommended. Possibly the Grape Festival publication would be the one most frequently consulted in the average home, while the other might be the most heavily quoted.

But it would be a great occasion if every one could get Louis Bromfield and John Dempster McKee into the same dining room, each at one end of a table and each armed with his special ingredients and condiments for mixing a green salad. There would be a contest of gustatory wit and wisdom worth traveling miles to see—and taste!

New Books in The Club Library

NON-FICTION

FINAL EDITION; E. F. Benson.
BORN IN PARADISE; Armine Von Tempski.
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1939-40; Burns Mantle (Ed.)
TRAGEDY IN FRANCE; Andre Maurois.
BOOKS ALIVE; Vincent Starrett.
THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN; Rebecca Yancy Williams.
THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE; Anne Morrow Lindbergh.
THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT; Robert E. Sherwood.
EUROPE IN THE SPRING; Clare Boothe.
CALL FRAE THE HEATHER; Kate Rennie Archer.

FICTION

MOON TIDE; Willard Robertson.
MR. LITTLEJOHN; Martin Flavin.
THE STONE OF CHASTITY; Margery Sharp.
INVITATION TO LIVE; Lloyd C. Douglas.
LANDFALL; Nevil Shute.
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT; Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
AS THE SEED IS SOWN; Christine Whiting Parmenter.
GREEN ENTRY; F. Ruth Howard.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS; Ernest Hemingway.
THE HILL IS MINE; Maurice Walsh.
THE BRIGHT PAVILIONS; Hugh Walpole.
WHO DWELL WITH WONDER; Kathleen Coyle.
MR. AND MRS. CUGAT; Isabel Scott Rorick.
BUT WHO WAKES THE BUGLER; Peter DeVries.

Order your

Christmas Books

through the

Club Library

Legion of Honor Program

The California Palace of the Legion of Honor has announced the following program for December:

Special Exhibitions—

Centennial Exhibition: The Work of Auguste Rodin. Through December.

Drawings by Gene Frances. Through December 14.

Watercolors by George Post. December 7 - December 29.

Drawings by Jean Vigoureux. Through December 6.

Portraits, Figure Compositions and Landscapes by A. G. Warshawsky. Through December 15.

Permanent Exhibitions—

Bronzes and Drawings by Arthur Putnam (1873-1930)—Gift of Mrs. Alma Spreckels Awl.

The Mildred Anna Williams Collection of Paintings, Sculpture, Tapestries and Furniture.

The Collis Potter Huntington Memorial Collection of 18th Century French Paintings, Sculpture, Tapestries, Furniture and Porcelain.

Gallery Talks—

The following gallery talks will be given by Dr. Robert Neuhaus:

"The Masterpieces of Auguste Rodin," Sunday, December 15th at 4:00 p. m.

"The Representation of Christ in Art," Sunday, December 15th at 4:00 p. m.

Museum Tours—

A general tour of the museum emphasizing new acquisitions and special loan exhibitions. Each Thursday and Friday at 3:00 p. m.

LITTLE THEATRE

Drama—

Three one-act plays presented by Miss Burke's School. Thursday, December 19th at 8:30 p. m. Admission fifty cents.

Moving Pictures—Admission Free.

"The King of Kings." Cecil B. DeMille's spectacular portrayal of the life of Christ. Saturday, December 21st at 2:30 p. m.

"Christmas Time in Toyland" and Animated Cartoons. A comedy program especially for children. Saturday, December 28th at 2:30 p. m.

Art Question Hour—

A question and answer discussion of timely art topics.

Children's Art Hour—

Drawing, painting, art talks and museum games for children. Saturday, December 7th, and Saturday, December 14th at 10:00 a. m.

Registration is now open for the Children's Art Hour beginning Saturday, January 4. Group will be limited to twenty-five.

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- Christmas tree candles (candles shaped like a Christmas tree), in green, red and white.
- A wide range of the finest pewterware. Candlesticks, ash trays, pitchers and creamers, fish-shape trays, serving dishes and many other ideal gifts ranging in price from 25c to $15.00

The Bowl Shop

953 GRANT AVENUE

★ The Bowl Shop is the largest importer of Pewter in San Francisco.

Announcements

(Continued from page 5)

coat — to preserve its freshness. Metal Christmas trees and candles to be used with or without greens. Garden baskets filled with pine cones—a most attractive and useful gift.

BEDROOMS: Memo to out-of-town members doing Christmas shopping in San Francisco, and members expecting holiday guests: Rooms at your own Club will solve the problem of overnight accommodations: you or your guests will be comfortable and at the same time you will be helping your Club by using it.

NEEDLEWORK GUILD: The National League Branch of the Needlework Guild will resume their meetings after the Christmas holidays, on January 2, 1941, and will continue to meet every first, third, and fifth Thursday of each month until further notice. As a certain quota is to be made, an increase in the number of workers will be appreciated.

SWIMMING POOL: During the holidays, don't forget to remember that . . . Swimming will take care of that extra pound, that heavy feeling that is likely to accompany festivities! . . . Swimming will keep the children occupied and happy during Christmas vacation! . . . Swimming relieves the weariness of shopping! . . . Swimming tickets are delightful gifts! . . . Swimming is undoubtedly the answer to one or more of your problems!

RED CROSS KNITTING: We have made in the Red Cross Detachment of the National League for Woman's Service three hundred and ninety sweaters so far. Only one hundred and ten more to make our Christmas present to the Red Cross five hundred. Everybody help!

Grape Festival

COOK BOOK

Choicest recipes of Marin hostesses and chefs

For sale at

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336 Sutter

Price $1.00

I. Lillie Macrae

Word has come to us of the death of Miss I. Lillie Macrae, for many years Vocational Guidance Director of the National League for Woman's Service of California. The end came as Miss Macrae herself would have wished, quickly and just as she had set forth on an errand of mercy for others. Her life had been devoted to guiding and informing those seeking help for the "more abundant living." Her work at the Club could never be measured by cold statistics. From "the days of Kearny Street," beginning in 1922, on down into the Post Street Clubhouse, until the end of December, 1936, her hours given to those who came bewildered or weighed down with overpowering cares were confidential, and the records of the Bureau, which were of necessity kept, were only the smallest part of the story.

Employment placement was always incidental in the program of this Bureau and after 1917 was indirect only, but there were countless women whose fresh start was made possible by Miss Macrae's patience in learning the facts of the case which she would then pass on to the office which was to do the actual placing.

We quote from a note just received from one who often conferred with Miss Macrae on mutual "cases": "We worked in close cooperation while she was Vocational Guidance Director in the League and had many interesting conferences regarding some of the clients who were our joint responsibility. She was a lovely person and a fine character with the staunch British qualities we so admire. It is a consolation to hear that she had the joy of returning to Canada to be at the last 'on British soil among her own people' and still giving herself in service."

There was another service besides guidance which Miss Macrae did uniquely. Her wide acquaintanceship both at home and abroad made her valuable to the League in the semi-social duties which must personify any organization such as ours. She wrote letters in the name of the Club which created a warmth of feeling seldom possible in groups of such large proportions, and attended many a meeting in conference with other vocational directors and workers in the social service field, which benefited by her contribution to the discussion.

After retirement, Miss Macrae went to live in Vancouver, where two sisters and a brother now survive her. She "carried on" immediately in the various volunteer services which developed in the war program of Canada, and Miss Flora Macrae has written to us, that "At the time of her death she was busy at many things connected with The Women's Auxiliary of the Seaforth Highlanders and the visiting committee of the Vancouver General Hospital, and tramped far too many blocks visiting wives and families of men overseas and lonely mothers."

We have missed our Vocational Guidance Bureau which in accordance with the policy of the League was abandoned when other organizations took over its work and when it would have overlapped. We have missed Miss Macrae. But we rejoice that it was from her beloved Canada she went forth to the higher service to which she has been called.

Upstairs and Down

With bedrooms in perfect order, with Beauty Salon capable of rendering every service for "milady's coiffeur," and Swimming Pool "aqua pure" in its appointments, the Clubhouse, "upstairs and down," has been put in order for the use of its membership and guests this Christmastide. Many entertainments are already on the tapis.

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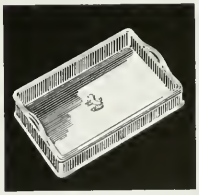

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A Christmas Child

(Continued from page 16)

Taxicabs whirled along the boulevarded Avenue, big shining limousines skimmed along like dark shadows over even darker translucent pools. It was Christmas Eve in the City of Saint Francis and life was brave and gallant and full of light. The man sitting there in the shadows knew that his young friend had fallen asleep. He drew him closer to him. His old eyes were filled with unshed tears. What a world! What a world! Children killed by half-grown boys in bombing planes! Saint Francis took one of the boy's frail hands into his own strong ones. Surely the miracle of love will not fail me tonight—it never has through all the years I have come back to my City on this Sacred night. I must hold the faith for Christopher's sake—such a little fellow to be blown into eternity by a shrieking bomb of hate.

Then Saint Francis saw the big door of the brilliantly lighted house open — the sound of children's voices came out to him, gay, laughing voices. A man and woman stepped out into the night. "We'll be back, Mother and I need a breath of air with Jinks," the man called back as the door closed behind them.

They came quite near to the old Saint. The small dog scampered about. "Here, Darling, let's sit down—you are too tired to take another step." The man pulled the woman close to him on the wall.

"Oh, I am all right, Tom, dear. It is the uncertainty. I promised the children that Anthony Leyton would surely be here for Christmas. The New York Committee telegraphed that he had arrived and was on his way with Miss Bevin five days ago."

"Well, he'll come—there is still time—anyway it has been mighty good for our youngsters — apparently they haven't thought of themselves this Christmas — almost worth a war, my dear." The man laughed, his voice kind and indulgent. "But you will be all in—the house looks great. I love you more than ever for this mothering heart of yours, my gal." He held her close.

"Tom, I can't forget that mother over there—waiting to hear from someone about her Anthony, from someone who has really taken him in and made him at home. Of course the committee cables, but you wait until I can write to her every detail about him! I am like our children, I have had to work off steam decorating the house. I want the place to look like Heaven to Anthony Leyton."

"I know, Darling, I wish we might have had the little brother, too—the record I received at the office today says there are four in the boy's family—two sisters older and a brother much younger."

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Saint Francis pressed his lips down upon Christopher's soft hair.

"Well, we'll try again later for the brother. Look, Tom, that taxi—it's stopping" — and before Saint Francis could awaken Christopher, the man and woman rushed to the curb to swing wide the taxi door.

"Wake up, son—you will be missing the miracle." Christopher rubbed his eyes and stumbled to his feet, his hand clinging to Saint Francis' robe. "Oh, where? Sir, where?" But the door had closed upon the group that had moved quickly up the walk from the cab.

"I did not see Tony, Christopher, but I think he has just come—here, step close to the window by the bushes. You can't see? Well, I'll hold you."

Christopher, trembling with excitement, felt himself lifted high in Saint Francis' arms. He could see into the big room. He looked right into Tony's eyes. Tony, standing there with a shy smile as he shook hands with a boy about his size. Christopher's arm tightened around Saint Francis' neck as he shouted a hurrah and waved to Tony. Then he felt the tears on the old man's face. "It's quite all right, Sir, I know he can't see me or hear me either, but just for Christmas, you know. Isn't Tony big for thirteen? He looks like Dad."

"He's a grand chap, Christopher, but now we must be going along—it is almost midnight."

"I wish Mother could know Tony's all here safe in this very loving place, Sir. It would make up for a lot of things—to have us both land in such great places! Don't you think, Sir?" Then Christopher realized that the old Saint was hurrying along the street, his hand clasping his own firmly. Indeed he had to run a little to keep up with Brother Francis. "Yes, my son, we'll stop and tell her about Tony—I don't know just how, but the good God will show me."

"I am sure He will, Sir—and where shall we tell her I am going to be staying?" for Christopher really wanted to know himself.

They were on a more noisy street now filled with late shoppers. A moving picture house was emptying the crowds from its Christmas Eve Midnight Show out upon the broad sidewalks. Saint Francis saw the sign in great crimson lights—"All This and Heaven, Too." "Can you read, Christopher?"

"I'll say I can, Sir."

Saint Francis pointed to the sign. "Well, boy, we'll tell her that you have *all this* that Tony has and Heaven, Too."

Then the big light went out. Christopher remembered always the sound of great

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chimes carolling and the sweet voice of Brother Francis singing as they went on. The night was black, black as in the woods at home but Christopher did not think the way was dark.

* * * *

A month later, two letters came to the big house in the city of Saint Francis. A mother locked herself in her room and cried for a time—then she knew she must not take it this way. There was Tony to consider—there was no telling what the news would do to him. By and by she stepped across the hall to Tony's room, the door was open and the boy was standing by the window with the binoculars held steadily to his eyes as he counted the ships in the harbor below. He was doing the thing he loved best to do. His letter lay open on the table.

"Tony, dear, are you all right?" The mother of that big house did not dare to do what she longed to do. She looked at that erect figure, no sign of tears on his face.

"Quite all right. I think if you don't mind I'll go down a bit nearer the ships. And will you read Mother's letter? She is very brave." And he was gone.

The woman slowly read the letter and the words she never forgot were at the end of it.

"You will be brave, Tony. I have not worried about you since Christmas Eve when I had a very definite feeling that you were safe. Perhaps it was because I felt so close to Christopher that night. He never knew what struck him, Tony dear. He was here one moment—in Heaven the next."

Christmas Stockings

(Continued from page 13)

are stockings to the right of us, stockings to the left of us, dangling from lamp posts, in the windows of department stores, hanging out of Santa's pack, commercial containers for practically any small object for grown-up or child. They adorn newspaper display advertisements, they embellish holiday wrapping paper, they string across blackboards and they encourage children to regular attendance at Sunday School.

"But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be."

One must not forget the fascinating little Stocking Books, too, so convenient in size as well as content to fill in gaps. Thomas Bailey Aldrich discovered an ingenious stocking in his lines about Kris Kringle who filled the oriole's nest with a handful of snow flakes:

"Quite like a stocking" he laughed
"Hung up there in the tree,
"I didn't suppose the birds
"Expected a present from me."

ROSALIND A. KEEP.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Dinner

January 6th, 1941

$1.25 DINNER

Epiphany Cake and Mulled Wine will precede the dinner

Hawaiian Coupe, El Royale

Scotch Mutton Broth

Roast Duckling with Apple and Raisin Dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Fresh Garden Peas

Dinner Rolls

Hearts of Romaine with

Roquefort Dressing

Melba Toast

Special Sundae with Fruit Cake

Demi Tasse

RESERVATIONS SHOULD BE MADE IN ADVANCE

Christmas Decorations

(Continued from page 14)

telling of the wonderful offerings they would make of their fruits to the little Christ-Child and she realized that she had neither fruit nor flowers to offer. God, seeing her humility and wishing to reward it, sent his Angels to hang a star on each one of her branches so that she might outshine all the rest of the trees; and so the first Christmas tree was trimmed.

The Lounge with its great tree and the crackling logs on the hearthstone truly breathes the spirit of "peace on earth." May it long continue to reflect that spirit to all who enter, that they may carry it out into the world and spread it far and wide.

Redwood Facts Set Forth In Educational Pamphlets

A storehouse of information on the Redwoods is contained in four educational pamphlets published by the Save-the-Redwoods League. Those who live near the great trees will be particularly interested in checking up on facts, many of which may be new even to old-timers in this region.

"Trees, Shrubs and Flowers of the Redwood Region," by Dr. Willis L. Jepson, discusses the flora associated with the Redwoods and gives many photographs and drawings of them. A valuable feature is a page illustrating and describing the various ferns found in the Redwood belt.

"A Living Link in History" is a statement by the president of the League, Dr. John C. Merriam, of the spiritual and aesthetic significance of the Redwoods.

Dr. Ralph W. Chaney of the University of California wrote one of the pamphlets, entitled "Redwoods of the Past," which describes the long descent of the trees themselves, telling how they migrated in ages past.

In "The Story Told by a Fallen Redwood," Professor Emanuel Fritz of the University of California shows through charts how the happenings in the life of a "down tree" can be told by studying its cross section.

The mail address of the Save-the-Redwoods League is 219 California Hall, University of California, Berkeley. Each pamphlet in the series is 10 cents a copy, post free.

See the Christmas Decorations at the Clubhouse

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(Continued from page 15)

makes its entrance, attended by servitors and singers, all in costumes of eighteenth-century England. Squire Bracebridge welcomes his guests from a high table set in the alcove at the end of the hall, backed by a game cupboard filled with homely delicacies—jellies, smoother than the lucent curd, bright fruits and heaped-up vegetables, furry hare and glossy feathered duck and quail.

The dinner is itself a pageant: each traditional course is formally presented to the Squire for his approval. First the great fish is borne in on an enormous litter, decked with complementing vegetables. The servitors carry in each litter, escorted by the singers: Squire Bracebridge accepts it and waves it on to the kitchens, and as the procession vanishes the kitchen doors are opened and the waitresses, as if by magic, bring on the laden trays.

"The Boare's head in hand bear I" sounds down the hall to usher in the massive boar's head and the baron of beef, memorable offerings, and then comes the Peacock Pie, a feast for the eye and a truly noble bird. There is some casual entertainment during the dinner—the jester plays his role, the wandering lute player moves from table to table; a troop of villagers passing by is brought in for a song and a toast to the lord of the manor. They recede, carrying torches; through the long windows of the hall there is a last distant glimpse of Santa Claus hurrying to his waiting sleigh.

"Wassail, wassail
Brings happiness to all . . ."

presages the coming of the huge plum pudding and the wassail bowl for the Squire's lighting.

"Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,"

and the Bracebridge family makes its exit. Christmas dancing in the lounge, and Christmas in Yosemite is over, with its mingling of Christian and Druid and nordic elements, bound into one western frame.

Our Bracebridge dinner had its inception in Yosemite in 1927, the year the Ahwahnee was opened. It was my husband's idea that we should have a good old English Christmas, and we went to Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" account of the festivities at Bracebridge Hall as our source. Garnet Holme developed it the next two Christmas seasons, and after his death Ansel Adams took it on and wrote the script now used. He has taken an active part in its production ever since, and also made a fine series of photographs of its scenes, some which were reproduced in the Christmas number of "Life" last year.

Jeannette Dyer Spencer of San Francisco has been responsible for the decorated

parchment windows with their glowing colors, the banners, the costumes, the stunning pageant of the presentations.

The Bracebridge Singers are a group from San Francisco, a double quartet of men's voices; they are most generous with their music throughout the holidays.

At first the affair was repeated on New Year's Eve, as something in the nature of a Twelfth Night Party, but so many people stayed through both occasions that New Year's became the birthday party of Mother Earth, celebrated in changing forms.

A feeling of spontaneous gaiety and of family life unusual in a resort characterizes the season. Parents or grandparents bring their children of all ages for a snowy Christmas. Some families have reservations not from year to year, but for five years in advance. Each holiday period there is already a long waiting-list for the next, though there are usually enough last-minute shifts to take care of most of those who are willing to wait.

Weather, alas, is not always propitious; the season of 1939-40 was the worst within my memory in that respect. This year, however, the long-range weather forecasters seem agreed that there is to be real winter, not necessarily severe, but an early one, so in Yosemite we shall hope for a white Christmas, with sunny days during the holidays, since we might as well ask for the best. Under such conditions the wintry south side of the Valley is a colorful scene both day and night, while the wide porch at Badger Pass seethes with activity until late in the afternoon.

People often ask whether there is much formal dressing in Yosemite. There is some at the Ahwahnee during the holidays, but at the Lodge, none whatever. Sports clothes really are the dominant note, even at the Ahwahnee, unless it be on Christmas night and New Year's Eve.

The Yosemite Winter Club parties, which are held weekly at the Ahwahnee, are great fun, and there, too, informal sports clothes are worn rather than party dresses. The after-skiing clothes that have been developed of recent years are gay and comfortable and seem to fit the spirit of such evenings, with mirth and topical songs and country dances, the schottische and polka and varsovienne.

Writing about it makes me eager for those days to hurry on:

"Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
'Tis the season to be jolly!"

Christmas is such an enchanting time in Yosemite that I can't feel I have done it justice. It's all rather breathless and happy, and then there is such a contrast of warmth and color within doors and the white exquisite stillness without, that one can't quite recapture it on paper.

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★ **Glass Flower Containers, Hand Blocked Linen Smocks, Garden Accessories, Decorative Porcelain Vases, Table Mats, Wooden Salad Sets, and everything imaginable to make Christmas shopping a pleasure.**

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★ **Baskets always make a fascinating gift. Wood Baskets, Lunch Baskets, Picnic Baskets, Flower Baskets, Imported Baskets, Domestic Baskets . . . Baskets for all purposes.**

★ **The League Shop this year can boast of having an exclusive line of unusual Christmas Cards. Some old fashioned, others modern . . . all are really distinctive and original.**

★ **Our shop is overflowing with Pacific Area imports . . . Siamese Old Brass Temple Dishes and Candlesticks. Textiles and Wood Carvings from Bali. Antique Javanese Brasses, Antique Chinese Pewter Wine Bottles. These suggest only a few of our exclusive imports.**

★ **For the Children: Dolls, Trains, Sand Boats, Dump Carts, Woolly Animals, Ten Pin Sets, Doll House Furniture and many other things, too numerous to mention. Note: The toys at the League Shop are truly distinctive, having been selected from the world's finest markets.**

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Christmas Greetings

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San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

The first of San Francisco's two major musical endeavors has come to a brilliant close. The second, approaches, claiming undivided attention of music lovers.

The just concluded San Francisco Opera Company season has taken its place among the very great of former years. Outlook for the twenty-ninth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra holds promise of artistic brilliancy and highly gratifying financial support.

In keeping with the established standard of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the following artists have been chosen for their unexcelled qualities:

Rachmaninoff: World-renowned composer and pianist, who will appear in two pair of concerts, featuring a cycle of his outstanding works, many of which will be new to San Francisco.

Dorothy Maynor: Soprano, who has electrified the East with her gifted voice and artistry, and who will make her exclusive San Francisco appearances this season with the Symphony.

Jose Iturbi: A favorite among our established pianists—one who is always welcome and eagerly anticipated.

Isaac Stern: Youthful violinist, who has already attained top rank through his virile and authoritative virtuosity.

Sir Thomas Beecham: Recognized throughout the world as England's outstanding conductor and interpreter, will lecture under the auspices of the Women's City Club in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse on the evening of January 6th.

A special performance with Margaret Speaks, gifted soprano of the concert and radio world, on Sunday evening, March 2, under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Forum, will be a colorful event. On this occasion, the Forum, composed of college students from Berkeley, Stanford, Mills and University of San Francisco, will function in the capacity of management. The students of the Forum are incorporated in the Musical Association and are a vital force. Their courage, faith and service are prophetic of the important part youth plays and will continue to play in our work.

Enthusiastic work by committees in charge of the financial and business activities show many new names on the supporting subscription list. With all the boxes for both the Friday and Saturday series taken, a season ticket sale greater than ever before is reported by Mrs. M. C. Sloss, chairman, and Mrs. John P. Coghlan, vice-chairman, of the ticket sales committee.

Rehearsals on the first program of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's twenty-ninth season, which opens in Memorial Opera House Friday afternoon, December 6, will begin next Tuesday with Pierre Monteux on the conductor's stand for his sixth consecutive season.

With one exception no changes have been made in the principals of the orchestra and none in the personnel. Boris Blinder will this season occupy the cello first chair.

Conductor Monteux has arranged the following program for the opening concerts: Jubilee Overture, Weber; Symphony No. 5, Sibelius and Symphony No. 2, Brahms.

Single concert tickets go on sale next Tuesday at the Symphony box office, Sherman, Clay & Co.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

TWO-THIRTY O'CLOCK

December 6.....Opening Concert
December 13 .....Orchestral Program
January 3 .....
Sir Thomas Beecham, Guest Conductor
January 17.....Isaac Stern, Violinist
January 24.....Orchestral Program
February 7 .....Rachmaninoff, Pianist
February 14 .....Rachmaninoff, Pianist
February 21.....Orchestral Program
March 14 .....Dorothy Maynor, Soprano
March 28.....Orchestral Program
April 4.....Orchestral Program
April 18 .....Jose Iturbi, Pianist

SATURDAY NIGHT SERIES

EIGHT-THIRTY O'CLOCK

December 7 .....Opening Concert
December 14 .....Orchestral Program
January 4 .....
Sir Thomas Beecham, Guest Conductor
January 18.....Isaac Stern, Violinist
January 25.....Orchestral Program
February 8 .....Rachmaninoff, Pianist
February 15 .....Rachmaninoff, Pianist
February 22.....Orchestral Program
March 15.....Dorothy Maynor, Soprano
March 29.....Orchestral Program
April 5.....Orchestral Program
April 19.....Jose Iturbi, Pianist

Tickets Available at the Clubhouse for Lecture by Sir Thomas Beecham

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1) Each package contains two double-crust, nine-inch pies, or four open-face pies. This is possible because the new package contains 1 lb., 1 oz. net, which is exactly sufficient for these servings.

2) The crust will be found to be surprisingly flaky and rich, and just what a perfect pie should be.

3) The new package also contains two individual parchment bags, each bag holding sufficient mixture for one pie. Both of these are enclosed in an outside printed wrapper, giving three times the ordinary protection and eliminating any chance of spoilage, no matter how long kept.

4) Each package is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory and is made so scientifically and with such elaborate equipment that it is declared impossible to duplicate such "fool-proof" methods in the home.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1940.

State of California, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Willis Hickox, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club, San Francisco, California; Editor Pro Tem., Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco; Business Manager, Willis Hickox, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Women's City Club, San Francisco, California
President, Mrs. Elizabeth Eshleman, San Francisco, California.
Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Hall, Palo Alto, California.
Treasurer, Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

WILLIS HICKOX, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1940.

(Seal) BERTHA RIESE ADLER.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires May 27, 1942.)

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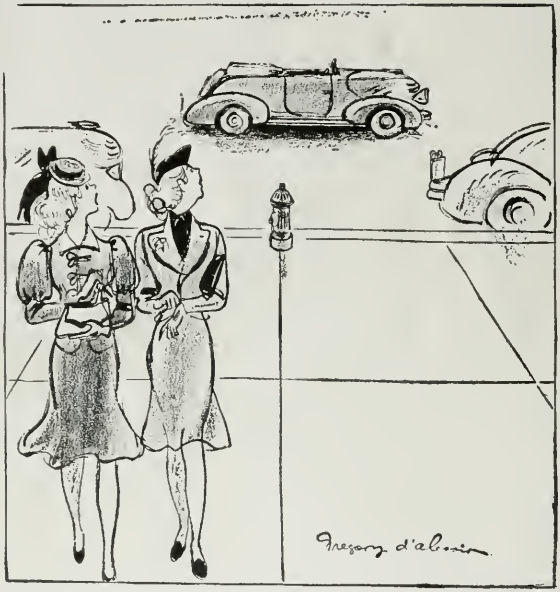

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Every woman recognizes d'Alessio's deft portrayals of feminine types and discreetly admits the resemblance to many of her friends. Satirical? Absolutely no! Just a hilarious, good-humored rib of feminine foibles.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

San Francisco

JANUARY
1941
VOLUME XIV • NUMBER 12

Time for a Snow Holiday

TIME TO HEAD for Yosemite — and some of the finest ski slopes to be found anywhere.

Time to take a turn on the West's biggest outdoor ice rink — whizz down a mile-a-minute toboggan — go for an old-fashioned moonlight sleighride. See thrilling exhibitions, intercollegiate events, fancy-dress ice carnivals.

Have *every* kind of winter fun! Then, come inside to a crackling log-fire and gay informal evenings—Yosemite attractions that *double* your enjoyment of the snow!

All this, remember, in a setting world-famous for its beauty! Plan to come up *often*.

YOSEMITE PARK AND CURRY CO.

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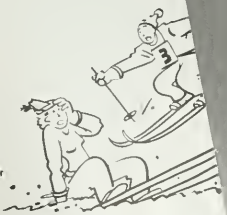
now one flat-rate covers all your expenses!

Includes everything necessary for 7 full days at skiing and skating—sessions at Yosemite Ski School, unlimited use of Upski and skating rink, meals and accommodations at the Lodge or Ahwahnee. Get the details!



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THE WEST'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WINTER PLAYGROUND

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XIV January, 1941 Number 12

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Coming Events

January 6

TWELFTH NIGHT

Sir Thomas Beecham, Symphony Orchestra Director, to lecture —"A MINGLED CHIME." Special Twelfth Night dinner to precede lecture.

Dinner $1.25 a plate.
Lecture $1.10, tax included

January 21-22

TREASURE AUCTION

for benefit of American Red Cross, San Francisco Chapter's War Relief Fund.

February 11-12

BOOK MART & RAG FAIR

in Auditorium of Clubhouse—11 a. m. to 9 p. m. each day.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB CALENDAR JANUARY 1941

Swimming Pool Hours:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. and Friday from 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m

TWELFTH NIGHT LECTURE — SIR THOMAS BEECHAM — JANUARY 6TH

ANNUAL ELECTION — JANUARY 13TH

JANUARY — 1941

1—New Year's Day Dinner—$1.25 a plate	M. D. Rm.....5:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.
2—Needlework Guild	Room 212....10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex ..... 12.15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Madeline le Brun de Surville* presiding	Main Dining Room..... 6:15 p.m.
3—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 ..... 11:00 a.m.
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria ..... 12:15 p.m.
6—TWELFTH NIGHT LECTURE—*Sir Thomas Beecham* will be Guest Speaker. His subject, "A Mingled Chime." ($1.10 inc. tax. Please purchase tickets in advance at Front Office.) (Special Dinner in Main Dining Room preceding Lecture: $1.25 per person)	Auditorium ..... 8:15 p.m. Main Dining Room ..... 6:30 p.m.
7—Contract Bridge Instructions—By *Mrs. Henry E. Annis* (25c a corner)	Room 208.....2:00 & 7:00 p.m.
8—Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel* presiding	Mural Room ..... 12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—*Mrs. T. A. Stoddard* will review "Sapphira and the Slave Girl," by Willa Cather. Dinner $1.00 a plate	Nat. Def. Room..... 6:00 p.m. Chinese R.....11:00 a.m. & 7:00 p.m.
9—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell* First in series of ten lectures. Single admissions: members 55c; non-members 66c. Course tickets: members $4.50; non-members $5.50.	
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex ..... 12.15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Madelme le Brun de Surville presiding*	Main Dining Room ..... 6:15 p.m.
10—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 ..... 11:00 a.m.
13—ANNUAL ELECTION — BOARD OF DIRECTORS	Clubhouse ..... 9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m.
Club Round Table	Main Dining Rm.....6:15-7:30 p.m.
14—Contract Bridge Instruction—By *Mrs. Henry E. Annis* (25c a corner)	Room 208.....2:00 & 7:00 p.m.
16—Needlework Guild	Room 214.....10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell* (second in series of 10 lectures)	Chinese Rm..11:00 a.m. & 7:00 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex ..... 12.15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Madelme le Brun de Surville presiding*	Main Dining Room ..... 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program: Address by Miss Louise E. Taber—"Eminent Women in California History—Sybil Sanderson, Jane Stanford, Phoebe Hearst."	Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
17—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 ..... 11:00 a.m.
Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Maria del Pino* presiding	Cafeteria ..... 12:15 p.m.
20—TREASURE AUCTION Display of articles to be auctioned for benefit of American Red Cross, San Francisco Chapter, War Relief Fund.	Auditorium.....11:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.
Club Round Table	Main Dining Rm..... 6:15-7:30 p.m.
21—TREASURE AUCTION For benefit of American Red Cross, San Francisco Chapter's War Relief Fund.	Auditorium—Hrs to be Announced
Garden Round Table—Miss *Clara Schaeffer*, Chairman ($5c per plate) Mr. J. E. Edwards of Cypress Lawn will talk on "Roses and How to Prune Them." Please make reservations in advance.	Mural Room ..... 12:15 p.m.
Contract Bridge Instructions—By *Mrs. Henry E. Annis* (25c a corner)	Room 208.....2:00 & 7:00 p.m.
22—Spanish Round Table—*Senorita Angela Montiel* presiding	Mural Room ..... 12:15 p.m.
TREASURE AUCTION For benefit of American Red Cross, San Francisco Chapter's War Relief Fund.	Auditorium—Hrs to be Announced
23—"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell* (third in series of 10 lectures)	Chinese Room.....11 a.m. & 7 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex ..... 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Madelme le Brun de Surville presiding*	Main Dining Room ..... 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program. An Evening With the Pilares Players.	Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
24—French Conversational Class—*Mme. Rose P. Olivier* presiding	Room 214 ..... 11:00 a.m.
27—Club Round Table	Main Dining Rm.....6:15-7:30 p.m.
28—Past and Present Board Members' Luncheon	Nat. Def. Room.....12:00 noon
Contract Bridge Instructions—By *Mrs. Henry E. Annis* (25c a corner)	Room 208.....2:00 & 7:00 p.m.
30—Needlework Guild	Room 214.....10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
"Expression"—*Mrs. John Howell* (fourth in series of 10 lectures)	Chinese Room.....11 a.m. & 7 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Marie Lemaire* presiding	Annex ..... 12:15 p.m.
French Round Table—*Mlle. Madelme le Brun de Surville presiding*	Main Dining Room ..... 6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program: Musical program by Miss Bernadine Clayford, mezzo soprano, known as a radio singer, and Mrs. Carlotta Hunt, violinist.	Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
31—Drama Reading—*Mrs. Hugh Brown*: "George Washington Slept Here" Single admissions: Members 55c; non-members 66c. Course tickets are available.	Auditorium ..... 11:00 a.m.
French Conversational Class	Room 214 ..... 11:00 a.m.

FEBRUARY — 1941

BOOK MART — FEBRUARY 11TH AND 12TH

3—Club Round Table	Main Dining Rm.....6:15-7:30 p.m.
4—Contract Bridge Instructions—By *Mrs. Henry E. Annis* (25c a corner)	Room 208.....2:00 & 7:00 p.m.

ELECTION DAY *Monday, January 13th*

ELECTION OF CANDIDATES FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE
NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE
OF CALIFORNIA
1941 -1944

The Annual Election for the Board of Directors by the League Membership will be held between the hours of 9:00 A. M. and 6:00 P. M., Monday, January 13, 1941.

The Nominating Committee of the National League for Woman's Service (founder of the Women's City Club of San Francisco) submits the following names as candidates for the Board of Directors, to be voted upon at the Annual Election, Monday, January 13th.

Those not voting in person may mail ballot in sealed envelope with name on outside, in time to reach the office on or before January 13th.

Article 8, Constitution and By-laws: "There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the annual election."

BALLOT

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

RETURN THIS BALLOT ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 13, 1941

VOTE FOR TEN

MRS. WILLIAM E. COLBY ☐
MRS. DUNCAN H. DAVIS ☐
MRS. JOHN M. ESHLEMAN ☐
MRS. JOHN A. FLICK ☐
MRS. EUGENE S. KILGORE ☐
MRS. LEO V. KORBEL ☐
MRS. MARCUS S. KOSHLAND ☐
MRS. MACONDRAY LUNDBORG ☐
MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY POTTER ☐
MRS. CLARENCE R. WALTER ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐

ANNOUNCEMENTS

TREASURE AUCTION: January 21st and 22nd, in the Auditorium of the clubhouse. To facilitate this special event we shall call upon our Volunteer Service to assist in many ways. We shall need ushers, morning, afternoon and evening; volunteers for extra tea service; extra Cafeteria service; general arrangements; in fact, any number of posts will need to be filled to insure the success of an Auction that grows in proportion each day.

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR: To be held in February on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 11th and 12th. We can use hundreds of books, and any number of "white elephants," so please think of us when after Christmas you are making room for new gifts in your home and possibly discarding your old books and bric-a-brac. If articles are to be picked up, please call the Executive Office and arrangements will be made.

NEW MEMBERSHIPS: Now is the time to bring in new members, as we approach the beginning of a new fiscal year, when classes and courses are holding their opening lectures, and plans are being made for a very busy year of many and varied activities. New memberships upon request may be paid in three installments. Call the Executive Office for application cards to be sent to your friends.

ANNUAL ELECTION, Monday, January 13th: Ballots may be mailed in or dropped into the ballot box in the Lobby of the Clubhouse either before or on the thirteenth day of January. All ballots should be marked and placed in a plain sealed envelope with name and address carefully written on outside. Each year the volunteers have great difficulty deciphering names and each year there are many ballots sent in without names. As there is a fine of 25 cents added to the dues bills of all members who do not vote, we are urging the membership to write their names plainly.

BEAUTY SALON: Start the new year right by having a permanent wave. Our Beauty Salon is offering a 10 per cent discount on all permanent waves during the month of January. We have the latest methods, both machine and machineless, and operators are excellent. Call GArfield 8400 and make an appointment.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM: On Twelfth Night, January 6th, Sir Thomas Beecham, widely known symphony director, will lecture in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. His subject will be "A Mingled Chime," and one highly interesting to all music lovers. A special dinner, preceding the lecture will be served in the Main Dining Room—a typical Twelfth Night menu. Many special dinner parties have already been planned. Tickets for the lecture are on sale at the Front Office, $1.10 including tax. Dinner is $1.25 a plate and reservations should be made in advance.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS: Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has planned to resume the Thursday Evening Programs on January 16th with an address by Miss Louise E. Taber on "Eminent Women in California History — Sybil Sanderson, Jane Stanford, and Phoebe Hearst." On January 23d, An Evening with the Pilares Players. January 30th, Musical Program by Miss Bernadine Clayford, mezzo soprano, known as a radio singer, and Mrs. Carlotta Hunt, violinist. On February 6th, an address, "The Place of Music in City Libraries," by Miss Jessica Fredricks, director of the Music Department of the San Francisco Public Library.

PAST AND PRESENT BOARD MEMBERS' LUNCHEON: This annual event will be held on January 28, at 12:00 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room. This year especially we feel the importance of the gathering together of the founders of the National League for Woman's Service of California with those Board members who have carried on and the ones who will carry on perhaps along lines similar to those of the days of the League's inception. For it is by the vision and planning of this group of loyal leaders that the spirit of the National League has remained intact, with its volunteers trained, ready and willing for service.

EMPLOYEES' FUND: The staff of the Women's City Club expresses sincere thanks to the membership for its generous Christmas contribution to the Employees' Fund. The Employees' Fund is used during the entire year for the emergencies which are bound to occur in a staff as large as the Women's City Club's, and contributions are gratefully accepted at any time.

DRAMA READING: On January 31st Mrs. Hugh Brown will read "George Washington Slept Here" by the perennial fun-makers, George Kaufman and Moss Hart. While the reviews indicate they haven't produced something as wit-drenched as last year's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," nevertheless this play has already survived in New York since October 18th and is still going strong, which is proof that it is far from dull. These two men in combination seem to be able to go on producing comedy indefinitely. They attack each new subject with freshness and originality and leave behind each new production an echo of laughter that is very welcome in these soul stirring times. A few years ago it was politics, with President Roosevelt on the end of the lampoon. Last year it was character with Alexander Woollcott sitting on the hot seat. This year it is the country house, super-fad of all super-faddists. All the misery is there along with the prestige contained in the title. The leaky roof, the wet ungraveled paths, the warring servants, and last but not least, the summer art theatre crowd. Oh yes, it will be good for a morning of relaxation and laughter! Don't forget the day, *last Friday of the month.*

GARDEN ROUND TABLE: A new series of Garden Round Tables will open on Tuesday, January 21st, under the chairmanship of Miss Clara Schaeffer. The first talk will be given by Mr. John Evans Edwards of Cypress Lawn Nursery and his subject is to be "Roses and How to Prune Them." Mr. Edwards, who has done a great deal of scientific research in horticulture, will bring several plants with him so that his audience can see exactly how proper pruning should be done. Luncheon will be served in the Mural Room at 12:15 p. m., 85c a plate. Please make reservations in advance.

USE OF THE CLUBHOUSE: During a recent conversation the following remark was made by a member, "If every member of this Club would make it a habit to spend at least the amount of her dues in the Clubhouse each year, our departments would be flourishing." And it is so. Some members spend many times this amount, and others use their Clubhouse very infrequently. Why not make a New Year's resolution to support Club activities, use Club facilities, and each one do her bit to help earn the Clubhouse.

JANUARY — SNOW SPORTS AND SWIMMING! The two are compatible. You may have the exhilarating hours in the cold, sharp air of mountain snows, over the week-end.

During the week—with its pressure of many duties—you may relax, accumulate new energy and physical grace by a swim in the summertime temperature of your Swimming Pool.

Swimming is not restricted to summer for you who have the privilege of enjoying the Women's City Club Pool. Today, tomorrow, next month—you will find it a pleasure to swim.

BOOK REVIEW DINNER: "Sapphira and the Slave Girl," Willa Cather's new novel, her first in five years, which thousands of readers have been eagerly awaiting, is another such memorable novel of the American past as "Shadows on the Rock" and "Death Comes to the Archbishop." Miss Cather's grace and beauty of style and perfection of craftsmanship have created a novel upon a dramatic theme, throbbing with conflict of the morals, the culture, the society of Virginia in 1856, when tensions were gathering for the storm of the Civil War. Only the very high quality of art such as Willa Cather's can convey characters in a novel with such clarity, justice and beauty that readers in both the North and the South will sympathize in the portrayal. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will review this delicate yet powerful novel on the second Wednesday evening in January, the 8th, at the Book Review Dinner at 6:00 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room.

MRS. JOHN HOWELL'S COURSE IN "EXPRESSION": Ten lectures, to start January 9th, at 11:00 o'clock. Why not bring to this new class your personal problems—weak voice or poorly placed voice, incorrect posture, or "bad figure"—and LEAVE them there! Be entertained at the same time.

This may sound "too good to be true," but it has happened in Mrs. Howell's class as attested by her enthusiastic pupils:

"In these ten lessons I have learned a modus operandi for standing and walking gracefully without effort.

"During these lessons, my speaking voice has improved noticeably and my incorrect alignment of body has been corrected.

"I am grateful for these lessons because I have learned to stand and to walk correctly. Also, in the right placement of voice I have dropped nasality and weakness and gained strength and beauty of tone production and clearness of diction!"

An additional course in "Expression" will be given by Mrs. John Howell for business women and others who cannot attend the morning class. It will begin on Thursday, January 9th, at 7:00 o'clock and will continue for ten weeks.

The fee for each course of ten lessons will be: Members' course $4.50, non-members' $5.50; members' single admissions 55c, non-members 66c.

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT: We shall be very happy to allow organizations sponsored by members the facilities of our Restaurant Department. Quotations and menus will be submitted upon request. Our new loudspeaker equipment can be used in all of our larger rooms and is available for group meetings.

LEAGUE SHOP: A pre-inventory sale of 20% discount on all imported textiles will open on January 1st, and from 20% to 50% on glassware, colored straw luncheon sets, and linens. There will also be discounts on innumerable smaller articles.

Looking from the Lounge through the Library and Hammon Gallery to the American Room—setting for hospitable events scheduled for the New Year

DOWN with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly, now up-rise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter-day,
On Easter's Eve appear.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

TREASURE AUCTION

Approved by the American Red Cross

SPONSORED BY THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE
OF CALIFORNIA

BENEFIT OF SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER'S WAR RELIEF FUND
AMERICAN RED CROSS

JANUARY 21-22

TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY - AFTERNOON - EVENING

AN OUTSTANDING EVENT
IN THE HISTORY OF THE CLUB

FURNITURE — ANTIQUE, PERIOD, MODERN — ORIENTAL ART — BROCADES — PORCELAINS — POTTERY — RUGS — PRINTS AND ENGRAVINGS—TEXTILES AND HANGINGS—OBJECTS OF ART AND DECORATIONS—JEWELRY—CHOICE METAL PIECES—OLD LACES

Gifts subject to the approval of the committee.

Details as they develop will be announced on the bulletins in the Club House and through the courtesy of the daily press.

EDITORIAL

Happy New Year! How blest that the future may be happy and may still be our hope in this troubled world. How this is to be accomplished is not ours to say, but in the sacrifices which the present generation is being called upon to make, happiness can come again and it is just possible that the very services themselves which brave men now give are the happiness we seek but do not recognize. Self-forgetfulness in a common danger San Franciscans well appreciate, for earthquake and fire proved a veritable millenium of brotherhood in their shaken city. Let us hope that now through the baptism of the present common struggle for democratic principles, when men are pushing forward to the goal of liberty, the new year will bring victory for the ideals of democracy and the New Year will truly be a happy one.

With this number we close Volume XI of the Women's City Club Magazine. Eleven years of real accomplishment. Not once have we failed to go to print (we'll say nothing about sometimes being a day or two late); not once have we felt apologetic for the articles supplied so graciously by volunteer friends. The Editor had hoped with this number to reminisce a bit, but holiday time crept up too fast and the cry "We must go to print" shuts her off suddenly. With a sweeping bow she therefore embraces each contributor of the one hundred and thirty-two months and in the name of the membership of the National League for Woman's Service, with sincere appreciation she wishes them an especially happy New Year.

As the new year unfolds we plan our activities and budget our income and interests accordingly. There are many in the community and across the Bay and down the Peninsula who await an invitation to join the Women's City Club. The National League for Woman's Service has no hard and fast rule of guest privileges and so there are many who have made almost continuous use of the Clubhouse because of the courtesy of friends who are members. The responsibility for inviting these guests to become active members rests then with these hostesses. The new fiscal year will soon be with us. Payment for the two months' interim is nominal. Now is the time to join and now is the time for each present member to bring in a new member. What a happy year it would be for us all if the Clubhouse "which is geared to greatest efficiency of operation" if the list is eight thousand strong, should find itself serving twice the present membership. Is this too much to expect in a year when the National League for Woman's Service of California deserves the concrete support of every woman who believes in a service program capable of immediate expansion in any emergency?

Long and faithful service simply given is the record of Peter Bodjaroff at the Women's City Club in fourteen years. Mr. Bodjaroff passed away on December eighteenth after a month's serious illness. His eagerness at all times to follow the rules of the National League for Woman's Service and to interpret their fairness to those who rode in his elevator have endeared him to many, and the spirit of loyalty and behavior of a gentleman which he maintained are benedictions on him and a pattern for those who follow after. A gift in his memory will be made by Club members, contributions for which may be left at the Executive Office.

Co-operation between individuals is one of the premises of success in any organization. The National League for Woman's Service has proven this point beyond question of doubt, for in its twenty-three years of history it has gone steadily forward unretarded by any schisms.

Co-operation between organizations is no less important and perhaps more rarely found. Here again the League stands forth as a shining example and it is not surprising to find it continuously in the forefront of co-operative efforts between groups.

To the League has now come the opportunity to serve the American Red Cross in a unique way and as these two organizations once again work side by side, co-operation will spell success. Most generous gifts as bases for a Treasure Auction have been given the National League for Woman's Service in custody for this sale, to be held under its auspices for the benefit of the San Francisco Chapter War Relief Fund of the Red Cross. To these, others will be added as word spreads, and things of value and beauty (not other) will change hands for a worthy cause. As we go to press, only the general facts as appearing on the Poster Page are available, but between now and January twentieth, there will be most interesting sidelights of the picture which will be announced on the bulletin boards in the Clubhouse, and in the Press through the kindness of these friends who always print real news if news it is. This Auction of the National League for Woman's Service for the benefit of the San Francisco Chapter War Relief Fund of the American Red Cross will be news! No member can afford to miss this event so unique in our long line of services and so truly co-operative.

KING BY A BEAN

by Hazel Pedlar Faulkner

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums
Where bean's the king of the sport here.
Besides we must know
The pea also
Must revel as queen of the court here.

Begin then to choose
This night as ye use
Who shall for the present delight here
Be a King by the lot—
And who shall not
Be Twelfth Day Queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man be seen here
Who unurg'd will not drink
To the base from the brink
A health to the king and the queen here.

So, in a bit of verse, may be summed up much of the spirit of Twelfth Night. And so, also is described a major event in the celebration of the final day of the holiday season.

Vague as to origin—like many folk festivals—it represents a queer blending of the Christian and pagan.

Christendom's holiday in December succeeds the Saturnalia of ancient Rome—same time, same number of holy days—a period in which the master waited upon the servants—much as did the Lord of Misrule in the pagan rites.

In its religious aspect Twelfth Night's feast concludes the festival of the Epiphany. It was instituted in the fourth century to commemorate the manifestation of the Christ to the gentiles. The name Epiphany—which signifies an appearance from above—was given to it in allusion to the Star described in Holy Writ, as the guide of the Magi or Wise Men to the cradle of the Blessed Infant.

Its continued observance down through the centuries represents a remarkable instance of the preservation in popular rites of trivial details which conclusively identify many of the practices of our modern Christian festivals as echoes of ancient pagan observances.

In the days of the Saturnalia and before the Greeks and the Romans drew lots for kingdoms, and like kings, experienced their temporary authority. The King of Saturnalia was elected by drawing lots for beans—a fact which identifies our Twelfth Night characters as well as our mode of selecting them with those of the ancients. Through so many centuries has chance decided who shall wear a crown!

As far back as the reign of Edward II early in the 14th century there is record of electing a Twelfth Night King by the bean—while a century earlier the monks at the monastery of Mont St. Michel chose the Epiphany king from among their number by means of a number of small cakes, in one of which was hidden the fateful bean. The monk who found the bean in his cake sat upon a special throne at matins, high mass and vespers.

Instances of the selection of Epiphany kings by selection of cakes are traceable in Holland, Germany, and northern Italy where the King of Bean was for a brief season a "royal" figure.

How is the bean king thus accounted for? His resemblance to the King of the Saturnalia who presided over the fun of the feast in the days of Imperial Rome certainly is striking—but whether one can say he derives directly from that personage is open to discussion. No doubt his association with the Feast of the Three Kings has helped to maintain his rule.

The Bean King is more popular in France than in England. The Epiphany celebration (through which he makes his entry) has ceased to be a popular festival in England where it was once a very high day indeed. But in many parts of Europe it is still attended in normal times by folk customs of great interest.

To Englishmen perhaps the best known feature of the secular festival is the Twelfth cake.

In the 19th century its important place was recorded by Leigh Hunt in the following paragraph: "Christmas goes out in fine style with Twelfth Night. It is a finish worthy of the time. Christmas Day was the morning of the season; New Year's Day the middle of it—or noon; Twelfth Night is the night—brilliant with innumerable planets of Twelfth Cake! The whole Island keeps court—nay, all Christendom. All the world is kings and queens. Everybody is somebody else—and learns at once to laugh at and to tolerate characters different from his own by enacting them. Cakes, characters, forfeits, lights, theatres, merry rooms, little holiday faces, and last, not least, the painted sugar on the cakes—so bad to eat but so fine to look at—useful because it is perfectly useless except for a sight and a moral. All conspire to throw a giddy

splendour over the last night of the season, and to send it to bed in pomp and colours, like a prince."

The mode of selection of the Twelfth Night King varied in various places. In an old English account the Twelfth Cake was cut into the number of pieces plus one, equal to the number of guests. The extra piece was set aside for the Virgin Mary. When the monarch of the evening and his queen are to be chosen, the account states, a bean and a pea are put into the cake—whoever finds them becomes king and queen of the evening. Other articles, such as a small coin, ring and so forth—are often put into the cake and give to the finders their characters for the evening. In some countries, records show a coin replacing the bean in the cake—and portions of the cake assigned to the Virgin and the three Magi were given to the poor—the first to come seeking food. If the bean or coin should happen to be in any of these assigned portions, the king of the evening was then chosen by pulling straws.

Whatever the method of the practice—the cake itself was the thing in the evening's festivities. From a "Cook and Confectioner's Dictionary," edited by a certain NUTT, is a paragraph which declares that some of the Twelfth Cakes he had seen "make the nursery rhymes of four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, so when the pie was opened the birds began to sing, seem well within the range of reality for he recounts two great pies—made of coarse paste and bran—into one of which after it was baked live frogs were introduced—and into the other live birds—which upon some curious person's lifting up the covers would jump and fly about the room causing "a surprising hurly-burly among the guests."

To add fragrant odors there were egg shells filled with rosewater for the guests to break and throw at each other. Nor must we fail to mention a stag of pastry filled with claret, which when wounded poured forth its blood "free and sparkling as a ruby—for those whose nerves were delicate and needed the refreshment of a glass of wine."

Until 1792 the French designated their Twelfth Day as "La Fete des Rois." Regarding some of its manifestations one reads:

"During the entire twelve months there is no such illumination of pastry cooks' shop windows as on Twelfth Night. Each sends forth a blaze of lights, and is filled with all imaginable images of things, animate and inanimate—stars, castles, kings, cottages, dragons, trees, fish, palaces, cats, dogs, churches, lions, milkmaids, knights, serpents and innumerable other forms, in snow white confectionery and painted with variegated colors."

In the streets of London the spirit of mischief and fun ran rampant—pranks and revelry reminiscent of a combined Hallowe'en and April Fool's Day found its echo in the homes—where all the world were kings and queens and "everybody is somebody else" and a huge cake is the presiding genius of the evening.

So definite a spirit of buffoonery and revelry was observed in the district of Haxey in Lincolnshire that a couplet concerning the fun gives a picture of it. To its citizens engaged in their revels the town's poet says it is "hoose again hoose, toon again toon; and if you meet a man, knock him doon."

The custom-loving people of lower Normandy make an outdoor celebration part of their Twelfth Night. As late as the final decade of the 19th century records show that the advent of Twelfth Night completely changes the spirit of the holiday season.

"After a reverent and beautiful Christmas Twelfth Night makes this fair vision suffer a metamorphosis, blazoning out the paganish Saturnalia of bonfires celebrating le jour des Rois.

Red flares leap skyward fed by dry pine fagots, and our erstwhile devout peasants, throwing moderation to the winds—join hands, dance and leap for good luck, through blinding smoke and em- (Continued on page 28

The Wassail Bowl—
A Feature of the
Celebration of Epiphany.

FLYING AROUND MOUNT ST. ELIAS

by G. Dallas Hanna
California Academy of Sciences

Malaspina! Hubbard! Guyot! Agassiz! Bering! Muir! Martin! Famous men, the average reader will say. Famous glaciers? Never heard of them? Probably not. They are off the beaten track followed by the tourist, although most of the tourist steamers pass within a few miles of these mighty rivers of ice. They originate in a part of the coast range of Alaska mountains which extends from Mt. Fairweather to Cook Inlet and which is indicated on most maps as the "St. Elias Range."

The range takes its name from Mt. St. Elias, one of the celebrated peaks of the world and well known to all navigators of the North Pacific. It rises almost directly from sea level to 18,008 feet and on clear days is visible to mariners at sea more than one hundred miles away. There is a very narrow coastal plain, covered to a large extent with solid ice a thousand feet or more in thickness.

In 1938 I was a member of a geological party sent out by the Associated, Standard and Union Oil companies to make an investigation of the area. The rocks forming this mountain front are sedimentary, and in the course of the work it developed that we needed to know what kind of contact existed where the mountain front joined the precipitous slope of the mountain itself. Was the great range pushed up through and possibly over the sediments or did the latter merely accumulate in shallow waters along an ancient continental shore? The answer to that is a story in itself.

From a distance in the air we had already seen the ruggedness of the terrain, the impossible ice falls, crevasses and lakes, so we knew that an overland journey was beyond our ability in the time allotted to the problem. The best alternative under such circumstances is to fly over the area and photograph it. This task fell to my lot.

Through a fortunate coincidence, the one who has done most to make the rugged nature of Alaska scenery known in an authoritative manner, and who is himself a master physiographer, Mr. Bradford Washburn*, was working in that part of the country the same year. He was very desirous of seeing and photographing this part of the coastal range, the only remaining portion he did not know from personal observation.

Accordingly we joined forces and engaged Harold Gillam, pilot, in Cordova, 150 miles distant from St. Elias but the closest point to serve as a headquarters. Garrett Eddy, a vacationing Harvard student, was a volunteer assistant. One side door of the cabin monoplane and the passengers' chairs were removed to facilitate the photography.

Flying straight down the coast we gradually gained altitude until 15,000 feet was reached when we were directly in front of the stupendous mountain itself. At

Editor's Note: Readers will be interested to know that Mr. Washburn will give one of the Scaife Public Lectures before the California Academy of Sciences, February 3, 1941. Readers of the National Geographic Magazine will be familiar with some of his work on the Yukon side of the Alaska coast range and in the Mt. McKinley area. See "Exploring Yukon's Glacial Stronghold." Nat'l. Geog. Mag. Vol. 69, No. 6, June, 1936, pp. 715-749, 29 photographs, 1 map; "Over the Roof of Our Continent," Nat'l. Geog. Mag. Vol. 74, No. 1, July, 1938, pp. 78-98, 17 photographs, 1 map.

Mt. St. Elias from the south, or coastal, side showing the sharp, pyramidal peak as usually seen from sea. Elevation of plane 15,000 feet. Photograph by the author.

times it seemed that we could almost reach out and touch the jagged rock walls, so windswept not even snow would adhere to them. We headed inland after we had passed the topmost pyramid, crossed the abutting narrow ridge up which the Duke of the Abruzzi slowly trudged to the summit in 1898, leading the only party which has thus far accomplished the feat.

Very unexpectedly we found ourselves cruising along over a broad, undulating expanse of plateau ice. To the northward a few miles was the massive, nearly flat-topped Mt. Logan, somewhat higher than St. Elias, and one of the most majestic of all the northern mountains, notwithstanding which few people have ever heard of it and fewer still have seen it. To the eastward this table-land of ice extended well toward Yakutat Bay and to the westward to Copper River, constituting an ice cap which fills a basin between two ranges of mountains and spills out through passes as mammoth glaciers on every side. Thus we have Bering Glacier (and its companion to the westward, Steller, discovered on this flight to be a separate stream and named by Mr. Washburn), Miles, Martin, Yakabaga, Tyndall, Guyot, Agassiz, Malaspina, and hundreds of others, mostly unnamed.

These are not small rivers of ice comparable with those of the Alps. For instance, Bering and Steller combine in their lower part to make a solid moving mass 50 miles across. Guyot discharges directly into Icy Bay, the front being several miles across and at least 300 feet above the water line. Malaspina is 90 miles across.

While we were up there we thought we might as well go on around Mt. Logan and see what was on the Yukon side. There we cruised alongside a great cliff, so nearly vertical snow will not cling to it, dropping 10,000 feet from the top of the mountain down—down—down into the depths of a great canyon so far below us we could not estimate the distance with any approach to accuracy.

Tens upon tens of thousands of square miles without a living soul! The solitude of it all, on that beautiful sunny day, aroused the prospector interests in us; we should have liked to stop and prowl around a bit but that was not in the instructions.

So we turned back around the west end of Mt. Logan, leaving Mt. Lucania, the scene of some of Mr. Washburn's hardest labors, in the distance to the eastward. Again we crossed the ice cap and passed close to the northwest shoulder of St. Elias. It was up this ridge that members of the International Boundary Commission attempted to climb the mountain during the survey of the Alaska-

Terminus of Guyot Glacier with its "hair line" central morain; Tyndall Glacier to the right; the west shoulder of Mt. St. Elias on the extreme right; Wrangell Mountains 175 miles distant in the background; Icy Bay with the 300-foot ice front in the foreground. Elevation of plane, about 10,000 feet. Photograph by Bradford Washburn.

Canada boundary. They were not primarily interested in reaching the summit for the reason that mountaineers climb difficult slopes, but they wanted to put up a stake and take some theodolite shots. The top of the peak is the termination of the boundary line coming southward from the Arctic Ocean and following the 141st meridian. Thence southward the boundary follows the irregular crest of the range. That party camped a few days within reach of the summit but cloudy weather prohibited survey work.

The temperature in the open cabin of the plane while we were over the ice field was near zero, even though this was August, so it was a great relief to proceed to the coast and to other photography from a lesser altitude. Important records were then made of the present location of the terminus of Guyot Glacier, shown herewith. Icy Bay, in which it discharges, now extends about seven miles inland, yet within historic time there was a period when no bay was present and the glacier projected out into the sea a mile or more.

This vast area of rugged mountains and great glaciers, only the major features of which have been explored and named, offers fascinating opportunities to those interested in natural history, geology, mountaineering, winter sports or just plain pictorial photography.

Our task completed, we returned to base without having experienced any of the dangerous adventures and hairbreadth escapes the tellers of tall tales of Alaska like to relate. We wrote up our notes, developed our pictures and then went ahead about something else.

THE CHINESE HOUSING PROJECT

by Mark Daniels, A. I. A.

Of course, as everyone knows, good dragons fly from the south to the north and bad dragons fly from the north to the south. Perhaps some people have forgotten this but, when you stop to think of it this is obvious. It is all so logical. Perhaps here in San Francisco there are no bad dragons, or if there are they won't fly into the windows. In China the architect is careful to put no windows on the north side, which, naturally, any smart young architect would do, because bad dragons might get in and muss things up generally.

The architect in China takes very good care of his client, for which he is properly remunerated. The Chinese client always wines, dines and entertains his architect royally, thereby insuring himself and family from attack from bad dragons flying from the north, because a mistreated architect could leave a small opening on the north side large enough for a wicked, slithery dragon to get in and yet small enough to be overlooked by the client. Personally, I feel that this custom of wining and dining the architect is an excellent one and have tried to introduce it in this country but have not been able to get it past an occasional hors d'oeuvres.

There are many other interesting features of Chinese customs and beliefs. Their most worshipped bird is the phoenix, which is not at all like the Arabian or Mexican bird of that name. He is particularly beautiful and has feathers of five colors corresponding to the five cardinal virtues, and is five cubits high. He never comes out of seclusion except in periods of prosperity and general happiness, which means that it has been a long time since anyone saw him. In the old days in the reign of Hung Ti, about 2,600 B. C., he showed his brilliant feathers, and again in Yao's reign, about 2,350 B. C., two of them nested in the corner of the palace. If you doubt that he showed up on propitious occasions, read up on the reign of the Han Dynasty, during which time a phoenix scratched at the grave of Hung Wu's father. As proof of this fact is offered the evidence that imperial power passed on to Hung Wu. This may seem like a flimsy proof but it is just as good as Mark Twain's exhibit of the lariat that hung the buffalo as proof that said buffalo climbed a tree.

All of this, plus the stories of the other three supernatural creatures, the dragon, unicorn and tortoise, is very interesting, but, you ask "What has it got to do with the Chinese Housing Project?" Certainly we are not going to alter details of construction to exclude dragons nor are we going to build drinking troughs for unicorns, but we can bear in mind many of the beliefs and traditions of the Chinese in planning. For instance, the phoenix comes to rest only on the Wu T'ung tree, which is the Dryandra cordifolia, and if we are going to plant a tree in the garden why not plant a Dryandra? In other words, all things being equal, why not give to the Chinese touches here and there that recall their traditions?

As is customary with most worthy projects in San Francisco, a howl has arisen from a minor and uninformed group protesting against the government spending any money to help Chinese while peoples of other races also need help. Although the number of people who have registered complaints is comparatively small, it still constitutes evidence that in San Francisco it sometimes is difficult to develop and carry out a meritorious project, whether it is for one group of people or another.

The few who have registered objections have based them on misconceptions and lack of knowledge of conditions. The Chinese who can occupy quarters in the California-15 project of the U. S. H. A., must be citizens. All citizens of the United States, of course, are entitled to full citizenship rights regardless of race, creed or color, and what group of citizens in the city of San Francisco has done more for their city than have the Chinese? Their quarters have been the mecca of tourists for over fifty years. They have paid their bills and been a credit to the community. We, of course, have placed upon them restrictions both legal and otherwise that have made it all but impossible for them to live anywhere except in what we call "Chinatown." As they grew in number their quarters became so cramped that often several families lived together in three or four rooms. This is not a condition of their own choice but one that has been forced upon them. As a result they are afflicted in large numbers with tuberculosis and other contagious diseases. If we Americans are to maintain the standard of the rights of citizenship we are at least morally obligated to correct the living conditions in Chinatown.

Many problems have arisen in the development of plans for the buildings which are unique to this project. In a recent address an authority on housing and habits of people of the United States said that throughout the country nearly all districts are the same under the skin. He said, for example, that he found that the taste for chocolate was almost universal in this country. That may be true with the exception of the Chinese. My thirty-odd years of experience with them has proven to me satisfactorily that nine out of ten Chinese prefer soy bean sauce to chocolate. In the same way their habits are equally

differentiated from those of the Caucasian strain. For instance, a Chinese who will buy less than a "mat" of rice at a time is considered improvident. The Chinese buy all their staples in bulk, which means that an architect who is designing a kitchen for a Chinese client must allow for more space for store closets. Many other habits of the Chinese, such as the use of five to seven sauces or condiments at each and every meal, call for different arrangements in kitchen details.

STUDY FOR A HOUSING UNIT IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN
AS PREPARED FOR THE JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BY MARK DANIELS A.I.A.

The question of style of architecture is one of extreme difficulty. There are as many authentic styles of architecture in China as there are recognized styles in all the rest of the civilized world. The architectural style in Szechuan is as different from the style of Jehol in Chihli Province as Swiss architecture is from Italian, and yet both are recognized Chinese styles of several thousand years' standing. The same is true of most other provinces. The high flaring roof of the Western and Southwestern provinces differ radically from the roof treatment of the Western districts such as Shantung, Chekiang and Fuchien. China is larger in area than the United States and when this is coupled with the fact that the Chinese as a people do not travel much in their own country, it becomes obvious that one who is born in the South in the vicinity of Canton (whence come most of our Chinese citizens in San Francisco), he will not recognize as Chinese the style of architecture in Jehol or Peiping. This in turn means that the architect who designs a building for the Chinese in general is up against the problem of satisfying an extremely mixed race of people. Mr. Henry T. Howard and I are associated in working out this problem architecturally and it is no bed of roses, although it is one of the most delightful problems that could confront an architect.

It is well known that when trouble knocks at the door with loud and reverberating crashes and continues long enough, or when a nation or race of people has been persecuted for several years, they begin to think of religion, and China is no exception to this general law. Now, there are approximately 400,000,000 people in China of which about 175,000,000 are Buddhists, 200,000,000 are Taoists and the remainder of various religions of the Orient. There is no particular architecture that is markedly Taoist, but the Buddhists have left a very definite style stamp on Chinese architecture. As a result, Mr. Howard and I have planned our treatment of the buildings along the lines of the classical style in Jehol and Peiping with a strong Buddhist influence. This accomplished two results:

First, we recall the finer architecture of old China and second, we are rid of an excess of ornament and gingerbread which in itself could not be used under the U. S. H. A. regulations.

Few people realize that the plans involved in the construction of the steel framed building, evolved by the engineers and architects of the United States in the past 75 years, are identical with the laws of construction used by the Chinese for the past 3,000 years. The theory underlying this plan is the erection of steel columns tied together with horizontal beams in such a manner as to carry the load on the footings of the columns. We then put curtain walls in between the columns and beams, thus avoiding a continuous wall that must have footings wide enough to carry a tremendous load. That is exactly what the Chinese have been doing for thousands of years. So, in one sense, we shall be able to satisfy both the Chinese and the other modern Americans in the architecture of the Chinese Housing Project in San Francisco.

Obviously, as we stated before, the Federal Government will not defray the expenses of any ornaments that are not functional. The U. S. H. A. is not going to permit the erection of a building that will be used for any other purpose than to house Chinese citizens on the same basis of cost that their numerous other U. S. H. A. projects have afforded. They are, however, going to do the best they can to fit the structures to Chinese domestic needs and purposes. For example in Chinatown there is hardly a place where mother and father can sit in the sun or shade except in two very limited parks which are occupied more by the improvident and indigent of all races than they are by Chinese. Intelligent effort has been expended to a small extent for children's playgrounds, but literally there is no place where a Chinese gentleman may sit of a Sunday afternoon and smoke his pipe with any degree of privacy or comfort. To eliminate this condition it is hoped that there will be sufficient garden area to accommodate not only the children in properly equipped playgrounds, but to leave an occasional court where the grownups may enjoy a moment of leisure. *(Continued on page 31*

APPRECIATION OF NATURE IN THE ARTS

by Aurelia Henry Reinhardt
President of Mills College

I wish each of you might turn to John Muir's "Afoot to Yosemite," describing his solitary and enraptured walk from San Francisco to Lake Merced in 1874. As he plods along, he reads "The Manuscript of God." As he sits by the roadside he holds under his blue eyes, as under a miscroscope, a flower, an insect, or other living miracle. He does not let it go until he has its tiny secret. "Happen what would—fever, thirst, or sunstroke, my joy . . . was complete."

California has been fortunate in drawing to it men of such genius as John Muir, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, and many another. In our state were later to be born the men and women of sensitiveness, whose artistic gifts would be formed by the land itself, with music of great waters, and shining high snows ever in ear and eye.

To understand Nature's gifts either for use or beauty one must live with Nature. When the early adventurers, pirates, and explorers landed on California shores, they had no time for this. The primitive Indian had time, but small scientific knowledge. The Spaniard had less time and many material problems to take his attention. The people of the mid-nineteenth century had some preparation for understanding and enjoying what they were to find. Their exclamations of joy were in many cases shortened and sometimes extinguished by economic pressure and the destructive floods and storms which Nature sent to trouble them. But the artists, looking for beauty rather than gold, made even the storms their friend. It was these folk who put into songs, stories, and paintings all the loveliness they found, a loveliness we must preserve.

The nobility of the earth from sentinel Shasta in the north to the pass in the south between Mt. Gorgonio and Mt. San Jacinto, made many a newcomer burst into panegyric or prayer, as it did John Muir. The song of the dove or the sound of waterfalls made others sing lyrics of love for man and for Nature as it did Joaquin Miller and Ina Coolbrith. The miracle of the Sequoia spread rapidly, just as other news of importance, by pony express and clipper ship, so that men who were never to see them gained new visions of Nature's strength, as in Walt Whitman's "*Redwood.*"

> "By the wild fence-row, all grown up
> With tall oats, and the buttercup,
> And the seeded grass, and the blue flax-flower,
> I fling myself in a nest of green,
> Walled about and all unseen,
> And lose myself in the quiet hour."

I would turn our attention to the beauties of Mother Earth in California, and to the inspiration she has been to poet and painter, whose ear listened to her melodies and whose eye caught the vast prism of her colors.

Painters were early inspired to express on canvas the noble and unique beauty of the outdoor heritage of California.

In oils of large dimension Thomas Hill, Raymond Yelland and Perham Nahl painted the vastness of central valleys, the height of mountain peaks, the depths of illimitable forests, the titanic power of granite cliffs, and the unceasing surge of the ocean.

Since their days almost unnumbered artists have striven through line and form, through composition and color, to reproduce on less extensive canvases the field of poppies and lupin that is spring, the orchard in fruit that is summer, the storms in forest or at sea that is winter.

The oil canvases of William Keith in greatest number and variety interpret Californian scenery for the half-century ending with the world war.

Today, William Ritschel, Armin Hansen, and many another preserve the Pacific and its shore in fog, in sunshine, and in storm. Such artists at Laguna Beach, Santa Barbara, Carmel and Monterey are dedicating their lives to interpreting the visual glories of this western state.

In recent years, under the direction of the Federal Art Project, our public buildings have had installed in them

South Fork of the Eel River, Dyerville, California

mosaics, murals, paintings, and sculpture effectively depicting California scenes. Skilled photographers have shown scenic California to thousands in black and white and natural colors. Through the medium of the motion picture the variety of its charm and beauty has been carried to all parts of the world.

The creator of music starts with an inspiration that is rarely visual. Love of the little child makes the lullaby, love of one's mate the lyric and the serenade, love of one's country the patriotic hymn. Music inspired by Nature in our state is less in amount, and in quality, than the years will make it. But known to many are the Spanish Serenades, Indian love songs and lullabies, the songs of the Forty-niners, and the stirring chorus of "I Love You, California."

If you should ask me what writer has captured fully the peculiar hues and sounds of our western land, I should say that none has played the gamut of all instruments, nor sketched the picture completely. But for us who love the jeweled San Francisco Bay and its circlet of carved hills, who feel the silver bands of its river, Edward Rowland Sill in "The Hermitage" gives us quiet perfection in six simple lines:

> "I sat last night on yonder ridge of rocks
> To see the sun set over Tamalpais,
> Whose tended peak, suffused with rosy mist,
> Blended the colors of the sea and sky
> And made the mountains one great amethyst
> Hanging against the sunset."

Northward toward Mendocino and eastward up Carquinez Straits, Edwin Markham travelled to put into lyric form his love of California life, breeze, blossom, water, and bird. His vigor always imparts itself to his landscape.

> "I climbed the canyon to a river-head,
> And looking backward saw a splendor spread,
> Miles beyond miles, of every kingly hue
> And trembling tint the looms of Arras knew. . . .
> And farther on the wide plains under me,
> I watched the light-foot winds of morning go,
> Soft shading over wheat fields far and free,
> To keep their old appointment with the sea.
> And farther yet, dim in the distant glow,
> Hung on the east a line of ghostly snow."

When Edwin Markham died a short time ago rounding out almost a century as man and poet, we read in memory of him, a melody he heard as a boy hunting wild ducks' nests on Benecia Bay.

> "A blossoming bough against the sky,
> And all my blood is aleap with life,
> As if glad violins went by
> In wild delicious strife!
>
> "And the Suisun Hills again are green!
> And I am a boy in the canyons deep,
> Where the gray sycamores flicker and lean,
> And waters plunge and sleep.
>
> "A light, quick wind blows into my heart,
> Faint with the breath of apple trees,
> And my lyric lark is back with a start,
> And orchards like white seas!"

"Sunlight in the Mill Creek Redwoods"

Now, art in every form grows out of human experience. Human experience is influenced by the environment. That is the simple reason why the migration of English-speaking peoples to the Pacific shore brought about a new chapter in American literature and other art forms. Nowhere before had men seen so amazing and moving a country, where from snow-capped mountains one could hear the thundering of the surf, where primitive man still garnered pine nuts and acorns for his food from primeval forests, and where glacial streams flowed into meadows filled with rainbow-hued wild flowers.

The varied beauty of California is made possible by its geographical situation and its geological formation. The climate which results is a manifold blessing. Mountain and valley, river and ocean create in themselves a land of unique fertility for the support of life. At the same time they make an environment of incomparable loveliness which has been the inspiration for the artist.

The history of California as (Continued on page 29

FACING THE WORLD

by Theresa Meikle

When life is moving for us with its smooth, accustomed rhythm, when the days come and go with their allotted tasks and duties and small pleasures, when we feel that the future is reasonably assured, we are apt to sit back, to take life, the world and ourselves for granted. A certain mild complacency enters our spirit. We are pleased with the world and with ourselves. We look on all things tolerantly, for they have no effect on our own lives and well being.

Suddenly life and the world have changed and shock after terrific shock impinges on what we have always considered a well-ordered world and new faces surge up from the depths in wave after wave, mighty earthquakes that tear and rend and destroy in blind fury all that we treasured. At first our own little world seemed undisturbed and undisturbable. The cataclysm had its epicenter far away, so far that we seemed spectators on another planet.

But the storm had not subsided. Even growing in fury, sweeping all before it, it has come rapidly nearer and nearer, and now we of America, who a few short months ago felt ourselves so protected and secure, hear its roar on our own shores, roaring, tearing, menacing, with the growing threat of destruction of all that we hold dear, as Americans and as individuals.

No longer do the old standards seem valid. Class threatens class, races and creeds snarl and snap at one another. Security seems gone forever, and we stand terrified, fixed and staring into the black, swirling maelstrom that has enveloped the world.

It is a time to look about us, a time to take stock of ourselves and our values, to look within, to endeavor to discover or to rediscover those values which we have in us, to find out how to strengthen those values which must be our swords and our shields in the battle ahead. For we must recognize that the whirlwind sweeping the world today is not only the storm of barbarism—that of man left to himself or to the primitive animality of one man or group of men—against civilization, the forces of darkness against those of light, the Inner True Light, of liberty against license and the slavery of the body and of the spirit, of tolerance against blind hates of race and class and religion; it is and will be increasingly the struggle of the individual against himself. It will be increasingly the struggle of the individual personality of each of us to preserve our sense of balance, those proportions and those values of intelligent understanding and tolerance and world-outlook, of our philosophy of life and religion; in a word, our personal struggle to maintain our sanity in a world gone mad.

You and I as individuals can do but little in the battle of the nations. We can, we must, and I am sure we shall willingly, wholeheartedly and with a gracious spirit of self-sacrifice, do all we can as citizens to further every defense plan of our beloved country. For after all, as the great Franklin K. Lane once said of our flag, "We are the United States." All the national efforts to protect and preserve our treasured liberties and our democratic ways of life are for you and for me. These things are not being done for some hypothetical government, for some unrealized and unrealizable idea; they are being done for you and for me, to preserve and to guarantee for us both that way of life in which our fathers and mothers, and, to this day, we ourselves, have walked in happiness and in security, and I say, I would plead with you most earnestly, to think of the crisis in which we find ourselves as a battle waged by the United States for you, your sons and your daughters, so that, in the sight of God they may walk in the sunshine of peace acclaimed for men of good will.

It is not of all this national effort that I would speak to you now. I am more concerned with something closer to each of us, a problem which clamors insistently for a solution for each of us—for no one solution can be valid at the moment for us all. It is the problem of human resources. What have we within ourselves which will enable us to meet the crash, the shock, the collapse of our world suffering in travail, bringing forth we know not what?

Our public educational system in America has accomplished marvels. Its results have been tremendous, so far-reaching as to seem unbelievable. Everywhere, even in the smallest communities, stand magnificent schools, great laboratories, testing grounds, gymnasiums, and experimental stations. Our school plants are incomparably the best in the world. From our schools and colleges there issue forth every year the world's best chemists, doctors, teachers, agriculturists, engineers and scientists. We have been a monumental success with our schools in teaching our boys and girls, our men and women, *how to make a living.*

The saddest fact in the world of man today is the realization that we have not learned *how to live.* By marvels of mechanics and pure science man has been enabled to stretch out his arms so that they encircle the globe, gathering and storing up the treasures of mine and field and sea and jungle. Our mechanical devices have annihilated time and space, and we can span the continent in

a few short hours, a journey of weary weeks or months but a few decades ago. Our voices speed round the world in fractions of a second. Yet with man thus fitting himself to conquer, to control and to utilize fully the resources of the material world, he has too often, as in our present dilemma, failed to look inward, to exploit, to develop and to utilize the world of the spirit within him—that realm in which alone dwells the vision and the prospect of the eternal verities which make life really worth living, and indeed for which we were ultimately created.

Some years ago Sir Arthur Evans received a friend who wished to watch him during his very remarkable excavations in Crete. The friend watched, absorbed and fascinated, as the great basements and foundations of the palace of the king, Minos, were uncovered, with their amazing water and drainage system as good as those in modern buildings, and then, from time to time, he would raise his eyes and look beyond, at the utter desolation and ruin that stretched for miles about him, the melancholy remains of what was once a great race and a great people, one which had vanished in war or rebellion three thousand years ago. At the termination of his visit, Sir Arthur accompanied him to his ship. As they walked along, Sir Arthur casually asked: "Well, what have you learned from your visit?" And the other answered, seriously and thoughtfully, "I have learned that good plumbing does not save a civilization."

That is the lesson that the present holocaust must bring to sober, thinking people today. Good plumbing, good automobiles, fine radios, electric stoves—all those are fine and serve their purpose—but they will never save our civilization for us. In fact, they are not even a necessary part of real civilization. Surely Moses drove no automobile. There is no record that Socrates used a radio. The Buddha did not read by electric light. And while the Christian knows that the Savior of Mankind, the God, the Omniscient and Omnipresent Creator, knew all men and things from the beginning, and will eternally, still it is not recorded that the Second Person of the Triune God while actually treading this earth, enjoyed the use of any of these great time and labor-saving devices, while bringing to the world the ways and the means to save all. Surely we may ask: "Have any men ever lived more civilized than these?"

Since we are talking of civilization, it might help us at this point to ask ourselves: "What is civilization? Is it not a state of highly developed society, enjoying all the bodily comforts, controlling its citizens in law and order, and successfully issuing the onslaughts of savage nations and still more savage man?" Perhaps; but all the things embraced in this definition did not save Babylon, nor Persia, nor Greece, nor Rome, nor Egypt, nor Crete. Something was missing in all of these, and they vanished.

But two great groups of the human family have survived, compact, united, preserving their virtues and their values, the Hebrews and the Chinese. The newer group established nineteen hundred forty years ago under the New Testament to "Go forth and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," forfeited none of the principles for the guidance of faith and morals contained in the earlier religions, and, with their philosophers of old teach that "Nothing happens fortuitously." In other words, "There are no accidents in the providence of God," thus say the Hebrews, the Chinese and the Christians. What the survival of all these groups, or any of these groups will be, perhaps you nor I will not remain on earth to see or experience; but the cause and effect of creation, and the reason for our being created, is made manifest to the mind of man who wills to know, and understand. They alone will survive eternally, at all events, according to the "Classic of Classics" and what we have drawn from didactic authorities, who have learned that might is not right; who have learned that civilization cannot be built or maintained on physical brute force. They learned by costly lessons, through much suffering and self-sacrifice, that the foundation stone of civilization must be made of morality and decency. Ethnical and moral values must be preserved as a sword and a shield. The Ten Commandments given to Moses, these ten that Christ said might be observed by "Loving thy neighbor as thyself and loving God above all things"; the teachings of the prophets, and indeed all the helpful directions and axioms preserved to us by Confucius and, latterly, or in the early centuries by the monks, have done much and will continue to do much, if anything will, to save us and our ways of living, as they did to save others while they watched their empires rise and fall. They learned and practiced, as we must learn and practice, the Divine Message, that all men are brothers, and must learn to live together in peace and work out their eternal destinies without recourse to tortuous measures.

So may I give you another definition of what I consider real civilization to be, a short, succinct phrase, which may help in seeking to learn what real values are. Civilization, according to the definition which I would offer you, is: "The art of living together."

Though the definition is simple, the practice is not. To live together, one must give, as well as take. Today we hear much about us, especially in the economic world, cries from every side of "Our rights!", "What we have coming to us!", "We demand for our group!" and the like. It takes a sharp ear, one carefully attuned and may hap fitted with a microphone, to hear the few faintly whispered, "Our responsibilities," "What we owe the other side," "We are willing to concede," and such evidences of a realization of the responsibilities and duties of the group or the individual, as well as the rights and liberties which they demand.

It is not easy to be fair and open-minded, to be able to recognize and understand thoroughly the other man's point of view, to look upon the world about us dispassionately, to make a conscious, and—what is more—a willing effort to concede and to reconcile. Yet to be civilized, this is necessary. The fully civilized *(Continued on page 24*

POETRY PAGE

Edited by Florence Keene

San Francisco Arising

O hill-hung city of my West,
Where oft my heart goes home to rest,
There came an hour when all went by,
A cruel splendor on the sky.

Out of the Earth men saw advance
The front of Ruin and Old Chance.
A groan of chaos shook your frame,
And a red wilderness of flame
Darkened the nations with your name.

Now, sons of the West, I see you rise,
The world's young courage in your eyes.
Sons of broad-shouldered Pioneers,
Seasoned by struggle and stern tears—
I see you rising, girt and strong,
To lay the new-squared beams in song.

Build greatly, men, for she must shine
With Athens of the singing Nine—
Build airily, for she must stand
With Shiraz of the rose-sweet land—
Build strongly, for her name must be
With Carthage of the sail-white sea.

—Edwin Markham.

Brotherhood

By Edwin Markham

Of all things beautiful and good,
The kingliest is brotherhood:
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
And till it comes these men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

Mrs. Henry D. Holmes, Montpelier, Vt.

City Lights

Last night I stood on San Francisco's hills
And this peculiar thing I found—
What once was sky now seemed black ground
While far below me were the stars.
A part of them stood very still;
Some flashed and darted through the night
Along marked avenues of light.
There were so many, many moons
And groups of stars I'd never seen
In brilliant shades—red, blue and green,
And strangely written words of fire.
Do you suppose astronomers
Know anything of this?
Please do not think I dreamed it all;
I really saw with my own eyes
Old Earth trade places with the skies
While I watched from the city's hills.

—Helen Miller Lehman.

A California Hill

Again wild lilac blurs the hill with blue,
The Indian paintbrush dabs its scarlet here
And there, and in crisp yellow silks a few
Tree poppies star the hillside and appear
Carefree and fair as though they had not known
The wraith of winter wind or the pale ghost
Of snow. A cypress on the hill's crest grown
Bright emerald from abundant rain is host
To a lark—tip-high—like a daffodil pinned there,
To a branch of bluebirds—blue as a larkspur spray,
And a linnet like a rose for a maiden's hair.
So Spring presents the tree—a quaint bouquet
That's primly frilled with mustard blossom gold—
To the blue-betulled, hoop-skirted hill to hold!

—Maud Rene Princehouse.

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Ore.; his young boyhood was spent on the Suisun Hills of California, herding his mother's sheep, and later riding after his mother's cattle. He attended the San Jose State Teachers College, and in 1886 was superintendent of schools in El Dorado County. In 1899 he was head of the Observation School of the State University in Oakland, and it was there his poem, "The Man With the Hoe," published by Bailey Millard (then Sunday editor) in the San Francisco Examiner, brought him fame. Shortly afterward he went to New York to devote himself to literature. Of recent years distinguished men of the nation have sponsored an annual celebration of his birthday in Carnegie Hall, New York City. He died at his home in Staten Island on March 8, 1940. ¶Mrs. Helen Miller Lehman lives in Santa Rosa, and is a member of the Sonoma County writers' groups. ¶Maud Rene Princehouse resides in Long Beach.

I HAVE BEEN READING

THERE GO THE SHIPS: *by Captain Rudolph Smale.* Caxton Printers. $4.00. Reviewed by Cora Bjornstrom.

THE INKY WAY, A LITERARY AUTOBIOGRAPHY: *by Alice Hegan Rice.* Appleton-Century. Price $4.50. Reviewed by Ethel D. Owen, M.D.

THE RABBIT'S NEST: *by Elizabeth Morrow.* The Macmillan Company. 50c. Reviewed by Inez Macondray Moore.

CALLING QUAIL: by Harrison Dibblee. The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas. Price $1.50. Reviewed by Edith Hecht.

"There Go the Ships," by Captain Rudolph Smale . . . the fleet, beautiful sailing ships! With them goes a way of life, picturesque at a distance, hard, often brutal at close range; a way of life that has passed into history as surely as that of the ancient galley slave or the medieval armed knight. Captain Rudolph Smale has chosen this as his title and his theme in a stirring story—his own story—of twenty-seven exciting and hazardous years both before and behind the mast.

In 1882 a determined, inexperienced lad of sixteen, goaded by dreams, desire and necessity, set out from Königsberg, Prussia, to make his living in a sea-faring career. Subjected to the evils prevalent in such a life, the sailor's boarding house system, months of hard work and perilous adventure awaited him. With meager wages divided between unscrupulous captains and boarding-house keepers, he was to be sold to the highest bidder voyage after voyage.

From this virtual slavery he eventually freed himself and his story takes the reader through one stirring episode after another. Each one is packed with drama and excitement. Each one called for acts of unbelievable fortitude and bravery. Storms, shipwrecks, pirates—it was all in the day's work for the seamen of the windjammers. He sailed around the Cape of Good Hope to Singapore. He sailed around Cape Horn, that heroic feat of sailing tradition, and into the beautiful land-locked harbor of San Francisco Bay.

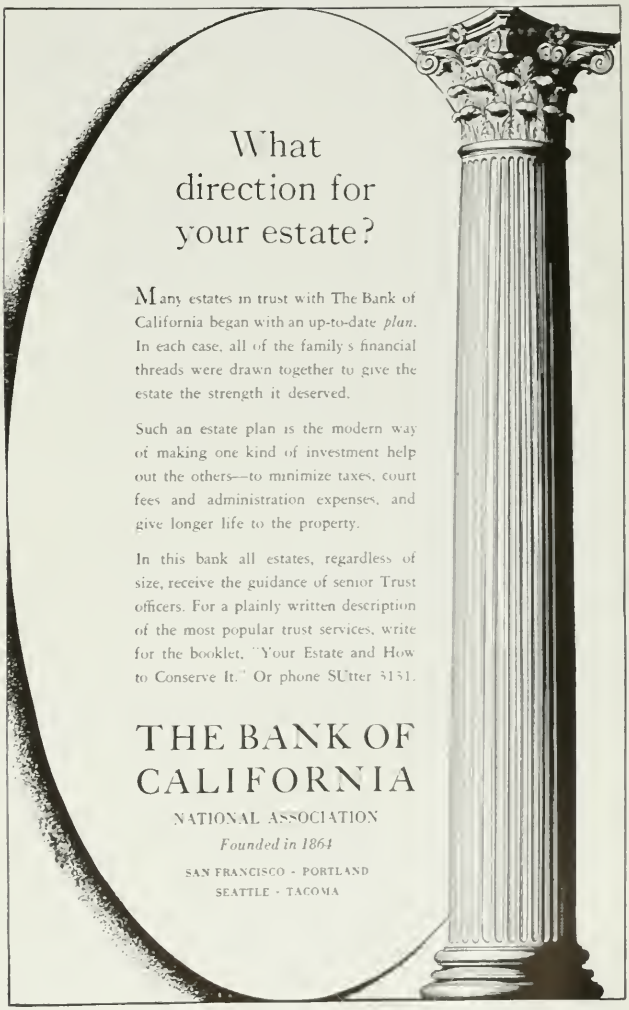
It was from this "home port" that Captain Rudolph Smale made voyages north, south and west across the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean. His experiences are not only a splendid story but an historical document of very real merit.

"The Inky Way, a Literary Autobiography: by Alice Hegan Rice. . . . This is a bit of true nostalgia. Dear Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch! What memories she evokes for all of us. Truly although none of us realized it at the time, a new departure had taken place in writing. It was just the beginning of the idea of settlement work, of organized social service. And of course you remember Lovey Mary and the "Lady of the Decoration," although Mrs. Rice gives the credit for this character to her aunt.

The charm of the woman herself shines through every page. She carries her readers through enchanted pages where one meets Mark Twain, the former publishers of Scribners' Magazine and memories of that beauty and culture, the vanished world of Europe of yesterday.

She wonders if modern youth gets the same thrill out of

"Oh Johnny! oh Johnny,
How you can love!"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as her generation got from this

"Within a garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair.
The night was centuries ago."

"The Rabbit's Nest" by Elizabeth Morrow. . . . The most delightful child's book that has come out for some time is "The Rabbit's Nest," by Elizabeth Morrow. It is about the Tucker family, who we have met before in "A Pint of Judgment," and it is an amusing tale of a mother who hides away in the closet, all the accumulated foolish gifts she cannot use.

It is gay and cheerful but ends on a rather poignant note when the little girl in the story asks her mother if any of the Christmas gifts SHE made for her—"the penwiper that was meant to be a star and the birthday handkerchief were put in 'The Rabbit's Nest?'" "Oh, Mother, tell me truly, did you put OUR things in 'The Rabbit's Nest?'" and the relief of the little girl when her mother tells her as every mother would and should that she had put them in a special box marked "Treasures."

Do read it. The little book will please you.

These verses possess much of the soft, lilting notes "that call from heart to heart...that whisper down the wind..." of the author's own title poem—"Calling Quail."

Harrison Dibblee's work has a beauty and a music of rhyme, and a faultless lilt of unerring meter. With this is combined vividness of picture, intensity of color, and a depth of spiritual feeling, as well as accuracy and economy of expression.

At times the author employs the most stark realism in leading up to a climax of beauty, as in "Retrospect":

"I lived before the tin can age,
The concrete roads and oil;
I ate red dust and drove a stage . . .
. . . I watched the crescent moon dip low

. . . . . .

The violet desert shadows grow;
The silence spoke of Him."

. . . . . .

Again, we have the deft, sure descriptive power, picturing the poet's love of the West, as in "Dedication," from which I shall give excerpts.

"To granite mountain, Redwood trees,
Billowy fog and snow,
Cliff-bound beaches and sunset seas,

. . . . . .

Round, rolling ridges, bronze and brown,
Deep canyons dimly blue; . . ."

In conclusion, we must not forget the four quaint pictures of early California that illustrate this little volume pleasingly and appropriately. Our only regret is: that the volume is so little. We wish there had been more.

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Facing the World

(Continued from page 21)

man is one who does his best to adjust himself to society and the world, to reduce friction in the great universe in which he finds himself, and to be at one in mind and ideals with the best that the human race has sought and found or to which it, at least, aspires.

The process for each of us must be slow and painstaking. It must be for each of us a pioneering expedition. We must learn our powers and our limitations. Having discovered those, we must do our best to expand the limits of our mental and spiritual horizon, and to exercise—by use and by practice—those God-given powers of mind and spirit which are enshrined within each one of us.

One need be no magician to do all this. The means lies at hand for the asking. Do you look about you and resent in your ignorance — remember the gentle Charles Lamb said we can hate no one whom we really know — the religion of another who worships God differently from you? Ask yourself what you know of that religion? Can you be so narrow that you believe that your particular creed is the only one of value in the world? Are you the only favorite child, your group the elect of God?

Take the time to read, to study, and to ask. You will find that, as there are many mansions in the house of God, so there are many different ways in which He is worshipped on earth, depending upon the faith that is within the individual, and the use he has made of his own gifts and resources to know, love and serve God better, and thus be of greatest benefit to society.

Stupid, insensate, cruel intolerance of your neighbor because he is climbing by a different path is a reflection upon yourself, not upon him. Mayhap you can learn much from him, as can he from you, and to be intolerant of creed or religion is your loss, for tolerance is one of the greatest of human values. Without it you shut yourself off from all but those who are like yourself. You cannot understand, you cannot get new ideas, you stifle your better self, you cannot give out the human, the spiritual values which might be yours.

Have you a really profound understanding of what is causing the cosmic convulsions of our day? Do you really believe bits of history, ancient, medieval and modern, which you learned at school, or which you are so proficient in teaching, are sufficient to enlighten men to the degree of solving world problems? Do you slavishly read the daily papers and the current magazines, and sit back satisfied that you have grasped the fundamental principles of the struggle? How enlightening you would find

it to go beneath that surface-knowledge composed of mere names and dates and statistics, and read of the causes and results of the old wars. Read Thucydides, and in his speech of the Athenians to the helpless men of Melos, threatening, cajoling, lying and threatening again, you will find, all unchanged except in a few names, the speeches of any avaricious, sensualized leader, not only of this day, but of any day. Read, as undoubtedly many of you have, Pericles' oration over those who died for Athens, and the brave speeches of a present day, well-liked leader will echo in your ears. Read Herodotus' tale of those who died at Thermopylae, and you have Dunkerque before your eyes. Delve into Chinese medieval history, and you will find in fascinating detail that they, too, were challenged by the problems which rose to confront us all in 1929. Read the history of Venice or Florence, and there you will find man subject to the same vile tendencies which we are too prone to feel are the products of our own selfish system. Read history as it should be read, as the story of the struggle of man from the dawn of his reason to life leaving his body, and it is a story of the child brute, or even the man brute, striving through blindness to clearer vision, through stupidity to greater intelligence, through avidity and crass greed to unselfishness, through ignorance and intolerance to knowledge and magnanimity, to the end that he won the coveted prizes of peace and loganimity, or, if he failed in the well doing, the prizes of conquest of his fellow man at the cost of his own eternal safety. He has been ever groping toward the distant light.

It may not cheer you, may not offer sure remedies for our present woes, but it will bring you an understanding born of knowledge, a clear-eyed view of what have been the problems of the ages and their offered solutions, the causes of the movements of peoples and nations. You will have a perspective, much brushwood and obstruction will be cleared away, and you will of a surety be able to look out upon the future with more calm and confidence. For you will see beyond the present tumult the real end of all creation, the dreams-come-true and aims and goals of mankind, and the present will take its proper place in the scheme of things, where all things are passing except that which is, by its very nature, eternal.

Another human value which we must possess, each of us, is confidence. Confidence is so easily shaken in us. It takes but little to lose faith in friends, in the value of what we are doing and, in the larger field, in our democracy and its way of life, even in our God. Yet a little reflection, just a little consideration, a little search into the depths of our own being, and we shall realize how ill-founded our

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lack of confidence is.

Man seems to have broken loose from his moorings, to have gone on a rampage, to be blindly and aimlessly destroying himself and the world about him. Yet each day the sun rises and sets in all its beauty, with perfect regularity. Each night the stars march majestically in their courses. The earth revolves in due order about the sun, and the seasons come and go as through the ages. Nature feeds her children when they care for her, and sometimes when they don't, and the changing months bring each its crop to the farmer. The earth yields all things for the use of man. All is as before, except man alone. He, too, will learn the error of his way, for to obey the natural law as promulgated in the law of the Creator, is life—eternal life—to violate it is death. And so, having faith in the eternal verities, let us be confident that man will and can turn from his disobedience. This confidence will bring us the pity, the compassion which we need so desperately now.

There come times in all our lives, especially now, when we would like—to use a homely expression—to creep into a hole and pull the hole in after us. Yes, escape is very dear to us now, a bomb-proof shelter where we can be free of the world and its nerve-shattering rain of passions and hatreds.

You will remember what Marcus Aurelius said long ago: "The only safe haven of repose for man is to be found in his own soul." If we would escape, if we would find that safe haven, then we must prepare ourselves, that the shelter may be fit for our retreat. A soul at war with itself is no fit place in which to dwell, or wherein even to sojourn for a while. Socrates' first and last words of wisdom were, "Gnothi Seauton!" ("Know Thyself!"). Take the time, contemplate, withdraw within the compass of your own spirit, seek out your internal struggles, adjust them, make yourself a fit shrine for your spirit. Then, and then only, will you discover another of those precious human values, the one resource from which will unfold many great resources—peace within yourself.

But this is not enough. Man cannot live alone. He must have friends, kindred souls, people who understand him, and whom he loves, respects and cherishes. I do not refer now to friends living in the flesh. They are now with us, now gone, woven in and out of the web of our own lives by the shuttle of time. But we should take unto ourselves—and it is never too late—friends for all time, friends who will be with us, in patience and understanding, when all the world seems to have deserted us, when grief and gloom and despair have seized upon us, and we know not whither to turn. You may remember Pierre Van Paasen's book, and the story of the uncle who would lead the little boy into his library and, lovingly caressing his books as they stood in gleaming rows upon the shelves, say smilingly: "These are my torches that never go out." That is the kind of friends I mean, books, the flaming torches of the mighty spirits who have lighted the way for stumbling man on his weary pilgrimage, and who have survived as blazing beacons when other worldly friends have failed. Read your "Trial and Death" of Socrates, read your Marcus Aurelius, read your Book of Job, read your New Testament, and your "Faith of Our Fathers," not once, but often; make them part of your being. They will grip you tight by the hand and whisper the message of the meaning of life. Read your poets, so many of them forgotten and neglected

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But even this is not enough. Confucius, he who 2500 years ago, formulated the ethical principles which have guided the Chinese people so far, realized what man needed in this world. He declared: "To live as a man with his fellows, one must have three virtues:" The first was knowledge, for he knew, as did St. Theresa of Avila, that—to use her quaint expression —"What the Devil loves most is ignorance"— but of knowledge and the need of knowledge I have spoken.

Confucius next declared that without humanity—charity in the correct meaning of "loving kindness"—man cannot live; and humanity means self-sacrifice, tolerance, understanding, and that pity which sets off man from brute.

Finally, said the sage, man must have courage, courage to meet the world and its problems, courage to face adversity, and the courage, far more difficult to acquire, to meet success. As I have ventured a quaint expression of the great St. Theresa's, may I be suffered to express one not too original by her lowly namesake, that "The one weapon the Devil won't relinquish is that of discouragement." Discouragement is the arch-foe of one who cannot take a let-down. But the courage to know one's self, to challenge one's self, to enter into battle with one's self, and, finally, to conquer one's self, is our highest goal. "For he who conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh a city."

So, in the brief time allotted to us, I have brought to you a subject which is very close to my heart as a human being, as a woman, as a judge. These then, are the human resources that I hold to be most precious; the values that to me mean life and the reason for living: Tolerance, knowledge, understanding of human beings, but most of all, of ourselves, and courage.

These are not easy to acquire, not easy to hold. But they are the things that make up the spirit and life itself. It is not given to us to reach perfection here or now. That is to be striven for hourly. What is of importance is the development of our personality, the strengthening of the for-

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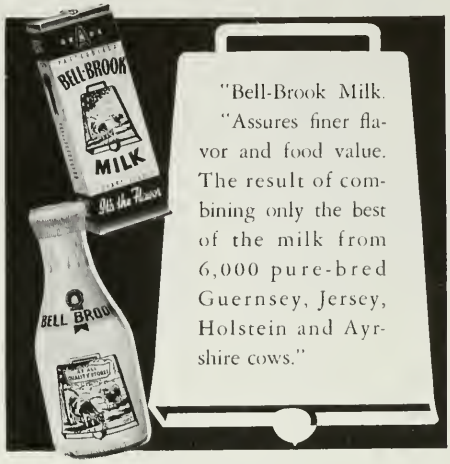

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tress of our spirit. The rest will care for itself here and hereafter.

Example being more effective than precept, we must so live, so act, so be a searcher after truth, so give to our fellowman of the best that is in us, that we can, each of us, in joy and in understanding, say confidently with the poet: "My mind to me a kingdom is."

For presentation before the Washington Education Association at Yakima, Washington, Friday, October 18, 1940, and at Wenatchee on Saturday, the 19th.

King by a Bean

(Continued from page 13)

bers, shouting their rude doggerel: Adieu les Rois, Jusqu's doize mois, Douze mois passes, Les bougelees.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth so definite were the plans for the celebration of Twelfth Night—and all of the days between that and Christmas that one account tells us that for breakfast on Twelfth Day there shall be "brawn, mustard and malmsey, after morning prayer ended — and dinner in the hall is to be served as on St. John's Day.

If any officer be absent at dinner or supper time; if it be complained of, he that sitteth in his place is adjured to have like punishment as the officer should have had, being present. If any offender escape from the Lieutenant into the Buttery and bring into the hall a manchet upon the point of a knife—he is pardoned; for the Buttery in that case is a sanctuary. After cheese served to the table, not any one is commanded to sing."

So from century to century, from land to land, from people to people there has extended and been preserved throughout the ages, a spirit of unrestrained fun, tempered with a spirit of reverence in some measure but withal bringing to men at stated seasons the privilege of mirth and laughter, of acting and seeming—of observing the spirit of Twelfth Night.

Now the jovial girls and boys
Struggling for the cake and plumbs,
Testify their eager joys
And lick their fingers and their thumbs.

Statesman like, they struggle still
Scarcely hands kept out of dishes,
And yet, when they have had their fill
Still anxious for the loaves and fishes.

Kings and Queens in petty state,
Now their sovereign will declare.
But other sovereigns' plans they hate
Full fond of peace—detesting war.

One moral from this tale appears,
Worth notice when a world's at stake—
That all our hopes and all our fears
Are but a struggling for the Cake.

Gifts for Prisoners of War

Shipment of 5,000 packages of food for prisoners of war in camps on the continent of Europe will be made from the United States before the new year, the American Red Cross announced today. The packages, sent upon the urgent request of the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva, will inaugurate regular prisoners-of-war package service from the American Red Cross, officials stated.

Standard parcels of food comprise the first shipment, because of the great need for supplementary foodstuffs, but later shipments probably will include clothing.

Purchases of the food are now being made, and the packages will be packed by a merchandising firm for the Red Cross.

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The parcels will weigh eleven pounds, cost approximately $2.75 each and will contain evaporated milk, oatmeal, cheese, sardines, oleomargarine, dried fruit, corned beef, orange juice, sugar, cigarettes and vitamized dry beverages requiring only the addition of water.

The initial shipment will be carried on an American ship to Lisbon, Portugal, where a delegate representing both the International Committee of the Red Cross and the League of Red Cross Societies will receive the boxes, and arrange trans-shipment to Geneva.

The National Committee of the Red Cross, through its delegates stationed in the belligerent nations, guarantees safe delivery of these packages to individual prisoners. Many thousands of prisoners-of-war boxes have already been received by prisoners in the belligerent countries under the terms of the International Red Cross Convention as attested by delegates of the International Committee of the Red Cross and representatives of the United States Consular Service, who periodically visit each camp to determine the conditions of the prisoners.

The American Red Cross has requested that its initial shipment be divided equally among the Polish, Belgian, French and British war prisoners held in German camps.

For several months the U. S. Post Office, under agreements with the State Department and the American Red Cross, has handled individual war prisoners' parcels through its regular Parcel Post system. Packages were accepted only where the prisoner's rank, number and camp of detention were known to the addressee. About 2,500 packages have been sent from the United States, with more than half addressed to prisoners of war in German camps.

The sending of war prisoners' packages is a traditional Red Cross activity, provided under the International Treaties of the Red Cross, to which 61 nations are signatories.

Contents of the standard food package were determined by the Nutrition Service of the American Red Cross in co-operation with the Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army and the Supply Corps of the U. S. Navy. Selection was scientifically made upon the basis of needs of prisoners and the nature of their confinement.

The Canadian Red Cross is carrying on an extensive program of shipping parcels and gifts for the benefit of Canadian and other British Empire prisoners of war on the Continent.

Appreciation of Nature In the Arts

(Continued from page 19)

it touches the political and economic life of the United States is less than a century old, but some of its forests were grown before Caesar went north to meet the Belgians, and its mountain glaciers were cutting out channels for the Stanislaus and Mokulumne Rivers, before the tribes, to be later named American Indians, had crossed the Bering Straits from Asia. Although its history is short, wherever language is spoken, the name California is a synonym for a place where Nature is serene and fruitful. It means also a unique literature and pictorial art.

Give wings to your imagination to hover, as a modern airplane may, over this ocean-washed western shore of a continent, seeing what gifts Nature prepared here for man! Adventurers seeking a passage to India paused long enough to carry word back of endless supplies of trees for timber, of safe harbors, of fair streams of pure water, and of primitive Indians basking in sunshine, content with life, untroubled with warlike ambitions. It was the Spanish who were lured by Nature's prodigal generosity to stay. They gave the name of many musical syllables to the land—*California*. They placed cattle on the sun-bathed, coast-wise hills where spreading oaks dropped acorns on slopes of such peaks as Diablo and Tamalpais, and acorn mingled with pine cones on ocean beaches dedicated to Santa Barbara or sacred Carmel. It was the Spanish who valued the broad valleys beyond the Coastal hills, and appreciated the magnificence of the snowy peaks eastward of the valleys giving them the silvery names of Sierra Nevada and Sierra Madre, names which in themselves were to inspire the writing of verse.

When rumor of gold to be had for the digging reached the ears of people on the Atlantic Coast, in America to the south, and even in westward Asia, men hurried over these mountains on foot or horseback, they hastened as fast as sails could bring them to the narrow Isthmus of Panama, through the south-lying Straits of Magellan, and northerly or eastwardly to Pacific ports. Thence they went to gold diggings or to rivers promising free gold in the cool sands. But some who came to be miners paused. They found California indeed an empire of Nature's planning. To some, more precious than metal seemed the lavishness of the earth. And to others as precious as either was the human heritage of place-names filled with unsolved mystery of legend, with the romance of forgotten peoples, and the unminted quartz within all language which Emerson calls "petrified history."

Our English-speaking pioneers found

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for their new home, then, a natural environment of unparalleled beauty and variety. This environment was already peopled with the ghosts of primitive folk, who did not compete for material possessions, but did give subjects for poets' pen and painters' brush. They found living primitive tribes more interested in Klamath Salmon than in the Mother Lode. They found melodious names given mountain lake, to seaport, and to hill-top, so that they called up Christian saint and Indian chief from the twilight world of past days.

Literary historians tell us that in the quarter century following the discovery of gold at Colma or Sutter's Mill, in 1848, there were written in California two hundred more volumes, than in all the continent west of the Mississippi. Spanish lovers had written serenades, weaving into their music the names of wild flowers, *mariposa* lily and copa de oro, and of la golondrina, the swallow. Story tellers had memoralized heroes, who lay in granite state on mountain tops, or expressed the tragedy of primitive life, as Mary Austin has told us in her exquisite prose volumes on California deserts, "The Land of Little Rain," "The Country of Lost Borders," "The Flock."

"I like that name the Indians give to the mountain of Lone Pine," she writes. "Oppago, the Weeper. It sits eastward and solitary from the lordliest ranks of the Sierras, and above a range of little, old, blunt hills, and has a bowed, grave aspect as of some woman . . . looking out across the grassy barrows of her dead. 'Mahala all time cry,' said Winnenap, the Piute Indian, drawing furrows in his wrinkled, rugged cheeks."

No one has known so intimately and described so exquisitely the desert and its manifold life of man and plant, animal and insect as Mary Austin. It is in "The Flock" where she describes the unforested side of the Sierras, the unirrigated and unplowed pastures, that we find the following sensitive picture of a whole and a unique countryside:

"About the time there begin to be cloud shadows moving on the unfurrowed wild pastures of the San Joaquin there begin to be windless clouds of dust coasting the foothills under the Sierras, drifting in from the blue barriers of the seaward ranges, or emerging mysteriously from unguessed quarters of the shut horizon. They drop into the valley from Tehachapi, from Kings River and Kern, as far driven as from the meadows of Mono and Yosemite, and for the time of their coming acknowledge no calendar but the unheralded Beginning of Rains. Let there be but the faintest flush of green on the pastures they left bare in the spring, and by some wireless prescience all the defiles of Little Lake and Red Rock are choked with the returning flocks. Let one of the pallid fogs of early winter obscure the hollow of the valley for a night and a day, and at its clearing, mark the unpatented lands all freckled with dust-colored bands. Drenched mornings one counts a dozen pale blurs of moving dust low along the foothills, and evenings on the red track of the sun sees the same number of shepherd fires blossom through the dusk."

I take great delight in Mary Austin's description of a cruel conspiracy made by a band of five coyotes to capture for their food a solitary antelope. Feel her understanding and sympathy for aggressors and defenders.

"Probably we never fully credit the interdependence of wild creatures, and their cognizance of the affairs of their own kind. When the five coyotes that range the Tejon from Pasteria to Tunawai planned a relay race to bring down an antelope strayed from the band, beside myself to watch, an eagle swung down from Mt. Pinos, buzzards materialized out of invisible ether, and hawks came trooping like small boys to a street fight. Rabbits sat up in the chaparral and cocked their ears, feeling themselves quite safe for the once as the hunt swung near them. Nothing happens in the deep wood that the blue jays are not all agog to tell. The hawk follows the badger, the coyote the carrion crow, and from their aerial stations the buzzards watch each other. What would be worth knowing is how much of their neighbor's affairs the new generations learn for themselves, and how much they are taught of their elders."

Eighty years ago Bayard Taylor had a vision of an Eden without law, but potential in gifts for man. Though rarely now does the "miner's arm" mar the serenity of Nature's prospects, far more hunger and destructive devices, more colossal mechanisms tear into hill sides for metal, clay, cement or other materials, ancient rivers are turned aside, highways tunnel through mountains, and Nature's aspect is sadly altered. But now as then, art and science can yield to man his new wrought strengths and comforts, and cooperate with Nature herself in growing fresh beauty to cover man-made scars.

California

"How art thou conquered, tamed in all thy price
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!

"No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose:
Or pourest the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

"But where the wild oats wrapped thy
knees in gold,
The plowman drives his share;
And where, through canyons deep, thy
streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

"And order, justice, social law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And art and science, with their dreams
superb,
Replace thine ancient case."

On one of the buildings of the State Capitol group in Sacramento there is carved into the stone this sentence, "Give me men to watch my mountains." We should pause to meditate upon this prayer which California makes to her hurrying, preoccupied citizens. Men are born as children to be loved, to be taught, to mature finally into co-operating citizens.

The Creator has given a land of incomparable riches and beauty to the people of this western state. It is a fundamental duty of every one of us to comprehend at least in part its significance. If we understand it, we are protected from the temptation to waste resources, to vulgarize Nature's nobility, and to destroy the heritage of future generations. If we understand it, we are stirred to protect the land, the forests, the waterways, the mountain meadows and the granite canons. If we understand it, we are moved to a serene joy that makes us artists in appreciation; we may even be moved to that dynamic joy that makes us artists in creation. Then we may share with others who will never see its glories in person, our California—

Where tides of grass break into foam of
flowers,
And where the wind's feet shine along
the sea.

California's Natural Wealth

A Conservation Guide for Secondary Schools

Bulletin of the California State Department of Education, Vol. IX, No. 4, December, 1940

This bulletin has been prepared under the sponsorship of the California Conservation Council, by a distinguished group of specialists in the several fields of natural resources and in education. It will be distributed by the California State Department of Education for use by teachers in state colleges, secondary schools, and elementary schools with seventh and eighth grades. It will also be provided by the Council for private and parochial schools of the same level. The bulletin should also be of value to leaders of junior groups, and to members of organizations in the conservation field.

[illegible]o-ordinators of the project are: Mr[illegible] Pearl Chase, president, California Conservation Council; Dr. Aubrey A. Douglass, assistant superintendent of Public instruction and chief of the Division of Secondary Education; Professor Woodbridge Metcalf, extension forester, University of California, assisted by Dr. Aubrey Haan, principal Country School, San Mateo, and Dr. Ivan R. Waterman, chief of the Division of Textbooks and Publications, State Department of Education.

The bulletin includes chapters on the following topics: What Is California?; Planning to Prevent Waste; Water, a Vital Resource; Soil and Agricultural Resources; Mineral Resources; Forest Resources; Native Flora; Wildlife, Its Contribution to Human Welfare; Recreation and Scenic Areas; Conservation in the School Curriculum. There will be 136 pages, including many illustrations, and a carefully selected bibliography of available materials.

The bulletin will be available in January, 1941.

Order now from Division of Textbooks and Publications, State Department of Education, Sacramento. Single copy: 25 cents plus 1 cent tax; ten or more, at 20 cents apiece plus tax.

The Chinese Housing Project

(Continued from page 16)

The Chinese are not the only people who do not know the various styles of architecture of their country. I have shown photographs and plans of some of the finer buildings of Northern China to cultured Americans and Britishers and heard them say, "Why, that is Moorish" or "You've gotten Spanish arches mixed up in your Chinese architecture." In Jehol in North China there is a building with a perfect Roman arch entrance, high, plain walls simply fenestrated, that, with the exception of a tiny pagoda-like superstructure, might be a palace in Granada. There are beautiful Roman arched doorways in Peiping and Siling. So the architects of this project have to be careful lest the Caucasians also think that the buildings are not Chinese.

A detailed analysis of this project might fill a volume of some bulk. The point that is important is that the buildings are being carefully designed to satisfy their utilitarian purposes but are always being thoroughly studied to maintain the dignity and charm of similar structures in China while avoiding all unnecessary and applied ornaments and depending upon proportion and the manipulation of essential elements to accomplish a rebirth of the fine old classical Chinese style.

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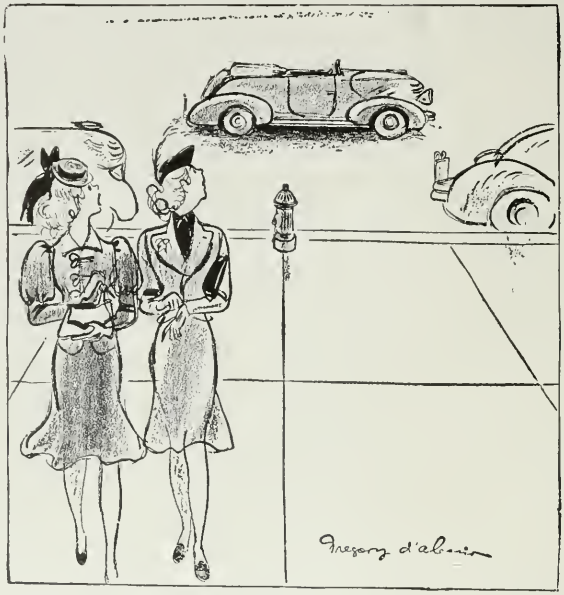

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